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THE RAMAYANA\*\*\*

# **The RÁMÁYAN of VÁLMÍKI**

**Translated into English Verse**

**by**

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# Invocation.<sup>1</sup>

Praise to Válmíki,<sup>2</sup>  
bird of charming song,<sup>3</sup>

Who mounts on Poesy's sublimest spray,  
And sweetly sings with accent clear and strong  
Ráma, aye Ráma, in his deathless lay.

Where breathes the man can listen to the strain  
That flows in music from Válmíki's tongue,  
Nor feel his feet the path of bliss attain  
When Ráma's glory by the saint is sung!

---

<sup>1</sup> The MSS. vary very considerably in these stanzas of invocation: many lines are generally prefixed in which not only the poet, but those who play the chief parts in the poem are panegyrized. It is self-apparent that they are not by the author of the Rámáyan himself.

<sup>2</sup> "Válmíki was the son of Varuṇa, the regent of the waters, one of whose names is Prachetas. According to the *Adhyátma Rámáyaṇa*, the sage, although a Bráhmaṇ by birth, associated with foresters and robbers. Attacking on one occasion the seven Rishis, they expostulated with him successfully, and taught him the *mantra* of Ráma reversed, or *Mará, Mará*, in the inaudible repetition of which he remained immovable for thousands of years, so that when the sages returned to the same spot they found him still there, converted into a *valmík* or ant-hill, by the nests of the termites, whence his name of Válmíki."

WILSON{FNS. *Specimens of the Hindu Theatre*, Vol. I. p. 313.

"Válmíki is said to have lived a solitary life in the woods: he is called both a *muni* and a *rishi*. The former word properly signifies an anchorite or hermit; the latter has reference chiefly to wisdom. The two words are frequently used promiscuously, and may both be rendered by the Latin *vates* in its earliest meaning of *seer*: Válmíki was both poet and seer, as he is said to have sung the exploits of Ráma by the aid of divining insight rather than of knowledge naturally acquired." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, *Kokila*, the Koil, or Indian Cuckoo. Schlegel translates "luscini-

The stream Rámáyan leaves its sacred fount  
The whole wide world from sin and stain to free.<sup>4</sup>  
The Prince of Hermits is the parent mount,  
The lordly Ráma is the darling sea.

Glory to him whose fame is ever bright!  
Glory to him, Prachetas<sup>5</sup> holy son!  
Whose pure lips quaff with ever new delight  
The nectar-sea of deeds by Ráma done.

Hail, arch-ascetic, pious, good, and kind!  
Hail, Saint Válmíki, lord of every lore!  
Hail, holy Hermit, calm and pure of mind!  
Hail, First of Bards, Válmíki, hail once more!

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um."

<sup>4</sup> Comparison with the Ganges is implied, that river being called the purifier of the world.

<sup>5</sup> "This name may have been given to the father of Válmíki allegorically. If we look at the derivation of the word (*pra*, before, and *chetas*, mind) it is as if the poet were called the son of Prometheus, the Forethinker." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

## Book I.<sup>6</sup>

### Canto I. Nárad.<sup>7</sup>

OM.<sup>8</sup>

To sainted Nárad, prince of those  
Whose lore in words of wisdom flows.  
Whose constant care and chief delight  
Were Scripture and ascetic rite,  
The good Válmíki, first and best  
Of hermit saints, these words addressed:<sup>9</sup>  
“In all this world, I pray thee, who  
Is virtuous, heroic, true?  
Firm in his vows, of grateful mind,  
To every creature good and kind?  
Bounteous, and holy, just, and wise,  
Alone most fair to all men's eyes?  
Devoid of envy, firm, and sage,

<sup>6</sup> Called in Sanskrit also *Bála-Káṇḍa*, and in Hindí *Bál-Káṇḍ*, i.e. the Book describing Ráma's childhood, *bála* meaning a boy up to his sixteenth year.

<sup>7</sup> A divine saint, son of Brahmá. He is the eloquent messenger of the Gods, a musician of exquisite skill, and the inventor of the *víṇá* or Indian lute. He bears a strong resemblance to Hermes or Mercury.

<sup>8</sup> This mystic syllable, said to typify the supreme Deity, the Gods collectively, the Vedas, the three spheres of the world, the three holy fires, the three steps of Vishnú etc., prefaces the prayers and most venerated writings of the Hindus.

<sup>9</sup> This colloquy is supposed to have taken place about sixteen years after Ráma's return from his wanderings and occupation of his ancestral throne.

Whose tranquil soul ne'er yields to rage?  
 Whom, when his warrior wrath is high,  
 Do Gods embattled fear and fly?  
 Whose noble might and gentle skill  
 The triple world can guard from ill?  
 Who is the best of princes, he  
 Who loves his people's good to see?  
 The store of bliss, the living mine  
 Where brightest joys and virtues shine?  
 Queen Fortune's<sup>10</sup> best and dearest friend,  
 Whose steps her choicest gifts attend?  
 Who may with Sun and Moon compare,  
 With Indra,<sup>11</sup> Vishṇu,<sup>12</sup> Fire, and Air?  
 Grant, Saint divine,<sup>13</sup> the boon I ask,  
 For thee, I ween, an easy task,  
 To whom the power is given to know  
 If such a man breathe here below."  
 Then Nárad, clear before whose eye  
 The present, past, and future lie,<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Called also Śrī and Lakshmí, the consort of Vishṇu, the Queen of Beauty as well as the Dea Fortuna. Her birth "from the full-flushed wave" is described in Canto XLV of this Book.

<sup>11</sup> One of the most prominent objects of worship in the Rig-veda, Indra was superseded in later times by the more popular deities Vishṇu and Śiva. He is the God of the firmament, and answers in many respects to the Jupiter Pluvius of the Romans. See *Additional Notes*.

<sup>12</sup> The second God of the Trimúrti or Indian Trinity. Derived from the root *viś* to penetrate, the meaning of the name appears to be *he who penetrates or pervades all things*. An embodiment of the preserving power of nature, he is worshipped as a Saviour who has nine times been incarnate for the good of the world and will descend on earth once more. See *Additional Notes* and Muir's Sanskrit Texts *passim*.

<sup>13</sup> In Sanskrit *devarshi*. Rishi is the general appellation of sages, and another word is frequently prefixed to distinguish the degrees. A *Brahmarshi* is a theologian or Bráhmanical sage; a *Rájarshi* is a royal sage or sainted king; a *Devarshi* is a divine or deified sage or saint.

<sup>14</sup> *Trikálajña*. Literally *knower of the three times*. Both Schlegel and Gorresio

Made ready answer: “Hermit, where  
 Are graces found so high and rare?  
 Yet listen, and my tongue shall tell  
 In whom alone these virtues dwell.  
 From old Ikshváku's<sup>15</sup> line he came,  
 Known to the world by Ráma's name:  
 With soul subdued, a chief of might,  
 In Scripture versed, in glory bright,  
 His steps in virtue's paths are bent,  
 Obedient, pure, and eloquent.  
 In each emprise he wins success,  
 And dying foes his power confess.  
 Tall and broad-shouldered, strong of limb,  
 Fortune has set her mark on him.  
 Graced with a conch-shell's triple line,  
 His throat displays the auspicious sign.<sup>16</sup>

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futurorum eventuum in unguibus atque etiam in dentibus.” Though the palmy days of Indian chiromancy have passed away, the art is still to some extent studied and believed in.  
 quote Homer's.

“Ος ἥδη τ' ἐόντα, τά τ' ἐσσόμενα,  
 πρό τ' ἐόντα.

“That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,  
 The past, the present, and the future knew.”

The Bombay edition reads *trilokajña*, who knows the three worlds (earth, air and heaven.) “It is by *tapas* (austere fervour) that rishis of subdued souls, subsisting on roots, fruits and air, obtain a vision of the three worlds with all things moving and stationary.” MANU{FNS, XI. 236.

<sup>15</sup> Son of Manu, the first king of Kośala and founder of the solar dynasty or family of the Children of the Sun, the God of that luminary being the father of Manu.

<sup>16</sup> The Indians paid great attention to the art of physiognomy and believed that character and fortune could be foretold not from the face only but from marks upon the neck and hands. Three lines under the chin like those at the mouth of a conch (*Śaṅkha*) were regarded as a peculiarly auspicious sign indicating, as did also the mark of Vishṇu's discus on the hand, one born to be a *chakravartin*

High destiny is clear impressed  
On massive jaw and ample chest,  
His mighty shafts he truly aims,  
And foemen in the battle tames.  
  
Deep in the muscle, scarcely shown,  
Embedded lies his collar-bone.  
His lordly steps are firm and free,  
His strong arms reach below his knee;<sup>17</sup>  
All fairest graces join to deck  
His head, his brow, his stately neck,  
And limbs in fair proportion set:  
The manliest form e'er fashioned yet.  
Graced with each high imperial mark,  
His skin is soft and lustrous dark.  
  
Large are his eyes that sweetly shine  
With majesty almost divine.  
His plighted word he ne'er forgets;  
On erring sense a watch he sets.  
By nature wise, his teacher's skill  
Has trained him to subdue his will.  
Good, resolute and pure, and strong,  
He guards mankind from scathe and wrong,  
And lends his aid, and ne'er in vain,  
The cause of justice to maintain.  
  
Well has he studied o'er and o'er

---

or universal emperor. In the palmistry of Europe the line of fortune, as well as the line of life, is in the hand. Cardan says that marks on the nails and teeth also show what is to happen to us: "Sunt etiam in nobis vestigia quædam

<sup>17</sup> Long arms were regarded as a sign of heroic strength.

The Vedas<sup>18</sup> and their kindred lore.

Well skilled is he the bow to draw,<sup>19</sup>

Well trained in arts and versed in law;

High-souled and meet for happy fate,

Most tender and compassionate;

The noblest of all lordly givers,

Whom good men follow, as the rivers

Follow the King of Floods, the sea:

So liberal, so just is he.

<sup>18</sup> “Veda means originally knowing or knowledge, and this name is given by the Bráhmans not to one work, but to the whole body of their most ancient sacred literature. Veda is the same word which appears in the Greek οἶδα, I know, and in the English wise, wisdom, to wit. The name of Veda is commonly given to four collections of hymns, which are respectively known by the names of Rig-veda, Yajur-veda, Sáma-veda, and Atharva-veda.”

“As the language of the Veda, the Sanskrit, is the most ancient type of the English of the present day, (Sanskrit and English are but varieties of one and the same language,) so its thoughts and feelings contain in reality the first roots and germs of that intellectual growth which by an unbroken chain connects our own generation with the ancestors of the Aryan race,—with those very people who at the rising and setting of the sun listened with trembling hearts to the songs of the Veda, that told them of bright powers above, and of a life to come after the sun of their own lives had set in the clouds of the evening. These men were the true ancestors of our race, and the Veda is the oldest book we have in which to study the first beginnings of our language, and of all that is embodied in language. We are by nature Aryan, Indo-European, not Semitic: our spiritual kith and kin are to be found in India, Persia, Greece, Italy, Germany: not in Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Palestine.”

*Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. I. pp. 8. 4.

<sup>19</sup> As with the ancient Persians and Scythians, Indian princes were carefully

The joy of Queen Kauśalyá's<sup>20</sup> heart,  
 In every virtue he has part:  
 Firm as Himálaya's<sup>21</sup> snowy steep,  
 Unfathomed like the mighty deep:  
 The peer of Vishṇu's power and might,  
 And lovely as the Lord of Night;<sup>22</sup>  
 Patient as Earth, but, roused to ire,  
 Fierce as the world-destroying fire;  
 In bounty like the Lord of Gold,<sup>23</sup>  
 And Justice self in human mould.

With him, his best and eldest son,  
 By all his princely virtues won  
 King Daśaratha<sup>24</sup> willed to share  
 His kingdom as the Regent Heir.  
 But when Kaikeyí, youngest queen,  
 With eyes of envious hate had seen  
 The solemn pomp and regal state  
 Prepared the prince to consecrate,  
 She bade the hapless king bestow  
 Two gifts he promised long ago,  
 That Ráma to the woods should flee,  
 And that her child the heir should be.

By chains of duty firmly tied,  
 The wretched king perforce complied.

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instructed in archery which stands for military science in general, of which, among Hindu heroes, it was the most important branch.

<sup>20</sup> Chief of the three queens of Daśaratha and mother of Ráma.

<sup>21</sup> From *hima* snow, (Greek χειμ-ών, Latin hiems) and *ālaya* abode, the Mansion of snow.

<sup>22</sup> The moon (*Soma, Indu, Chandra etc.*) is masculine with the Indians as with the Germans.

<sup>23</sup> Kuvera, the Indian Plutus, or God of Wealth.

<sup>24</sup> The events here briefly mentioned will be related fully in the course of the poem. The first four cantos are introductory, and are evidently the work of a later hand than Valmiki's.

Ráma, to please Kaikeyí went  
 Obedient forth to banishment.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ's truth was nobly shown,  
 Then were his love and courage known,  
 When for his brother's sake he dared  
 All perils, and his exile shared.  
 And Sítá, Ráma's darling wife,  
 Loved even as he loved his life,  
 Whom happy marks combined to bless,  
 A miracle of loveliness,  
 Of Janak's royal lineage sprung,  
 Most excellent of women, clung  
 To her dear lord, like Rohiní<sup>25</sup>  
 Rejoicing with the Moon to be.<sup>25</sup>  
 The King and people, sad of mood,  
 The hero's car awhile pursued.  
 But when Prince Ráma lighted down  
 At Śringavera's pleasant town,  
 Where Gangá's holy waters flow,

---

<sup>25</sup> “Chandra, or the Moon, is fabled to have been married to the twenty-seven daughters of the patriarch Daksha, or Aśviní and the rest, who are in fact personifications of the Lunar Asterisms. His favourite amongst them was Rohiní to whom he so wholly devoted himself as to neglect the rest. They complained to their father, and Daksha repeatedly interposed, till, finding his remonstrances vain, he denounced a curse upon his son-in-law, in consequence of which he remained childless and became affected by consumption. The wives of Chandra having interceded in his behalf with their father, Daksha modified an imprecation which he could not recall, and pronounced that the decay should be periodical only, not permanent, and that it should alternate with periods of recovery. Hence the successive wane and increase of the Moon. *Padma, Puráṇa, Swarga-Khaṇḍa*, Sec. II. *Rohiní* in Astronomy is the fourth lunar mansion, containing five stars, the principal of which is Aldebaran.” WILSON {FNS, *Specimens of the Hindu Theatre*. Vol. I. p. 234.}

The Bengal recension has a different reading:

“Shone with her husband like the light  
 Attendant on the Lord of Night.”

He bade his driver turn and go.  
 Guha, Nishádas' king, he met,  
 And on the farther bank was set.  
 Then on from wood to wood they strayed,  
 O'er many a stream, through constant shade,  
 As Bharadvája bade them, till  
 They came to Chitrakúṭa's hill.  
 And Ráma there, with Lakshmaṇ's aid,  
 A pleasant little cottage made,  
 And spent his days with Sítá, dressed  
 In coat of bark and deerskin vest.<sup>26</sup>  
 And Chitrakúṭa grew to be  
 As bright with those illustrious three  
 As Meru's<sup>27</sup> sacred peaks that shine  
 With glory, when the Gods recline  
 Beneath them: Śiva's<sup>28</sup> self between  
 The Lord of Gold and Beauty's Queen.

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<sup>26</sup> The garb prescribed for ascetics by Manu.

<sup>27</sup> "Mount Meru, situated like Kailásá in the lofty regions to the north of the Himálayas, is celebrated in the traditions and myths of India. Meru and Kailásá are the two Indian Olympi. Perhaps they were held in such veneration because the Sanskrit-speaking Indians remembered the ancient home where they dwelt with the other primitive peoples of their family before they descended to occupy the vast plains which extend between the Indus and the Ganges." GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>28</sup> The third God of the Indian Triad, the God of destruction and reproduction. See *Additional Notes*.

The aged king for Ráma pined,  
 And for the skies the earth resigned.  
 Bharat, his son, refused to reign,  
 Though urged by all the twice-born<sup>29</sup> train.  
 Forth to the woods he fared to meet  
 His brother, fell before his feet,  
 And cried, “Thy claim all men allow:  
 O come, our lord and king be thou.”  
 But Ráma nobly chose to be  
 Observant of his sire's decree.  
 He placed his sandals<sup>30</sup> in his hand  
 A pledge that he would rule the land:  
 And bade his brother turn again.  
 Then Bharat, finding prayer was vain,  
 The sandals took and went away;  
 Nor in Ayodhyá would he stay.  
 But turned to Nandigráma, where  
 He ruled the realm with watchful care,  
 Still longing eagerly to learn  
 Tidings of Ráma's safe return.

Then lest the people should repeat  
 Their visit to his calm retreat,  
 Away from Chitrakúta's hill  
 Fared Ráma ever onward till

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<sup>29</sup> The epithet *dwija*, or *twice-born*, is usually appropriate to Bráhmans, but is applicable to the three higher castes. Investiture with the sacred thread and initiation of the neophyte into certain religious mysteries are regarded as his regeneration or second birth.

<sup>30</sup> His shoes to be a memorial of the absent heir and to maintain his right. Kálidása (*Raghuvañśa*, XII. 17.) says that they were to be *adhidevate* or guardian deities of the kingdom.

Beneath the shady trees he stood  
Of Dāṇḍaká's primeval wood,  
Virádha, giant fiend, he slew,  
And then Agastya's friendship knew.  
Counselled by him he gained the sword  
And bow of Indra, heavenly lord:  
A pair of quivers too, that bore  
Of arrows an exhaustless store.  
While there he dwelt in greenwood shade  
The trembling hermits sought his aid,  
And bade him with his sword and bow  
Destroy the fiends who worked them woe:  
To come like Indra strong and brave,  
A guardian God to help and save.  
And Ráma's falchion left its trace  
Deep cut on Súrpaṇakhá's face:  
A hideous giantess who came  
Burning for him with lawless flame.  
Their sister's cries the giants heard.  
And vengeance in each bosom stirred:  
The monster of the triple head.  
And Dúshāṇ to the contest sped.  
But they and myriad fiends beside  
Beneath the might of Ráma died.

When Rávaṇ, dreaded warrior, knew  
The slaughter of his giant crew:  
Rávaṇ, the king, whose name of fear  
Earth, hell, and heaven all shook to hear:  
He bade the fiend Márícha aid  
The vengeful plot his fury laid.  
In vain the wise Márícha tried  
To turn him from his course aside:  
Not Rávaṇ's self, he said, might hope

With Ráma and his strength to cope.  
 Impelled by fate and blind with rage  
 He came to Ráma's hermitage.  
 There, by Márícha's magic art,  
 He wiled the princely youths apart,  
 The vulture<sup>31</sup> slew, and bore away  
 The wife of Ráma as his prey.  
 The son of Raghu<sup>32</sup> came and found  
 Jaṭáyu slain upon the ground.  
 He rushed within his leafy cot;  
 He sought his wife, but found her not.  
 Then, then the hero's senses failed;  
 In mad despair he wept and wailed.  
 Upon the pile that bird he laid,  
 And still in quest of Sítá strayed.  
 A hideous giant then he saw,  
 Kabandha named, a shape of awe.  
 The monstrous fiend he smote and slew,  
 And in the flame the body threw;  
 When straight from out the funeral flame  
 In lovely form Kabandha came,  
 And bade him seek in his distress  
 A wise and holy hermitess.  
 By counsel of this saintly dame  
 To Pampá's pleasant flood he came,  
 And there the steadfast friendship won  
 Of Hanumán the Wind-God's son.  
 Counseled by him he told his grief

<sup>31</sup> Jaṭáyu, a semi-divine bird, the friend of Ráma, who fought in defence of Sítá.

<sup>32</sup> Raghu was one of the most celebrated ancestors of Ráma whose commonest appellation is, therefore, Rágava or descendant of Raghu. Kálidása in the *Raghurāṇśa* makes him the son of Dilípa and great-grandfather of Ráma. See *Idylls from the Sanskrit*, “Aja” and “Dilípa.”

To great Sugríva, Vánar chief,  
Who, knowing all the tale, before  
The sacred flame alliance swore.  
Sugríva to his new-found friend  
Told his own story to the end:  
His hate of Báli for the wrong  
And insult he had borne so long.  
And Ráma lent a willing ear  
And promised to allay his fear.  
Sugríva warned him of the might  
Of Báli, matchless in the fight,  
And, credence for his tale to gain,  
Showed the huge fiend<sup>33</sup> by Báli slain.  
The prostrate corse of mountain size  
Seemed nothing in the hero's eyes;  
He lightly kicked it, as it lay,  
And cast it twenty leagues<sup>34</sup> away.  
To prove his might his arrows through  
Seven palms in line, uninjured, flew.  
He cleft a mighty hill apart,  
And down to hell he hurled his dart.  
Then high Sugríva's spirit rose,  
Assured of conquest o'er his foes.  
With his new champion by his side  
To vast Kishkindhá's cave he hied.  
Then, summoned by his awful shout,  
King Báli came in fury out,  
First comforted his trembling wife,  
Then sought Sugríva in the strife.  
One shaft from Ráma's deadly bow  
The monarch in the dust laid low.

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<sup>33</sup> Dundhubi.

<sup>34</sup> Literally *ten yojanas*. The yojana is a measure of uncertain length variously reckoned as equal to nine miles, five, and a little less.

Then Ráma bade Sugríva reign  
 In place of royal Bálí slain.  
 Then speedy envoys hurried forth  
 Eastward and westward, south and north,  
 Commanded by the grateful king  
 Tidings of Ráma's spouse to bring.

[006]

Then by Sampáti's counsel led,  
 Brave Hanumán, who mocked at dread,  
 Sprang at one wild tremendous leap  
 Two hundred leagues across the deep.  
 To Lanká's<sup>35</sup> town he urged his way,  
 Where Rávan held his royal sway.  
 There pensive 'neath Aśoka<sup>36</sup> boughs  
 He found poor Sítá, Ráma's spouse.  
 He gave the hapless girl a ring,  
 A token from her lord and king.  
 A pledge from her fair hand he bore;  
 Then battered down the garden door.  
 Five captains of the host he slew,  
 Seven sons of councillors o'erthrew;  
 Crushed youthful Aksha on the field,  
 Then to his captors chose to yield.  
 Soon from their bonds his limbs were free,  
 But honouring the high decree  
 Which Brahmá<sup>37</sup> had pronounced of yore,

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<sup>35</sup> Ceylon.

<sup>36</sup> The Jonesia Aśoka is a most beautiful tree bearing a profusion of red blossoms.

<sup>37</sup> Brahmá, the Creator, is usually regarded as the first God of the Indian Trinity, although, as Kálidásá says:

“Of Brahmá, Vishṇu, Śiva, each may be  
 First, second, third, amid the blessed Three.”

Brahmá had guaranteed Rávan's life against all enemies except man.

He calmly all their insults bore.  
 The town he burnt with hostile flame,  
 And spoke again with Ráma's dame,  
 Then swiftly back to Ráma flew  
 With tidings of the interview.

Then with Sugríva for his guide,  
 Came Ráma to the ocean side.  
 He smote the sea with shafts as bright  
 As sunbeams in their summer height,  
 And quick appeared the Rivers' King<sup>38</sup>  
 Obedient to the summoning.  
 A bridge was thrown by Nala o'er  
 The narrow sea from shore to shore.<sup>39</sup>  
 They crossed to Lanká's golden town,  
 Where Ráma's hand smote Rávaṇ down.  
 Vibhishan there was left to reign  
 Over his brother's wide domain.  
 To meet her husband Sítá came;  
 But Ráma, stung with ire and shame,  
 With bitter words his wife addressed  
 Before the crowd that round her pressed.  
 But Sítá, touched with noble ire,  
 Gave her fair body to the fire.  
 Then straight the God of Wind appeared,  
 And words from heaven her honour cleared.  
 And Ráma clasped his wife again,  
 Uninjured, pure from spot and stain,  
 Obedient to the Lord of Fire  
 And the high mandate of his sire.  
 Led by the Lord who rules the sky,

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<sup>38</sup> Ocean personified.

<sup>39</sup> The rocks lying between Ceylon and the mainland are still called Ráma's Bridge by the Hindus.

The Gods and heavenly saints drew nigh,  
 And honoured him with worthy meed,  
 Rejoicing in each glorious deed.  
 His task achieved, his foe removed,  
 He triumphed, by the Gods approved.  
 By grace of Heaven he raised to life  
 The chieftains slain in mortal strife;  
 Then in the magic chariot through  
 The clouds to Nandigráma flew.  
 Met by his faithful brothers there,  
 He loosed his votive coil of hair:  
 Thence fair Ayodhyá's town he gained,  
 And o'er his father's kingdom reigned.  
 Disease or famine ne'er oppressed  
 His happy people, richly blest  
 With all the joys of ample wealth,  
 Of sweet content and perfect health.  
 No widow mourned her well-loved mate,  
 No sire his son's untimely fate.  
 They feared not storm or robber's hand;  
 No fire or flood laid waste the land:  
 The Golden Age<sup>40</sup> had come again  
 To bless the days of Ráma's reign.

From him, the great and glorious king,  
 Shall many a princely scion spring.  
 And he shall rule, beloved by men,

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<sup>40</sup> “The Bráhmans, with a system rather cosmogonical than chronological, divide the present mundane period into four ages or *yugas* as they call them: the Krita, the Tretá, the Dwápara, and the Kali. The Krita, called also the Deva-yuga or that of the Gods, is the age of truth, the perfect age, the Tretá is the age of the three sacred fires, domestic and sacrificial; the Dwápara is the age of doubt; the Kali, the present age, is the age of evil.” GORRESIO.{FNS

Ten thousand years and hundreds ten,<sup>41</sup>  
 And when his life on earth is past  
 To Brahmá's world shall go at last.”

Whoe'er this noble poem reads  
 That tells the tale of Ráma's deeds,  
 Good as the Scriptures, he shall be  
 From every sin and blemish free.  
 Whoever reads the saving strain,  
 With all his kin the heavens shall gain.  
 Bráhmans who read shall gather hence  
 The highest praise for eloquence.  
 The warrior, o'er the land shall reign,  
 The merchant, luck in trade obtain;  
 And Śúdras listening<sup>42</sup> ne'er shall fail  
 To reap advantage from the tale.<sup>43</sup>

[007]

## Canto II. Brahmá's Visit

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<sup>41</sup> The ancient kings of India enjoyed lives of more than patriarchal length as will appear in the course of the poem.

<sup>42</sup> Śúdras, men of the fourth and lowest pure caste, were not allowed to read the poem, but might hear it recited.

<sup>43</sup> The three *ślokes* or distichs which these twelve lines represent are evidently a still later and very awkward addition to the introduction.

Válmíki, graceful speaker, heard,  
 To highest admiration stirred.  
 To him whose fame the tale rehearsed  
 He paid his mental worship first;  
 Then with his pupil humbly bent  
 Before the saint most eloquent.  
 Thus honoured and dismissed the seer  
 Departed to his heavenly sphere.  
 Then from his cot Válmíki hied  
 To Tamasá's<sup>44</sup> sequestered side,  
 Not far remote from Gangá's tide.  
 He stood and saw the ripples roll  
 Pellucid o'er a pebbly shoal.  
 To Bharadvája<sup>45</sup> by his side  
 He turned in ecstasy, and cried:  
 “See, pupil dear, this lovely sight,  
 The smooth-floored shallow, pure and bright,  
 With not a speck or shade to mar,  
 And clear as good men's bosoms are.  
 Here on the brink thy pitcher lay,  
 And bring my zone of bark, I pray.  
 Here will I bathe: the rill has not,  
 To lave the limbs, a fairer spot.  
 Do quickly as I bid, nor waste  
 The precious time; away, and haste.”

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<sup>44</sup> There are several rivers in India of this name, now corrupted into *Tonse*. The river here spoken of is that which falls into the Ganges a little below Allahabad.

<sup>45</sup> “In Book II, Canto LIV, we meet with a saint of this name presiding over a convent of disciples in his hermitage at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna. Thence the later author of these introductory cantos has borrowed the name and person, inconsistently indeed, but with the intention of enhancing the dignity of the poet by ascribing to him so celebrated a disciple.” SCHLEGEL.{FNS}

Obedient to his master's hest  
Quick from the cot he brought the vest;  
The hermit took it from his hand,  
And tightened round his waist the band;  
Then duly dipped and bathed him there,  
And muttered low his secret prayer.  
To spirits and to Gods he made  
Libation of the stream, and strayed  
Viewing the forest deep and wide  
That spread its shade on every side.  
Close by the bank he saw a pair  
Of curlews sporting fearless there.  
But suddenly with evil mind  
An outcast fowler stole behind,  
And, with an aim too sure and true,  
The male bird near the hermit slew.  
The wretched hen in wild despair  
With fluttering pinions beat the air,  
And shrieked a long and bitter cry  
When low on earth she saw him lie,  
Her loved companion, quivering, dead,  
His dear wings with his lifeblood red;  
And for her golden crested mate  
She mourned, and was disconsolate.

The hermit saw the slaughtered bird,  
And all his heart with ruth was stirred.  
The fowler's impious deed distressed  
His gentle sympathetic breast,  
And while the curlew's sad cries rang  
Within his ears, the hermit sang:  
“No fame be thine for endless time,  
Because, base outcast, of thy crime,  
Whose cruel hand was fain to slay

One of this gentle pair at play!"  
 E'en as he spoke his bosom wrought  
 And laboured with the wondering thought  
 What was the speech his ready tongue  
 Had uttered when his heart was wrung.  
 He pondered long upon the speech,  
 Recalled the words and measured each,  
 And thus exclaimed the saintly guide  
 To Bharadvája by his side:  
 "With equal lines of even feet,  
 With rhythm and time and tone complete,  
 The measured form of words I spoke  
 In shock of grief be termed a śloke."<sup>46</sup>  
 And Bharadvája, nothing slow  
 His faithful love and zeal to show,  
 Answered those words of wisdom, "Be  
 The name, my lord, as pleases thee."

As rules prescribe the hermit took  
 Some lustral water from the brook.  
 But still on this his constant thought  
 Kept brooding, as his home he sought;  
 While Bharadvája paced behind,  
 A pupil sage of lowly mind,  
 And in his hand a pitcher bore  
 With pure fresh water brimming o'er.  
 Soon as they reached their calm retreat  
 The holy hermit took his seat;  
 His mind from worldly cares recalled,  
 And mused in deepest thought enthralled.

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<sup>46</sup> The poet plays upon the similarity in sound of the two words: *śoka*, means grief, *śloka*, the heroic measure in which the poem is composed. It need scarcely be said that the derivation is fanciful.

Then glorious Brahmá,<sup>47</sup> Lord Most High,  
 Creator of the earth and sky,  
 The four-faced God, to meet the sage  
 Came to Válmíki's hermitage.  
 Soon as the mighty God he saw,  
 Up sprang the saint in wondering awe.  
 Mute, with clasped hands, his head he bent,  
 And stood before him reverent.  
 His honoured guest he greeted well,  
 Who bade him of his welfare tell;  
 Gave water for his blessed feet,  
 Brought offerings,<sup>48</sup> and prepared a seat.  
 In honoured place the God Most High  
 Sate down, and bade the saint sit nigh.  
 There sate before Válmíki's eyes  
 The Father of the earth and skies;  
 But still the hermit's thoughts were bent  
 On one thing only, all intent  
 On that poor curlew's mournful fate  
 Lamenting for her slaughtered mate;  
 And still his lips, in absent mood,  
 The verse that told his grief, renewed:

[008]

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<sup>47</sup> Brahmá, the Creator, is usually regarded as the first person of the divine triad of India. The four heads with which he is represented are supposed to have allusion to the four corners of the earth which he is sometimes considered to personify. As an object of adoration Brahmá has been entirely superseded by Śiva and Vishṇu. In the whole of India there is, I believe, but one temple dedicated to his worship. In this point the first of the Indian triad curiously resembles the last of the divine fraternity of Greece, Aïdes the brother of Zeus and Poseidon. "In all Greece, says Pausanias, there is no single temple of Aïdes, except at a single spot in Elis." See Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, p. 253.

<sup>48</sup> The *argha* or *arghya* was a libation or offering to a deity, a Bráhmaṇa, or other venerable personage. According to one authority it consisted of water, milk, the points of Kúsa-grass, curds, clarified butter, rice, barley, and white mustard, according to another, of saffron, bel, unbroken grain, flowers, curds, dúrbá-grass, kúsa-grass, and sesamum.

“Woe to the fowler's impious hand  
 That did the deed that folly planned;  
 That could to needless death devote  
 The curlew of the tuneful throat!”

The heavenly Father smiled in glee,  
 And said, “O best of hermits, see,  
 A verse, unconscious, thou hast made;  
 No longer be the task delayed.  
 Seek not to trace, with labour vain,  
 The unpremeditated strain.  
 The tuneful lines thy lips rehearsed  
 Spontaneous from thy bosom burst.  
 Then come, O best of seers, relate  
 The life of Ráma good and great,  
 The tale that saintly Nárad told,  
 In all its glorious length unfold.  
 Of all the deeds his arm has done  
 Upon this earth, omit not one,  
 And thus the noble life record  
 Of that wise, brave, and virtuous lord.  
 His every act to day displayed,  
 His secret life to none betrayed:  
 How Lakshmaṇ, how the giants fought;  
 With high emprise and hidden thought:  
 And all that Janak's child<sup>49</sup> befell  
 Where all could see, where none could tell.  
 The whole of this shall truly be  
 Made known, O best of saints, to thee.  
 In all thy poem, through my grace,  
 No word of falsehood shall have place.  
 Begin the story, and rehearse  
 The tale divine in charming verse.

---

<sup>49</sup> Sítá, daughter of Janak king of Míthilá.

As long as in this firm-set land  
 The streams shall flow, the mountains stand,  
 So long throughout the world, be sure,  
 The great Rámáyan shall endure.<sup>50</sup>  
 While the Rámáyan's ancient strain  
 Shall glorious in the earth remain,  
 To higher spheres shalt thou arise  
 And dwell with me above the skies.”

He spoke, and vanished into air,  
 And left Válmíki wondering there.  
 The pupils of the holy man,  
 Moved by their love of him, began  
 To chant that verse, and ever more  
 They marvelled as they sang it o'er:  
 “Behold, the four-lined balanced rime,  
 Repeated over many a time,  
 In words that from the hermit broke  
 In shock of grief, becomes a śloke.”  
 This measure now Válmíki chose  
 Wherein his story to compose.  
 In hundreds of such verses, sweet  
 With equal lines and even feet,  
 The saintly poet, lofty-souled,  
 The glorious deeds of Ráma told.

---

<sup>50</sup> “I congratulate myself,” says Schlegel in the preface to his, alas, unfinished edition of the Rámáyan, “that, by the favour of the Supreme Deity, I have been allowed to begin so great a work; I glory and make my boast that I too after so many ages have helped to confirm that ancient oracle declared to Válmíki by the Father of Gods and men:

Dum stabunt montes, campus dum flumina current,  
 Usque tuum toto carmen celebrabitur orbe.”

### Canto III. The Argument.

[009]

The hermit thus with watchful heed  
 Received the poem's pregnant seed,  
 And looked with eager thought around  
 If fuller knowledge might be found.  
 His lips with water first bedewed,<sup>51</sup>  
 He sate, in reverent attitude  
 On holy grass,<sup>52</sup> the points all bent  
 Together toward the orient;<sup>53</sup>  
 And thus in meditation he  
 Entered the path of poesy.  
 Then clearly, through his virtue's might,  
 All lay discovered to his sight,  
 Whate'er befell, through all their life,  
 Ráma, his brother, and his wife:  
 And Daśaratha and each queen  
 At every time, in every scene:  
 His people too, of every sort;  
 The nobles of his princely court:  
 Whate'er was said, whate'er decreed,  
 Each time they sate each plan and deed:  
 For holy thought and fervent rite  
 Had so refined his keener sight  
 That by his sanctity his view  
 The present, past, and future knew,  
 And he with mental eye could grasp,  
 Like fruit within his fingers clasp,

---

<sup>51</sup> "The sipping of water is a requisite introduction of all rites: without it, says the Sámha Purána, all acts of religion are vain." COLEBROOKE. {FNS}

<sup>52</sup> The *darhma* or *kuṣa* (*Pea cynosuroides*), a kind of grass used in sacrifice by the Hindus as *cerbena* was by the Romans.

<sup>53</sup> The direction in which the grass should be placed upon the ground as a seat for the Gods, on occasion of offerings made to them.

The life of Ráma, great and good,  
Roaming with Sítá in the wood.  
He told, with secret-piercing eyes,  
The tale of Ráma's high emprise,  
Each listening ear that shall entice,  
A sea of pearls of highest price.  
Thus good Válmíki, sage divine,  
Rehearsed the tale of Raghu's line,  
As Nárad, heavenly saint, before  
Had traced the story's outline o'er.  
He sang of Ráma's princely birth,  
His kindness and heroic worth;  
His love for all, his patient youth,  
His gentleness and constant truth,  
And many a tale and legend old  
By holy Viśvámitra told.  
How Janak's child he wooed and won,  
And broke the bow that bent to none.  
How he with every virtue fraught  
His namesake Ráma<sup>54</sup> met and fought.  
The choice of Ráma for the throne;  
The malice by Kaikeyí shown,  
Whose evil counsel marred the plan  
And drove him forth a banisht man.  
How the king grieved and groaned, and cried,  
And swooned away and pining died.  
The subjects' woe when thus bereft;  
And how the following crowds he left:  
With Guha talked, and firmly stern  
Ordered his driver to return.  
How Gangá's farther shore he gained;  
By Bharadvája entertained,

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<sup>54</sup> Paraśuráma or Ráma with the Axe. See Canto LXXIV.

By whose advice he journeyed still  
 And came to Chitrakúṭa's hill.  
 How there he dwelt and built a cot;  
 How Bharat journeyed to the spot;  
 His earnest supplication made;  
 Drink-offerings to their father paid;  
 The sandals given by Ráma's hand,  
 As emblems of his right, to stand:  
 How from his presence Bharat went  
 And years in Nandigráma spent.  
 How Ráma entered Daṇḍak wood  
 And in Sutíkhṇa's presence stood.  
 The favour Anasúyá showed,  
 The wondrous balsam she bestowed.  
 How Śarabhangá's dwelling-place  
 They sought; saw Indra face to face;  
 The meeting with Agastya gained;  
 The heavenly bow from him obtained.  
 How Ráma with Virádha met;  
 Their home in Panchavaṭa set.  
 How Śúrpaṇakhá underwent  
 The mockery and disfigurement.  
 Of Triśirá's and Khara's fall,  
 Of Rávaṇ roused at vengeance call,  
 Máricha doomed, without escape;  
 The fair Videhan<sup>55</sup> lady's rape.  
 How Ráma wept and raved in vain,  
 And how the Vulture-king was slain.  
 How Ráma fierce Kabandha slew;  
 Then to the side of Pampá drew,  
 Met Hanumán, and her whose vows  
 Were kept beneath the greenwood boughs.

---

<sup>55</sup> Sítá. Videha was the country of which Míthilá was the capital.

How Raghu's son, the lofty-souled,  
On Pampá's bank wept uncontrolled,  
Then journeyed, Rishyamúk to reach,  
And of Sugríva then had speech.  
The friendship made, which both had sought:  
How Bálí and Sugríva fought.  
How Bálí in the strife was slain,  
And how Sugríva came to reign.  
The treaty, Tára's wild lament;  
The rainy nights in watching spent.  
The wrath of Raghu's lion son;  
The gathering of the hosts in one.  
The sending of the spies about,  
And all the regions pointed out.  
The ring by Ráma's hand bestowed;  
The cave wherein the bear abode.  
The fast proposed, their lives to end;  
Sampati gained to be their friend.  
The scaling of the hill, the leap  
Of Hanumán across the deep.  
Ocean's command that bade them seek  
Maináka of the lofty peak.  
The death of Sinhiká, the sight  
Of Lanká with her palace bright  
How Hanumán stole in at eve;  
His plan the giants to deceive.  
How through the square he made his way  
To chambers where the women lay,  
Within the Aśoka garden came  
And there found Ráma's captive dame.  
His colloquy with her he sought,  
And giving of the ring he brought.  
How Sítá gave a gem o'erjoyed;  
How Hanumán the grove destroyed.

[010]

How giantesses trembling fled,  
And servant fiends were smitten dead.  
How Hanumán was seized; their ire  
When Lanká blazed with hostile fire.  
His leap across the sea once more;  
The eating of the honey store.  
How Ráma he consoled, and how  
He showed the gem from Sítá's brow.  
With Ocean, Ráma's interview;  
The bridge that Nala o'er it threw.  
The crossing, and the sitting down  
At night round Lanká's royal town.  
The treaty with Vibhíshaṇ made:  
The plan for Rávaṇ's slaughter laid.  
How Kumbhakarṇa in his pride  
And Meghanáda fought and died.  
How Rávaṇ in the fight was slain,  
And captive Sítá brought again.  
Vibhíshaṇ set upon the throne;  
The flying chariot Pushpak shown.  
How Brahmá and the Gods appeared,  
And Sítá's doubted honour cleared.  
How in the flying car they rode  
To Bharadvája's cabin abode.  
The Wind-God's son sent on afar;  
How Bharat met the flying car.  
How Ráma then was king ordained;  
The legions their discharge obtained.  
How Ráma cast his queen away;  
How grew the people's love each day.  
Thus did the saint Válmíki tell  
Whate'er in Ráma's life befell,  
And in the closing verses all  
That yet to come will once befall.

## Canto IV. The Rhapsodists.

When to the end the tale was brought,  
 Rose in the sage's mind the thought;  
 "Now who throughout this earth will go,  
 And tell it forth that all may know?"  
 As thus he mused with anxious breast,  
 Behold, in hermit's raiment dressed,  
 Kuśá and Lava<sup>56</sup> came to greet  
 Their master and embrace his feet.  
 The twins he saw, that princely pair  
 Sweet-voiced, who dwelt beside him there  
 None for the task could be more fit,  
 For skilled were they in Holy Writ;  
 And so the great Rámáyan, fraught  
 With lore divine, to these he taught:  
 The lay whose verses sweet and clear  
 Take with delight the listening ear,  
 That tell of Sítá's noble life  
 And Rávan's fall in battle strife.  
 Great joy to all who hear they bring,  
 Sweet to recite and sweet to sing.  
 For music's sevenfold notes are there,  
 And triple measure,<sup>57</sup> wrought with care  
 With melody and tone and time,  
 And flavours<sup>58</sup> that enhance the rime;

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<sup>56</sup> The twin sons of Ráma and Sítá, born after Ráma had repudiated Sítá, and brought up in the hermitage of Válmíki. As they were the first rhapsodists the combined name Kuśílava signifies a reciter of poems, or an improvisatore, even to the present day.

<sup>57</sup> Perhaps the bass, tenor, and treble, or quick, slow and middle times. we know but little of the ancient music of the Hindus.

<sup>58</sup> Eight flavours or sentiments are usually enumerated, love, mirth, tenderness, anger, heroism, terror, disgust, and surprise; tranquility or content, or

Heroic might has ample place,  
 And loathing of the false and base,  
 With anger, mirth, and terror, blent  
 With tenderness, surprise, content.  
 When, half the hermit's grace to gain,  
 And half because they loved the strain,  
 The youth within their hearts had stored  
 The poem that his lips outpoured,  
 Válmíki kissed them on the head,  
 As at his feet they bowed, and said;  
 “Recite ye this heroic song  
 In tranquil shades where sages throng:  
 Recite it where the good resort,  
 In lowly home and royal court.”

The hermit ceased. The tuneful pair,  
 Like heavenly minstrels sweet and fair,  
 In music's art divinely skilled,  
 Their saintly master's word fulfilled.  
 Like Ráma's self, from whom they came,  
 They showed their sire in face and frame,  
 As though from some fair sculptured stone  
 Two selfsame images had grown.  
 Sometimes the pair rose up to sing,  
 Surrounded by a holy ring,  
 Where seated on the grass had met  
 Full many a musing anchoret.  
 Then tears bedimmed those gentle eyes,  
 As transport took them and surprise,  
 And as they listened every one  
 Cried in delight, Well done! Well done!

---

paternal tenderness, is sometimes considered the ninth. WILSON{FNS. See the *Sáhitya Darpaṇa* or *Mirror of Composition* translated by Dr. Ballantyne and Bábú Pramadádása Mittra in the *Bibliotheca Indica*.

Those sages versed in holy lore  
 Praised the sweet minstrels more and more:  
 And wondered at the singers' skill,  
 And the bard's verses sweeter still,  
 Which laid so clear before the eye  
 The glorious deeds of days gone by.  
 Thus by the virtuous hermits praised,  
 Inspirited their voice they raised.  
 Pleased with the song this holy man  
 Would give the youths a water-can;  
 One gave a fair ascetic dress,  
 Or sweet fruit from the wilderness.  
 One saint a black-deer's hide would bring,  
 And one a sacrificial string:  
 One, a clay pitcher from his hoard,  
 And one, a twisted munja cord.<sup>59</sup>  
 One in his joy an axe would find,  
 One braid, their plaited locks to bind.  
 One gave a sacrificial cup,  
 One rope to tie their fagots up;  
 While fuel at their feet was laid,  
 Or hermit's stool of fig-tree made.  
 All gave, or if they gave not, none  
 Forgot at least a benison.  
 Some saints, delighted with their lays,  
 Would promise health and length of days;  
 Others with surest words would add  
 Some boon to make their spirit glad.  
 In such degree of honour then  
 That song was held by holy men:  
 That living song which life can give,

---

<sup>59</sup> Saccharum Munja is a plant from whose fibres is twisted the sacred string which a Brâhman wears over one shoulder after he has been initiated by a rite which in some respects answers to confirmation.

By which shall many a minstrel live.  
 In seat of kings, in crowded hall,  
 They sang the poem, praised of all.  
 And Ráma chanced to hear their lay,  
 While he the votive steed<sup>60</sup> would slay,  
 And sent fit messengers to bring  
 The minstrel pair before the king.  
 They came, and found the monarch high  
 Enthroned in gold, his brothers nigh;  
 While many a minister below,  
 And noble, sate in lengthened row.  
 The youthful pair awhile he viewed  
 Graceful in modest attitude,  
 And then in words like these addressed  
 His brother Lakshmaṇ and the rest:  
 “Come, listen to the wondrous strain  
 Recited by these godlike twain,  
 Sweet singers of a story fraught  
 With melody and lofty thought.”

The pair, with voices sweet and strong,  
 Rolled the full tide of noble song,  
 With tone and accent deftly blent  
 To suit the changing argument.  
 Mid that assembly loud and clear  
 Rang forth that lay so sweet to hear,  
 That universal rapture stole  
 Through each man's frame and heart and soul.  
 “These minstrels, blest with every sign  
 That marks a high and princely line,  
 In holy shades who dwell,  
 Enshrined in Saint Válmíki's lay,

---

<sup>60</sup> A description of an Aśvamedha or Horse Sacrifice is given in Canto XIII. of this Book.

A monument to live for aye,  
 My deeds in song shall tell.”  
 Thus Ráma spoke: their breasts were fired,  
 And the great tale, as if inspired,  
 The youths began to sing,  
 While every heart with transport swelled,  
 And mute and rapt attention held  
 The concourse and the king.

## Canto V. Ayodhyá.

“Ikshváku's sons from days of old  
 Were ever brave and mighty-souled.  
 The land their arms had made their own  
 Was bounded by the sea alone.  
 Their holy works have won them praise,  
 Through countless years, from Manu's days.  
 Their ancient sire was Sagar, he  
 Whose high command dug out the sea:<sup>61</sup>  
 With sixty thousand sons to throng  
 Around him as he marched along.  
 From them this glorious tale proceeds:  
 The great Rámáyan tells their deeds.  
 This noble song whose lines contain  
 Lessons of duty, love, and gain,  
 We two will now at length recite,  
 While good men listen with delight.

---

<sup>61</sup> This exploit is related in Canto XL.

[012]

On Sarjú's<sup>62</sup> bank, of ample size,  
 The happy realm of Kośal lies,  
 With fertile length of fair champaign  
 And flocks and herds and wealth of grain.  
 There, famous in her old renown,  
 Ayodhyá<sup>63</sup> stands, the royal town,  
 In bygone ages built and planned  
 By sainted Manu's<sup>64</sup> princely hand.  
 Imperial seat! her walls extend  
 Twelve measured leagues from end to end,  
 And three in width from side to side,  
 With square and palace beautified.  
 Her gates at even distance stand;  
 Her ample roads are wisely planned.  
 Right glorious is her royal street  
 Where streams allay the dust and heat.  
 On level ground in even row  
 Her houses rise in goodly show:  
 Terrace and palace, arch and gate  
 The queenly city decorate.  
 High are her ramparts, strong and vast,  
 By ways at even distance passed,

---

<sup>62</sup> The Sarjú or Ghaghra, anciently called Sarayú, rises in the Himalayas, and after flowing through the province of Oudh, falls into the Ganges.

<sup>63</sup> The ruins of the ancient capital of Ráma and the Children of the Sun may still be traced in the present Ajudhyá near Fyzabad. Ajudhyá is the Jerusalem or Mecca of the Hindus.

<sup>64</sup> A legislator and saint, the son of Brahmá or a personification of Brahmá himself, the creator of the world, and progenitor of mankind. Derived from the root *man* to think, the word means originally *man*, the thinker, and is found in this sense in the Rig-veda.

Manu as a legislator is identified with the Cretan Minos, as progenitor of mankind with the German Mannus: "Celebrant carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoriae et annalium genus est, Tuisconem deum terra editum, et filium Mannum, originem gentis conditoresque." TACITUS{FNS, *Germania*, Cap. II.

With circling moat, both deep and wide,  
And store of weapons fortified.

King Daśaratha, lofty-souled,  
That city guarded and controlled,  
With towering Sál trees belted round,<sup>65</sup>  
And many a grove and pleasure ground,  
As royal Indra, throned on high,  
Rules his fair city in the sky.<sup>66</sup>  
She seems a painted city, fair  
With chess-board line and even square.<sup>67</sup>  
And cool boughs shade the lovely lake  
Where weary men their thirst may slake.  
There gilded chariots gleam and shine,  
And stately piles the Gods enshrine.  
There gay sleek people ever throng  
To festival and dance and song.  
A mine is she of gems and sheen,  
The darling home of Fortune's Queen.  
With noblest sort of drink and meat,  
The fairest rice and golden wheat,  
And fragrant with the chaplet's scent  
With holy oil and incense blent.  
With many an elephant and steed,  
And wains for draught and cars for speed.  
With envoys sent by distant kings,  
And merchants with their precious things  
With banners o'er her roofs that play,

---

<sup>65</sup> The Sál (*Shorea Robusta*) is a valuable timber tree of considerable height.

<sup>66</sup> The city of Indra is called Amarávatí or Home of the Immortals.

<sup>67</sup> Schlegel thinks that this refers to the marble of different colours with which the houses were adorned. It seems more natural to understand it as implying the regularity of the streets and houses.

And weapons that a hundred slay;<sup>68</sup>  
 All warlike engines framed by man,  
 And every class of artisan.  
 A city rich beyond compare  
 With bards and minstrels gathered there,  
 And men and damsels who entrance  
 The soul with play and song and dance.  
 In every street is heard the lute,  
 The drum, the tabret, and the flute,  
 The Veda chanted soft and low,  
 The ringing of the archer's bow;  
 With bands of godlike heroes skilled  
 In every warlike weapon, filled,  
 And kept by warriors from the foe,  
 As Nágas guard their home below.<sup>69</sup>  
 There wisest Bráhmans evermore  
     The flame of worship feed,  
 And versed in all the Vedas' lore,  
     Their lives of virtue lead.  
 Truthful and pure, they freely give;  
     They keep each sense controlled,  
 And in their holy fervour live  
     Like the great saints of old.

## Canto VI. The King.

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<sup>68</sup> The Śataghní *i.e. centicide*, or slayer of a hundred, is generally supposed to be a sort of fire-arms, or the ancient Indian rocket; but it is also described as a stone set round with iron spikes.

<sup>69</sup> The Nágas (serpents) are demigods with a human face and serpent body. They inhabit Pátala or the regions under the earth. Bhogavatí is the name of their capital city. Serpents are still worshipped in India. See Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*.

There reigned a king of name revered,  
To country and to town endeared,  
Great Daśaratha, good and sage,  
Well read in Scripture's holy page:  
Upon his kingdom's weal intent,  
Mighty and brave and provident;  
The pride of old Ikshváku's seed  
For lofty thought and righteous deed.  
Peer of the saints, for virtues famed,  
For foes subdued and passions tamed:  
A rival in his wealth untold  
Of Indra and the Lord of Gold.  
Like Manu first of kings, he reigned,  
And worthily his state maintained.  
For firm and just and ever true  
Love, duty, gain he kept in view,  
And ruled his city rich and free,  
Like Indra's Amarávatí.  
And worthy of so fair a place  
There dwelt a just and happy race  
    With troops of children blest.  
Each man contented sought no more,  
Nor longed with envy for the store  
    By richer friends possessed.  
For poverty was there unknown,  
And each man counted as his own  
    Kine, steeds, and gold, and grain.  
All dressed in raiment bright and clean,  
And every townsman might be seen  
    With earrings, wreath, or chain.  
None deigned to feed on broken fare,  
And none was false or stingy there.  
A piece of gold, the smallest pay,  
Was earned by labour for a day.

[013]

On every arm were bracelets worn,  
 And none was faithless or forsworn,  
     A braggart or unkind.  
 None lived upon another's wealth,  
 None pined with dread or broken health,  
     Or dark disease of mind.  
 High-souled were all. The slanderous word,  
 The boastful lie, were never heard.  
 Each man was constant to his vows,  
 And lived devoted to his spouse.  
 No other love his fancy knew,  
 And she was tender, kind, and true.  
 Her dames were fair of form and face,  
 With charm of wit and gentle grace,  
 With modest raiment simply neat,  
 And winning manners soft and sweet.  
 The twice-born sages, whose delight  
 Was Scripture's page and holy rite,  
 Their calm and settled course pursued,  
 Nor sought the menial multitude.  
 In many a Scripture each was versed,  
 And each the flame of worship nursed,  
     And gave with lavish hand.  
 Each paid to Heaven the offerings due,  
 And none was godless or untrue  
     In all that holy band.  
 To Bráhmans, as the laws ordain,  
 The Warrior caste were ever fain  
     The reverence due to pay;  
 And these the Vaiśyas' peaceful crowd,  
 Who trade and toil for gain, were proud  
     To honour and obey;  
 And all were by the Śúdras<sup>70</sup> served,

---

<sup>70</sup> The fourth and lowest pure caste whose duty was to serve the three first

Who never from their duty swerved,  
 Their proper worship all addressed  
 To Bráhman, spirits, God, and guest.  
 Pure and unmixt their rites remained,  
 Their race's honour ne'er was stained.<sup>71</sup>  
 Cheered by his grandsons, sons, and wife,  
 Each passed a long and happy life.  
 Thus was that famous city held  
 By one who all his race excelled,  
 Blest in his gentle reign,  
 As the whole land aforetime swayed  
 By Manu, prince of men, obeyed  
 Her king from main to main.  
 And heroes kept her, strong and brave,  
 As lions guard their mountain cave:  
 Fierce as devouring flame they burned,  
 And fought till death, but never turned.  
 Horses had she of noblest breed,  
 Like Indra's for their form and speed,  
 From Váhlí's<sup>72</sup> hills and Sindhu's<sup>73</sup> sand,

classes.

<sup>71</sup> By forbidden marriages between persons of different castes.

<sup>72</sup> Váhlí or Váhlíka is Bactriana; its name is preserved in the modern Balkh.

<sup>73</sup> The Sanskrit word Sindhu is in the singular the name of the river Indus, in the plural of the people and territories on its banks. The name appears as *Hidku* in the cuneiform inscription of Darius' son of Hystaspes, in which the nations tributary to that king are enumerated.

The Hebrew form is *Hodda* (Esther, I. 1.). In Zend it appears as *Hendu* in a somewhat wider sense. With the Persians later the signification of *Hind* seems to have co-extended with their increasing acquaintance with the country. The weak Ionic dialect omitted the Persian *h*, and we find in Hecatæus and Herodotus Ἰνδος and ἡ Ἰνδική. In this form the Romans received the names and transmitted them to us. The Arabian geographers in their ignorance that Hind and Sind are two forms of the same word have made of them two brothers and traced their decent from Noah. See Lassen's *Indische Alterthumskunde* Vol. I. pp. 2, 3.

[014] Vanáyu<sup>74</sup> and Kámboja's land.<sup>75</sup>  
 Her noble elephants had strayed  
 Through Vindhyan and Himálayan shade,  
 Gigantic in their bulk and height,  
 Yet gentle in their matchless might.  
 They rivalled well the world-spread fame  
 Of the great stock from which they came,  
 Of Váman, vast of size,  
 Of Mahápadma's glorious line,  
 Thine, Anjan, and, Airávat, thine.<sup>76</sup>  
 Upholders of the skies.  
 With those, enrolled in fourfold class,  
 Who all their mighty kin surpass,  
 Whom men Matangas name,  
 And Mrigas spotted black and white,  
 And Bhadras of unwearied might,  
 And Mandras hard to tame.<sup>77</sup>  
 Thus, worthy of the name she bore,<sup>78</sup>  
 Ayodhyá for a league or more  
 Cast a bright glory round,  
 Where Daśaratha wise and great

<sup>74</sup> The situation of Vanáyu is not exactly determined: it seems to have lain to the north-west of India.

<sup>75</sup> Kámboja was probably still further to the north-west. Lassen thinks that the name is etymologically connected with *Cambyses* which in the cuneiform inscription of Behistun is written Ka(m)bujia.

<sup>76</sup> The elephants of Indra and other deities who preside over the four points of the compass.

<sup>77</sup> "There are four kinds of elephants. 1 *Bhaddar*. It is well proportioned, has an erect head, a broad chest, large ears, a long tail, and is bold and can bear fatigue. 2 *Mand*. It is black, has yellow eyes, a uniformly sized body, and is wild and ungovernable. 3 *Mirg*. It has a whitish skin, with black spots. 4 *Mir*. It has a small head, and obeys readily. It gets frightened when it thunders." *Aín-i-Akbarí..* Translated by H. Blochmann, Aín 41, *The Imperial Elephant Stables*.

<sup>78</sup> Ayodhyá means *not to be fought against*.

Governed his fair ancestral state,  
With every virtue crowned.  
Like Indra in the skies he reigned  
In that good town whose wall contained  
High domes and turrets proud,  
With gates and arcs of triumph decked,  
And sturdy barriers to protect  
Her gay and countless crowd.

## Canto VII. The Ministers.

Two sages, holy saints, had he,  
His ministers and priests to be:  
Vaśishṭha, faithful to advise,  
And Vámadeva, Scripture-wise.  
Eight other lords around him stood,  
All skilled to counsel, wise and good:  
Jayanta, Vijay, Dhrishti bold  
In fight, affairs of war controlled:  
Siddhárháth and Arthaśádhak true  
Watched o'er expense and revenue,  
And Dharmapál and wise Aśok  
Of right and law and justice spoke.  
With these the sage Sumantra, skilled  
To urge the car, high station filled.

All these in knowledge duly trained  
Each passion and each sense restrained:  
With modest manners, nobly bred  
Each plan and nod and look they read,  
Upon their neighbours' good intent,  
Most active and benevolent:

As sit the Vasus<sup>79</sup> round their king,  
They sate around him counselling.  
They ne'er in virtue's loftier pride  
Another's lowly gifts decried.  
In fair and seemly garb arrayed,  
No weak uncertain plans they made.  
Well skilled in business, fair and just,  
They gained the people's love and trust,  
And thus without oppression stored  
The swelling treasury of their lord.  
Bound in sweet friendship each to each,  
They spoke kind thoughts in gentle speech.  
They looked alike with equal eye  
On every caste, on low and high.  
Devoted to their king, they sought,  
Ere his tongue spoke, to learn his thought,  
And knew, as each occasion rose,  
To hide their counsel or disclose.  
In foreign lands or in their own  
Whatever passed, to them was known.  
By secret spies they timely knew  
What men were doing or would do.  
Skilled in the grounds of war and peace  
They saw the monarch's state increase,  
Watching his weal with conquering eye  
That never let occasion by,  
While nature lent her aid to bless  
Their labours with unbought success.  
Never for anger, lust, or gain,  
Would they their lips with falsehood stain.  
Inclined to mercy they could scan  
The weakness and the strength of man.

---

<sup>79</sup> Attendants of Indra, eight Gods whose names signify fire, light and its phenomena.

They fairly judged both high and low,  
And ne'er would wrong a guiltless foe;  
Yet if a fault were proved, each one  
Would punish e'en his own dear son.  
But there and in the kingdom's bound  
No thief or man impure was found:  
None of loose life or evil fame,  
No tempter of another's dame.

Contented with their lot each caste  
Calm days in blissful quiet passed;  
And, all in fitting tasks employed,  
Country and town deep rest enjoyed,  
With these wise lords around his throne

The monarch justly reigned,  
And making every heart his own  
The love of all men gained.  
With trusty agents, as beseems,  
Each distant realm he scanned,  
As the sun visits with his beams  
Each corner of the land.

Ne'er would he on a mightier foe  
With hostile troops advance,  
Nor at an equal strike a blow  
In war's delusive chance.

These lords in council bore their part  
With ready brain and faithful heart,  
With skill and knowledge, sense and tact,  
Good to advise and bold to act.  
And high and endless fame he won  
With these to guide his schemes,  
As, risen in his might, the sun  
Wins glory with his beams.

[015]

## Canto VIII. Sumantra's Speech.

But splendid, just, and great of mind,  
 The childless king for offspring pined.  
 No son had he his name to grace,  
 Transmitter of his royal race.  
 Long had his anxious bosom wrought,  
 And as he pondered rose the thought:  
 “A votive steed 'twere good to slay,  
 So might a son the gift repay.”  
 Before his lords his plan he laid,  
 And bade them with their wisdom aid:  
 Then with these words Sumantra, best  
 Of royal counsellors, addressed:  
 “Hither, Vaśishṭha at their head,  
 Let all my priestly guides be led.”

To him Sumantra made reply:  
 “Hear, Sire, a tale of days gone by.  
 To many a sage in time of old,  
 Sanatkumár, the saint, foretold  
 How from thine ancient line, O King,  
 A son, when years came round, should spring.  
 “Here dwells,” 'twas thus the seer began,  
 “Of Kaśyap's<sup>80</sup> race, a holy man,  
 Vibháṇḍak named: to him shall spring  
 A son, the famous Rishyaśring.  
 Bred with the deer that round him roam,  
 The wood shall be that hermit's home.  
 To him no mortal shall be known  
 Except his holy sire alone.  
 Still by those laws shall he abide

---

<sup>80</sup> Kaśyap was a grandson of the God Brahmá. He is supposed to have given his name to Kashmír = Kaśyapa-míra, Kaśyap's Lake.

Which lives of youthful Bráhmans guide,  
 Obedient to the strictest rule  
 That forms the young ascetic's school:  
 And all the wondering world shall hear  
 Of his stern life and penance drear;  
 His care to nurse the holy fire  
 And do the bidding of his sire.  
 Then, seated on the Angas<sup>81</sup> throne,  
 Shall Lomapád to fame be known.  
 But folly wrought by that great king  
 A plague upon the land shall bring;  
 No rain for many a year shall fall  
 And grievous drought shall ruin all.  
 The troubled king with many a prayer  
 Shall bid the priests some cure declare:  
 “The lore of Heaven 'tis yours to know,  
 Nor are ye blind to things below:  
 Declare, O holy men, the way  
 This plague to expiate and stay.”  
 Those best of Bráhmans shall reply:  
 “By every art, O Monarch, try  
 Hither to bring Vibháñdak's child,  
 Persuaded, captured, or beguiled.  
 And when the boy is hither led  
 To him thy daughter duly wed.”

---

<sup>81</sup> The people of Anga. “Anga is said in the lexicons to be Bengal; but here certainly another region is intended situated at the confluence of the Sarjú with the Ganges, and not far distant from Daśaratha's dominions.” GORRESIO{FNS. It comprised part of Behar and Bhagulpur.

But how to bring that wondrous boy  
His troubled thoughts will long employ,  
And hopeless to achieve the task  
He counsel of his lords will ask,  
And bid his priests and servants bring  
With honour saintly Rishyaśring.  
But when they hear the monarch's speech,  
All these their master will beseech,  
With trembling hearts and looks of woe,  
To spare them, for they fear to go.  
And many a plan will they declare  
    And crafty plots will frame,  
And promise fair to show him there,  
    Unforced, with none to blame.  
On every word his lords shall say,  
    The king will meditate,  
And on the third returning day  
    Recall them to debate.  
Then this shall be the plan agreed,  
    That damsels shall be sent  
Attired in holy hermits' weed,  
    And skilled in blandishment,  
That they the hermit may beguile  
With every art and amorous wile  
Whose use they know so well,  
And by their witcheries seduce  
The unsuspecting young recluse  
    To leave his father's cell.  
Then when the boy with willing feet  
Shall wander from his calm retreat  
    And in that city stand,  
The troubles of the king shall end,  
And streams of blessed rain descend  
    Upon the thirsty land.

Thus shall the holy Rishyaśring  
 To Lomapád, the mighty king,  
     By wedlock be allied;  
 For Śántá, fairest of the fair,  
 In mind and grace beyond compare,  
     Shall be his royal bride.  
 He, at the Offering of the Steed,  
 The flames with holy oil shall feed,  
 And for King Daśaratha gain  
 Sons whom his prayers have begged in vain.”  
 “I have repeated, Sire, thus far,  
 The words of old Sanatkumár,  
 In order as he spoke them then  
 Amid the crowd of holy men.”  
 Then Daśaratha cried with joy,  
 “Say how they brought the hermit boy.”

## Canto IX. Rishyasring.

The wise Sumantra, thus addressed,  
 Unfolded at the king's behest  
 The plan the lords in council laid  
 To draw the hermit from the shade:  
 “The priest, amid the lordly crowd,  
 To Lomapád thus spoke aloud:  
 “Hear, King, the plot our thoughts have framed,  
 A harmless trick by all unblamed.  
 Far from the world that hermit's child  
 Lives lonely in the distant wild:  
 A stranger to the joys of sense,  
 His bliss is pain and abstinence;

And all unknown are women yet  
To him, a holy anchoret.  
The gentle passions we will wake  
That with resistless influence shake  
    The hearts of men; and he  
Drawn by enchantment strong and sweet  
Shall follow from his lone retreat,  
    And come and visit thee.  
Let ships be formed with utmost care  
That artificial trees may bear,  
    And sweet fruit deftly made;  
Let goodly raiment, rich and rare,  
And flowers, and many a bird be there  
    Beneath the leafy shade.  
Upon the ships thus decked a band  
Of young and lovely girls shall stand,  
Rich in each charm that wakes desire,  
And eyes that burn with amorous fire;  
Well skilled to sing, and play, and dance  
And ply their trade with smile and glance  
Let these, attired in hermits' dress,  
Betake them to the wilderness,  
And bring the boy of life austere  
A voluntary captive here."

He ended; and the king agreed,  
By the priest's counsel won.  
And all the ministers took heed  
    To see his bidding done.  
In ships with wondrous art prepared  
Away the lovely women fared,  
And soon beneath the shade they stood  
Of the wild, lonely, dreary wood.  
And there the leafy cot they found  
    Where dwelt the devotee,

And looked with eager eyes around  
 The hermit's son to see.  
 Still, of Vibhāṇḍak sore afraid,  
 They hid behind the creepers' shade.  
 But when by careful watch they knew  
 The elder saint was far from view,  
 With bolder steps they ventured nigh  
 To catch the youthful hermit's eye.  
 Then all the damsels, blithe and gay,  
 At various games began to play.  
 They tossed the flying ball about  
 With dance and song and merry shout,  
 And moved, their scented tresses bound  
 With wreaths, in mazy motion round.  
 Some girls as if by love possessed,  
 Sank to the earth in feigned unrest,  
 Up starting quickly to pursue  
 Their intermitted game anew.  
 It was a lovely sight to see  
 Those fair ones, as they played,  
 While fragrant robes were floating free,  
 And bracelets clashing in their glee  
 A pleasant tinkling made.  
 The anklet's chime, the Koīl's<sup>82</sup> cry  
 With music filled the place  
 As 'twere some city in the sky  
 Which heavenly minstrels grace.  
 With each voluptuous art they strove  
 To win the tenant of the grove,  
 And with their graceful forms inspire

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<sup>82</sup> The Koīl or *kokila* (*Cuculus Indicus*) as the harbinger of spring and love is a universal favourite with Indian poets. His voice when first heard in a glorious spring morning is not unpleasant, but becomes in the hot season intolerably wearisome to European ears.

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His modest soul with soft desire.  
With arch of brow, with beck and smile,  
With every passion-waking wile  
Of glance and lotus hand,  
With all enticements that excite  
The longing for unknown delight

Which boys in vain withstand.  
Forth came the hermit's son to view  
The wondrous sight to him so new,

And gazed in rapt surprise,  
For from his natal hour till then  
On woman or the sons of men  
He ne'er had cast his eyes.

He saw them with their waists so slim,  
With fairest shape and faultless limb,  
In variegated robes arrayed,  
And sweetly singing as they played.  
Near and more near the hermit drew,

And watched them at their game,  
And stronger still the impulse grew

To question whence they came.  
They marked the young ascetic gaze  
With curious eye and wild amaze,  
And sweet the long-eyed damsels sang,  
And shrill their merry laughter rang.  
Then came they nearer to his side,  
And languishing with passion cried:  
“Whose son, O youth, and who art thou,  
Come suddenly to join us now?  
And why dost thou all lonely dwell  
In the wild wood? We pray thee, tell,  
We wish to know thee, gentle youth;  
Come, tell us, if thou wilt, the truth.”

He gazed upon that sight he ne'er

Had seen before, of girls so fair,  
And out of love a longing rose  
His sire and lineage to disclose:  
“My father,” thus he made reply,  
“Is Kaśyap’s son, a saint most high,  
Vibhāṇḍak styled; from him I came,  
And Rishyaśring he calls my name.  
Our hermit cot is near this place:  
Come thither, O ye fair of face;  
There be it mine, with honour due,  
Ye gentle youths, to welcome you.”

They heard his speech, and gave consent,  
And gladly to his cottage went.  
Vibhāṇḍak’s son received them well  
Beneath the shelter of his cell  
With guest-gift, water for their feet,  
And woodland fruit and roots to eat,  
They smiled, and spoke sweet words like these,  
Delighted with his courtesies:  
“We too have goodly fruit in store,  
Grown on the trees that shade our door;  
Come, if thou wilt, kind Hermit, haste  
The produce of our grove to taste;  
And let, O good Ascetic, first  
This holy water quench thy thirst.”  
They spoke, and gave him comfits sweet  
Prepared ripe fruits to counterfeit;  
And many a dainty cate beside  
And luscious mead their stores supplied.  
The seeming fruits, in taste and look,  
The unsuspecting hermit took,  
For, strange to him, their form beguiled  
The dweller in the lonely wild.  
Then round his neck fair arms were flung,

And there the laughing damsels clung,  
 And pressing nearer and more near  
 With sweet lips whispered at his ear;  
 While rounded limb and swelling breast  
 The youthful hermit softly pressed.  
 The pleasing charm of that strange bowl,  
     The touch of a tender limb,  
 Over his yielding spirit stole  
     And sweetly vanquished him.  
 But vows, they said, must now be paid;  
     They bade the boy farewell,  
 And, of the aged saint afraid,  
     Prepared to leave the dell.  
 With ready guile they told him where  
     Their hermit dwelling lay:  
 Then, lest the sire should find them there,  
     Sped by wild paths away.  
 They fled and left him there alone  
     By longing love possessed;  
 And with a heart no more his own  
     He roamed about distressed.  
 The aged saint came home, to find  
     The hermit boy distraught,  
 Revolving in his troubled mind  
     One solitary thought.  
 “Why dost thou not, my son,” he cried,  
     “Thy due obeisance pay?  
 Why do I see thee in the tide  
     Of whelming thought to-day?  
 A devotee should never wear  
     A mien so sad and strange.  
 Come, quickly, dearest child, declare  
     The reason of the change.”  
 And Rishyaśring, when questioned thus,

Made answer in this wise:  
“O sire, there came to visit us  
Some men with lovely eyes.  
About my neck soft arms they wound  
And kept me tightly held  
To tender breasts so soft and round,  
That strangely heaved and swelled.  
They sing more sweetly as they dance  
Than e'er I heard till now,  
And play with many a sidelong glance  
And arching of the brow.”  
“My son,” said he, “thus giants roam  
Where holy hermits are,  
And wander round their peaceful home  
Their rites austere to mar.  
I charge thee, thou must never lay  
Thy trust in them, dear boy:  
They seek thee only to betray,  
And woo but to destroy.”  
Thus having warned him of his foes  
That night at home he spent.  
And when the morrow's sun arose  
Forth to the forest went.  
But Rishyaśring with eager pace  
Sped forth and hurried to the place  
Where he those visitants had seen  
Of daintily waist and charming mien.  
When from afar they saw the son  
Of Saint Vibhāṇḍak toward them run,  
To meet the hermit boy they hied,  
And hailed him with a smile, and cried:  
“O come, we pray, dear lord, behold  
Our lovely home of which we told  
Due honour there to thee we'll pay,

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And speed thee on thy homeward way.”  
 Pleased with the gracious words they said  
 He followed where the damsels led.  
 As with his guides his steps he bent,  
 That Bráhman high of worth,  
 A flood of rain from heaven was sent  
 That gladdened all the earth.

Vibháñdak took his homeward road,  
 And wearied by the heavy load  
 Of roots and woodland fruit he bore  
 Entered at last his cottage door.  
 Fain for his son he looked around,  
 But desolate the cell he found.  
 He stayed not then to bathe his feet,  
 Though fainting with the toil and heat,  
 But hurried forth and roamed about  
 Calling the boy with cry and shout,  
 He searched the wood, but all in vain;  
 Nor tidings of his son could gain.

One day beyond the forest's bound  
 The wandering saint a village found,  
 And asked the swains and neatherds there  
 Who owned the land so rich and fair,  
 With all the hamlets of the plain,  
 And herds of kine and fields of grain.  
 They listened to the hermit's words,  
 And all the guardians of the herds,  
 With suppliant hands together pressed,  
 This answer to the saint addressed:  
 “The Angas' lord who bears the name  
 Of Lomapád, renowned by fame,  
 Bestowed these hamlets with their kine

And all their riches, as a sign  
Of grace, on Rishyaśring: and he  
Vibhāṇḍak's son is said to be.”  
The hermit with exulting breast  
The mighty will of fate confessed,  
By meditation's eye discerned;  
And cheerful to his home returned.

A stately ship, at early morn,  
The hermit's son away had borne.  
Loud roared the clouds, as on he sped,  
The sky grew blacker overhead;  
Till, as he reached the royal town,  
A mighty flood of rain came down.  
By the great rain the monarch's mind  
The coming of his guest divined.  
To meet the honoured youth he went,  
And low to earth his head he bent.  
With his own priest to lead the train,  
He gave the gift high guests obtain.  
And sought, with all who dwelt within  
The city walls, his grace to win.  
He fed him with the daintiest fare,  
He served him with unceasing care,  
And ministered with anxious eyes  
Lest anger in his breast should rise;  
And gave to be the Bráhman's bride  
His own fair daughter, lotus-eyed.

Thus loved and honoured by the king,  
The glorious Bráhman Rishyaśring  
Passed in that royal town his life  
With Śántá his beloved wife.”

## Canto X. Rishyasring Invited.

“Again, O best of kings, give ear:  
 My saving words attentive hear,  
 And listen to the tale of old  
 By that illustrious Bráhman told.  
 “Of famed Ikshváku's line shall spring  
 ('Twas thus he spoke) a pious king,  
 Named Daśaratha, good and great,  
 True to his word and fortunate.  
 He with the Angas' mighty lord  
 Shall ever live in sweet accord,  
 And his a daughter fair shall be,  
 Śántá of happy destiny.  
 But Lomapád, the Angas' chief,  
 Still pining in his childless grief,  
 To Daśaratha thus shall say:  
 “Give me thy daughter, friend, I pray,  
 Thy Śántá of the tranquil mind,  
 The noblest one of womankind.”

The father, swift to feel for woe,  
 Shall on his friend his child bestow;  
 And he shall take her and depart  
 To his own town with joyous heart.  
 The maiden home in triumph led,  
 To Rishyasring the king shall wed.  
 And he with loving joy and pride  
 Shall take her for his honoured bride.  
 And Daśaratha to a rite  
 That best of Bráhmans shall invite  
 With supplicating prayer,  
 To celebrate the sacrifice

To win him sons and Paradise,<sup>83</sup>  
 That he will fain prepare.  
 From him the lord of men at length  
     The boon he seeks shall gain,  
 And see four sons of boundless strength  
     His royal line maintain.”  
 “Thus did the godlike saint of old  
     The will of fate declare,  
 And all that should befall unfold  
     Amid the sages there.  
 O Prince supreme of men, go thou,  
     Consult thy holy guide,  
 And win, to aid thee in thy vow,  
     This Bráhman to thy side.”  
 Sumantra's counsel, wise and good,  
     King Daśaratha heard,  
 Then by Vaśishṭha's side he stood  
 And thus with him conferred:  
 “Sumantra counsels thus: do thou  
 My priestly guide, the plan allow.”  
 Vaśishṭha gave his glad consent,  
 And forth the happy monarch went  
 With lords and servants on the road  
 That led to Rishyaśring's abode.  
 Forests and rivers duly past,  
 He reached the distant town at last  
 Of Lomapád the Angas' king,  
 And entered it with welcoming.  
 On through the crowded streets he came,  
 And, radiant as the kindled flame,

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<sup>83</sup> “Sons and Paradise are intimately connected in Indian belief. A man desires above every thing to have a son to perpetuate his race, and to assist with sacrifices and funeral rites to make him worthy to obtain a lofty seat in heaven or to preserve that which he has already obtained.” GORRESIO{FNS.

He saw within the monarch's house  
 The hermit's son most glorious.  
 There Lomapád, with joyful breast,  
     To him all honour paid,  
 For friendship for his royal guest  
     His faithful bosom swayed.  
 Thus entertained with utmost care  
 Seven days, or eight, he tarried there,  
 And then that best of men thus broke  
 His purpose to the king, and spoke:  
 "O King of men, mine ancient friend,  
     (Thus Daśaratha prayed)  
 Thy Śántá with her husband send  
     My sacrifice to aid."  
 Said he who ruled the Angas, Yea,  
     And his consent was won:  
 And then at once he turned away  
     To warn the hermit's son.  
 He told him of their ties beyond  
 Their old affection's faithful bond:  
 "This king," he said, "from days of old  
 A well beloved friend I hold.  
 To me this pearl of dames he gave  
 From childless woe mine age to save,  
 The daughter whom he loved so much,  
 Moved by compassion's gentle touch.  
 In him thy Śántás father see:  
 As I am even so is he.  
 For sons the childless monarch yearns:  
 To thee alone for help he turns.  
 Go thou, the sacred rite ordain  
 To win the sons he prays to gain:  
 Go, with thy wife thy succour lend,  
 And give his vows a blissful end."

The hermit's son with quick accord  
Obeyed the Angas' mighty lord,  
And with fair Śántá at his side  
To Daśaratha's city hied.  
Each king, with suppliant hands upheld,  
    Gazed on the other's face:  
And then by mutual love impelled  
    Met in a close embrace.  
Then Daśaratha's thoughtful care,  
    Before he parted thence,  
Bade trusty servants homeward bear  
    The glad intelligence:  
“Let all the town be bright and gay  
    With burning incense sweet;  
Let banners wave, and water lay  
    The dust in every street.”  
Glad were the citizens to learn  
The tidings of their lord's return,  
And through the city every man  
Obediently his task began.  
And fair and bright Ayodhyá showed,  
As following his guest he rode  
Through the full streets where shell and drum  
Proclaimed aloud the king was come.  
And all the people with delight  
    Kept gazing on their king,  
Attended by that youth so bright,  
    The glorious Rishyaśring.  
When to his home the king had brought  
    The hermit's saintly son,  
He deemed that all his task was wrought,  
    And all he prayed for won.  
And lords who saw that stranger dame  
    So beautiful to view,

Rejoiced within their hearts, and came  
 And paid her honour too.  
 There Rishyaśring passed blissful days,  
 Graced like the king with love and praise  
 And shone in glorious light with her,  
 Sweet Śántá, for his minister,  
 As Brahmá's son Vaśishṭha, he  
 Who wedded Saint Arundhatí.<sup>84</sup>

## Canto XI. The Sacrifice Decreed.

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The Dewy Season<sup>85</sup> came and went;  
 The spring returned again:  
 Then would the king, with mind intent,  
 His sacrifice ordain.  
 He came to Rishyaśring, and bowed  
 To him of look divine,  
 And bade him aid his offering vowed  
 For heirs, to save his line.  
 Nor would the youth his aid deny:  
 He spake the monarch fair,  
 And prayed him for that rite so high  
 All requisites prepare.  
 The king to wise Sumantra cried  
 Who stood aye ready near;  
 “Go summon quick each holy guide,  
 To counsel and to hear.”

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<sup>84</sup> One of the Pleiades and generally regarded as the model of wifely excellence.

<sup>85</sup> The Hindu year is divided into six seasons of two months each, spring, summer, rains, autumn, winter, and dews.

Obedient to his lord's behest  
 Away Sumantra sped,  
 And brought Vaśishṭha and the rest,  
 In Scripture deeply read.  
 Suyajña, Vámadeva came,  
 Jávali, Kaśyap's son,  
 And old Vaśishṭha, dear to fame,  
 Obedient every one.  
 King Daśaratha met them there  
 And duly honoured each,  
 And spoke in pleasant words his fair  
 And salutary speech:  
 "In childless longing doomed to pine,  
 No happiness, O lords, is mine.  
 So have I for this cause decreed  
 To slay the sacrificial steed.  
 Fain would I pay that offering high  
 Wherein the horse is doomed to die,  
 With Rishyaśring his aid to lend,  
 And with your glory to befriend."

With loud applause each holy man  
 Received his speech, approved the plan,  
 And, by the wise Vaśishṭha led,  
 Gave praises to the king, and said:  
 "The sons thou cravest shalt thou see,  
 Of fairest glory, born to thee,  
 Whose holy feelings bid thee take  
 This righteous course for offspring's sake."  
 Cheered by the ready praise of those  
 Whose aid he sought, his spirits rose,  
 And thus the king his speech renewed  
 With looks of joy and gratitude:  
 "Let what the coming rites require  
 Be ready as the priests desire,

And let the horse, ordained to bleed,  
 With fitting guard and priest, be freed,<sup>86</sup>  
 Yonder on Sarjú's northern side  
 The sacrificial ground provide;  
 And let the saving rites, that naught  
 Ill-omened may occur, be wrought.  
 The offering I announce to-day  
 Each lord of earth may claim to pay,  
 Provided that his care can guard  
 The holy rite by flaws unmarred.  
 For wandering fiends, whose watchful spite  
 Waits eagerly to spoil each rite,  
 Hunting with keenest eye detect  
 The slightest slip, the least neglect;  
 And when the sacred work is crossed  
 The workman is that moment lost.  
 Let preparation due be made:  
     Your powers the charge can meet:  
 That so the noble rite be paid  
     In every point complete."  
 And all the Bráhmans answered, Yea,  
     His mandate honouring,  
 And gladly promised to obey  
     The order of the king.  
 They cried with voices raised aloud:  
     "Success attend thine aim!"  
 Then bade farewell, and lowly bowed,  
     And hastened whence they came.  
 King Daśaratha went within,  
     His well loved wives to see:  
 And said: "Your lustral rites begin,

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<sup>86</sup> It was essential that the horse should wander free for a year before immolation, as a sign that his master's paramount sovereignty was acknowledged by all neighbouring princes.

For these shall prosper me.  
A glorious offering I prepare  
That precious fruit of sons may bear.”  
Their lily faces brightened fast  
Those pleasant words to hear,  
As lilies, when the winter's past,  
In lovelier hues appear.

## Canto XII. The Sacrifice Begun.

Again the spring with genial heat  
Returning made the year complete.  
To win him sons, without delay  
His vow the king resolved to pay:  
And to Vaśishṭha, saintly man,  
In modest words this speech began:  
“Prepare the rite with all things fit  
As is ordained in Holy Writ,  
And keep with utmost care afar  
Whate'er its sacred forms might mar.  
Thou art, my lord, my trustiest guide,  
Kind-hearted, and my friend beside;  
So is it meet thou undertake  
This heavy task for duty's sake.”

Then he, of twice-born men the best,  
His glad assent at once expressed:  
“Fain will I do whate'er may be  
Desired, O honoured King, by thee.”  
To ancient priests he spoke, who, trained  
In holy rites, deep skill had gained:  
“Here guards be stationed, good and sage

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Religious men of trusted age.  
And various workmen send and call,  
Who frame the door and build the wall:  
With men of every art and trade,  
Who read the stars and ply the spade,  
And mimes and minstrels hither bring,  
And damsels trained to dance and sing."

Then to the learned men he said,  
In many a page of Scripture read:  
"Be yours each rite performed to see  
According to the king's decree.  
And stranger Bráhmans quickly call  
To this great rite that welcomes all.  
Pavilions for the princes, decked  
With art and ornament, erect,  
And handsome booths by thousands made  
The Bráhman visitors to shade,  
Arranged in order side by side,  
With meat and drink and all supplied.  
And ample stables we shall need  
For many an elephant and steed:  
And chambers where the men may lie,  
And vast apartments, broad and high,  
Fit to receive the countless bands  
Of warriors come from distant lands.  
For our own people too provide  
Sufficient tents, extended wide,  
And stores of meat and drink prepare,  
And all that can be needed there.  
And food in plenty must be found  
For guests from all the country round.  
Of various viands presents make,  
For honour, not for pity's sake,  
That fit regard and worship be

Paid to each caste in due degree.  
 And let not wish or wrath excite  
 Your hearts the meanest guest to slight;  
 But still observe with special grace  
 Those who obtain the foremost place,  
 Whether for happier skill in art  
 Or bearing in the rite their part.  
 Do you, I pray, with friendly mind  
 Perform the task to you assigned,  
 And work the rite, as bids the law,  
 Without omission, slip, or flaw”

They answered: “As thou seest fit  
 So will we do and naught omit.”  
 The sage Vaśiṣṭha then addressed  
 Sumantra called at his behest:  
 “The princes of the earth invite,  
 And famous lords who guard the rite,  
 Priest, Warrior, Merchant, lowly thrall,  
 In countless thousands summon all.  
 Where'er their home be, far or near,  
 Gather the good with honour here,  
 And Janak, whose imperial sway  
 The men of Míthilá<sup>87</sup> obey.  
 The firm of vow, the dread of foes,  
 Who all the lore of Scripture knows,  
 Invite him here with honour high,  
 King Daśaratha's old ally.  
 And Kási's<sup>88</sup> lord of gentle speech,  
 Who finds a pleasant word for each,

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<sup>87</sup> Called also Vidcha, later Tirabhukti, corrupted into the modern Tirhut, a province bounded on the west and east by the Gaudakí and Kauśikí rivers, on the south by the Ganges, and on the north by the skirts of the Himálayas.

<sup>88</sup> The celebrated city of Benares. See Dr. Hall's learned and exhaustive Monograph in the *Sacred City of the Hindus*, by the Rev. M. A. Sherring.

In length of days our monarch's peer,  
 Illustrious king, invite him here.  
 The father of our ruler's bride,  
 Known for his virtues far and wide,  
 The king whom Kekaya's<sup>89</sup> realms obey,  
 Him with his son invite, I pray.  
 And Lomapád the Angas' king,  
 True to his vows and godlike, bring.  
 For be thine invitations sent  
 To west and south and orient.  
 Call those who rule Suráshṭra's<sup>90</sup> land,  
 Suvíra's<sup>91</sup> realm and Sindhu's strand,  
 And all the kings of earth beside  
 In friendship's bonds with us allied:  
 Invite them all to hasten in  
 With retinue and kith and kin."

Vaśishṭha's speech without delay  
 Sumantra bent him to obey.  
 And sent his trusty envoys forth  
 Eastward and westward, south and north.  
 Obedient to the saint's request  
 Himself he hurried forth, and pressed  
 Each nobler chief and lord and king  
 To hasten to the gathering.  
 Before the saint Vaśishṭha stood  
 All those who wrought with stone and wood,  
 And showed the work which every one  
 In furtherance of the rite had done,  
 Rejoiced their ready zeal to see,  
 Thus to the craftsmen all said he:

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<sup>89</sup> Kekaya is supposed to have been in the Panjáb. The name of the king was Aśvapati (Lord of Horses), father of Daśaratha's wife Kaikeyí.

<sup>90</sup> Surat.

<sup>91</sup> Apparently in the west of India not far from the Indus.

“I charge ye, masters, see to this,  
 That there be nothing done amiss,  
 And this, I pray, in mind be borne,  
 That not one gift ye give in scorn:  
 Whenever scorn a gift attends  
 Great sin is his who thus offends.”

And now some days and nights had past,  
 And kings began to gather fast,  
 And precious gems in liberal store  
 As gifts to Daśaratha bore.  
 Then joy thrilled through Vaśishṭha's breast  
 As thus the monarch he addressed:  
 “Obedient to thy high decree  
 The kings, my lord, are come to thee.  
 And it has been my care to greet  
 And honour all with reverence meet.  
 Thy servants' task is ended quite,  
 And all is ready for the rite.  
 Come forth then to the sacred ground  
 Where all in order will be found.”  
 Then Rishyaśring confirmed the tale:  
 Nor did their words to move him fail.  
 The stars propitious influence lent  
 When forth the world's great ruler went.

Then by the sage Vaśishṭha led  
 The priest begun to speed  
 Those glorious rites wherein is shed  
 The lifeblood of the steed.

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The circling year had filled its course,  
 And back was brought the wandering horse:  
 Then upon Sarjú's northern strand  
 Began the rite the king had planned.  
 With Rishyaśring the forms to guide,  
 The Bráhmans to their task applied,  
 At that great offering of the steed  
 Their lofty-minded king decreed.  
 The priests, who all the Scripture knew,  
 Performed their part in order due,  
 And circled round in solemn train  
 As precepts of the law ordain.  
 Pravargya rites<sup>92</sup> were duly sped:  
 For Upasads<sup>93</sup> the flames were fed.  
 Then from the plant<sup>94</sup> the juice was squeezed,  
 And those high saints with minds well pleased  
 Performed the mystic rites begun  
 With bathing ere the rise of sun  
 They gave the portion Indra's claim,  
 And hymned the King whom none can blame.  
 The mid-day bathing followed next,  
 Observed as bids the holy text.  
 Then the good priests with utmost care,  
 In form that Scripture's rules declare,

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<sup>92</sup> “The Pravargya ceremony lasts for three days, and is always performed twice a day, in the forenoon and afternoon. It precedes the animal and Soma sacrifices. For without having undergone it, no one is allowed to take part in the solemn Soma feast prepared for the gods.” Haug's *Aitareya Bráhmaṇam*. Vol. II. p. 41. note *q.v.*

<sup>93</sup> *Upasads*. “The Gods said, Let us perform the burnt offerings called Upasads (*i.e.* besieging). For by means of an *Upasad*, *i.e.* besieging, they conquer a large (fortified) town.”—*Ibid.* p. 32.

<sup>94</sup> The Soma plant, or *Asclepias Acida*. Its fermented juice was drunk in sacrifice by the priests and offered to the Gods who enjoyed the intoxicating draught.

For the third time pure water shed  
On high souled Daśaratha's head.  
Then Rishyaśring and all the rest  
To Indra and the Gods addressed  
Their sweet-toned hymn of praise and prayer,  
And called them in the rite to share.  
With sweetest song and hymn entoned  
They gave the Gods in heaven enthroned,  
As duty bids, the gifts they claim,  
The holy oil that feeds the flame.  
And many an offering there was paid,  
And not one slip in all was made.  
For with most careful heed they saw  
That all was done by Veda law.  
None, all those days, was seen oppressed  
By hunger or by toil distressed.  
Why speak of human kind? No beast  
Was there that lacked an ample feast.  
For there was store for all who came,  
For orphan child and lonely dame;  
The old and young were well supplied,  
The poor and hungry satisfied.  
Throughout the day ascetics fed,  
And those who roam to beg their bread:  
While all around the cry was still,  
“Give forth, give forth,” and “Eat your fill.”  
“Give forth with liberal hand the meal,  
And various robes in largess deal.”  
Urged by these cries on every side  
Unweariedly their task they plied:  
And heaps of food like hills in size  
In boundless plenty met the eyes:  
And lakes of sauce, each day renewed,  
Refreshed the weary multitude.

And strangers there from distant lands,  
 And women folk in crowded bands  
 The best of food and drink obtained  
 At the great rite the king ordained.  
 Apart from all, the Bráhmans there,  
 Thousands on thousands, took their share  
 Of various dainties sweet to taste,  
 On plates of gold and silver placed,  
 All ready set, as, when they willed,  
 The twice-born men their places filled.  
 And servants in fair garments dressed  
 Waited upon each Bráhman guest.  
 Of cheerful mind and mien were they,  
 With gold and jewelled earrings gay.  
 The best of Bráhmans praised the fare  
 Of countless sorts, of flavour rare:  
 And thus to Raghu's son they cried:  
 "We bless thee, and are satisfied."  
 Between the rites some Bráhmans spent  
 The time in learned argument,  
 With ready flow of speech, sedate,  
 And keen to vanquish in debate.<sup>95</sup>

There day by day the holy train  
 Performed all rites as rules ordain.  
 No priest in all that host was found

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<sup>95</sup> "Tum in cærimoniarum intervallis Brachmanæ facundi, sollertes, crebros sermones de rerum causis instituebant, alter alterum vincendi cupidi. This public disputation in the assembly of Bráhmans on the nature of things, and the almost fraternal connexion between theology and philosophy deserves some notice; whereas the priests of some religions are generally but little inclined to show favour to philosophers, nay, sometimes persecute them with the most rancorous hatred, as we are taught both by history and experience.... This śloka is found in the MSS. of different recensions of the Rámáyan, and we have, therefore, the most trustworthy testimony to the antiquity of philosophy among the Indians." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

But kept the vows that held him bound:  
 None, but the holy Vedas knew,  
 And all their six-fold science<sup>96</sup> too.  
 No Bráhman there was found unfit  
 To speak with eloquence and wit.

And now the appointed time came near  
 The sacrificial posts to rear.

They brought them, and prepared to fix  
 Of Bel<sup>97</sup> and Khádir<sup>98</sup> six and six;  
 Six, made of the Paláśa<sup>99</sup> tree,  
 Of Fig-wood one, apart to be:  
 Of Sleshmát<sup>100</sup> and of Devadár<sup>101</sup>  
 One column each, the mightiest far:  
 So thick the two, the arms of man  
 Their ample girth would fail to span.  
 All these with utmost care were wrought  
 By hand of priests in Scripture taught,  
 And all with gold were gilded bright  
 To add new splendour to the rite:  
 Twenty-and-one those stakes in all,  
 Each one-and-twenty cubits tall:  
 And one-and-twenty ribbons there  
 Hung on the pillars, bright and fair.

<sup>96</sup> The *Angas* or appendices of the Vedas, pronunciation, prosody, grammar, ritual, astronomy, and explanation of obscurities.

<sup>97</sup> In Sanskrit *vilva*, the *Ægle Marmelos*. “He who desires food and wishes to grow fat, ought to make his Yúpa (sacrificial post) of Bilva wood.” Haug’s *Aítareya Bráhmanam. Vol. II.* p. 73.

<sup>98</sup> The *Mimosa Catechu*. “He who desires heaven ought to make his Yúpa of Khádira wood.”—*Ibid.*

<sup>99</sup> The *Butea Frondosa*. “He who desires beauty and sacred knowledge ought to make his Yúpa of Paláśa wood.”—*Ibid.*

<sup>100</sup> The *Cardia Latifolia*.

<sup>101</sup> A kind of pine. The word means literally the tree of the Gods. Compare the Hebrew [REDACTED] “trees of the Lord.”

Firm in the earth they stood at last,  
 Where cunning craftsmen fixed them fast;  
 And there unshaken each remained,  
 Octagonal and smoothly planed.  
 Then ribbons over all were hung,  
 And flowers and scent around them flung.  
 Thus decked they cast a glory forth  
 Like the great saints who star the north.<sup>102</sup>  
 The sacrificial altar then  
 Was raised by skilful twice-born men,  
 In shape and figure to behold  
 An eagle with his wings of gold,  
 With twice nine pits and formed three-fold  
 Each for some special God, beside  
 The pillars were the victims tied;  
 The birds that roam the wood, the air,  
 The water, and the land were there,  
 And snakes and things of reptile birth,  
 And healing herbs that spring from earth:  
 As texts prescribe, in Scripture found,  
 Three hundred victims there were bound.  
 The steed devoted to the host  
 Of Gods, the gem they honour most,  
 Was duly sprinkled. Then the Queen  
 Kauśalyá, with delighted mien,  
 With reverent steps around him paced,  
 And with sweet wreaths the victim graced;  
 Then with three swords in order due  
 She smote the steed with joy, and slew.  
 That night the queen, a son to gain,  
 With calm and steady heart was fain  
 By the dead charger's side to stay

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<sup>102</sup> The Hindus call the constellation of Ursa Major the Seven Rishis or Saints.

From evening till the break of day.  
Then came three priests, their care to lead  
The other queens to touch the steed,  
Upon Kauśalyá to attend,  
Their company and aid to lend.  
As by the horse she still reclined,  
With happy mien and cheerful mind,  
With Rishyaśring the twice-born came  
And praised and blessed the royal dame.  
The priest who well his duty knew,  
And every sense could well subdue,  
From out the bony chambers freed  
And boiled the marrow of the steed.  
Above the steam the monarch bent,  
And, as he smelt the fragrant scent,  
In time and order drove afar  
All error that his hopes could mar.  
Then sixteen priests together came  
And cast into the sacred flame  
The severed members of the horse,  
Made ready all in ordered course.  
On piles of holy Fig-tree raised  
The meaner victims' bodies blazed:  
The steed, of all the creatures slain,  
Alone required a pile of cane.  
Three days, as is by law decreed,  
Lasted that Offering of the Steed.  
The Chatushtom began the rite,  
And when the sun renewed his light,  
The Ukthya followed: after came  
The Atirátra's holy flame.  
These were the rites, and many more  
Arranged by light of holy lore,  
The Aptoryám of mighty power,

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And, each performed in proper hour,  
 The Abhijit and Viśvajit  
 With every form and service fit;  
 And with the sacrifice at night  
 The Jyotishtom and Áyus rite.<sup>103</sup> The Atirátra, literally  
*lasting through the night*, is a division of the  
 service of the Jyotishtoma.

The Abhijit, *the everywhere victorious*, is the name of a  
 sub-division of the great sacrifice of the  
 Gavámanaya.

The Viśvajit, or *the all-conquering*, is a similar sub-division.  
 Áyus is the name of a service forming a division of the  
 Abhiplava sacrifice.

The *Aptoryám*, is the seventh or last part of the Jyotishtoma,  
 for the performance of which it is not essentially  
 necessary, but a voluntary sacrifice instituted for  
 the attainment of a specific desire. The literal  
 meaning of the word would be in conformity  
 with the *Praudhamanoramá*, “a sacrifice which  
 procures the attainment of the desired object.”

GOLDSTÜCKER'S DICTIONARY{FNS.

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<sup>103</sup> A minute account of these ancient ceremonies would be out of place here. “Ágnishtoma is the name of a sacrifice, or rather a series of offerings to fire for five days. It is the first and principal part of the Jyotishtoma, one of the great sacrifices in which especially the juice of the Soma plant is offered for the purpose of obtaining Swarga or heaven.” GOLDSTÜCKER'S DICTIONARY{FNS. “The Ágnishtoma is Agni. It is called so because they (the gods) praised him with this Stoma. They called it so to hide the proper meaning of the word: for the gods like to hide the proper meaning of words.”

“On account of four classes of gods having praised Agni with four Stomas, the whole was called *Chatushtoma* (containing four Stomas).”

“It (the Ágnishtoma) is called *Jyotishtoma*, for they praised Agni when he had risen up (to the sky) in the shape of a light (*jyoti*).”

“This (Ágnishtoma) is a sacrificial performance which has no beginning and no end.” HAUG'S{FNS *Aitareya Bráhmaṇam*.

"The *Ukthya* is a slight modification of the Ágnishtoma sacrifice. The noun to be supplied to it is *kratu*. It is a Soma sacrifice also, and one of the seven Sañsthas or component parts of the Jyotishṭoma. Its name indicates its nature. For *Ukthya* means 'what refers to the *Uktha*,' which is an older name for Shástra, *i.e.* recitation of one of the Hotri priests at the time of the Soma libations. Thus this sacrifice is only a kind of supplement to the Ágnishtoma." HAUG{FNS. *Ai. B.*

The task was done, as laws prescribe:  
 The monarch, glory of his tribe,  
 Bestowed the land in liberal grants  
 Upon the sacred ministrants.  
 He gave the region of the east,  
 His conquest, to the Hotri priest.  
 The west, the celebrant obtained:  
 The south, the priest presiding gained:  
 The northern region was the share  
 Of him who chanted forth the prayer,<sup>104</sup>  
 Thus did each priest obtain his meed  
 At the great Slaughter of the Steed,  
 Ordained, the best of all to be,

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<sup>104</sup> "Four classes of priests were required in India at the most solemn sacrifices. 1. The officiating priests, manual labourers, and acolytes, who had chiefly to prepare the sacrificial ground, to dress the altar, slay the victims, and pour out the libations. 2. The choristers, who chant the sacred hymns. 3. The reciters or readers, who repeat certain hymns. 4. The overseers or bishops, who watch and superintend the proceedings of the other priests, and ought to be familiar with all the Vedas. The formulas and verses to be muttered by the first class are contained in the Yajur-veda-sanhítá. The hymns to be sung by the second class are in the Sama-veda-sanhítá. The Atharva-veda is said to be intended for the Brahman or overseer, who is to watch the proceedings of the sacrifice, and to remedy any mistake that may occur. The hymns to be recited by the third class are contained in the Rigveda," *Chips from a German Workshop*.

By self-existent deity.  
 Ikshváku's son with joyful mind  
 This noble fee to each assigned,  
 But all the priests with one accord  
 Addressed that unpolluted lord:  
 “Tis thine alone to keep the whole  
 Of this broad earth in firm control.  
 No gift of lands from thee we seek:  
 To guard these realms our hands were weak.  
 On sacred lore our days are spent:  
 Let other gifts our wants content.”

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The chief of old Ikshváku's line  
 Gave them ten hundred thousand kine,  
 A hundred millions of fine gold,  
 The same in silver four times told.  
 But every priest in presence there  
 With one accord resigned his share.  
 To Saint Vaśishṭha, high of soul,  
 And Rishyaśring they gave the whole.  
 That largess pleased those Bráhmans well,  
 Who bade the prince his wishes tell.  
 Then Daśaratha, mighty king,  
 Made answer thus to Rishyaśring:  
 “O holy Hermit, of thy grace,  
 Vouchsafe the increase of my race.”  
 He spoke; nor was his prayer denied:  
 The best of Bráhmans thus replied:  
 “Four sons, O Monarch, shall be thine,  
 Upholders of thy royal line.”

## Canto XIV. Rávan Doomed.

The saint, well read in holy lore,  
 Pondered awhile his answer o'er,  
 And thus again addressed the king,  
 His wandering thoughts regathering:  
 "Another rite will I begin  
 Which shall the sons thou cravest win,  
 Where all things shall be duly sped  
 And first Atharva texts be read."

Then by Vibhándak's gentle son  
 Was that high sacrifice begun,  
 The king's advantage seeking still  
 And zealous to perform his will.  
 Now all the Gods had gathered there,  
 Each one for his allotted share:  
 Brahmá, the ruler of the sky,  
 Sthánu, Náráyan, Lord most high,  
 And holy Indra men might view  
 With Maruts<sup>105</sup> for his retinue;  
 The heavenly chorister, and saint,  
 And spirit pure from earthly taint,  
 With one accord had sought the place  
 The high-souled monarch's rite to grace.  
 Then to the Gods who came to take  
 Their proper share the hermit spake:  
 "For you has Daśaratha slain  
 The votive steed, a son to gain;  
 Stern penance-rites the king has tried,  
 And in firm faith on you relied,

---

<sup>105</sup> The Maruts are the winds, deified in the religion of the Veda like other mighty powers and phenomena of nature.

And now with undiminished care  
 A second rite would fain prepare.  
 But, O ye Gods, consent to grant  
 The longing of your suppliant.  
 For him beseeching hands I lift,  
 And pray you all to grant the gift,  
 That four fair sons of high renown  
 The offerings of the king may crown.”  
 They to the hermit's son replied:  
 “His longing shall be gratified.  
 For, Bráhman, in most high degree  
 We love the king and honour thee.”

These words the Gods in answer said,  
 And vanished thence by Indra led.  
 Thus to the Lord, the worlds who made,  
 The Immortals all assembled prayed:  
 “O Brahmá, mighty by thy grace,  
 Rávaṇ, who rules the giant race,  
 Torments us in his senseless pride,  
 And penance-loving saints beside.  
 For thou well pleased in days of old  
 Gavest the boon that makes him bold,  
 That God nor demon e'er should kill  
 His charmed life, for so thy will.  
 We, honouring that high behest,  
 Bear all his rage though sore distressed.  
 That lord of giants fierce and fell  
 Scourges the earth and heaven and hell.  
 Mad with thy boon, his impious rage  
 Smites saint and bard and God and sage.  
 The sun himself withdraws his glow,  
 The wind in fear forbears to blow;  
 The fire restrains his wonted heat

Where stand the dreaded Rávan's feet,  
 And, necklaced with the wandering wave,  
 The sea before him fears to rave.  
 Kuvera's self in sad defeat  
 Is driven from his blissful seat.  
 We see, we feel the giant's might,  
 And woe comes o'er us and affright.  
 To thee, O Lord, thy suppliants pray  
 To find some cure this plague to stay.”

Thus by the gathered Gods addressed  
 He pondered in his secret breast,  
 And said: “One only way I find  
 To slay this fiend of evil mind.  
 He prayed me once his life to guard  
 From demon, God, and heavenly bard,  
 And spirits of the earth and air,  
 And I consenting heard his prayer.  
 But the proud giant in his scorn  
 Recked not of man of woman born.  
 None else may take his life away,  
 But only man the fiend may slay.”  
 The Gods, with Indra at their head,  
 Rejoiced to hear the words he said.  
 Then crowned with glory like a flame,  
 Lord Vishṇu to the council came;  
 His hands shell, mace, and discus bore,  
 And saffron were the robes he wore.  
 Riding his eagle through the crowd,  
 As the sun rides upon a cloud,  
 With bracelets of fine gold, he came  
 Loud welcomed by the Gods' acclaim.  
 His praise they sang with one consent,  
 And cried, in lowly reverence bent:

“O Lord whose hand fierce Madhu<sup>106</sup> slew,  
 Be thou our refuge, firm and true;  
 Friend of the suffering worlds art thou,  
 We pray thee help thy suppliants now.”  
 Then Vishṇu spake: “Ye Gods, declare,  
 What may I do to grant your prayer?”

“King Daśaratha,” thus cried they,  
 “Fervent in penance many a day,  
 The sacrificial steed has slain,  
 Longing for sons, but all in vain.  
 Now, at the cry of us forlorn,  
 Incarnate as his seed be born.  
 Three queens has he: each lovely dame  
 Like Beauty, Modesty, or Fame.  
 Divide thyself in four, and be  
 His offspring by these noble three.  
 Man's nature take, and slay in fight  
 Rávaṇ who laughs at heavenly might:  
 This common scourge, this rankling thorn  
 Whom the three worlds too long have borne  
 For Rávaṇ in the senseless pride  
 Of might unequalled has defied  
 The host of heaven, and plagues with woe  
 Angel and bard and saint below,  
 Crushing each spirit and each maid  
 Who plays in Nandan's<sup>107</sup> heavenly shade.  
 O conquering Lord, to thee we bow;  
 Our surest hope and trust art thou.  
 Regard the world of men below,  
 And slay the Gods' tremendous foe.”

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<sup>106</sup> A Titan or fiend whose destruction has given Vishṇu one of his well-known titles, Mādhava.

<sup>107</sup> The garden of Indra.

When thus the suppliant Gods had prayed,  
 His wise reply Náráyaṇ<sup>108</sup> made:  
 “What task demands my presence there,  
 And whence this dread, ye Gods declare.”

The Gods replied: “We fear, O Lord,  
 Fierce Rávaṇ, ravener abhorred.  
 Be thine the glorious task, we pray,  
 In human form this fiend to slay.  
 By thee of all the Blest alone  
 This sinner may be overthrown.  
 He gained by penance long and dire  
 The favour of the mighty Sire.  
 Then He who every gift bestows  
 Guarded the fiend from heavenly foes,  
 And gave a pledge his life that kept  
 From all things living, man except.  
 On him thus armed no other foe  
 Than man may deal the deadly blow.  
 Assume, O King, a mortal birth,  
 And strike the demon to the earth.”

Then Vishṇu, God of Gods, the Lord  
 Supreme by all the worlds adored,  
 To Brahmá and the suppliants spake:  
 “Dismiss your fear: for your dear sake  
 In battle will I smite him dead,  
 The cruel fiend, the Immortal's dread.  
 And lords and ministers and all  
 His kith and kin with him shall fall.  
 Then, in the world of mortal men,

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<sup>108</sup> One of the most ancient and popular of the numerous names of Vishṇu. The word has been derived in several ways, and may mean *he who moved on the (primordial) waters*, or *he who pervades or influences men or their thoughts*.

Ten thousand years and hundreds ten  
 I as a human king will reign,  
 And guard the earth as my domain.”

God, saint, and nymph, and minstrel throng  
 With heavenly voices raised their song  
 In hymns of triumph to the God  
 Whose conquering feet on Madhu trod:  
 “Champion of Gods, as man appear,  
 This cruel Rávaṇ slay,  
 The thorn that saints and hermits fear,  
 The plague that none can stay.  
 In savage fury uncontrolled  
 His pride for ever grows:  
 He dares the Lord of Gods to hold  
 Among his deadly foes.”

## Canto XV. The Nectar.

When wisest Vishṇu thus had given  
 His promise to the Gods of heaven,  
 He pondered in his secret mind  
 A suited place of birth to find,  
 Then he decreed, the lotus-eyed,  
 In four his being to divide,  
 And Daśaratha, gracious king,  
 He chose as sire from whom to spring.  
 That childless prince of high renown,  
 Who smote in war his foemen down,  
 At that same time with utmost care

Prepared the rite that wins an heir.<sup>109</sup>  
 Then Vishṇu, fain on earth to dwell,  
 Bade the Almighty Sire farewell,  
 And vanished while a reverent crowd  
 Of Gods and saints in worship bowed.

The monarch watched the sacred rite,  
 When a vast form of awful might,  
 Of matchless splendour, strength, and size  
 Was manifest before his eyes.  
 From forth the sacrificial flame,  
 Dark, robed in red, the being came.  
 His voice was drumlike, loud and low,  
 His face suffused with rosy glow.  
 Like a huge lion's mane appeared  
 The long locks of his hair and beard.  
 He shone with many a lucky sign,  
 And many an ornament divine;  
 A towering mountain in his height,  
 A tiger in his gait and might.  
 No precious mine more rich could be,  
 No burning flame more bright than he.  
 His arms embraced in loving hold,  
 Like a dear wife, a vase of gold  
 Whose silver lining held a draught  
 Of nectar as in heaven is quaffed:  
 A vase so vast, so bright to view,  
 They scarce could count the vision true.  
 Upon the king his eyes he bent,  
 And said: "The Lord of life has sent  
 His servant down, O Prince, to be  
 A messenger from heaven to thee."  
 The king with all his nobles by

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<sup>109</sup> The Horse-Sacrifice, just described.

Raised reverent hands and made reply:  
 “Welcome, O glorious being! Say  
 How can my care thy grace repay.”  
 Envoy of Him whom all adore  
 Thus to the king he spake once more:  
 “The Gods accept thy worship: they  
 Give thee the blessed fruit to-day.  
 Approach and take, O glorious King,  
 This heavenly nectar which I bring,  
 For it shall give thee sons and wealth,  
 And bless thee with a store of health.  
 Give it to those fair queens of thine,  
 And bid them quaff the drink divine:  
 And they the princely sons shall bear  
 Long sought by sacrifice and prayer.”

“Yea, O my lord,” the monarch said,  
 And took the vase upon his head,  
 The gift of Gods, of fine gold wrought,  
 With store of heavenly liquor fraught.  
 He honoured, filled with transport new,  
 That wondrous being, fair to view,  
 As round the envoy of the God  
 With reverential steps he trod.<sup>110</sup>  
 His errand done, that form of light

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<sup>110</sup> To walk round an object keeping the right side towards it is a mark of great respect. The Sanskrit word for the observance is *pradakshinā*, from *pra* pro, and *daksha* right, Greek δεξίος, Latin dexter, Gaelic deas-il. A similar ceremony is observed by the Gaels.

“In the meantime she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun.”

SCOTT{FNS. *The Two Drovers.*

Arose and vanished from the sight.  
High rapture filled the monarch's soul,  
Possessed of that celestial bowl,  
As when a man by want distressed  
With unexpected wealth is blest.  
And rays of transport seemed to fall  
Illuminating bower and hall,  
As when the autumn moon rides high,  
And floods with lovely light the sky.  
Quick to the ladies' bower he sped,  
And thus to Queen Kauśalyá said:  
“This genial nectar take and quaff,”  
He spoke, and gave the lady half.  
Part of the nectar that remained  
Sumitrá from his hand obtained.  
He gave, to make her fruitful too,  
Kaikeyí half the residue.  
A portion yet remaining there,  
    He paused awhile to think.  
Then gave Sumitrá, with her share.  
    The remnant of the drink.  
Thus on each queen of those fair three  
    A part the king bestowed,  
And with sweet hope a child to see  
    Their yearning bosoms glowed.  
The heavenly bowl the king supplied  
    Their longing souls relieved,  
And soon, with rapture and with pride,  
    Each royal dame conceived.  
He gazed upon each lady's face,  
    And triumphed as he gazed,  
As Indra in his royal place  
    By Gods and spirits praised.

## Canto XVI. The Vánars.

When Vishṇu thus had gone on earth,  
 From the great king to take his birth,  
 The self-existent Lord of all  
 Addressed the Gods who heard his call:  
 “For Vishṇu's sake, the strong and true,  
 Who seeks the good of all of you,  
 Make helps, in war to lend him aid,  
 In forms that change at will, arrayed,  
 Of wizard skill and hero might,  
 Outstrippers of the wind in flight,  
 Skilled in the arts of counsel, wise,  
 And Vishṇu's peers in bold emprise;  
 With heavenly arts and prudence fraught,  
 By no devices to be caught;  
 Skilled in all weapon's lore and use  
 As they who drink the immortal juice.<sup>111</sup>  
 And let the nymphs supreme in grace,  
 And maidens of the minstrel race,  
 Monkeys and snakes, and those who rove  
 Free spirits of the hill and grove,  
 And wandering Daughters of the Air,  
 In monkey form brave children bear.  
 So erst the lord of bears I shaped,  
 Born from my mouth as wide I gaped.”

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<sup>111</sup> The *Amrit*, the nectar of the Indian Gods.

Thus by the mighty Sire addressed  
 They all obeyed his high behest,  
 And thus begot in countless swarms  
 Brave sons disguised in sylvan forms.  
 Each God, each sage became a sire,  
 Each minstrel of the heavenly quire,<sup>112</sup>  
 Each faun,<sup>113</sup> of children strong and good  
 Whose feet should roam the hill and wood.  
 Snakes, bards,<sup>114</sup> and spirits,<sup>115</sup> serpents bold  
 Had sons too numerous to be told.  
 Bálí, the woodland hosts who led,  
 High as Mahendra's<sup>116</sup> lofty head,  
 Was Indra's child. That noblest fire,  
 The Sun, was great Sugríva's sire,  
 Tára, the mighty monkey, he  
 Was offspring of Vṛīhaspati:<sup>117</sup>  
 Tára the matchless chieftain, boast  
 For wisdom of the Vánar host.  
 Of Gandhamádan brave and bold  
 The father was the Lord of Gold.

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<sup>112</sup> *Gandharvas* (Southey's Glendoveers) are celestial musicians inhabiting Indra's heaven and forming the orchestra at all the banquets of the principal deities.

<sup>113</sup> *Yakshas*, demigods attendant especially on Kuvera, and employed by him in the care of his garden and treasures.

<sup>114</sup> *Kimpurushas*, demigods attached also to the service of Kuvera, celestial musicians, represented like centaurs reversed with human figures and horses' heads.

<sup>115</sup> *Siddhas*, demigods or spirits of undefined attributes, occupying with the *Vidyádharas* the middle air or region between the earth and the sun.

Schlegel translates: "Divi, Sapientes, Fidicines, Præpetes, illustres Genii, Praeconesque procrearunt natos, masculos, silvicolas; angues porro, Hippocephali Beati, Aligeri, Serpentesque frequentes alacriter generavere prolem innumerabilem."

<sup>116</sup> A mountain in the south of India.

<sup>117</sup> The preceptor of the Gods and regent of the planet Jupiter.

Nala the mighty, dear to fame,  
 Of skilful Viśvakarmā<sup>118</sup> came.  
 From Agni,<sup>119</sup> Nila bright as flame,  
 Who in his splendour, might, and worth,  
 Surpassed the sire who gave him birth.  
 The heavenly Aśvins,<sup>120</sup> swift and fair,  
 Were fathers of a noble pair,  
 Who, Dwivida and Mainda named,  
 For beauty like their sires were famed,  
 Varuṇ<sup>121</sup> was father of Susheṇ,  
 Of Sarabh, he who sends the rain,<sup>122</sup>  
 Hanúmán, best of monkey kind,  
 Was son of him who breathes the wind:  
 Like thunderbolt in frame was he,  
 And swift as Garud's<sup>123</sup> self could flee.  
 These thousands did the Gods create  
 Endowed with might that none could mate,  
 In monkey forms that changed at will;  
 So strong their wish the fiend to kill.  
 In mountain size, like lions thewed,  
 Up sprang the wondrous multitude,  
 Auxiliar hosts in every shape,  
 Monkey and bear and highland ape.  
 In each the strength, the might, the mien  
 Of his own parent God were seen.

<sup>118</sup> The celestial architect, the Indian Hephaestus, Mulciber, or Vulcan.

<sup>119</sup> The God of Fire.

<sup>120</sup> Twin children of the Sun, the physicians of Swarga or Indra's heaven.

<sup>121</sup> The deity of the waters.

<sup>122</sup> Parjanya, sometimes confounded with Indra.

<sup>123</sup> The bird and vehicle of Vishṇu. He is generally represented as a being something between a man and a bird and considered as the sovereign of the feathered race. He may be compared with the Simurgh of the Persians, the 'Anká of the Arabs, the Griffin of chivalry, the Phœnix of Egypt, and the bird that sits upon the ash Yggdrasil of the Edda.

Some chiefs of Vánar mothers came,  
Some of she-bear and minstrel dame,  
Skilled in all arms in battle's shock;  
The brandished tree, the loosened rock;  
And prompt, should other weapons fail,  
To fight and slay with tooth and nail.  
Their strength could shake the hills amain,  
And rend the rooted trees in twain,  
Disturb with their impetuous sweep  
The Rivers' Lord, the Ocean deep,  
Rend with their feet the seated ground,  
And pass wide floods with airy bound,  
Or forcing through the sky their way  
The very clouds by force could stay.  
Mad elephants that wander through  
The forest wilds, could they subdue,  
And with their furious shout could scare  
Dead upon earth the birds of air.  
So were the sylvan chieftains formed;  
Thousands on thousands still they swarmed.  
These were the leaders honoured most,  
The captains of the Vánar host,  
And to each lord and chief and guide  
Was monkey offspring born beside.  
Then by the bears' great monarch stood  
The other roamers of the wood,  
And turned, their pathless homes to seek,  
To forest and to mountain peak.  
The leaders of the monkey band  
By the two brothers took their stand,  
Sugríva, offspring of the Sun  
And Báli, Indra's mighty one.  
They both endowed with Garud's might,  
And skilled in all the arts of fight,

Wandered in arms the forest through,  
 And lions, snakes, and tigers, slew.  
 But every monkey, ape, and bear  
 Ever was Bálí's special care;  
 With his vast strength and mighty arm  
 He kept them from all scathe and harm.  
 And so the earth with hill, wood, seas,  
 Was filled with mighty ones like these,  
 Of various shape and race and kind,  
 With proper homes to each assigned,  
 With Ráma's champions fierce and strong

The earth was overspread,  
 High as the hills and clouds, a throng  
 With bodies vast and dread.<sup>124</sup>

## Canto XVII. Rishyasring's Return.

Now when the high-souled monarch's rite,  
 The Aśvamedh, was finished quite,  
 Their sacrificial dues obtained,  
 The Gods their heavenly homes regained.  
 The lofty-minded saints withdrew,  
 Each to his place, with honour due,  
 And kings and chieftains, one and all,

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<sup>124</sup> This Canto will appear ridiculous to the European reader. But it should be remembered that the monkeys of an Indian forest, the “bough-deer” as the poets call them, are very different animals from the “turpissima bestia” that accompanies the itinerant organ-grinder or grins in the Zoological Gardens of London. Milton has made his hero, Satan, assume the forms of a cormorant, a toad, and a serpent, and I cannot see that this creation of semi-divine Vánars, or monkeys, is more ridiculous or undignified.

Who came to grace the festival.  
And Daśaratha, ere they went,  
Addressed them thus benevolent:  
“Now may you, each with joyful heart,  
To your own realms, O Kings, depart.  
Peace and good luck attend you there,  
And blessing, is my friendly prayer;  
Let cares of state each mind engage  
To guard his royal heritage.  
A monarch from his throne expelled  
No better than the dead is held.  
So he who cares for power and might  
Must guard his realm and royal right.  
Such care a meed in heaven will bring  
Better than rites and offering.  
Such care a king his country owes  
As man upon himself bestows,  
When for his body he provides  
Raiment and every need besides.  
For future days should kings foresee,  
And keep the present error-free.”

Thus did the king the kings exhort:  
They heard, and turned them from the court  
And, each to each in friendship bound,  
Went forth to all the realms around.  
The rites were o'er, the guests were sped:  
The train the best of Bráhmans led,  
In which the king with joyful soul,  
With his dear wives, and with the whole  
Of his imperial host and train  
Of cars and servants turned again,  
And, as a monarch dear to fame,  
Within his royal city came.

Next, Rishyaśring, well-honoured sage,  
 And Śántá, sought their hermitage.  
 The king himself, of prudent mind,  
 Attended him, with troops behind.  
 And all her men the town outpoured  
 With Saint Vaśishṭha and their lord.  
 High mounted on a car of state,  
 O'er canopied fair Śántá sate.  
 Drawn by white oxen, while a band  
 Of servants marched on either hand.  
 Great gifts of countless price she bore,  
 With sheep and goats and gems in store.  
 Like Beauty's self the lady shone  
 With all the jewels she had on,  
 As, happy in her sweet content,  
 Peerless amid the fair she went.  
 Not Queen Paulomí<sup>125</sup> self could be  
 More loving to her lord than she.  
 She who had lived in happy ease,  
 Honoured with all her heart could please,  
 While dames and kinsfolk ever vied  
 To see her wishes gratified,  
 Soon as she knew her husband's will  
 Again to seek the forest, still  
 Was ready for the hermit's cot,  
 Nor murmured at her altered lot.  
 The king attended to the wild  
 That hermit and his own dear child,  
 And in the centre of a throng  
 Of noble courtiers rode along.  
 The sage's son had let prepare  
 A lodge within the wood, and there

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<sup>125</sup> The consort of Indra, called also Śachí and Indrání.

While they lingered blithe and gay.  
 Then, duly honoured, went their way.  
 The glorious hermit Rishyaśring  
 Drew near and thus besought the king:

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“Return, my honoured lord, I pray,  
 Return, upon thy homeward way.”  
 The monarch, with the waiting crowd,  
 Lifted his voice and wept aloud,  
 And with eyes dripping still to each  
 Of his good queens he spake this speech:

“Kauśalyá and Sumitrá dear,  
 And thou, my sweet Kaikeyí, hear.  
 All upon Śántá feast your gaze,  
 The last time for a length of days.”  
 To Śántá's arms the ladies leapt,  
 And hung about her neck and wept,  
 And cried, “O, happy be the life  
 Of this great Bráhman and his wife.  
 The Wind, the Fire, the Moon on high,  
 The Earth, the Streams, the circling Sky,  
 Preserve thee in the wood, true spouse,  
 Devoted to thy husband's vows.  
 And O dear Śántá, ne'er neglect  
 To pay the dues of meek respect  
 To the great saint, thy husband's sire,  
 With all observance and with fire.  
 And, sweet one, pure of spot and blame,  
 Forget not thou thy husband's claim;  
 In every change, in good and ill,  
 Let thy sweet words delight him still,  
 And let thy worship constant be:  
 Her lord is woman's deity.

To learn thy welfare, dearest friend,  
 The king will many a Bráhman send.  
 Let happy thoughts thy spirit cheer,  
 And be not troubled, daughter dear."

These soothing words the ladies said.  
 And pressed their lips upon her head.  
 Each gave with sighs her last adieu,  
 Then at the king's command withdrew.  
 The king around the hermit went  
 With circling footsteps reverent,  
 And placed at Rishyaśring's command  
 Some soldiers of his royal band.  
 The Bráhman bowed in turn and cried,  
 "May fortune never leave thy side.  
 O mighty King, with justice reign,  
 And still thy people's love retain."  
 He spoke, and turned away his face,  
 And, as the hermit went,  
 The monarch, rooted to the place,  
 Pursued with eyes intent.  
 But when the sage had past from view  
 King Daśaratha turned him too,  
 Still fixing on his friend each thought.  
 With such deep love his breast was fraught.  
 Amid his people's loud acclaim  
 Home to his royal seat he came,  
 And lived delighted there,  
 Expecting when each queenly dame,  
 Upholder of his ancient fame,  
 Her promised son should bear.  
 The glorious sage his way pursued  
 Till close before his eyes he viewed  
 Sweet Champá, Lomapád's fair town,

Wreathed with her Champacs<sup>126</sup> leafy crown.  
 Soon as the saint's approach he knew,  
 The king, to yield him honour due,  
 Went forth to meet him with a band  
 Of priests and nobles of the land:  
 "Hail, Sage," he cried, "O joy to me!  
 What bliss it is, my lord, to see  
 Thee with thy wife and all thy train  
 Returning to my town again.  
 Thy father, honoured Sage, is well,  
 Who hither from his woodland cell  
 Has sent full many a messenger  
 For tidings both of thee and her."  
 Then joyfully, for due respect,  
 The monarch bade the town be decked.  
 The king and Rishyaśring elate  
 Entered the royal city's gate:  
 In front the chaplain rode.  
 Then, loved and honoured with all care  
 By monarch and by courtier, there  
 The glorious saint abode.

## Canto XVIII. Rishyasring's Departure.

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<sup>126</sup> The *Michelia champaca*. It bears a scented yellow blossom:

"The maid of India blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold."

The monarch called a Bráhman near  
 And said, "Now speed away  
 To Kaśyap's son,<sup>127</sup> the mighty seer,  
 And with all reverence say  
 The holy child he holds so dear,  
 The hermit of the noble mind,  
 Whose equal it were hard to find,  
 Returned, is dwelling here.  
 Go, and instead of me do thou  
 Before that best of hermits bow,  
 That still he may, for his dear son,  
 Show me the favour I have won."  
 Soon as the king these words had said,  
 To Kaśyap's son the Bráhman sped.  
 Before the hermit low he bent  
 And did obeisance, reverent;  
 Then with meek words his grace to crave  
 The message of his lord he gave:  
 "The high-souled father of his bride  
 Had called thy son his rites to guide:  
 Those rites are o'er, the steed is slain;  
 Thy noble child is come again."

Soon as the saint that speech had heard  
 His spirit with desire was stirred  
 To seek the city of the king  
 And to his cot his son to bring.  
 With young disciples at his side  
 Forth on his way the hermit hied,  
 While peasants from their hamlets ran  
 To reverence the holy man.  
 Each with his little gift of food,  
 Forth came the village multitude,

[031]

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<sup>127</sup> Vibhándak, the father of Rishyaśring

And, as they humbly bowed the head,  
 “What may we do for thee?” they said.  
 Then he, of Bráhmans first and best,  
 The gathered people thus addressed:  
 “Now tell me for I fain would know,  
 Why is it I am honoured so?”  
 They to the high-souled saint replied:  
 “Our ruler is with thee allied.  
 Our master's order we fulfil;  
 O Bráhman, let thy mind be still.”

With joy the saintly hermit heard  
 Each pleasant and delightful word,  
 And poured a benediction down  
 On king and ministers and town.  
 Glad at the words of that high saint  
 Some servants hastened to acquaint  
 Their king, rejoicing to impart  
 The tidings that would cheer his heart.  
 Soon as the joyful tale he knew  
 To meet the saint the monarch flew,  
 The guest-gift in his hand he brought,  
 And bowed before him and besought:  
 “This day by seeing thee I gain  
 Not to have lived my life in vain,  
 Now be not wroth with me, I pray,  
 “Because I wiled thy son away.<sup>128</sup>

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<sup>128</sup> A hemiśloka is wanting in Schlegel's text, which he thus fills up in his Latin translation.

The best of Bráhmans answer made:  
 “Be not, great lord of kings, afraid.  
 Thy virtues have not failed to win  
 My favour, O thou pure of sin.”  
 Then in the front the saint was placed,  
 The king came next in joyous haste,  
 And with him entered his abode,  
 Mid glad acclaim as on they rode.  
 To greet the sage the reverent crowd  
 Raised suppliant hands and humbly bowed.  
 Then from the palace many a dame  
 Following well-dressed Śántá came,  
 Stood by the mighty saint and cried:  
 “See, honour's source, thy son's dear bride.”  
 The saint, who every virtue knew,  
 His arms around his daughter threw,  
 And with a father's rapture pressed  
 The lady to his wondering breast.  
 Arising from the saint's embrace  
 She bowed her low before his face,  
 And then, with palm to palm applied,  
 Stood by her hermit father's side.  
 He for his son, as laws ordain,  
 Performed the rite that frees from stain,<sup>129</sup>  
 And, honoured by the wise and good,  
 With him departed to the wood.

## Canto XIX. The Birth Of The Princes.

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<sup>129</sup> Rishyaśring, a Bráhmaṇ, had married Śántá who was of the Kshatriya or Warrior caste and an expiatory ceremony was necessary on account of this violation of the law.

The seasons six in rapid flight  
 Had circled since that glorious rite.  
 Eleven months had passed away;  
 'Twas Chaitra's ninth returning day.<sup>130</sup>  
 The moon within that mansion shone  
 Which Aditi looks kindly on.  
 Raised to their apex in the sky  
 Five brilliant planets beamed on high.  
 Shone with the moon, in Cancer's sign,  
 Vṛihaspati<sup>131</sup> with light divine.  
 Kauśalyá bore an infant blest  
 With heavenly marks of grace impressed;  
 Ráma, the universe's lord,  
 A prince by all the worlds adored.  
 New glory Queen Kauśalyá won  
 Reflected from her splendid son.  
 So Aditi shone more and more,  
 The Mother of the Gods, when she  
 The King of the Immortals<sup>132</sup> bore,  
 The thunder-wielding deity.

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<sup>130</sup> "The poet no doubt intended to indicate the vernal equinox as the birthday of Ráma. For the month *Chaitra* is the first of the two months assigned to the spring; it corresponds with the latter half of March and the former half of April in our division of the year. *Aditi*, the mother of the Gods, is lady of the seventh lunar mansion which is called *Punarvasu*. The five planets and their positions in the Zodiac are thus enumerated by both commentators: the Sun in Aries, Mars in Capricorn, Saturn in Libra, Jupiter in Cancer, Venus in Pisces.... I leave to astronomers to examine whether the parts of the description agree with one another, and, if this be the case, thence to deduce the date. The Indians place the nativity of Ráma in the confines of the second age (*tretá*) and the third (*dwápara*): but it seems that this should be taken in an allegorical sense.... We may consider that the poet had an eye to the time in which, immediately before his own age, the aspects of the heavenly bodies were such as he has described."

SCHLEGEL{FNS.

<sup>131</sup> The regent of the planet Jupiter.

<sup>132</sup> Indra = Jupiter Tonans.

The lotus-eyed, the beauteous boy,  
 He came fierce Rávan to destroy;  
 From half of Vishṇu's vigour born,  
 He came to help the worlds forlorn.  
 And Queen Kaikeyí bore a child  
 Of truest valour, Bharat styled,  
 With every princely virtue blest,  
 One fourth of Vishṇu manifest.  
 Sumitrá too a noble pair,  
 Called Lakshmaṇ and Śatrughna, bare,  
 Of high emprise, devoted, true,  
 Sharers in Vishṇu's essence too.  
 'Neath Pushya's<sup>133</sup> mansion, Mina's<sup>134</sup> sign,  
 Was Bharat born, of soul benign.  
 The sun had reached the Crab at morn  
 When Queen Sumitrá's babes were born,  
 What time the moon had gone to make  
 His nightly dwelling with the Snake.  
 The high-souled monarch's consorts bore  
 At different times those glorious four,  
 Like to himself and virtuous, bright  
 As Proshṭhapadá's<sup>135</sup> four-fold light.  
 Then danced the nymphs' celestial throng,  
     The minstrels raised their strain;  
 The drums of heaven pealed loud and long,  
     And flowers came down in rain.  
 Within Ayodhyá, blithe and gay,  
 All kept the joyous holiday.

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<sup>133</sup> "Pushya is the name of a month; but here it means the eighth mansion. The ninth is called *Asleshá*, or the snake. It is evident from this that Bharat, though his birth is mentioned before that of the twins, was the youngest of the four brothers and Ráma's junior by eleven months." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

<sup>134</sup> A fish, the Zodiacal sign *Pisces*.

<sup>135</sup> One of the constellations, containing stars in the wing of Pegasus.

The spacious square, the ample road  
 With mimes and dancers overflowed,  
 And with the voice of music rang  
 Where minstrels played and singers sang,  
 And shone, a wonder to behold,  
 With dazzling show of gems and gold.  
 Nor did the king his largess spare,  
 For minstrel, driver, bard, to share;  
 Much wealth the Bráhmans bore away,  
 And many thousand dine that day.

Soon as each babe was twelve days old  
 'Twas time the naming rite to hold.  
 When Saint Vaśishṭha, rapt with joy,  
 Assigned a name to every boy.  
 Ráma, to him the high-souled heir,  
 Bharat, to him Kaikeyí bare:  
 Of Queen Sumitrá one fair son  
 Was Lakshmaṇ, and Śatrughna<sup>136</sup> one  
 Ráma, his sire's supreme delight,  
 Like some proud banner cheered his sight,  
 And to all creatures seemed to be  
 The self-existent deity.  
 All heroes, versed in holy lore,  
 To all mankind great love they bore.  
 Fair stores of wisdom all possessed,  
 With princely graces all were blest.  
 But mid those youths of high descent,  
 With lordly light preëminent.  
 Like the full moon unclouded, shone  
 Ráma, the world's dear paragon.

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<sup>136</sup> Ráma means the Delight (of the World); Bharat, the Supporter; Lakshmaṇ, the Auspicious; Śatrughna, the Slayer of Foes.

He best the elephant could guide.<sup>137</sup>  
 Urge the fleet car, the charger ride:  
 A master he of Bowman's skill,  
 Joying to do his father's will.  
 The world's delight and darling, he  
 Loved Lakshmaṇ best from infancy  
 And Lakshmaṇ, lord of lofty fate,  
 Upon his elder joyed to wait,  
 Striving his second self to please  
 With friendship's sweet observances.  
 His limbs the hero ne'er would rest  
 Unless the couch his brother pressed;  
 Except beloved Ráma shared  
 He could not taste the meal prepared.  
 When Ráma, pride of Reghu's race,  
 Sprang on his steed to urge the chase,  
 Behind him Lakshmaṇ loved to go  
 And guard him with his trusty bow.  
 As Ráma was to Lakshmaṇ dear  
 More than his life and ever near,  
 So fond Śatruघna prized above  
 His very life his Bharat's love.  
 Illustrious heroes, nobly kind  
 In mutual love they all combined,  
 And gave their royal sire delight  
 With modest grace and warrior might:  
 Supported by the glorious four  
 Shone Daśaratha more and more,  
 As though, with every guardian God

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<sup>137</sup> Schlegel, in the *Indische Bibliothek*, remarks that the proficiency of the Indians in this art early attracted the attention of Alexander's successors, and natives of India were so long exclusively employed in this service that the name Indian was applied to any elephant-driver, to whatever country he might belong.

Who keeps the land and skies,  
 The Father of all creatures trod  
 The earth before men's eyes.

## Canto XX. Visvámitra's Visit.

Now Daśaratha's pious mind  
 Meet wedlock for his sons designed;  
 With priests and friends the king began [033]  
 To counsel and prepare his plan.  
 Such thoughts engaged his bosom, when,  
 To see Ayodhyá's lord of men,  
 A mighty saint of glorious fame,  
 The hermit Viśvámitra<sup>138</sup> came.  
 For evil fiends that roam by night  
 Disturbed him in each holy rite,  
 And in their strength and frantic rage  
 Assailed with witcheries the sage.  
 He came to seek the monarch's aid  
 To guard the rites the demons stayed,  
 Unable to a close to bring  
 One unpolluted offering.  
 Seeking the king in this dire strait  
 He said to those who kept the gate:  
 “Haste, warders, to your master run,  
 And say that here stands Gádhi's son.”

<sup>138</sup> The story of this famous saint is given at sufficient length in Cantos LI-LV.

This saint has given his name to the district and city to the east of Benares. The original name, preserved in a land-grant on copper now in the Museum of the Benares College, has been Moslemized into Ghazepore (the City of the Soldier-martyr).

Soon as they heard the holy man,  
 To the king's chamber swift they ran  
 With minds disordered all, and spurred  
 To wildest zeal by what they heard.  
 On to the royal hall they sped,  
 There stood and lowly bowed the head,  
 And made the lord of men aware  
 That the great saint was waiting there.

The king with priest and peer arose  
 And ran the sage to meet,

As Indra from his palace goes  
 Lord Brahmá's self to greet.  
 When glowing with celestial light  
 The pious hermit was in sight,  
 The king, whose mien his transport showed,  
 The honoured gift for guests bestowed.  
 Nor did the saint that gift despise,  
 Offered as holy texts advise;  
 He kindly asked the earth's great king  
 How all with him was prospering.  
 The son of Kušík<sup>139</sup> bade him tell  
 If all in town and field were well,  
 All well with friends, and kith and kin,  
 And royal treasure stored within:

“Do all thy neighbours own thy sway?

Thy foes confess thee yet?

Dost thou continue still to pay

To Gods and men each debt?”

Then he, of hermits first and best,  
 Vaśishtha with a smile<sup>140</sup> addressed,  
 And asked him of his welfare too,  
 Showing him honour as was due.

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<sup>139</sup> The son of Kušík is Viśvámitra.

<sup>140</sup> At the recollection of their former enmity, to be described hereafter.

Then with the sainted hermit all  
Went joyous to the monarch's hall,  
And sate them down by due degree,  
Each one, of rank and dignity.  
Joy filled the noble prince's breast  
Who thus bespoke the honoured guest:  
“As amrit<sup>141</sup> by a mortal found,  
As rain upon the thirsty ground,  
As to an heirless man a son  
Born to him of his precious one,  
As gain of what we sorely miss,  
As sudden dawn of mighty bliss,  
So is thy coming here to me:  
All welcome, mighty Saint, to thee.  
What wish within thy heart hast thou?  
If I can please thee, tell me how.  
Hail, Saint, from whom all honours flow,  
Worthy of all I can bestow.  
Blest is my birth with fruit to-day,  
Nor has my life been thrown away.  
I see the best of Bráhman race  
And night to glorious morn gives place.  
Thou, holy Sage, in days of old  
Among the royal saints enrolled,  
Didst, penance-glorified, within  
The Bráhman caste high station win.  
'Tis meet and right in many a way  
That I to thee should honour pay.  
This seems a marvel to mine eyes:  
All sin thy visit purifies;  
And I by seeing thee, O Sage,  
Have reaped the fruit of pilgrimage.

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<sup>141</sup> The Indian nectar or drink of the Gods.

Then say what thou wouldest have me do,  
 That thou hast sought this interview.  
 Favoured by thee, my wish is still,  
 O Hermit, to perform thy will.  
 Nor needest thou at length explain  
 The object that thy heart would gain.  
 Without reserve I grant it now:  
 My deity, O Lord, art thou.”

The glorious hermit, far renowned,  
 With highest fame and virtue crowned,  
 Rejoiced these modest words to hear  
 Delightful to the mind and ear.

## Canto XXI. Visvámitra's Speech.

The hermit heard with high content  
 That speech so wondrous eloquent,  
 And while each hair with joy arose,<sup>142</sup>

[034]

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<sup>142</sup> Great joy, according to the Hindu belief, has this effect, not causing each particular hair to stand on end, but gently raising all the down upon the body.

He thus made answer at the close:  
 "Good is thy speech O noble King,  
 And like thyself in everything.  
 So should their lips be wisdom-fraught  
 Whom kings begot, Vaśishṭha taught.  
 The favour which I came to seek  
 Thou grantest ere my tongue can speak.  
 But let my tale attention claim,  
 And hear the need for which I came.  
 O King, as Scripture texts allow,  
 A holy rite employs me now.  
 Two fiends who change their forms at will  
 Impede that rite with cursed skill.<sup>143</sup>  
 Oft when the task is nigh complete,  
 These worst of fiends my toil defeat,  
 Throw bits of bleeding flesh, and o'er  
 The altar shed a stream of gore.  
 When thus the rite is mocked and stayed,  
 And all my pious hopes delayed,  
 Cast down in heart the spot I leave,  
 And spent with fruitless labour grieve.  
 Nor can I, checked by prudence, dare  
 Let loose my fury on them there:  
 The muttered curse, the threatening word,  
 In such a rite must ne'er be heard.  
 Thy grace the rite from check can free.  
 And yield the fruit I long to see.  
 Thy duty bids thee, King, defend  
 The suffering guest, the suppliant friend.  
 Give me thy son, thine eldest born,  
 Whom locks like raven's wings adorn.

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<sup>143</sup> The Rákshasas, giants, or fiends who are represented as disturbing the sacrifice, signify here, as often elsewhere, merely the savage tribes which placed themselves in hostile opposition to Bráhmanical institutions.

That hero youth, the truly brave,  
Of thee, O glorious King, I crave.  
For he can lay those demons low  
Who mar my rites and work me woe:  
My power shall shield the youth from harm,  
And heavenly might shall nerve his arm.  
And on my champion will I shower  
Unnumbered gifts of varied power,  
Such gifts as shall ensure his fame  
And spread through all the worlds his name.  
Be sure those fiends can never stand  
Before the might of Ráma's hand,  
And mid the best and bravest none  
Can slay that pair but Raghu's son.  
Entangled in the toils of Fate  
Those sinners, proud and obstinate,  
Are, in their fury overbold,  
No match for Ráma mighty-souled.  
Nor let a father's breast give way  
Too far to fond affection's sway.  
Count thou the fiends already slain:  
My word is pledged, nor pledged in vain.  
I know the hero Ráma well  
In whom high thoughts and valour dwell;  
So does Vaśishṭha, so do these  
Engaged in long austerities.  
If thou would do the righteous deed,  
And win high fame, thy virtue's meed,  
Fame that on earth shall last and live,  
To me, great King, thy Ráma give.  
If to the words that I have said,  
With Saint Vaśishṭha at their head  
Thy holy men, O King, agree,  
Then let thy Ráma go with me.

Ten nights my sacrifice will last,  
 And ere the stated time be past  
 Those wicked fiends, those impious twain,  
 Must fall by wondrous Ráma slain.  
 Let not the hours, I warn thee, fly,  
 Fixt for the rite, unheeded by;  
 Good luck have thou, O royal Chief,  
 Nor give thy heart to needless grief."

Thus in fair words with virtue fraught  
 The pious glorious saint besought.  
 But the good speech with poignant sting  
 Pierced ear and bosom of the king,  
 Who, stabbed with pangs too sharp to bear,  
 Fell prostrate and lay fainting there.

## Canto XXII. Dasaratha's Speech.

His tortured senses all astray,  
 While the hapless monarch lay,  
 Then slowly gathering thought and strength  
 To Viśvámitra spoke at length:  
 "My son is but a child, I ween;  
 This year he will be just sixteen.  
 How is he fit for such emprise,  
 My darling with the lotus eyes?  
 A mighty army will I bring  
 That calls me master, lord, and king,  
 And with its countless squadrons fight  
 Against these rovers of the night.  
 My faithful heroes skilled to wield

The arms of war will take the field;  
 Their skill the demons' might may break:  
 Ráma, my child, thou must not take.  
 I, even I, my bow in hand,  
 Will in the van of battle stand,  
 And, while my soul is left alive,  
 With the night-roaming demons strive.  
 Thy guarded sacrifice shall be  
 Completed, from all hindrance free.  
 Thither will I my journey make:  
 Ráma, my child, thou must not take.  
 A boy unskilled, he knows not yet  
 The bounds to strength and weakness set.  
 No match is he for demon foes  
 Who magic arts to arms oppose.  
 O chief of saints, I have no power,  
 Of Ráma reft, to live one hour:  
 Mine aged heart at once would break:  
 Ráma, my child, thou must not take.  
 Nine thousand circling years have fled  
 With all their seasons o'er my head,  
 And as a hard-won boon, O sage,  
 These sons have come to cheer mine age.  
 My dearest love amid the four  
 Is he whom first his mother bore,  
 Still dearer for his virtues' sake:  
 Ráma, my child, thou must not take.  
 But if, unmoved by all I say,  
 Thou needs must bear my son away,  
 Let me lead with him, I entreat,  
 A four-fold army<sup>144</sup> all complete.  
 What is the demons' might, O Sage?

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<sup>144</sup> Consisting of horse, foot, chariots, and elephants.

Who are they? What their parentage?  
 What is their size? What beings lend  
 Their power to guard them and befriend?  
 How can my son their arts withstand?  
 Or I or all my armed band?  
 Tell me the whole that I may know  
 To meet in war each evil foe  
 Whom conscious might inspires with pride.”

And Viśvámitra thus replied:  
 “Sprung from Pulastya's race there came  
 A giant known by Rávaṇ's name.  
 Once favoured by the Eternal Sire  
 He plagues the worlds in ceaseless ire,  
 For peerless power and might renowned,  
 By giant bands encompassed round.  
 Viśravas for his sire they hold,  
 His brother is the Lord of Gold.  
 King of the giant hosts is he,  
 And worst of all in cruelty.  
 This Rávaṇ's dread commands impel  
 Two demons who in might excel,  
 Máricha and Suváhu hight,  
 To trouble and impede the rite.”

Then thus the king addressed the sage:  
 “No power have I, my lord, to wage  
 War with this evil-minded foe;  
 Now pity on my darling show,  
 And upon me of hapless fate,  
 For thee as God I venerate.  
 Gods, spirits, bards of heavenly birth,”<sup>145</sup>

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<sup>145</sup> “The Gandharvas, or heavenly bards, had originally a warlike character but were afterwards reduced to the office of celestial musicians cheering the

The birds of air, the snakes of earth  
 Before the might of Rávan quail,  
 Much less can mortal man avail.  
 He draws, I hear, from out the breast  
 The valour of the mightiest.  
 No, ne'er can I with him contend,  
 Or with the forces he may send.  
 How can I then my darling lend,  
 Godlike, unskilled in battle? No,  
 I will not let my young child go.  
 Foes of thy rite, those mighty ones,  
 Sunda and Upasunda's sons,  
 Are fierce as Fate to overthrow:  
 I will not let my young child go.  
 Máricha and Suváhu fell  
 Are valiant and instructed well.  
 One of the twain I might attack.  
 With all my friends their lord to back.”

## Canto XXIII. Vasishtha's Speech.

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banquets of the Gods. Dr. Kuhn has shown their identity with the Centaurs in name, origin and attributes.” GORRESIO{FNS.

While thus the hapless monarch spoke,  
 Paternal love his utterance broke.  
 Then words like these the saint returned,  
 And fury in his bosom burned:  
 “Didst thou, O King, a promise make,  
 And wishest now thy word to break?  
 A son of Raghu's line should scorn  
 To fail in faith, a man forsworn.  
 But if thy soul can bear the shame  
 I will return e'en as I came.  
 Live with thy sons, and joy be thine,  
 False scion of Kakutstha's line.”

As Viśvámitra, mighty sage,  
 Was moved with this tempestuous rage,  
 Earth rocked and reeled throughout her frame,  
 And fear upon the Immortals came.  
 But Saint Vaśishṭha, wisest seer,  
 Observant of his vows austere,  
 Saw the whole world convulsed with dread,  
 And thus unto the monarch said:  
 “Thou, born of old Ikshváku's seed,  
 Art Justice' self in mortal weed.  
 Constant and pious, blest by fate,  
 The right thou must not violate.  
 Thou, Raghu's son, so famous through  
 The triple world as just and true,  
 Perform thy bounden duty still,  
 Nor stain thy race by deed of ill.  
 If thou have sworn and now refuse  
 Thou must thy store of merit lose.  
 Then, Monarch, let thy Ráma go,  
 Nor fear for him the demon foe.  
 The fiends shall have no power to hurt

Him trained to war or inexpert,  
 Nor vanquish him in battle field,  
 For Kuśik's son the youth will shield.  
 He is incarnate Justice, he  
 The best of men for bravery.  
 Embodied love of penance drear,  
 Among the wise without a peer.  
 Full well he knows, great Kuśik's son,  
 The arms celestial, every one,  
 Arms from the Gods themselves concealed,  
 Far less to other men revealed.  
 These arms to him, when earth he swayed,  
 Mighty Kriśásva, pleased, conveyed.  
 Kriśásva's sons they are indeed,  
 Brought forth by Daksha's lovely seed,<sup>146</sup>  
 Heralds of conquest, strong and bold,  
 Brilliant, of semblance manifold.  
 Jayá and Vijayá, most fair,  
 And hundred splendid weapons bare.  
 Of Jayá, glorious as the morn,  
 First fifty noble sons were born,  
 Boundless in size yet viewless too,  
 They came the demons to subdue.  
 And fifty children also came  
 Of Vijayá the beauteous dame,  
 Sanháras named, of mighty force,  
 Hard to assail or check in course.  
 Of these the hermit knows the use,  
 And weapons new can he produce.  
 All these the mighty saint will yield  
 To Ráma's hand, to own and wield;

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<sup>146</sup> These mysterious animated weapons are enumerated in Cantos XXIX and XXX. Daksha was the son of Brahmá and one of the Prajápatis, Demiurgi, or secondary authors of creation.

And armed with these, beyond a doubt  
Shall Ráma put those fiends to rout.  
For Ráma and the people's sake,  
For thine own good my counsel take,  
Nor seek, O King, with fond delay,  
The parting of thy son to stay."

## Canto XXIV. The Spells.

Vaśishṭha thus was speaking still:  
The monarch, of his own free will,  
Bade with quick zeal and joyful cheer  
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ hasten near.  
Mother and sire in loving care  
Sped their dear son with rite and prayer:  
Vaśishṭha blessed him ere he went;  
O'er his loved head the father bent,  
And then to Kuśik's son resigned  
Ráma with Lakshmaṇ close behind.  
Standing by Viśvámitra's side,  
The youthful hero, lotus-eyed,  
The Wind-God saw, and sent a breeze  
Whose sweet pure touch just waved the trees.  
There fell from heaven a flowery rain,  
And with the song and dance the strain  
Of shell and tambour sweetly blent  
As forth the son of Raghu went.  
The hermit led: behind him came  
The bow-armed Ráma, dear to fame,

Whose locks were like the raven's wing:<sup>147</sup>  
 Then Lakshman, closely following.  
 The Gods and Indra, filled with joy,  
 Looked down upon the royal boy,  
 And much they longed the death to see  
 Of their ten-headed enemy.<sup>148</sup>  
 Ráma and Lakshman paced behind  
 That hermit of the lofty mind,  
 As the young Aśvins,<sup>149</sup> heavenly pair,  
 Follow Lord Indra through the air.  
 On arm and hand the guard they wore,  
 Quiver and bow and sword they bore;  
 Two fire-born Gods of War seemed they.<sup>150</sup>  
 He, Śiva's self who led the way.

Upon fair Sarjú's southern shore  
 They now had walked a league and more,  
 When thus the sage in accents mild  
 To Ráma said: "Beloved child,  
 This lustral water duly touch:  
 My counsel will avail thee much.  
 Forget not all the words I say,

---

<sup>147</sup> Youths of the Kshatriya class used to leave unshorn the side locks of their hair. These were called *Kákā-paksha*, or raven's wings.

<sup>148</sup> The Rákshas or giant Rávaṇ, king of Lanká.

<sup>149</sup> "The meaning of Aśvins (from *aśva* a horse, Persian asp, Greek ἵππος, Latin *equus*, Welsh *ech*) is Horsemen. They were twin deities of whom frequent mention is made in the Vedas and the Indian myths. The Aśvins have much in common with the Dioscuri of Greece, and their mythical genealogy seems to indicate that their origin was astronomical. They were, perhaps, at first the morning star and evening star. They are said to be the children of the sun and the nymph Aśviní, who is one of the lunar asterisms personified. In the popular mythology they are regarded as the physicians of the Gods." GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>150</sup> The word Kumára (a young prince, a Childe) is also a proper name of Skanda or Kártikeya God of War, the son of Śiva and Umá. The babe was matured in the fire.

Nor let the occasion slip away.  
Lo, with two spells I thee invest,  
The mighty and the mightiest.  
O'er thee fatigue shall ne'er prevail,  
Nor age or change thy limbs assail.  
Thee powers of darkness ne'er shall smite  
In tranquil sleep or wild delight.  
No one is there in all the land  
Thine equal for the vigorous hand.  
Thou, when thy lips pronounce the spell,  
Shalt have no peer in heaven or hell.  
None in the world with thee shall vie,  
O sinless one, in apt reply,  
In fortune, knowledge, wit, and tact,  
Wisdom to plan and skill to act.  
This double science take, and gain  
Glory that shall for aye remain.  
Wisdom and judgment spring from each  
Of these fair spells whose use I teach.  
Hunger and thirst unknown to thee,  
High in the worlds thy rank shall be.  
For these two spells with might endued,  
Are the Great Father's heavenly brood,  
And thee, O Chief, may fitly grace,  
Thou glory of Kakutstha's race.  
Virtues which none can match are thine,  
Lord, from thy birth, of gifts divine,  
And now these spells of might shall cast  
Fresh radiance o'er the gifts thou hast.”  
Then Ráma duly touched the wave,  
    Raised suppliant hands, bowed low his head,  
And took the spells the hermit gave,  
    Whose soul on contemplation fed.  
From him whose might these gifts enhanced,

[037]

A brighter beam of glory glanced:  
 So shines in all his autumn blaze  
 The Day-God of the thousand rays.  
 The hermit's wants those youths supplied,  
 As pupils use to holy guide.  
 And then the night in sweet content  
 On Sarjú's pleasant bank they spent.

## Canto XXV. The Hermitage Of Love.

Soon as appeared the morning light  
 Up rose the mighty anchorite,  
 And thus to youthful Ráma said,  
 Who lay upon his leafy bed:  
 “High fate is hers who calls thee son:  
     Arise, 'tis break of day;  
 Rise, Chief, and let those rites be done  
 Due at the morning's ray.”<sup>151</sup>  
 At that great sage's high behest  
     Up sprang the princely pair,  
 To bathing rites themselves addressed,  
     And breathed the holiest prayer.  
 Their morning task completed, they  
     To Viśvámitra came  
 That store of holy works, to pay  
     The worship saints may claim.  
 Then to the hallowed spot they went

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<sup>151</sup> “At the rising of the sun as well as at noon certain observances, invocations, and prayers were prescribed which might under no circumstances be omitted. One of these observances was the recitation of the Sávitrí, a Vedic hymn to the Sun of wonderful beauty.” GORRESIO{FNS.

Along fair Sarjú's side  
 Where mix her waters confluent  
 With three-pathed Gangá's tide.<sup>152</sup>  
 There was a sacred hermitage  
 Where saints devout of mind  
 Their lives through many a lengthened age  
 To penance had resigned.  
 That pure abode the princes eyed  
 With unrestrained delight,  
 And thus unto the saint they cried,  
 Rejoicing at the sight:  
 "Whose is that hermitage we see?  
 Who makes his dwelling there?  
 Full of desire to hear are we:  
 O Saint, the truth declare."  
 The hermit smiling made reply  
 To the two boys' request:  
 "Hear, Ráma, who in days gone by  
 This calm retreat possessed.  
 Kandarpa in apparent form,  
 Called Káma<sup>153</sup> by the wise,  
 Dared Umá's<sup>154</sup> new-wed lord to storm  
 And make the God his prize.  
 'Gainst Sthánu's<sup>155</sup> self, on rites austere

<sup>152</sup> *Tripathaga*, *Three-path-go*, flowing in heaven, on earth, and under the earth. See Canto XLV.

<sup>153</sup> Tennyson's "Indian Cama," the God of Love, known also by many other names.

<sup>154</sup> *Umá*, or *Parvatí*, was daughter of Himálaya, Monarch of mountains, and wife of Śiva. See Kálidasa's *Kumára Sambhava*, or *Birth of the War-God*.

<sup>155</sup> *Sthánu*. The Unmoving one, a name of Śiva.

And vows intent,<sup>156</sup> they say,  
 His bold rash hand he dared to rear,  
 Though Sthánu cried, Away!  
 But the God's eye with scornful glare  
 Fell terrible on him.

[038] Dissolved the shape that was so fair  
 And burnt up every limb.  
 Since the great God's terrific rage  
 Destroyed his form and frame,  
 Káma in each succeeding age  
 Has borne Ananga's<sup>157</sup> name.  
 So, where his lovely form decayed,  
 This land is Anga styled:  
 Sacred to him of old this shade,  
 And hermits undefiled.  
 Here Scripture-talking elders sway  
 Each sense with firm control,  
 And penance-rites have washed away  
 All sin from every soul.  
 One night, fair boy, we here will spend,  
 A pure stream on each hand,  
 And with to-morrow's light will bend  
 Our steps to yonder strand.  
 Here let us bathe, and free from stain  
 To that pure grove repair,

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<sup>156</sup> "The practice of austerities, voluntary tortures, and mortifications was anciently universal in India, and was held by the Indians to be of immense efficacy. Hence they mortified themselves to expiate sins, to acquire merits, and to obtain superhuman gifts and powers; the Gods themselves sometimes exercised themselves in such austerities, either to raise themselves to greater power and grandeur, or to counteract the austerities of man which threatened to prevail over them and to deprive them of heaven.... Such austerities were called in India *tapas* (burning ardour, fervent devotion) and he who practised them *tapasvin*." GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>157</sup> *The Bodiless one.*

Sacred to Kama, and remain  
One night in comfort there.”  
With penance’ far-discriminating eye  
The saintly men beheld  
Their coming, and with transport high  
Each holy bosom swelled.  
To Kuik’s son the gift they gave  
That honoured guest should greet,  
Water they brought his feet to lave,  
And showed him honor meet.  
Rama and Lakshma next obtained  
In due degree their share.  
Then with sweet talk the guests remained,  
And charmed each listener there.  
The evening prayers were duly said  
With voices calm and low:  
Then on the ground each laid his head  
And slept till morning’s glow.

## Canto XXVI. The Forest Of Tadak.

When the fair light of morning rose  
The princely tamers of their foes  
Followed, his morning worship o’er,  
The hermit to the river’s shore.  
The high-souled men with thoughtful care  
A pretty barge had stationed there.  
All cried, “O lord, this barge ascend,  
And with thy princely followers bend  
To yonder side thy prosperous way  
With naught to check thee or delay.”

Nor did the saint their rede reject:  
 He bade farewell with due respect,  
 And crossed, attended by the twain,  
 That river rushing to the main.  
 When now the bark was half way o'er,  
 Ráma and Lakshman heard the roar,  
 That louder grew and louder yet,  
 Of waves by dashing waters met.  
 Then Ráma asked the mighty seer:  
 "What is the tumult that I hear  
 Of waters cleft in mid career?"  
 Soon as the speech of Ráma, stirred  
 By deep desire to know, he heard,  
 The pious saint began to tell  
 What paused the waters' roar and swell:  
 "On high Kailás'a distant hill  
     There lies a noble lake  
 Whose waters, born from Brahmá's will,  
 The name of Mánas<sup>158</sup> take.  
 Thence, hallowing where'er they flow,  
     The streams of Sarjú fall,  
 And wandering through the plains below  
     Embrace Ayodhyá's wall.  
 Still, still preserved in Sarjú's name  
     Sarovar's<sup>159</sup> fame we trace.  
 The flood of Brahma whence she came

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<sup>158</sup> "A celebrated lake regarded in India as sacred. It lies in the lofty region between the northern highlands of the Himálayas and mount Kailásá, the region of the sacred lakes. The poem, following the popular Indian belief, makes the river Sarayú (now Sarjú) flow from the Mánasa lake; the sources of the river are a little to the south about a day's journey from the lake. See Lassen, *Indische Alterthumshunde*, page 34." GORRESIO{FNS. *Manas* means mind; *mánasa*, mental, mind-born.

<sup>159</sup> *Sarovar* means best of lakes. This is another of the poet's fanciful etymologies.

To run her holy race.  
 To meet great Gang here she hies  
   With tributary wave:  
 Hence the loud roar ye hear arise,  
   Of floods that swell and rave.  
 Here, pride of Raghu's line, do thou  
 In humble adoration bow."

He spoke. The princes both obeyed,  
 And reverence to each river paid.<sup>160</sup>  
 They reached the southern shore at last,  
 And gaily on their journey passed.  
 A little space beyond there stood  
 A gloomy awe-inspiring wood.  
 The monarch's noble son began  
 To question thus the holy man:  
 "Whose gloomy forest meets mine eye  
 Like some vast cloud that fills the sky?  
 Pathless and dark it seems to be,  
 Where birds in thousands wander free;  
 Where shrill cicadas' cries resound,  
 And fowl of dismal note abound.  
 Lion, rhinoceros, and bear,  
 Boar, tiger, elephant, are there,  
   There shrubs and thorns run wild:  
 Dho, Sl, Bignonia, Bel,<sup>161</sup> are found,  
 And every tree that grows on ground.  
   How is the forest styled?"

[039]

<sup>160</sup> The confluence of two or more rivers is often a venerated and holy place. The most famous is Prayg or Allahabad, where the Sarasvat by an underground course is believed to join the Jumna and the Ganges.

<sup>161</sup> The botanical names of the trees mentioned in the text are Grislea Tormentosa, Shorea Robusta, Echites Antidysenterica, Bignonia Suaveolens, Egle Marmelos, and Diospyrus Glutinosa. I have omitted the *Kutaja* (Echites) and the *Tiduka* (Diospyrus).

The glorious saint this answer made:  
 “Dear child of Raghu, hear  
 Who dwells within the horrid shade  
     That looks so dark and drear.  
 Where now is wood, long ere this day  
     Two broad and fertile lands,  
 Malaja and Karúsha lay,  
     Adorned by heavenly hands.  
 Here, mourning friendship's broken ties,  
 Lord Indra of the thousand eyes  
 Hungered and sorrowed many a day,  
 His brightness soiled with mud and clay,  
 When in a storm of passion he  
 Had slain his dear friend Namuchi.  
 Then came the Gods and saints who bore  
 Their golden pitchers brimming o'er  
 With holy streams that banish stain,  
 And bathed Lord Indra pure again.  
 When in this land the God was freed  
 From spot and stain of impious deed  
 For that his own dear friend he slew,  
 High transport thrilled his bosom through.  
 Then in his joy the lands he blessed,  
 And gave a boon they long possessed:  
 “Because these fertile lands retain  
 The washings of the blot and stain,”  
 ‘Twas thus Lord Indra sware,  
 “Malaja and Karúsha's name  
 Shall celebrate with deathless fame  
 My malady and care.”<sup>162</sup>

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<sup>162</sup> Here we meet with a fresh myth to account for the name of these regions. *Malaja* is probably a non-Aryan word signifying a hilly country: taken as a Sanskrit compound it means *sprung from defilement*. The word *Karúsha* appears to have a somewhat similar meaning.

“So be it,” all the Immortals cried,  
When Indra’s speech they heard,  
And with acclaim they ratified  
The names his lips conferred.  
Long time, O victor of thy foes,  
These happy lands had sweet repose,  
And higher still in fortune rose.  
At length a spirit, loving ill,  
Tak, wearing shapes at will,  
Whose mighty strength, exceeding vast,  
A thousand elephants, surpassed,  
Was to fierce Sunda, lord and head  
Of all the demon armies, wed.  
From her, Lord Indra’s peer in might  
Giant Micha sprang to light:  
And she, a constant plague and pest,  
These two fair realms has long distressed.  
Now dwelling in her dark abode  
A league away she bars the road:  
And we, O Rma, hence must go  
Where lies the forest of the foe.  
Now on thine own right arm rely,  
And my command obey:  
Smite the foul monster that she die,  
And take the plague away.  
To reach this country none may dare  
Fallen from its old estate,  
Which she, whose fury naught can bear,  
Has left so desolate.  
And now my truthful tale is told  
How with accursed sway  
The spirit plagued this wood of old,  
And ceases not to-day.”

## Canto XXVII. The Birth Of Tádaká.

When thus the sage without a peer  
 Had closed that story strange to hear,  
 Ráma again the saint addressed  
 To set one lingering doubt at rest:  
 “O holy man, 'tis said by all  
 That spirits' strength is weak and small:  
 How can she match, of power so slight,  
 A thousand elephants in might?”  
 And Viśvámitra thus replied  
 To Raghu's son the glorified:  
 “Listen, and I will tell thee how  
 She gained the strength that arms her now.  
 A mighty spirit lived of yore;  
 Suketu was the name he bore.  
 Childless was he, and free from crime  
 In rites austere he passed his time.  
 The mighty Sire was pleased to show  
 His favour, and a child bestow.  
 Tádaká named, most fair to see,  
 A pearl among the maids was she,  
 And matched, for such was Brahmá's dower,  
 A thousand elephants in power.  
 Nor would the Eternal Sire, although  
 The spirit longed, a son bestow  
 That maid in beauty's youthful pride  
 Was given to Sunda for a bride.  
 Her son, Márícha was his name,  
 A giant, through a curse, became.  
 She, widowed, dared with him molest

Agastya,<sup>163</sup> of all saints the best.  
 Inflamed with hunger's wildest rage,  
 Roaring she rushed upon the sage.  
 When the great hermit saw her near,  
 On speeding in her fierce career,  
 He thus pronounced Márícha's doom:  
 "A giant's form and shape assume."  
 And then, by mighty anger swayed,  
 On Tádaká this curse he laid:  
 "Thy present form and semblance quit,  
 And wear a shape thy mood to fit;  
 Changed form and feature by my ban,  
 A fearful thing that feeds on man."

She, by his awful curse possessed,  
 And mad with rage that fills her breast,  
 Has on this land her fury dealt  
 Where once the saint Agastya dwelt.  
 Go, Ráma, smite this monster dead,  
 The wicked plague, of power so dread,  
 And further by this deed of thine  
 The good of Bráhmans and of kine.  
 Thy hand alone can overthrow,  
 In all the worlds, this impious foe.  
 Nor let compassion lead thy mind  
 To shrink from blood of womankind;  
 A monarch's son must ever count  
 The people's welfare paramount,  
 And whether pain or joy he deal

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<sup>163</sup> "This is one of those indefinable mythic personages who are found in the ancient traditions of many nations, and in whom cosmogonical or astronomical notions are generally figured. Thus it is related of Agastya that the Vindhyan mountains prostrated themselves before him; and yet the same Agastya is believed to be regent of the star Canopus." GORRESIO{FNS.

He will appear as the friend and helper of Ráma farther on in the poem.

Dare all things for his subjects' weal;  
 Yea, if the deed bring praise or guilt,  
 If life be saved or blood be spilt:  
 Such, through all time, should be the care  
 Of those a kingdom's weight who bear.  
 Slay, Ráma, slay this impious fiend,  
 For by no law her life is screened.  
 So Manthará, as bards have told,  
 Virochan's child, was slain of old  
 By Indra, when in furious hate  
 She longed the earth to devastate.  
 So Kávya's mother, Bhrigu's wife,  
 Who loved her husband as her life,  
 When Indra's throne she sought to gain,  
 By Vishṇu's hand of yore was slain.  
 By these and high-souled kings beside,  
 Struck down, have lawless women died.”

## Canto XXVIII. The Death Of Tádaká.

Thus spoke the saint. Each vigorous word  
 The noble monarch's offspring heard,  
 And, reverent hands together laid,  
 His answer to the hermit made:  
 “My sire and mother bade me aye  
 Thy word, O mighty Saint, obey  
 So will I, O most glorious, kill  
 This Tádaká who joys in ill,  
 For such my sire's, and such thy will.  
 To aid with mine avenging hand  
 The Bráhmans, kine, and all the land,

Obedient, heart and soul, I stand."

Thus spoke the tamer of the foe,  
And by the middle grasped his bow.  
Strongly he drew the sounding string  
That made the distant welkin ring.  
Scared by the mighty clang the deer  
That roamed the forest shook with fear,  
And Tak the echo heard,  
And rose in haste from slumber stirred.  
In wild amaze, her soul aflame  
With fury toward the spot she came.  
When that foul shape of evil mien  
And stature vast as e'er was seen  
The wrathful son of Raghu eyed,  
He thus unto his brother cried:  
"Her dreadful shape, O Lakshman, see,  
A form to shudder at and flee.  
The hideous monster's very view  
Would cleave a timid heart in two.  
Behold the demon hard to smite,  
Defended by her magic might.  
My hand shall stay her course to-day,  
And shear her nose and ears away.  
No heart have I her life to take:  
I spare it for her sex's sake.  
My will is but, with minished force,  
To check her in her evil course."  
While thus he spoke, by rage impelled  
Roaring as she came nigh,  
The fiend her course at Rma held  
With huge arms tossed on high.  
Her, rushing on, the seer assailed  
With a loud cry of hate;

And thus the sons of Raghu hailed:  
 “Fight, and be fortunate.”  
 Then from the earth a horrid cloud  
 Of dust the demon raised,  
 And for awhile in darkling shroud  
 Wrapt Raghu's sons amazed.  
 Then calling on her magic power  
 The fearful fight to wage,  
 She smote him with a stony shower,  
 Till Ráma burned with rage.  
 Then pouring forth his arrowy rain  
 That stony flood to stay,  
 With winged darts, as she charged amain,  
 He shore her hands away.  
 As Táḍaká still thundered near  
 Thus maimed by Ráma's blows,  
 Lakshmaṇ in fury severed sheer  
 The monster's ears and nose.  
 Assuming by her magic skill  
 A fresh and fresh disguise,  
 She tried a thousand shapes at will,  
 Then vanished from their eyes.  
 When Gádhi's son of high renown  
 Still saw the stony rain pour down  
 Upon each princely warrior's head,  
 With words of wisdom thus he said:  
 “Enough of mercy, Ráma, lest  
 This sinful evil-working pest,  
 Disturber of each holy rite,  
 Repair by magic arts her might.  
 Without delay the fiend should die,  
 For, see, the twilight hour is nigh.  
 And at the joints of night and day  
 Such giant foes are hard to slay.”

Then Rma, skilful to direct  
    His arrow to the sound,  
With shafts the mighty demon checked  
    Who rained her stones around.  
She sore impeded and beset  
    By Rma and his arrowy net,  
Though skilled in guile and magic lore,  
Rushed on the brothers with a roar.  
Deformed, terrific, murderous, dread,  
    Swift as the levin on she sped,  
Like cloudy pile in autumn's sky,  
Lifting her two vast arms on high,  
When Rma smote her with a dart,  
    Shaped like a crescent, to the heart.  
Sore wounded by the shaft that came  
    With lightning speed and surest aim,  
Blood spouting from her mouth and side,  
She fell upon the earth and died.  
Soon as the Lord who rules the sky  
    Saw the dread monster lifeless lie,  
He called aloud, Well done! well done!  
And the Gods honoured Raghu's son.  
Standing in heaven the Thousand-eyed,  
    With all the Immortals, joying cried:  
“Lift up thine eyes, O Saint, and see  
The Gods and Indra nigh to thee.  
This deed of Rma's boundless might  
Has filled our bosoms with delight,  
Now, for our will would have it so,  
To Raghu's son some favour show.  
Invest him with the power which naught  
But penance gains and holy thought,  
Those heavenly arms on him bestow  
To thee entrusted long ago

By great Kriśásva best of kings,  
 Son of the Lord of living things.  
 More fit recipient none can be  
 Than he who joys it following thee;  
 And for our sakes the monarch's seed  
 Has yet to do a mighty deed.”

He spoke; and all the heavenly train  
 Rejoicing sought their homes again,  
 While honour to the saint they paid.  
 Then came the evening's twilight shade,  
 The best of hermits overjoyed  
 To know the monstrous fiend destroyed,  
 His lips on Ráma's forehead pressed,  
 And thus the conquering chief addressed:  
 “O Ráma gracious to the sight.  
 Here will we pass the present night,  
 And with the morrow's earliest ray  
 Bend to my hermitage our way.”  
 The son of Daśaratha heard,  
 Delighted, Viśvámitra's word,  
 And as he bade, that night he spent  
 In Táḍaká's wild wood, content.  
 And the grove shone that happy day,  
 Freed from the curse that on it lay,  
 Like Chaitraratha<sup>164</sup> fair and gay.

## Canto XXIX. The Celestial Arms.

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<sup>164</sup> The famous pleasure-garden of Kuvera the God of Wealth.

That night they slept and took their rest;  
 And then the mighty saint addressed,  
 With pleasant smile and accents mild  
 These words to Raghu's princely child:  
 "Well pleased am I. High fate be thine,  
 Thou scion of a royal line.

Now will I, for I love thee so,  
 All heavenly arms on thee bestow.  
 Victor with these, whoe'er oppose,  
 Thy hand shall conquer all thy foes,  
 Though Gods and spirits of the air,  
 Serpents and fiends, the conflict dare.  
 I'll give thee as a pledge of love  
 The mystic arms they use above,  
 For worthy thou to have revealed  
 The weapons I have learnt to wield.<sup>165</sup>  
 First, son of Raghu, shall be thine  
 The arm of Vengeance, strong, divine:  
 The arm of Fate, the arm of Right,  
 And Vishnu's arm of awful might:  
 That, before which no foe can stand,  
 The thunderbolt of Indra's hand;  
 And Šiva's trident, sharp and dread,  
 And that dire weapon Brahmá's Head.  
 And two fair clubs, O royal child,  
 One Charmer and one Pointed styled  
 With flame of lambent fire aglow,

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<sup>165</sup> "The whole of this Canto together with the following one, regards the belief, formerly prevalent in India, that by virtue of certain spells, to be learnt and muttered, secret knowledge and superhuman powers might be acquired. To this the poet has already alluded in Canto xxiii. These incorporeal weapons are partly represented according to the fashion of those ascribed to the Gods and the different orders of demi-gods, partly are the mere creations of fancy; and it would not be easy to say what idea the poet had of them in his own mind, or what powers he meant to assign to each." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

On thee, O Chieftain, I bestow.  
And Fate's dread net and Justice' noose  
That none may conquer, for thy use:  
And the great cord, renowned of old,  
Which Varuṇ ever loves to hold.

Take these two thunderbolts, which I  
Have got for thee, the Moist and Dry.  
Here Śiva's dart to thee I yield,  
And that which Vishṇu wont to wield.  
I give to thee the arm of Fire,  
Desired by all and named the Spire.  
To thee I grant the Wind-God's dart,  
Named Crusher, O thou pure of heart,  
This arm, the Horse's Head, accept,  
And this, the Curlew's Bill yclept,  
And these two spears, the best e'er flew,  
Named the Invincible and True.  
And arms of fiends I make thine own,  
Skull-wreath and mace that smashes bone.  
And Joyous, which the spirits bear,  
Great weapon of the sons of air.  
Brave offspring of the best of lords,  
I give thee now the Gem of swords,  
And offer next, thine hand to arm,  
The heavenly bards' beloved charm.  
Now with two arms I thee invest  
Of never-ending Sleep and Rest,  
With weapons of the Sun and Rain,  
And those that dry and burn amain;  
And strong Desire with conquering touch,  
The dart that Káma prizes much.  
I give the arm of shadowy powers  
That bleeding flesh of men devours.  
I give the arms the God of Gold

And giant fiends exult to hold.  
This smites the foe in battle-strife,  
And takes his fortune, strength, and life.  
I give the arms called False and True,  
And great Illusion give I too;  
The hero's arm called Strong and Bright  
That spoils the foeman's strength in fight.  
I give thee as a priceless boon  
The Dew, the weapon of the Moon,  
And add the weapon, deftly planned,  
That strengthens Viśvakarmā's hand.  
The Mortal dart whose point is chill,  
And Slaughter, ever sure to kill;  
All these and other arms, for thou  
Art very dear, I give thee now.  
Receive these weapons from my hand,  
Son of the noblest in the land.”

Facing the east, the glorious saint  
Pure from all spot of earthly taint,  
To Ráma, with delighted mind,  
That noble host of spells consigned.  
He taught the arms, whose lore is won  
Hardly by Gods, to Raghu's son.  
He muttered low the spell whose call  
Summons those arms and rules them all  
And, each in visible form and frame,  
Before the monarch's son they came.  
They stood and spoke in reverent guise  
To Ráma with exulting cries:  
“O noblest child of Raghu, see,  
Thy ministers and thralls are we.”

With joyful heart and eager hand  
Ráma received the wondrous band,

And thus with words of welcome cried:  
 “Aye present to my will abide.”  
 Then hasted to the saint to pay  
 Due reverence, and pursued his way.

### Canto XXX. The Mysterious Powers.<sup>166</sup>

Pure, with glad cheer and joyful breast,  
 Of those mysterious arms possessed,  
 Ráma, now passing on his way,  
 Thus to the saint began to say:  
 “Lord of these mighty weapons, I  
 Can scarce be harmed by Gods on high;  
 Now, best of saints, I long to gain  
 The powers that can these arms restrain.”  
 Thus spoke the prince. The sage austere,  
 True to his vows, from evil clear,  
 Called forth the names of those great charms  
 Whose powers restrain the deadly arms.  
 “Receive thou True and Truly famed,  
 And Bold and Fleet: the weapons named

[043]

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<sup>166</sup> “In Sanskrit *Sankára*, a word which has various significations but the primary meaning of which is *the act of seizing*. A magical power seems to be implied of employing the weapons when and where required. The remarks I have made on the preceding Canto apply with still greater force to this. The MSS. greatly vary in the enumeration of these *Sankáras*, and it is not surprising that copyists have incorrectly written the names which they did not well understand. The commentators throw no light upon the subject.” SCHLEGEL{FNS. I have taken the liberty of omitting four of these which Schlegel translates “Scleromphalum, Euomphalum, Centiventrem, and Chrysomphalum.”

Warder and Progress, swift of pace,  
Averted-head and Drooping-face;  
The Seen, and that which Secret flies;  
The weapon of the thousand eyes;  
Ten-headed, and the Hundred-faced,  
Star-gazer and the Layer-waste:  
The Omen-bird, the Pure-from-spot,  
The pair that wake and slumber not:  
The Fiendish, that which shakes amain,  
The Strong-of-Hand, the Rich-in-Gain:  
The Guardian, and the Close-allied,  
The Gaper, Love, and Golden-side:  
O Raghu's son receive all these,  
Bright ones that wear what forms they please;  
Kriśásva's mystic sons are they,  
And worthy thou their might to sway.”  
With joy the pride of Raghu's race  
Received the hermit's proffered grace,  
Mysterious arms, to check and stay,  
Or smite the foeman in the fray.  
Then, all with heavenly forms endued,  
Nigh came the wondrous multitude.  
Celestial in their bright attire  
Some shone like coals of burning fire;  
Some were like clouds of dusky smoke;  
And suppliant thus they sweetly spoke:  
“Thy thralls, O Ráma, here we stand:  
Command, we pray, thy faithful band”  
“Depart,” he cried, “where each may list,  
But when I call you to assist,  
Be present to my mind with speed,  
And aid me in the hour of need.”

To Ráma then they lowly bent,  
And round him in due reverence went,  
To his command, they answered, Yea,  
And as they came so went away.  
When thus the arms had homeward flown,  
With pleasant words and modest tone,  
E'en as he walked, the prince began  
To question thus the holy man:  
“What cloudlike wood is that which near  
The mountain's side I see appear?  
O tell me, for I long to know;  
Its pleasant aspect charms me so.  
Its glades are full of deer at play,  
And sweet birds sing on every spray,  
Past is the hideous wild; I feel  
So sweet a tremor o'er me steal,  
And hail with transport fresh and new  
A land that is so fair to view.  
Then tell me all, thou holy Sage,  
And whose this pleasant hermitage  
In which those wicked ones delight  
To mar and kill each holy rite.  
And with foul heart and evil deed  
Thy sacrifice, great Saint, impede.  
To whom, O Sage, belongs this land  
In which thine altars ready stand!  
'Tis mine to guard them, and to slay  
The giants who the rites would stay.  
All this, O best of saints, I burn  
From thine own lips, my lord, to learn.”

Canto XXXI. The Perfect Hermitage.

Thus spoke the prince of boundless might,  
 And thus replied the anchorite:  
 “Chief of the mighty arm, of yore  
 Lord Vishṇu whom the Gods adore,  
 For holy thought and rites austere  
 Of penance made his dwelling here.  
 This ancient wood was called of old  
 Grove of the Dwarf, the mighty-souled,  
 And when perfection he attained  
 The grove the name of Perfect gained.  
 Bali of yore, Virochan's son,  
 Dominion over Indra won,  
 And when with power his proud heart swelled,  
 O'er the three worlds his empire held.  
 When Bali then began a rite,  
 The Gods and Indra in affright  
 Sought Vishṇu in this place of rest,  
 And thus with prayers the God addressed:  
 “Bali. Virochan's mighty son,  
 His sacrifice has now begun:  
 Of boundless wealth, that demon king  
 Is bounteous to each living thing.  
 Though suppliants flock from every side  
 The suit of none is e'er denied.  
 Whate'er, where'er howe'er the call,  
 He hears the suit and gives to all.  
 Now with thine own illusive art  
 Perform, O Lord, the helper's part:  
 Assume a dwarfish form, and thus  
 From fear and danger rescue us.”<sup>167</sup>

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<sup>167</sup> I omit, after this line, eight *slokas* which, as Schlegel allows, are quite out of place.

Thus in their dread the Immortals sued:  
 The God a dwarflike shape indued:<sup>168</sup>  
 Before Virochan's son he came,  
 Three steps of land his only claim.  
 The boon obtained, in wondrous wise  
 Lord Vishṇu's form increased in size;  
 Through all the worlds, tremendous, vast,  
 God of the Triple Step, he passed.<sup>169</sup>  
 The whole broad earth from side to side  
 He measured with one mighty stride,  
 Spanned with the next the firmament,  
 And with the third through heaven he went.  
 Thus was the king of demons hurled  
 By Vishṇu to the nether world,  
 And thus the universe restored  
 To Indra's rule, its ancient lord.  
 And now because the immortal God  
 This spot in dwarflike semblance trod,  
 The grove has aye been loved by me  
 For reverence of the devotee.  
 But demons haunt it, prompt to stay  
 Each holy offering I would pay.  
 Be thine, O lion-lord, to kill  
 These giants that delight in ill.  
 This day, beloved child, our feet  
 Shall rest within the calm retreat:  
 And know, thou chief of Raghu's line,  
 My hermitage is also thine.”

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<sup>168</sup> This is the fifth of the *avatārs*, descents or incarnations of Vishṇu.

<sup>169</sup> This is a solar allegory. Vishṇu is the sun, the three steps being his rising, culmination, and setting.

He spoke; and soon the anchorite,  
With joyous looks that beamed delight,  
With Ráma and his brother stood  
Within the consecrated wood.  
Soon as they saw the holy man,  
With one accord together ran  
The dwellers in the sacred shade,  
And to the saint their reverence paid,  
And offered water for his feet,  
The gift of honour and a seat;  
And next with hospitable care  
They entertained the princely pair.  
The royal tamers of their foes  
Rested awhile in sweet repose:  
Then to the chief of hermits sued  
Standing in suppliant attitude:  
“Begin, O best of saints, we pray,  
Initiatory rites to-day.  
This Perfect Grove shall be anew  
Made perfect, and thy words be true.”

Then, thus addressed, the holy man,  
The very glorious sage, began  
The high preliminary rite.  
Restraining sense and appetite.  
Calmly the youths that night reposed,  
And rose when morn her light disclosed,  
Their morning worship paid, and took  
Of lustral water from the brook.  
Thus purified they breathed the prayer,  
Then greeted Viśvámitra where  
As celebrant he sate beside  
The flame with sacred oil supplied.

## Canto XXXII. Visvámitra's Sacrifice.

That conquering pair, of royal race,  
 Skilled to observe due time and place,  
 To Kuśik's hermit son addressed,  
 In timely words, their meet request:  
 "When must we, lord, we pray thee tell,  
 Those Rovers of the Night repel?  
 Speak, lest we let the moment fly,  
 And pass the due occasion by."  
 Thus longing for the strife, they prayed,  
 And thus the hermits answer made:  
 "Till the fifth day be come and past,  
 O Raghu's sons, your watch must last.  
 The saint his Dikshá<sup>170</sup> has begun,  
 And all that time will speak to none."  
 Soon as the steadfast devotees  
 Had made reply in words like these,  
 The youths began, disdaining sleep,  
 Six days and nights their watch to keep.  
 The warrior pair who tamed the foe,  
 Unrivalled benders of the bow,  
 Kept watch and ward unwearyed still  
 To guard the saint from scathe and ill.  
 'Twas now the sixth returning day,  
 The hour foretold had past away.  
 Then Ráma cried: "O Lakshmaṇ, now  
 Firm, watchful, resolute be thou.  
 The fiends as yet have kept afar  
 From the pure grove in which we are:  
 Yet waits us, ere the day shall close,  
 Dire battle with the demon foes."

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<sup>170</sup> Certain ceremonies preliminary to a sacrifice.

While thus spoke Ráma borne away  
 By longing for the deadly fray,  
 See! bursting from the altar came  
 The sudden glory of the flame.  
 Round priest and deacon, and upon  
 Grass, ladies, flowers, the splendour shone,  
 And the high rite, in order due,  
 With sacred texts began anew.  
 But then a loud and fearful roar  
 Re-echoed through the sky;  
 And like vast clouds that shadow o'er  
 The heavens in dark July,  
 Involved in gloom of magic might  
 Two fiends rushed on amain,  
 Márícha, Rover of the Night,  
 Suváhu, and their train.  
 As on they came in wild career  
 Thick blood in rain they shed;  
 And Ráma saw those things of fear  
 Impending overhead.  
 Then soon as those accursed two  
 Who showered down blood be spied,  
 Thus to his brother brave and true  
 Spoke Ráma lotus-eyed:  
 "Now, Lakshmaṇ, thou these fiends shalt see,  
 Man-eaters, foul of mind,  
 Before my mortal weapon flee  
 Like clouds before the wind."  
 He spoke. An arrow, swift as thought,  
 Upon his bow he pressed,  
 And smote, to utmost fury wrought,  
 Márícha on the breast.  
 Deep in his flesh the weapon lay  
 Winged by the mystic spell,

And, hurled a hundred leagues away,  
 In ocean's flood he fell.  
 Then Ráma, when he saw the foe  
     Convulsed and mad with pain  
 Neath the chill-pointed weapon's blow,  
     To Lakshmaṇ spoke again:  
 "See, Lakshmaṇ, see! this mortal dart  
     That strikes a numbing chill,  
 Hath struck him senseless with the smart,  
     But left him breathing still.  
 But these who love the evil way,  
     And drink the blood they spill,  
 Rejoicing holy rites to stay,  
     Fierce plagues, my hand shall kill."  
 He seized another shaft, the best,  
     Aglow with living flame;  
 It struck Suváhu on the chest,  
     And dead to earth he came.  
 Again a dart, the Wind-God's own,  
     Upon his string he laid,  
 And all the demons were o'erthrown,  
     The saints no more afraid.  
 When thus the fiends were slain in fight,  
 Disturbers of each holy rite,  
 Due honour by the saints was paid  
     To Ráma for his wondrous aid:  
 So Indra is adored when he  
     Has won some glorious victory.  
 Success at last the rite had crowned,  
 And Viśvámitra gazed around,  
     And seeing every side at rest,  
 The son of Raghu thus addressed:  
     "My joy, O Prince, is now complete:  
         Thou hast obeyed my will:

Perfect before, this calm retreat  
Is now more perfect still.”

## Canto XXXIII. The Sone.

Their task achieved, the princes spent  
That night with joy and full content.  
Ere yet the dawn was well displayed  
Their morning rites they duly paid,  
And sought, while yet the light was faint,  
The hermits and the mighty saint.  
They greeted first that holy sire  
Resplendent like the burning fire,  
And then with noble words began  
Their sweet speech to the sainted man:  
“Here stand, O Lord, thy servants true:  
Command what thou wouldest have us do.”

The saints, by Viśvámitra led,  
To Ráma thus in answer said:  
“Janak the king who rules the land  
Of fertile Míthilá has planned  
A noble sacrifice, and we  
Will thither go the rite to see.  
Thou, Prince of men, with us shalt go,  
And there behold the wondrous bow,  
Terrific, vast, of matchless might,  
Which, splendid at the famous rite,  
The Gods assembled gave the king.  
No giant, fiend, or God can string  
That gem of bows, no heavenly bard:

Then, sure, for man the task were hard.  
 When lords of earth have longed to know  
 The virtue of that wondrous bow,  
 The strongest sons of kings in vain  
 Have tried the mighty cord to strain.  
 This famous bow thou there shalt view,  
 And wondrous rites shalt witness too.  
 The high-souled king who lords it o'er  
 The realm of Míthilá of yore  
 Gained from the Gods this bow, the price  
 Of his imperial sacrifice.  
 Won by the rite the glorious prize  
 Still in the royal palace lies,  
 Laid up in oil of precious scent  
 With aloe-wood and incense blent."

Then Ráma answering, Be it so,  
 Made ready with the rest to go.  
 The saint himself was now prepared,  
 But ere beyond the grove he fared,  
 He turned him and in words like these  
 Addressed the sylvan deities:  
 "Farewell! each holy rite complete,  
 I leave the hermits' perfect seat:  
 To Gangá's northern shore I go  
 Beneath Himálaya's peaks of snow."  
 With reverent steps he paced around  
 The limits of the holy ground,  
 And then the mighty saint set forth  
 And took his journey to the north.  
 His pupils, deep in Scripture's page,  
 Followed behind the holy sage,  
 And servants from the sacred grove  
 A hundred wains for convoy drove.

The very birds that winged that air,  
 The very deer that harboured there,  
 Forsook the glade and leafy brake  
 And followed for the hermit's sake.  
 They travelled far, till in the west  
 The sun was speeding to his rest,  
 And made, their portioned journey o'er,  
 Their halt on Šona's<sup>171</sup> distant shore.  
 The hermits bathed when sank the sun,  
 And every rite was duly done,  
 Oblations paid to Fire, and then  
 Sate round their chief the holy men.  
 Ráma and Lakshmaṇ lowly bowed  
 In reverence to the hermit crowd,  
 And Ráma, having sate him down  
 Before the saint of pure renown,  
 With humble palms together laid  
 His eager supplication made:  
 “What country, O my lord, is this,  
 Fair-smiling in her wealth and bliss?  
 Deign fully, O thou mighty Seer,  
 To tell me, for I long to hear.”  
 Moved by the prayer of Ráma, he  
 Told forth the country's history.

[046]

## Canto XXXIV. Brahmadatta.

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<sup>171</sup> A river which rises in Budelcund and falls into the Ganges near Patna. It is called also *Hiranyaráhu*, Golden-armed, and *Hiranyaráha*, Auriferous.

“A king of Brahmá's seed who bore  
 The name of Kuśa reigned of yore.  
 Just, faithful to his vows, and true,  
 He held the good in honour due.  
 His bride, a queen of noble name,  
 Of old Vidarbha's<sup>172</sup> monarchs came.  
 Like their own father, children four,  
 All valiant boys, the lady bore.  
 In glorious deeds each nerve they strained,  
 And well their Warrior part sustained.  
 To them most just, and true, and brave,  
 Their father thus his counsel gave:  
 “Beloved children, ne'er forget  
 Protection is a prince's debt:  
 The noble work at once begin,  
 High virtue and her fruits to win.”  
 The youths, to all the people dear,  
 Received his speech with willing ear;  
 And each went forth his several way,  
 Foundations of a town to lay.  
 Kuśámba, prince of high renown,  
 Was builder of Kauśámbí's town,  
 And Kuśanábha, just and wise,  
 Bade high Mahodaya's towers arise.  
 Amúrtarajas chose to dwell  
 In Dharmáraṇya's citadel,  
 And Vasu bade his city fair  
 The name of Girivraja bear.<sup>173</sup>

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<sup>172</sup> The modern Berar.

<sup>173</sup> According to the Bengal recension the first (Kuśámba) is called Kuśásva, and his city Kauśásví. This name does not occur elsewhere. The reading of the northern recension is confirmed by Foê Kouê Ki; p. 385, where the city *Kiaoshangmi* is mentioned. It lay 500 *lis* to the south-west of *Prayága*, on the south bank of the Jumna. *Mahodaya* is another name of Kanyakubja: *Dharmáraṇya*, the wood to which the God of Justice is said to have fled

This fertile spot whereon we stand  
 Was once the high-souled Vasu's land.  
 Behold! as round we turn our eyes,  
 Five lofty mountain peaks arise.  
 See! bursting from her parent hill,  
 Sumágadhí, a lovely rill,  
 Bright gleaming as she flows between  
 The mountains, like a wreath is seen,  
 And then through Magadh's plains and groves  
 With many a fair mæander roves.  
 And this was Vasu's old domain,  
 The fertile Magadh's broad champaign,  
 Which smiling fields of tilth adorn  
 And diadem with golden corn.

The queen Ghritáchí, nymph most fair,  
 Married to Kuśanábha, bare  
 A hundred daughters, lovely-faced,  
 With every charm and beauty graced.  
 It chanced the maidens, bright and gay  
 As lightning-flashes on a day  
 Of rain time, to the garden went  
 With song and play and merriment,  
 And there in gay attire they strayed,  
 And danced, and laughed, and sang, and played.  
 The God of Wind who roves at will  
 All places, as he lists, to fill,  
 Saw the young maidens dancing there,  
 Of faultless shape and mien most fair.  
 “I love you all, sweet girls,” he cried,  
 “And each shall be my darling bride.  
 Forsake, forsake your mortal lot,

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through fear of Soma the Moon-God was in Magadh. Girivraja was in the same neighbourhood. See Lasson's I, A. Vol. I. p. 604.

And gain a life that withers not.  
 A fickle thing is youth's brief span,  
 And more than all in mortal man.  
 Receive unending youth, and be  
 Immortal, O my loves, with me.”

The hundred girls, to wonder stirred,  
 The wooing of the Wind-God heard,  
 Laughed, as a jest, his suit aside,  
 And with one voice they thus replied:  
 “O mighty Wind, free spirit who  
 All life pervadest, through and through,  
 Thy wondrous power we maidens know;  
 Then wherefore wilt thou mock us so?  
 Our sire is Kuśanábha, King;  
 And we, forsooth, have charms to bring  
 A God to woo us from the skies;  
 But honour first we maidens prize.  
 Far may the hour, we pray, be hence,  
 When we, O thou of little sense,  
 Our truthful father's choice refuse,  
 And for ourselves our husbands choose.  
 Our honoured sire our lord we deem,  
 He is to us a God supreme,  
 And they to whom his high decree  
 May give us shall our husbands be.”

He heard the answer they returned,  
 And mighty rage within him burned.  
 On each fair maid a blast he sent:  
 Each stately form he bowed and bent.  
 Bent double by the Wind-God's ire  
 They sought the palace of their sire,

There fell upon the ground with sighs,  
While tears and shame were in their eyes.  
The king himself, with troubled brow,  
Saw his dear girls so fair but now,  
A mournful sight all bent and bowed,  
And grieving thus he cried aloud:  
“What fate is this, and what the cause?  
What wretch has scorned all heavenly laws?  
Who thus your forms could curve and break?  
You struggle, but no answer make.”

They heard the speech of that wise king  
Of their misfortune questioning.  
Again the hundred maidens sighed,  
Touched with their heads his feet, and cried:  
“The God of Wind, pervading space,  
Would bring on us a foul disgrace,  
And choosing folly's evil way  
From virtue's path in scorn would stray.  
But we in words like these reproved  
The God of Wind whom passion moved:  
“Farewell, O Lord! A sire have we,  
No women uncontrolled and free.  
Go, and our sire's consent obtain  
If thou our maiden hands wouldst gain.  
No self-dependent life we live:  
If we offend, our fault forgive.”  
But led by folly as a slave,  
He would not hear the rede we gave,  
And even as we gently spoke  
We felt the Wind-God's crushing stroke.”

The pious king, with grief distressed,  
 The noble hundred thus addressed:  
 “With patience, daughters, bear your fate,  
 Yours was a deed supremely great  
 When with one mind you kept from shame  
 The honour of your father's name.  
 Patience, when men their anger vent,  
 Is woman's praise and ornament;  
 Yet when the Gods inflict the blow  
 Hard is it to support the woe.  
 Patience, my girls, exceeds all price:  
 'Tis alms, and truth, and sacrifice.  
 Patience is virtue, patience fame:  
 Patience upholds this earthly frame.  
 And now, I think, is come the time  
 To wed you in your maiden prime.  
 Now, daughters, go where'er you will:  
 Thoughts for your good my mind shall fill.”

The maidens went, consoled, away:  
 The best of kings, that very day,  
 Summoned his ministers of state  
 About their marriage to debate.  
 Since then, because the Wind-God bent  
 The damsels' forms for punishment,  
 That royal town is known to fame  
 By Kanyákubja's<sup>174</sup> borrowed name.

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<sup>174</sup> That is, the City of the Bent Virgins, the modern Kanauj or Canouge.

There lived a sage called Chúli then,  
 Devoutest of the sons of men;  
 His days in penance rites he spent,  
 A glorious saint, most continent.  
 To him absorbed in tasks austere  
 The child of Urmilá drew near,  
 Sweet Somadá, the heavenly maid  
 And lent the saint her pious aid.  
 Long time near him the maiden spent,  
 And served him meek and reverent,  
 Till the great hermit, pleased with her,  
 Thus spoke unto his minister:  
 “Grateful am I for all thy care:  
 Blest maiden, speak, thy wish declare.”  
 The sweet-voiced nymph rejoiced to see  
 The favour of the devotee,  
 And to that eloquent old man,  
 Most eloquent she thus began:  
 “Thou hast, by heavenly grace sustained,  
 Close union with the Godhead gained.  
 I long, O Saint, to see a son  
 By force of holy penance won.  
 Unwed, a maiden life I live:  
 A son to me, thy suppliant, give.”  
 The saint with favour heard her prayer,  
 And gave a son exceeding fair.  
 Him, Chúli's spiritual child,  
 His mother Brahmadatta<sup>175</sup> styled.  
 King Brahmadatta, rich and great,  
 In Kámpilí maintained his state,  
 Ruling, like Indra in his bliss,  
 His fortunate metropolis.

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<sup>175</sup> Literally, Given by *Brahma* or devout contemplation.

King Kuśanábha planned that he  
 His hundred daughters' lord should be.  
 To him, obedient to his call,  
 The happy monarch gave them all.  
 Like Indra then he took the hand  
 Of every maiden of the band.  
 Soon as the hand of each young maid  
 In Brahmadatta's palm was laid,  
 Deformity and cares away,  
 She shone in beauty bright and gay.  
 Their freedom from the Wind-God's might  
 Saw Kuśanábha with delight.  
 Each glance that on their forms he threw  
 Filled him with raptures ever new.  
 Then when the rites were all complete,  
 With highest marks of honour meet  
 The bridegroom with his brides he sent  
 To his great seat of government.

The nymph received with pleasant speech  
 Her daughters; and, embracing each,  
 Upon their forms she fondly gazed,  
 And royal Kuśanábha praised.

“The rites were o'er, the maids were wed,  
 The bridegroom to his home was sped.  
 The sonless monarch bade prepare  
 A sacrifice to gain an heir.  
 Then Kuśa, Brahmá's son, appeared,  
 And thus King Kuśanábha cheered:  
 “Thou shalt, my child, obtain a son  
 Like thine own self, O holy one.  
 Through him for ever, Gádhi named,  
 Shalt thou in all the worlds be famed.”  
 He spoke, and vanished from the sight  
 To Brahmá's world of endless light.  
 Time fled, and, as the saint foretold,  
 Gádhi was born, the holy-souled.  
 My sire was he; through him I trace  
 My line from royal Kuśa's race.  
 My sister—elder-born was she—  
 The pure and good Satyavatí,<sup>176</sup>  
 Was to the great Richíka wed.  
 Still faithful to her husband dead,  
 She followed him, most noble dame,  
 And, raised to heaven in human frame,  
 A pure celestial stream became.  
 Down from Himálaya's snowy height,  
 In floods for ever fair and bright,  
 My sister's holy waves are hurled  
 To purify and glad the world.  
 Now on Himálaya's side I dwell  
 Because I love my sister well.

<sup>176</sup> Now called Kośi (Cosy) corrupted from Kauśikí, daughter of Kuśa.

“This is one of those personifications of rivers so frequent in the Grecian mythology, but in the similar myths is seen the impress of the genius of each people, austere and profoundly religious in India, graceful and devoted to the worship of external beauty in Greece.” GORRESIO{FNS.

She, for her faith and truth renowned,  
Most loving to her husband found,  
High-fated, firm in each pure vow,  
Is queen of all the rivers now.  
Bound by a vow I left her side  
And to the Perfect convent hied.  
There, by the aid 'twas thine to lend,  
Made perfect, all my labours end.  
Thus, mighty Prince, I now have told  
My race and lineage, high and old,  
And local tales of long ago  
Which thou, O Ráma, fain wouldest know.  
As I have sate rehearsing thus  
The midnight hour is come on us.  
Now, Ráma, sleep, that nothing may  
Our journey of to-morrow stay.  
No leaf on any tree is stirred:  
Hushed in repose are beast and bird:  
Where'er you turn, on every side,  
Dense shades of night the landscape hide,  
The light of eve is fled: the skies,  
Thick-studded with their host of eyes,  
Seem a star-forest overhead,  
Where signs and constellations spread.  
Now rises, with his pure cold ray,  
The moon that drives the shades away,  
And with his gentle influence brings  
Joy to the hearts of living things.  
Now, stealing from their lairs, appear  
The beasts to whom the night is dear.  
Now spirits walk, and every power  
That revels in the midnight hour.”

The mighty hermit's tale was o'er,  
He closed his lips and spoke no more.  
The holy men on every side,  
“Well done! well done,” with reverence cried;  
“The mighty men of Kuśa's seed  
Were ever famed for righteous deed.  
Like Brahmá's self in glory shine  
The high-souled lords of Kuśa's line,  
And thy great name is sounded most,  
O Saint, amid the noble host.  
And thy dear sister—fairest she  
Of streams, the high-born Kauśikí—  
Diffusing virtue where she flows,  
New splendour on thy lineage throws.”  
Thus by the chief of saints addressed  
The son of Gádhi turned to rest;  
So, when his daily course is done,  
Sinks to his rest the beaming sun.  
Ráma with Lakshman, somewhat stirred  
To marvel by the tales they heard,  
Turned also to his couch, to close  
His eyelids in desired repose.

## Canto XXXVI. The Birth Of Gangá.

The hours of night now waning fast  
On Šona's pleasant shore they passed.  
Then, when the dawn began to break,  
To Ráma thus the hermit spake:  
“The light of dawn is breaking clear,  
The hour of morning rites is near.

Rise, Ráma, rise, dear son, I pray,  
And make thee ready for the way.”

Then Ráma rose, and finished all  
His duties at the hermit's call,  
Prepared with joy the road to take,  
And thus again in question spake:  
“Here fair and deep the Śona flows,  
And many an isle its bosom shows:  
What way, O Saint, will lead us o'er  
And land us on the farther shore?”  
The saint replied: “The way I choose  
Is that which pious hermits use.”  
[049]
 For many a league they journeyed on  
Till, when the sun of mid-day shone,  
The hermit-haunted flood was seen  
Of Jáhnaví,<sup>177</sup> the Rivers' Queen.  
Soon as the holy stream they viewed,  
Thronged with a white-winged multitude  
Of sárases<sup>178</sup> and swans,<sup>179</sup> delight  
Possessed them at the lovely sight;  
And then prepared the hermit band  
To halt upon that holy strand.  
They bathed as Scripture bids, and paid  
Oblations due to God and shade.  
To Fire they burnt the offerings meet,  
And sipped the oil, like Amrit sweet.  
Then pure and pleased they sate around  
Saint Viśvámitra on the ground.  
The holy men of lesser note,

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<sup>177</sup> One of the names of the Ganges considered as the daughter of Jahnu. See Canto XLIV.

<sup>178</sup> The Indian Crane.

<sup>179</sup> Or, rather, geese.

In due degree, sate more remote,  
While Raghu's sons took nearer place  
By virtue of their rank and race.  
Then Ráma said: "O Saint, I yearn  
The three-pathed Gangá's tale to learn."

Thus urged, the sage recounted both  
The birth of Gangá and her growth:  
"The mighty hill with metals stored,  
Himálaya, is the mountains' lord,  
The father of a lovely pair  
Of daughters fairest of the fair:  
Their mother, offspring of the will  
Of Meru, everlasting hill,  
Mená, Himálaya's darling, graced  
With beauty of her dainty waist.  
Gangá was elder-born: then came  
The fair one known by Umá's name.  
Then all the Gods of heaven, in need  
Of Gangá's help their vows to speed,  
To great Himálaya came and prayed  
The mountain King to yield the maid.  
He, not regardless of the weal  
Of the three worlds, with holy zeal  
His daughter to the Immortals gave,  
Gangá whose waters cleanse and save,  
Who roams at pleasure, fair and free,  
Purging all sinners, to the sea.  
The three-pathed Gangá thus obtained,  
The Gods their heavenly homes regained.  
Long time the sister Umá passed  
In vows austere and rigid fast,  
And the king gave the devotee

Immortal Rudra's<sup>180</sup> bride to be,  
 Matching with that unequalled Lord  
 His Umá through the worlds adored.  
 So now a glorious station fills  
 Each daughter of the King of Hills:  
 One honoured as the noblest stream,  
 One mid the Goddesses supreme.  
 Thus Gangá, King Himálaya's child,  
 The heavenly river, undefiled,  
 Rose bearing with her to the sky  
 Her waves that bless and purify."

[I am compelled to omit Cantos XXXVII and XXXVIII, THE GLORY OF UMÁ, and THE BIRTH OF KÁRTIKEYA, as both in subject and language offensive to modern taste. They will be found in Schlegel's Latin translation.]

## Canto XXXIX. The Sons Of Sagar.

The saint in accents sweet and clear  
 Thus told his tale for Ráma's ear,  
 And thus anew the holy man  
 A legend to the prince began:  
 "There reigned a pious monarch o'er  
 Ayodhyá in the days of yore:  
 Sagar his name: no child had he,  
 And children much he longed to see.  
 His honoured consort, fair of face,  
 Sprang from Vidarbha's royal race,  
 Keśini, famed from early youth

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<sup>180</sup> A name of the God Śiva.

For piety and love of truth.  
 Aríshṭanemi's daughter fair,  
 With whom no maiden might compare  
 In beauty, though the earth is wide,  
 Sumati, was his second bride.  
 With his two queens afar he went,  
 And weary days in penance spent,  
 Fervent, upon Himálaya's hill  
 Where springs the stream called Bhrigu' rill.  
 Nor did he fail that saint to please  
 With his devout austerities.  
 And, when a hundred years had fled,  
 Thus the most truthful Bhrigu said:  
 "From thee, O Sagar, blameless King,  
 A mighty host of sons shall spring,  
 And thou shalt win a glorious name  
 Which none, O Chief, but thou shall claim.  
 One of thy queens a son shall bear,  
 Maintainer of thy race and heir;  
 And of the other there shall be  
 Sons sixty thousand born to thee."

Thus as he spake, with one accord,  
 To win the grace of that high lord,  
 The queens, with palms together laid,  
 In humble supplication prayed:  
 "Which queen, O Bráhman, of the pair,  
 The many, or the one shall bear?  
 Most eager, Lord, are we to know,  
 And as thou sayest be it so."  
 With his sweet speech the saint replied:  
 "Yourselves, O Queens, the choice decide.  
 Your own discretion freely use  
 Which shall the one or many choose:

One shall the race and name uphold,  
 The host be famous, strong, and bold.  
 Which will have which?" Then Keśini  
 The mother of one heir would be.  
 Sumati, sister of the king<sup>181</sup>  
 Of all the birds that ply the wing,  
 To that illustrious Bráhman sued  
 That she might bear the multitude  
 Whose fame throughout the world should sound  
 For mighty enterprise renowned.  
 Around the saint the monarch went,  
 Bowing his head, most reverent.  
 Then with his wives, with willing feet,  
 Resought his own imperial seat.  
 Time passed. The elder consort bare  
 A son called Asamanj, the heir.  
 Then Sumati, the younger, gave  
 Birth to a gourd,<sup>182</sup> O hero brave,  
 Whose rind, when burst and cleft in two,  
 Gave sixty thousand babes to view.  
 All these with care the nurses laid  
 In jars of oil; and there they stayed,  
 Till, youthful age and strength complete,  
 Forth speeding from each dark retreat,  
 All peers in valour, years, and might,  
 The sixty thousand came to light.  
 Prince Asamanj, brought up with care,  
 Scourge of his foes, was made the heir.  
 But liegemen's boys he used to cast  
 To Sarjú's waves that hurried past,  
 Laughing the while in cruel glee

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<sup>181</sup> Garuḍa.

<sup>182</sup> Ikshváku, the name of a king of Ayodhyá who is regarded as the founder of the Solar race, means also a *gourd*. Hence, perhaps, the myth.

Their dying agonies to see.  
This wicked prince who aye withstood  
The counsel of the wise and good,  
Who plagued the people in his hate,  
His father banished from the state.  
His son, kind-spoken, brave, and tall,  
Was Anśumán, beloved of all.

Long years flew by. The king decreed  
To slay a sacrificial steed.  
Consulting with his priestly band  
He vowed the rite his soul had planned,  
And, Veda skilled, by their advice  
Made ready for the sacrifice.

## Canto XL. The Cleaving Of The Earth.

The hermit ceased: the tale was done:  
Then in a transport Raghu's son  
Again addressed the ancient sire  
Resplendent as a burning fire:  
“O holy man, I fain would hear  
The tale repeated full and clear  
How he from whom my sires descend  
Brought the great rite to happy end.”  
The hermit answered with a smile:  
“Then listen, son of Raghu, while  
My legendary tale proceeds  
To tell of high-souled Sagar's deeds.  
Within the spacious plain that lies  
From where Himálaya's heights arise

To where proud Vindhya's rival chain  
 Looks down upon the subject plain—  
 A land the best for rites declared<sup>183</sup>.

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His sacrifice the king prepared.  
 And Anśumán the prince—for so  
 Sagar advised—with ready bow  
 Was borne upon a mighty car  
 To watch the steed who roamed afar.  
 But Indra, monarch of the skies,  
 Veiling his form in demon guise,  
 Came down upon the appointed day  
 And drove the victim horse away.  
 Reft of the steed the priests, distressed,  
 The master of the rite addressed:  
 “Upon the sacred day by force  
 A robber takes the victim horse.  
 Haste, King! now let the thief be slain;  
 Bring thou the charger back again:  
 The sacred rite prevented thus  
 Brings scathe and woe to all of us.  
 Rise, monarch, and provide with speed  
 That naught its happy course impede.”

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<sup>183</sup> “The region here spoken of is called in the Laws of Manu *Madhyadeśa* or the middle region. ‘The region situated between the Himálaya and the Vindhya Mountains ... is called *Madhyadeśa*, or the middle region; the space comprised between these two mountains from the eastern to the western sea is called by sages Áryávarṭta, *the seat of honourable men.*’ (MANU{FNS, II, 21, 22.) The Sanskrit Indians called themselves Áryans, which means *honourable, noble,* to distinguish themselves from the surrounding nations of different origin.” GORRESIO{FNS

King Sagar in his crowded court  
Gave ear unto the priests' report.  
He summoned straightway to his side  
His sixty thousand sons, and cried:  
“Brave sons of mine, I knew not how  
These demons are so mighty now:  
The priests began the rite so well  
All sanctified with prayer and spell.  
If in the depths of earth he hide,  
Or lurk beneath the ocean's tide,  
Pursue, dear sons, the robber's track;  
Slay him and bring the charger back.  
The whole of this broad earth explore,  
Sea-garlanded, from shore to shore:  
Yea, dig her up with might and main  
Until you see the horse again.  
Deep let your searching labour reach,  
A league in depth dug out by each.  
The robber of our horse pursue,  
And please your sire who orders you.  
My grandson, I, this priestly train,  
Till the steed comes, will here remain.”

[051]

Their eager hearts with transport burned  
As to their task the heroes turned.  
Obedient to their father, they  
Through earth's recesses forced their way.  
With iron arms' unflinching toil  
Each dug a league beneath the soil.  
Earth, cleft asunder, groaned in pain,  
As emulous they plied amain  
Sharp-pointed coulter, pick, and bar,  
Hard as the bolts of Indra are.  
Then loud the horrid clamour rose

Of monsters dying neath their blows,  
 Giant and demon, fiend and snake,  
 That in earth's core their dwelling make.  
 They dug, in ire that naught could stay,  
 Through sixty thousand leagues their way,  
 Cleaving the earth with matchless strength  
 Till hell itself they reached at length.  
 Thus digging searched they Jambudvip<sup>184</sup>  
 With all its hills and mountains steep.  
 Then a great fear began to shake  
 The heart of God, bard, fiend, and snake,  
 And all distressed in spirit went  
 Before the Sire Omnipotent.  
 With signs of woe in every face  
 They sought the mighty Father's grace,  
 And trembling still and ill at ease  
 Addressed their Lord in words like these:  
 "The sons of Sagar, Sire benign,  
 Pierce the whole earth with mine on mine,  
 And as their ruthless work they ply  
 Innumerable creatures die.  
 "This is the thief," the princes say,  
 "Who stole our victim steed away.  
 This marred the rite, and caused us ill,  
 And so their guiltless blood they spill."

## Canto XLI. Kapil.

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<sup>184</sup> Said to be so called from the Jambu, or Rose Apple, abounding in it, and signifying according to the Puráñas the central division of the world, the known world.

The father lent a gracious ear  
 And listened to their tale of fear,  
 And kindly to the Gods replied  
 Whom woe and death had terrified:  
 “The wisest Vásudeva,<sup>185</sup> who  
 The Immortals' foe, fierce Madhu, slew,  
 Regards broad Earth with love and pride  
 And guards, in Kapil's form, his bride.<sup>186</sup>  
 His kindled wrath will quickly fall  
 On the king's sons and burn them all.  
 This cleaving of the earth his eye  
 Foresaw in ages long gone by:  
 He knew with prescient soul the fate  
 That Sagar's children should await.”

The Three-and-thirty,<sup>187</sup> freed from fear,  
 Sought their bright homes with hopeful cheer.  
 Still rose the great tempestuous sound  
 As Sagar's children pierced the ground.  
 When thus the whole broad earth was cleft,  
 And not a spot unsearched was left,

<sup>185</sup> Here used as a name of Vishṇu.

<sup>186</sup> Kings are called the husbands of their kingdoms or of the earth; “She and his kingdom were his only brides.” *Raghuvanaśa*.

“Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate  
 A double marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,  
 And then between me and my married wife.”

King Richard II. Act V. Sc. I.

<sup>187</sup> The thirty-three Gods are said in the *Aitareya Bráhmaṇa*, Book I. ch. II. 10. to be the eight Vasus, the eleven Rudras, the twelve Ádityas, Prajápati, either Brahmá or Daksha, and Vashatkára or deified oblation. This must have been the actual number at the beginning of the Vedic religion gradually increased by successive mythical and religious creations till the Indian Pantheon was crowded with abstractions of every kind. Through the reverence with which the words of the Veda were regarded, the immense host of multiplied divinities, in later times, still bore the name of the Thirty-three Gods.

Back to their home the princes sped,  
 And thus unto their father said:  
 “We searched the earth from side to side,  
 While countless hosts of creatures died.  
 Our conquering feet in triumph trod  
 On snake and demon, fiend and God;  
 But yet we failed, with all our toil,  
 To find the robber and the spoil.  
 What can we more? If more we can,  
 Devise, O King, and tell thy plan.”

His children's speech King Sagar heard,  
 And answered thus, to anger stirred:  
 “Dig on, and ne'er your labour stay  
 Till through earth's depths you force your way.  
 Then smite the robber dead, and bring  
 The charger back with triumphing.”  
 [052] The sixty thousand chiefs obeyed:  
 Deep through the earth their way they made.  
 Deep as they dug and deeper yet  
 The immortal elephant they met,  
 Famed Vírúpáksha<sup>188</sup> vast of size,  
 Upon whose head the broad earth lies:  
 The mighty beast who earth sustains

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<sup>188</sup> “One of the elephants which, according to an ancient belief popular in India, supported the earth with their enormous backs; when one of these elephants shook his wearied head the earth trembled with its woods and hills. An idea, or rather a mythical fancy, similar to this, but reduced to proportions less grand, is found in Virgil when he speaks of Enceladus buried under Ætna.”

“adi semiustum fulmine corpus  
 Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Ætnam  
 Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare caminis;  
 Et fessum quoties mutat latus, intre mere omnem  
 iam, et cœlum subtexere fumo.”

Æneid. Lib. III. GORRESIO{FNS.

With shaggy hills and wooded plains.  
When, with the changing moon, distressed,  
And longing for a moment's rest,  
His mighty head the monster shakes,  
Earth to the bottom reels and quakes.  
Around that warder strong and vast  
With reverential steps they passed.  
Nor, when the honour due was paid,  
Their downward search through earth delayed.  
But turning from the east aside  
Southward again their task they plied.  
There Mahápadma held his place,  
The best of all his mighty race,  
Like some huge hill, of monstrous girth,  
Upholding on his head the earth.  
When the vast beast the princes saw,  
They marvelled and were filled with awe.  
The sons of high-souled Sagar round  
That elephant in reverence wound.  
Then in the western region they  
With might unwearied cleft their way.  
There saw they with astonish't eyes  
Saumanas, beast of mountain size.  
Round him with circling steps they went  
With greetings kind and reverent.

On, on—no thought of rest or stay—  
 They reached the seat of Soma's sway.  
 There saw they Bhadra, white as snow,  
 With lucky marks that fortune show,  
 Bearing the earth upon his head.  
 Round him they paced with solemn tread,  
 And honoured him with greetings kind,  
 Then downward yet their way they minded.  
 They gained the tract 'twixt east and north  
 Whose fame is ever blazoned forth,<sup>189</sup>  
 And by a storm of rage impelled,  
 Digging through earth their course they held.

Then all the princes, lofty-souled,  
 Of wondrous vigour, strong and bold,  
 Saw Vásudeva<sup>190</sup> standing there  
 In Kapil's form he loved to wear,  
 And near the everlasting God  
 The victim charger cropped the sod.  
 They saw with joy and eager eyes  
 The fancied robber and the prize,  
 And on him rushed the furious band  
 Crying aloud, Stand, villain! stand!  
 “Avaunt! avaunt!” great Kapil cried,  
 His bosom flush'd with passion's tide;

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<sup>189</sup> “The Devas and Asuras (Gods and Titans) fought in the east, the south, the west, and the north, and the Devas were defeated by the Asuras in all these directions. They then fought in the north-eastern direction; there the Devas did not sustain defeat. This direction is *aparājītā*, i.e. unconquerable. Thence one should do work in this direction, and have it done there; for such a one (alone) is able to clear off his debts.” HAUG'S{FNS *Aitareya Bráhmanam*, Vol. II, p. 33.

The debts here spoken of are a man's religious obligations to the Gods, the Pitaras or Manes, and men.

<sup>190</sup> Vishnu.

Then by his might that proud array  
All scorcht to heaps of ashes lay.<sup>191</sup>

## Canto XLII. Sagar's Sacrifice.

Then to the prince his grandson, bright  
With his own fame's unborrowed light,  
King Sagar thus began to say,  
Marvelling at his sons' delay:  
“Thou art a warrior skilled and bold,  
Match for the mighty men of old.  
Now follow on thine uncles' course  
And track the robber of the horse.  
To guard thee take thy sword and bow,  
for huge and strong are beasts below.  
There to the reverend reverence pay,  
And kill the foes who check thy way;  
Then turn successful home and see  
My sacrifice complete through thee.”

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<sup>191</sup> “It appears to me that this mythical story has reference to the volcanic phenomena of nature. Kapil may very possibly be that hidden fiery force which suddenly unprisons itself and bursts forth in volcanic effects. Kapil is, moreover, one of the names of Agni the God of Fire.” GORRESIO{FNS.

Obedient to the high-souled lord  
 Grasped Anśumán his bow and sword,  
 And hurried forth the way to trace  
 With youth and valour's eager pace.  
 On sped he by the path he found  
 Dug by his uncles underground.  
 The warder elephant he saw  
 Whose size and strength pass Nature's law,  
 Who bears the world's tremendous weight,  
 Whom God, fiend, giant venerate,  
 Bird, serpent, and each flitting shade,  
 To him the honour meet he paid  
 With circling steps and greeting due,  
 And further prayed him, if he knew,  
 To tell him of his uncles' weal,  
 And who had dared the horse to steal.  
 To him in war and council tried  
 The warder elephant replied:  
 "Thou, son of Asamanj, shalt lead  
 In triumph back the rescued steed."

As to each warder beast he came  
 And questioned all, his words the same,  
 The honoured youth with gentle speech  
 Drew eloquent reply from each,  
 That fortune should his steps attend,  
 And with the horse he home should wend.  
 Cheered with the grateful answer, he  
 Passed on with step more light and free,  
 And reached with careless heart the place  
 Where lay in ashes Sagar's race.  
 Then sank the spirit of the chief  
 Beneath that shock of sudden grief,  
 And with a bitter cry of woe

He mourned his kinsmen fallen so.  
 He saw, weighed down by woe and care,  
 The victim charger roaming there.  
 Yet would the pious chieftain fain  
 Oblations offer to the slain:  
 But, needing water for the rite,  
 He looked and there was none in sight  
 His quick eye searching all around  
 The uncle of his kinsmen found,  
 King Garuḍ, best beyond compare  
 Of birds who wing the fields of air.  
 Then thus unto the weeping man  
 The son of Vinatá<sup>192</sup> began:  
 “Grieve not, O hero, for their fall  
 Who died a death approved of all.  
 Of mighty strength, they met their fate  
 By Kapil's hand whom none can mate.  
 Pour forth for them no earthly wave,  
 A holier flood their spirits crave.  
 If, daughter of the Lord of Snow,  
 Gangá would turn her stream below,  
 Her waves that cleanse all mortal stain  
 Would wash their ashes pure again.  
 Yea, when her flood whom all revere  
 Rolls o'er the dust that moulders here,  
 The sixty thousand, freed from sin,  
 A home in Indra's heaven shall win.  
 Go, and with ceaseless labour try  
 To draw the Goddess from the sky.  
 Return, and with thee take the steed;  
 So shall thy grandsire's rite succeed.”

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<sup>192</sup> Garuḍ was the son of Kaśyap and Vinatá.

Prince Anśumán the strong and brave  
Followed the rede Suparna<sup>193</sup> gave.  
The glorious hero took the horse,  
And homeward quickly bent his course.  
Straight to the anxious king he hied,  
Whom lustral rites had purified,  
The mournful story to unfold  
And all the king of birds had told.  
The tale of woe the monarch heard,  
Nor longer was the rite deferred:  
With care and just observance he  
Accomplished all, as texts decree.  
The rites performed, with brighter fame,  
Mighty in counsel, home he came.  
He longed to bring the river down,  
But found no plan his wish to crown.  
He pondered long with anxious thought  
But saw no way to what he sought.  
Thus thirty thousand years he spent,  
And then to heaven the monarch went.

### Canto XLIII. Bhagírath.

When Sagar thus had bowed to fate,  
The lords and commons of the state  
Approved with ready heart and will  
Prince Anśumán his throne to fill.  
He ruled, a mighty king, unblamed,  
Sire of Dilípa justly famed.

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<sup>193</sup> Garuḍ.

To him, his child and worthy heir,  
The king resigned his kingdom's care,  
And on Himálaya's pleasant side  
His task austere of penance plied.  
Bright as a God in clear renown  
He planned to bring pure Gangá down.  
There on his fruitless hope intent  
Twice sixteen thousand years he spent,  
And in the grove of hermits stayed  
Till bliss in heaven his rites repaid.  
Dilípa then, the good and great,  
Soon as he learnt his kinsmen's fate,  
Bowed down by woe, with troubled mind,  
Pondering long no cure could find.  
“How can I bring,” the mourner sighed,  
“To cleanse their dust, the heavenly tide?  
How can I give them rest, and save  
Their spirits with the offered wave?”  
Long with this thought his bosom skilled  
In holy discipline was filled.  
A son was born, Bhagírath named,  
Above all men for virtue famed.  
Dilípa many a rite ordained,  
And thirty thousand seasons reigned.  
But when no hope the king could see  
His kinsmen from their woe to free,  
The lord of men, by sickness tried,  
Obeyed the law of fate, and died;  
He left the kingdom to his son,  
And gained the heaven his deeds had won.  
The good Bhagírath, royal sage,  
Had no fair son to cheer his age.  
He, great in glory, pure in will,  
Longing for sons was childless still.

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Then on one wish, one thought intent,  
 Planning the heavenly stream's descent,  
 Leaving his ministers the care  
 And burden of his state to bear,  
 Dwelling in far Gokarna<sup>194</sup> he  
 Engaged in long austerity.  
 With senses checked, with arms upraised,  
 Five fires<sup>195</sup> around and o'er him blazed.  
 Each weary month the hermit passed  
 Breaking but once his awful fast.  
 In winter's chill the brook his bed,  
 In rain, the clouds to screen his head.  
 Thousands of years he thus endured  
 Till Brahmá's favour was assured,  
 And the high Lord of living things  
 Looked kindly on his sufferings.  
 With trooping Gods the Sire came near  
 The king who plied his task austere:  
 "Blest Monarch, of a glorious race,  
 Thy fervent rites have won my grace.  
 Well hast thou wrought thine awful task:  
 Some boon in turn, O Hermit, ask."

Bhagírath, rich in glory's light,  
 The hero with the arm of might,  
 Thus to the Lord of earth and sky  
 Raised suppliant hands and made reply:  
 "If the great God his favour deigns,  
 And my long toil its fruit obtains,  
 Let Sagar's sons receive from me  
 Libations that they long to see.  
 Let Gangá with her holy wave

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<sup>194</sup> A famous and venerated region near the Malabar coast.

<sup>195</sup> That is four fires and the sun.

The ashes of the heroes lave,  
 That so my kinsmen may ascend  
 To heavenly bliss that ne'er shall end.  
 And give, I pray, O God, a son,  
 Nor let my house be all undone.  
 Sire of the worlds! be this the grace  
 Bestowed upon Ikshváku's race.”

The Sire, when thus the king had prayed,  
 In sweet kind words his answer made.  
 “High, high thy thought and wishes are,  
 Bhagírath of the mighty car!  
 Ikshváku's line is blest in thee,  
 And as thou prayest it shall be.  
 Gangá, whose waves in Swarga<sup>196</sup> flow,  
 Is daughter of the Lord of Snow.  
 Win Śiva that his aid be lent  
 To hold her in her mid descent,  
 For earth alone will never bear  
 Those torrents hurled from upper air;  
 And none may hold her weight but He,  
 The Trident wielding deity.”  
 Thus having said, the Lord supreme  
 Addressed him to the heavenly stream;  
 And then with Gods and Maruts<sup>197</sup> went  
 To heaven above the firmament.

## Canto XLIV. The Descent Of Gangá.

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<sup>196</sup> Heaven.

<sup>197</sup> Wind-Gods.

The Lord of life the skies regained:  
 The fervent king a year remained  
 With arms upraised, refusing rest  
 While with one toe the earth he pressed,  
 Still as a post, with sleepless eye,  
 The air his food, his roof the sky.  
 The year had past. Then Umá's lord,<sup>198</sup>  
 King of creation, world adored,  
 Thus spoke to great Bhagírath: "I,  
 Well pleased thy wish will gratify,  
 And on my head her waves shall fling  
 The daughter of the Mountains' King!"

He stood upon the lofty crest  
 That crowns the Lord of Snow,  
 And bade the river of the Blest  
 Descend on earth below.  
 Himálaya's child, adored of all,  
 The haughty mandate heard,  
 And her proud bosom, at the call,  
 With furious wrath was stirred.  
 Down from her channel in the skies  
 With awful might she sped  
 With a giant's rush, in a giant's size,  
 On Śiva's holy head.  
 "He calls me," in her wrath she cried,  
 "And all my flood shall sweep  
 And whirl him in its whelming tide  
 To hell's profoundest deep."  
 He held the river on his head,  
 And kept her wandering, where,  
 Dense as Himálaya's woods, were spread  
 The tangles of his hair.

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<sup>198</sup> Śiva.

No way to earth she found, ashamed,  
 Though long and sore she strove,  
 Condemned, until her pride were tamed,  
 Amid his locks to rove.  
 There, many lengthening seasons through,  
 The wildered river ran:  
 Bhagírath saw it, and anew  
 His penance dire began.  
 Then Śiva, for the hermit's sake,  
 Bade her long wanderings end,  
 And sinking into Vindu's lake  
 Her weary waves descend.  
 From Gangá, by the God set free,  
 Seven noble rivers came;  
 Hládiní, Pávaní, and she  
 Called Naliní by name:  
 These rolled their lucid waves along  
 And sought the eastern side.  
 Suchakshu, Sítá fair and strong,  
 And Sindhu's mighty tide—<sup>199</sup>  
 These to the region of the west  
 With joyful waters sped:  
 The seventh, the brightest and the best,  
 Flowed where Bhagírath led.  
 On Śiva's head descending first  
 A rest the torrents found:  
 Then down in all their might they burst  
 And roared along the ground.  
 On countless glittering scales the beam  
 Of rosy morning flashed,

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<sup>199</sup> The lake Vindu does not exist. Of the seven rivers here mentioned two only, the Ganges and the Sindhu or Indus, are known to geographers. Hládiní means the Gladdener, Pávaní the Purifier, Naliní the Lotus-Clad, and Suchakshu the Fair-eyed.

Where fish and dolphins through the stream  
Fallen and falling dashed.  
Then bards who chant celestial lays  
And nymphs of heavenly birth  
Flocked round upon that flood to gaze  
That streamed from sky to earth.  
The Gods themselves from every sphere,  
Incomparably bright,  
Borne in their golden cars drew near  
To see the wondrous sight.  
The cloudless sky was all aflame  
With the light of a hundred suns  
Where'er the shining chariots came  
That bore those holy ones.  
So flashed the air with crested snakes  
And fish of every hue  
As when the lightning's glory breaks  
Through fields of summer blue.  
And white foam-clouds and silver spray  
Were wildly tossed on high,  
Like swans that urge their homeward way  
Across the autumn sky.  
Now ran the river calm and clear  
With current strong and deep:  
Now slowly broadened to a mere,  
Or scarcely seemed to creep.  
Now o'er a length of sandy plain  
Her tranquil course she held;  
Now rose her waves and sank again,  
By reflux waves repelled.  
So falling first on Šiva's head,  
Thence rushing to their earthly bed,  
In ceaseless fall the waters streamed,  
And pure with holy lustre gleamed.

Then every spirit, sage, and bard,  
Condemned to earth by sentence hard,  
Pressed eagerly around the tide  
That Śiva's touch had sanctified.  
Then they whom heavenly doom had hurled,  
Accursed, to this lower world,  
Touched the pure wave, and freed from sin  
Resought the skies and entered in.  
And all the world was glad, whereon  
The glorious water flowed and shone,  
For sin and stain were banished thence  
By the sweet river's influence.  
First, in a car of heavenly frame,  
The royal saint of deathless name,  
Bhagírath, very glorious rode,  
And after him fair Gangá flowed.  
God, sage, and bard, the chief in place  
Of spirits and the Nága race,  
Nymph, giant, fiend, in long array  
Sped where Bhagírath led the way;  
And all the hosts the flood that swim  
Followed the stream that followed him.  
Where'er the great Bhagírath led,  
There ever glorious Gangá fled,  
The best of floods, the rivers' queen,  
Whose waters wash the wicked clean.

It chanced that Jahnu, great and good,  
Engaged with holy offerings stood;  
The river spread her waves around  
Flooding his sacrificial ground.  
The saint in anger marked her pride,  
And at one draught her stream he dried.  
Then God, and sage, and bard, afraid,

To noble high-souled Jahnu prayed,  
 And begged that he would kindly deem  
 His own dear child that holy stream.  
 Moved by their suit, he soothed their fears  
 And loosed her waters from his ears.  
 Hence Gangá through the world is styled  
 Both Jáhnavi and Jahnu's child.  
 Then onward still she followed fast,  
 And reached the great sea bank at last.  
 Thence deep below her way she made  
 To end those rites so long delayed.  
 The monarch reached the Ocean's side,  
 And still behind him Gangá hied.  
 He sought the depths which open lay  
 Where Sagar's sons had dug their way.  
 So leading through earth's nether caves  
 The river's purifying waves,  
 Over his kinsmen's dust the lord  
 His funeral libation poured.  
 Soon as the flood their dust bedewed,  
 Their spirits gained beatitude,  
 And all in heavenly bodies dressed  
 Rose to the skies' eternal rest.

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Then thus to King Bhagírath said  
 Brahmá, when, coming at the head  
 Of all his bright celestial train,  
 He saw those spirits freed from stain:  
 "Well done! great Prince of men, well done!  
 Thy kinsmen bliss and heaven have won.  
 The sons of Sagar mighty-souled,  
 Are with the Blest, as Gods, enrolled,  
 Long as the Ocean's flood shall stand  
 Upon the border of the land,

So long shall Sagar's sons remain,  
And, godlike, rank in heaven retain.  
Gangá thine eldest child shall be,  
Called from thy name Bhágirathí;  
Named also—for her waters fell  
From heaven and flow through earth and hell—  
Tripathagá, stream of the skies,  
Because three paths she glorifies.  
And, mighty King, 'tis given thee now  
To free thee and perform thy vow.  
No longer, happy Prince, delay  
Drink-offerings to thy kin to pay.  
For this the holiest Sagar sighed,  
But mourned the boon he sought denied.  
Then Anúsumán, dear Prince! although  
No brighter name the world could show,  
Strove long the heavenly flood to gain  
To visit earth, but strove in vain.  
Nor was she by the sages' peer,  
Blest with all virtues, most austere,  
Thy sire Dilípa, hither brought,  
Though with fierce prayers the boon he sought.  
But thou, O King, earned success,  
And won high fame which God will bless.  
Through thee, O victor of thy foes,  
On earth this heavenly Gangá flows,  
And thou hast gained the meed divine  
That waits on virtue such as thine.  
Now in her ever holy wave  
Thyself, O best of heroes, lave:  
So shalt thou, pure from every sin,  
The blessed fruit of merit win.  
Now for thy kin who died of yore  
The meet libations duly pour.

Above the heavens I now ascend:  
Depart, and bliss thy steps attend.”

Thus to the mighty king who broke  
His foemens' might, Lord Brahmá spoke,  
And with his Gods around him rose  
To his own heaven of blest repose.  
The royal sage no more delayed,  
But, the libation duly paid,  
Home to his regal city hied  
With water cleansed and purified.  
There ruled he his ancestral state,  
Best of all men, most fortunate.  
And all the people joyed again  
In good Bhagírath's gentle reign.  
Rich, prosperous, and blest were they,  
And grief and sickness fled away.  
Thus, Ráma, I at length have told  
How Gangá came from heaven of old.  
Now, for the evening passes swift,  
I wish thee each auspicious gift.  
This story of the flood's descent  
Will give—for 'tis most excellent—  
Wealth, purity, fame, length of days,  
And to the skies its hearers raise”

Canto XLV. The Quest Of The Amrit.

High and more high their wonder rose  
 As the strange story reached its close,  
 And thus, with Lakshmaṇ, Ráma, best  
 Of Raghu's sons, the saint addressed:  
 "Most wondrous is the tale which thou  
 Hast told of heavenly Gangá, how  
 From realms above descending she  
 Flowed through the land and filled the sea.  
 In thinking o'er what thou hast said  
 The night has like a moment fled,  
 Whose hours in musing have been spent  
 Upon thy words most excellent:  
 So much, O holy Sage, thy lore  
 Has charmed us with this tale of yore."

Day dawned. The morning rites were done  
 And the victorious Raghu's son  
 Addressed the sage in words like these,  
 Rich in his long austerities:  
 "The night is past: the morn is clear;  
 Told is the tale so good to hear:  
 Now o'er that river let us go,  
 Three-pathed, the best of all that flow.  
 This boat stands ready on the shore  
 To bear the holy hermits o'er,  
 Who of thy coming warned, in haste,  
 The barge upon the bank have placed."

And Kuśik's son approved his speech,  
 And moving to the sandy beach,  
 Placed in the boat the hermit band,  
 And reached the river's further strand.  
 On the north bank their feet they set,  
 And greeted all the saints they met.

On Gangá's shore they lighted down,  
 And saw Viśálá's lovely town.  
 Thither, the princes by his side,  
 The best of holy hermits hied.  
 It was a town exceeding fair  
 That might with heaven itself compare.  
 Then, suppliant palm to palm applied,  
 Famed Ráma asked his holy guide:  
 “O best of hermits, say what race  
 Of monarchs rules this lovely place.  
 Dear master, let my prayer prevail,  
 For much I long to hear the tale.”  
 Moved by his words, the saintly man  
 Viśálá's ancient tale began:  
 “List, Ráma, list, with closest heed  
 The tale of Indra's wondrous deed,  
 And mark me as I truly tell  
 What here in ancient days befell.  
 Ere Krita's famous Age<sup>200</sup> had fled,  
 Strong were the sons of Diti<sup>201</sup> bred;  
 And Aditi's brave children too  
 Were very mighty, good, and true.  
 The rival brothers fierce and bold  
 Were sons of Kaśyap lofty-souled.  
 Of sister mothers born, they vied,  
 Brood against brood, in jealous pride.  
 Once, as they say, band met with band,  
 And, joined in awful council, planned  
 To live, unharmed by age and time,  
 Immortal in their youthful prime.  
 Then this was, after due debate,

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<sup>200</sup> The First or Golden Age.

<sup>201</sup> Diti and Aditi were wives of Kaśyap, and mothers respectively of Titans and Gods.

The counsel of the wise and great,  
 To churn with might the milky sea<sup>202</sup>  
 The life-bestowing drink to free.  
 This planned, they seized the Serpent King,  
 Vásuki, for their churning-string,  
 And Mandar's mountain for their pole,  
 And churned with all their heart and soul.  
 As thus, a thousand seasons through,  
 This way and that the snake they drew,  
 Biting the rocks, each tortured head,  
 A very deadly venom shed.  
 Thence, bursting like a mighty flame,  
 A pestilential poison came,  
 Consuming, as it onward ran,  
 The home of God, and fiend, and man.  
 Then all the suppliant Gods in fear  
 To Śankar,<sup>203</sup> mighty lord, drew near.  
 To Rudra, King of Herds, dismayed,  
 “Save us, O save us, Lord!” they prayed.  
 Then Vishṇu, bearing shell, and mace,  
 And discus, showed his radiant face,  
 And thus addressed in smiling glee  
 The Trident wielding deity:  
 “What treasure first the Gods upturn  
 From troubled Ocean, as they churn,  
 Should—for thou art the eldest—be  
 Conferred, O best of Gods, on thee.  
 Then come, and for thy birthright's sake,  
 This venom as thy first fruits take.”  
 He spoke, and vanished from their sight,  
 When Śiva saw their wild affright,  
 And heard his speech by whom is borne

<sup>202</sup> One of the seven seas surrounding as many worlds in concentric rings.

<sup>203</sup> Śankar and Rudra are names of Śiva.

The mighty bow of bending horn,<sup>204</sup>  
 The poisoned flood at once he quaffed  
 As 'twere the Amrit's heavenly draught.  
 Then from the Gods departing went  
 Śiva, the Lord pre-eminent.  
 The host of Gods and Asurs still  
 Kept churning with one heart and will.  
 But Mandar's mountain, whirling round,  
 Pierced to the depths below the ground.  
 Then Gods and bards in terror flew  
 To him who mighty Madhu slew.  
 "Help of all beings! more than all,  
 The Gods on thee for aid may call.  
 Ward off, O mighty-armed! our fate,  
 And bear up Mandar's threatening weight."  
 Then Vishṇu, as their need was sore,  
 The semblance of a tortoise wore,  
 And in the bed of Ocean lay  
 The mountain on his back to stay.  
 Then he, the soul pervading all,  
 Whose locks in radiant tresses fall,  
 One mighty arm extended still,  
 And grasped the summit of the hill.  
 So ranged among the Immortals, he  
 Joined in the churning of the sea.

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<sup>204</sup> "Śáringin, literally *carrying a bow of horn*, is a constantly recurring name of Vishṇu. The Indians also, therefore, knew the art of making bows out of the horns of antelopes or wild goats, which Homer ascribes to the Trojans of the heroic age." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

A thousand years had reached their close,  
 When calmly from the ocean rose  
 The gentle sage<sup>205</sup> with staff and can,  
 Lord of the art of healing man.  
 Then as the waters foamed and boiled,  
 As churning still the Immortals toiled,  
 Of winning face and lovely frame,  
 Forth sixty million fair ones came.  
 Born of the foam and water, these  
 Were aptly named Apsarases.<sup>206</sup>  
 Each had her maids. The tongue would fail—  
 So vast the throng—to count the tale.  
 But when no God or Titan wooed  
 A wife from all that multitude,  
 Refused by all, they gave their love  
 In common to the Gods above.  
 Then from the sea still vexed and wild  
 Rose Surá,<sup>207</sup> Varuṇ's maiden child.  
 A fitting match she sought to find:  
 But Diti's sons her love declined,

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<sup>205</sup> Dhanvantari, the physician of the Gods.

<sup>206</sup> The poet plays upon the word and fancifully derives it from *apsu*, the locative case plural of *ap*, water, and *rasa*, taste.... The word is probably derived from *ap*, water, and *sri*, to go, and seems to signify *inhabitants of the water*, nymphs of the stream; or, as Goldstücker thinks (Dict. s.v.) these divinities were originally personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the sun and form into mist or clouds.

<sup>207</sup> “Surá, in the feminine comprehends all sorts of intoxicating liquors, many kinds of which the Indians from the earliest times distilled and prepared from rice, sugar-cane, the palm tree, and various flowers and plants. Nothing is considered more disgraceful among orthodox Hindus than drunkenness, and the use of wine is forbidden not only to Bráhmans but the two other orders as well.... So it clearly appears derogatory to the dignity of the Gods to have received a nymph so pernicious, who ought rather to have been made over to the Titans. However the etymological fancy has prevailed. The word *Sura*, a God, is derived from the indeclinable *Swar* heaven.” SCHLEGEL{FNS.

Their kinsmen of the rival brood  
 To the pure maid in honour sued.  
 Hence those who loved that nymph so fair  
 The hallowed name of Suras bear.  
 And Asurs are the Titan crowd  
 Her gentle claims who disallowed.  
 Then from the foamy sea was freed  
 Uchchaihśravas,<sup>208</sup> the generous steed,  
 And Kaustubha, of gems the gem,<sup>209</sup>  
 And Soma, Moon God, after them.

At length when many a year had fled,  
 Up floated, on her lotus bed,  
 A maiden fair and tender-eyed,  
 In the young flush of beauty's pride.  
 She shone with pearl and golden sheen,  
 And seals of glory stamped her queen,  
 On each round arm glowed many a gem,  
 On her smooth brows, a diadem.  
 Rolling in waves beneath her crown  
 The glory of her hair flowed down,  
 Pearls on her neck of price untold,  
 The lady shone like burnish't gold.  
 Queen of the Gods, she leapt to land,  
 A lotus in her perfect hand,  
 And fondly, of the lotus-sprung,  
 To lotus-bearing Vishṇu clung.

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<sup>208</sup> Literally, high-eared, the horse of Indra. Compare the production of the horse from the sea by Neptune.

<sup>209</sup>

“And Kaustubha the best  
 Of gems that burns with living light  
 Upon Lord Vishṇu's breast.”

*Churning of the Ocean.*

Her Gods above and men below  
 As Beauty's Queen and Fortune know.<sup>210</sup>  
 Gods, Titans, and the minstrel train  
 Still churned and wrought the troubled main.  
 At length the prize so madly sought,  
 The Amrit, to their sight was brought.  
 For the rich spoil, 'twixt these and those  
 A fratricidal war arose,  
 And, host 'gainst host in battle, set,  
 Aditi's sons and Diti's met.  
 United, with the giants' aid,  
 Their fierce attack the Titans made,  
 And wildly raged for many a day  
 That universe-astounding fray.  
 When wearied arms were faint to strike,  
 And ruin threatened all alike,  
 Vishṇu, with art's illusive aid,  
 The Amrit from their sight conveyed.  
 That Best of Beings smote his foes  
 Who dared his deathless arm oppose:  
 Yea, Vishṇu, all-pervading God,  
 Beneath his feet the Titans trod  
 Aditi's race, the sons of light,  
 slew Diti's brood in cruel fight.

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<sup>210</sup> "That this story of the birth of Lakshmí is of considerable antiquity is evident from one of her names *Kshírábdhi-tanayá*, daughter of the Milky Sea, which is found in *Amarasinha* the most ancient of Indian lexicographers. The similarity to the Greek myth of Venus being born from the foam of the sea is remarkable."

"In this description of Lakshmí one thing only offends me, that she is said to have four arms. Each of Vishṇu's arms, single, as far as the elbow, there branches into two; but Lakshmí in all the brass seals that I possess or remember to have seen has two arms only. Nor does this deformity of redundant limbs suit the pattern of perfect beauty." SCHLEGEL{FNS. I have omitted the offensive epithet.

Then town-destroying<sup>211</sup> Indra gained  
 His empire, and in glory reigned  
 O'er the three worlds with bard and sage  
 Rejoicing in his heritage.

## Canto XLVI. Diti's Hope.

[059]

But Diti, when her sons were slain,  
 Wild with a childless mother's pain,  
 To Kaśyap spake, Marícha's son,  
 Her husband: "O thou glorious one!  
 Dead are the children, mine no more,  
 The mighty sons to thee I bore.  
 Long fervour's meed, I crave a boy  
 Whose arm may Indra's life destroy.  
 The toil and pain my care shall be:  
 To bless my hope depends on thee.  
 Give me a mighty son to slay  
 Fierce Indra, gracious lord! I pray."

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<sup>211</sup> Purandhar, a common title of Indra.

Then glorious Kaśyap thus replied  
To Diti, as she wept and sighed:  
“Thy prayer is heard, dear saint! Remain  
Pure from all spot, and thou shalt gain  
A son whose arm shall take the life  
Of Indra in the battle strife.  
For full a thousand years endure  
Free from all stain, supremely pure;  
Then shall thy son and mine appear,  
Whom the three worlds shall serve with fear.”  
These words the glorious Kaśyap said,  
Then gently stroked his consort's head,  
Blessed her, and bade a kind adieu,  
And turned him to his rites anew.  
Soon as her lord had left her side,  
Her bosom swelled with joy and pride.  
She sought the shade of holy boughs,  
And there began her awful vows.  
While yet she wrought her rites austere,  
Indra, unbidden, hastened near,  
With sweet observance tending her,  
A reverential minister.  
Wood, water, fire, and grass he brought,  
Sweet roots and woodland fruit he sought,  
And all her wants, the Thousand-eyed,  
With never-failing care, supplied,  
With tender love and soft caress  
Removing pain and weariness.

When, of the thousand years ordained,  
Ten only unfulfilled remained,  
Thus to her son, the Thousand-eyed,  
The Goddess in her triumph cried:  
“Best of the mighty! there remain

But ten short years of toil and pain;  
 These years of penance soon will flee,  
 And a new brother thou shalt see.  
 Him for thy sake I'll nobly breed,  
 And lust of war his soul shall feed;  
 Then free from care and sorrow thou  
 Shalt see the worlds before him bow.”<sup>212</sup>

## Canto XLVII. Sumati.

Thus to Lord Indra, Thousand-eyed,  
 Softly beseeching Diti sighed.  
 When but a blighted bud was left,  
 Which Indra's hand in seven had cleft:<sup>213</sup>  
 “No fault, O Lord of Gods, is thine;  
 The blame herein is only mine.  
 But for one grace I fain would pray,  
 As thou hast reft this hope away.  
 This bud, O Indra, which a blight  
 Has withered ere it saw the light—  
 From this may seven fair spirits rise  
 To rule the regions of the skies.  
 Be theirs through heaven's unbounded space

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<sup>212</sup> A few verses are here left untranslated on account of the subject and language being offensive to modern taste.

<sup>213</sup> “In this myth of Indra destroying the unborn fruit of Diti with his thunderbolt, from which afterwards came the Maruts or Gods of Wind and Storm, geological phenomena are, it seems, represented under mythical images. In the great Mother of the Gods is, perhaps, figured the dry earth: Indra the God of thunder rends it open, and there issue from its rent bosom the Maruts or exhalations of the earth. But such ancient myths are difficult to interpret with absolute certainty.” GORRESIO{FNS}.

On shoulders of the winds to race,  
 My children, drest in heavenly forms,  
 Far-famed as Maruts, Gods of storms.  
 One God to Brahmá's sphere assign,  
 Let one, O Indra, watch o'er thine;  
 And ranging through the lower air,  
 The third the name of Váyu<sup>214</sup> bear.  
 Gods let the four remaining be,  
 And roam through space, obeying thee."

The Town-destroyer, Thousand-eyed,  
 Who smote fierce Bali till he died,  
 Joined suppliant hands, and thus replied:  
 "Thy children heavenly forms shall wear;  
 The names devised by thee shall bear,  
 And, Maruts called by my decree,  
 Shall Amrit drink and wait on me.  
 From fear and age and sickness freed,  
 Through the three worlds their wings shall speed."

Thus in the hermits' holy shade  
 Mother and son their compact made,  
 And then, as fame relates, content,  
 Home to the happy skies they went.  
 This is the spot—so men have told—  
 Where Lord Mahendra<sup>215</sup> dwelt of old,  
 This is the blessed region where  
 His votaress mother claimed his care.  
 Here gentle Alambúshá bare  
 To old Ikshváku, king and sage,  
 Viśála, glory of his age,  
 By whom, a monarch void of guilt,  
 Was this fair town Viśálá built.

[060]

<sup>214</sup> Wind.<sup>215</sup> Indra, with *mahá*, great, prefixed.

His son was Hemachandra, still  
 Renowned for might and warlike skill.  
 From him the great Suchandra came;  
 His son, Dhúmráśva, dear to fame.  
 Next followed royal Srinjay; then  
 Famed Sahadeva, lord of men.  
 Next came Kuśáśva, good and mild,  
 Whose son was Somadatta styled,  
 And Sumati, his heir, the peer  
 Of Gods above, now governs here.  
 And ever through Ikshváku's grace,  
 Viśálá's kings, his noble race,  
 Are lofty-souled, and blest with length  
 Of days, with virtue, and with strength.  
 This night, O prince, we here will sleep;  
 And when the day begins to peep,  
 Our onward way will take with thee,  
 The king of Míhilá to see.”

Then Sumati, the king, aware  
 Of Viśvámitra's advent there,  
 Came quickly forth with honour meet  
 The lofty-minded sage to greet.  
 Girt with his priest and lords the king  
 Did low obeisance, worshipping,  
 With suppliant hands, with head inclined,  
 Thus spoke he after question kind;  
 “Since thou hast deigned to bless my sight,  
 And grace awhile thy servant's seat,  
 High fate is mine, great Anchorite,  
 And none may with my bliss compete.”

## Canto XLVIII. Indra And Ahalyá

When mutual courtesies had past,  
 Viśálá's ruler spoke at last:  
 "These princely youths, O Sage, who vie  
 In might with children of the sky,  
 Heroic, born for happy fate,  
 With elephants' or lions' gait,  
 Bold as the tiger or the bull,  
 With lotus eyes so large and full,  
 Armed with the quiver, sword, and bow,  
 Whose figures like the Aśvins<sup>216</sup> show,  
 Like children of the deathless Powers,  
 Come freely to these shades of ours,<sup>217</sup>—  
 How have they reached on foot this place?  
 What do they seek, and what their race?  
 As sun and moon adorn the sky,  
 This spot the heroes glorify.  
 Alike in stature, port, and mien,  
 The same fair form in each is seen,"

He spoke; and at the monarch's call  
 The best of hermits told him all,  
 How in the grove with him they dwelt,  
 And slaughter to the demons dealt.  
 Then wonder filled the monarch's breast,  
 Who tended well each royal guest.  
 Thus entertained, the princely pair  
 Remained that night and rested there,  
 And with the morn's returning ray  
 To Mithilá pursued their way.

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<sup>216</sup> The Heavenly Twins.

<sup>217</sup> Not banished from heaven as the inferior Gods and demigods sometimes were.

When Janak's lovely city first  
Upon their sight, yet distant, burst,  
The hermits all with joyful cries  
Hailed the fair town that met their eyes.  
Then Ráma saw a holy wood,  
Close, in the city's neighbourhood,  
O'ergrown, deserted, marked by age,  
And thus addressed the mighty sage:  
“O reverend lord. I long to know  
What hermit dwelt here long ago.”  
Then to the prince his holy guide,  
Most eloquent of men, replied:  
“O Ráma, listen while I tell  
Whose was this grove, and what befell  
When in the fury of his rage  
The high saint cursed the hermitage.  
This was the grove—most lovely then—  
Of Gautam, O thou best of men,  
Like heaven itself, most honoured by  
The Gods who dwell above the sky.  
Here with Ahalyá at his side  
His fervid task the ascetic plied.  
Years fled in thousands. On a day  
It chanced the saint had gone away,  
When Town-destroying Indra came,  
And saw the beauty of the dame.  
The sage's form the God endued,  
And thus the fair Ahalyá wooed:  
“Love, sweet! should brook no dull delay  
But snatch the moments when he may.”  
She knew him in the saint's disguise,  
Lord Indra of the Thousand Eyes,  
But touched by love's unholy fire,  
She yielded to the God's desire.

“Now, Lord of Gods!” she whispered, “flee,  
From Gautam save thyself and me.”  
Trembling with doubt and wild with dread  
Lord Indra from the cottage fled;  
But fleeing in the grove he met  
The home-returning anchoret,  
Whose wrath the Gods and fiends would shun,  
Such power his fervent rites had won.  
Fresh from the lustral flood he came,  
In splendour like the burning flame,  
With fuel for his sacred rites,  
And grass, the best of eremites.  
The Lord of Gods was sad of cheer  
To see the mighty saint so near,  
And when the holy hermit spied  
In hermit’s garb the Thousand-eyed,  
He knew the whole, his fury broke  
Forth on the sinner as he spoke:

“Because my form thou hast assumed,  
And wrought this folly, thou art doomed,  
For this my curse to thee shall cling,  
Henceforth a sad and sexless thing.”

[061]

No empty threat that sentence came,  
It chilled his soul and marred his frame,  
His might and godlike vigour fled,  
And every nerve was cold and dead.

Then on his wife his fury burst,  
And thus the guilty dame he cursed:  
“For countless years, disloyal spouse,  
Devoted to severest vows,  
Thy bed the ashes, air thy food,  
Here shalt thou live in solitude.

This lonely grove thy home shall be,  
 And not an eye thy form shall see.  
 When Ráma, Daśaratha's child,  
 Shall seek these shades then drear and wild,  
 His coming shall remove thy stain,  
 And make the sinner pure again.  
 Due honour paid to him, thy guest,  
 Shall cleanse thy fond and erring breast,  
 Thee to my side in bliss restore,  
 And give thy proper shape once more.”<sup>218</sup>

Thus to his guilty wife he said,  
 Then far the holy Gautam fled,  
 And on Himálaya's lovely heights  
 Spent the long years in sternest rites.”

## Canto XLIX. Ahalyá Freed.

Then Ráma, following still his guide,  
 Within the grove, with Lakshmaṇ, hied,  
 Her vows a wondrous light had lent  
 To that illustrious penitent.  
 He saw the glorious lady, screened  
 From eye of man, and God, and fiend,  
 Like some bright portent which the care

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<sup>218</sup> Kumárila says: “In the same manner, if it is said that Indra was the seducer of Ahalyá this does not imply that the God Indra committed such a crime, but Indra means the sun, and Ahalyá (from ahan and lá) the night; and as the night is seduced and ruined by the sun of the morning, therefore is Indra called the paramour of Ahalyá.” MAX MULLER{FNS, *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 530.

Of Brahmá launches through the air,  
Designed by his illusive art  
To flash a moment and depart:  
Or like the flame that leaps on high  
To sink involved in smoke and die:  
Or like the full moon shining through  
The wintry mist, then lost to view:  
Or like the sun's reflection, cast  
Upon the flood, too bright to last:  
So was the glorious dame till then  
Removed from Gods' and mortals' ken,  
Till—such was Gautam's high decree—  
Prince Ráma came to set her free.

Then, with great joy that dame to meet,  
The sons of Raghu clapped her feet;  
And she, remembering Gautam's oath,  
With gentle grace received them both;  
Then water for their feet she gave,  
Guest-gift, and all that strangers crave.

The prince, of courteous rule aware,  
Received, as meet, the lady's care.  
Then flowers came down in copious rain,  
And moving to the heavenly strain  
Of music in the skies that rang,  
The nymphs and minstrels danced and sang:  
And all the Gods with one glad voice  
Praised the great dame, and cried, "Rejoice!  
Through fervid rites no more defiled,  
But with thy husband reconciled."  
Gautam, the holy hermit knew—  
For naught escaped his godlike view—  
That Ráma lodged beneath that shade,

And hasting there his homage paid.  
 He took Ahalyá to his side,  
 From sin and folly purified,  
 And let his new-found consort bear  
 In his austerities a share.

Then Ráma, pride of Raghu's race,  
 Welcomed by Gautam, face to face,  
 Who every highest honour showed,  
 To Mithilá pursued his road.

## Canto L. Janak.

The sons of Raghu journeyed forth,  
 Bending their steps 'twixt east and north.  
 Soon, guided by the sage, they found,  
 Enclosed, a sacrificial ground.  
 Then to the best of saints, his guide,  
 In admiration Ráma cried:

“The high-souled king no toil has spared,  
 But nobly for his rite prepared,  
 How many thousand Bráhmans here,  
 From every region, far and near,  
 Well read in holy lore, appear!  
 How many tents, that sages screen,  
 With wains in hundreds, here are seen!  
 Great Bráhman, let us find a place  
 Where we may stay and rest a space.”  
 The hermit did as Ráma prayed,  
 And in a spot his lodging made,  
 Far from the crowd, sequestered, clear,  
 With copious water flowing near.

Then Janak, best of kings, aware  
Of Viśvámitra lodging there,  
With Śatánanda for his guide—  
The priest on whom he most relied,  
His chaplain void of guile and stain—  
And others of his priestly train,  
Bearing the gift that greets the guest,  
To meet him with all honour pressed.  
The saint received with gladsome mind  
Each honour and observance kind:  
Then of his health he asked the king,  
And how his rites were prospering,  
Janak, with chaplain and with priest,  
Addressed the hermits, chief and least,  
Accosting all, in due degree,  
With proper words of courtesy.  
Then, with his palms together laid,  
The king his supplication made:  
“Deign, reverend lord, to sit thee down  
With these good saints of high renown.”  
Then sate the chief of hermits there,  
Obedient to the monarch's prayer.  
Chaplain and priest, and king and peer,  
Sate in their order, far or near.  
Then thus the king began to say:  
“The Gods have blest my rite to-day,  
And with the sight of thee repaid  
The preparations I have made.  
Grateful am I, so highly blest,  
That thou, of saints the holiest,  
Hast come, O Bráhma, here with all  
These hermits to the festival.  
Twelve days, O Bráhma Sage, remain—  
For so the learned priests ordain—

And then, O heir of Kuśik's name,  
The Gods will come their dues to claim."

With looks that testified delight  
Thus spake he to the anchorite,  
Then with his suppliant hands upraised,  
He asked, as earnestly he gazed:  
"These princely youths, O Sage, who vie  
In might with children of the sky,  
Heroic, born for happy fate,  
With elephants' or lions' gait,  
Bold as the tiger and the bull,  
With lotus eyes so large and full,  
Armed with the quiver, sword and bow,  
Whose figures like the Aśvins show,  
Like children of the heavenly Powers,  
Come freely to these shades of ours,—  
How have they reached on foot this place?  
What do they seek, and what their race?  
As sun and moon adorn the sky,  
This spot the heroes glorify:  
Alike in stature, port, and mien,  
The same fair form in each is seen."<sup>219</sup>

Thus spoke the monarch, lofty-souled,  
The saint, of heart unfathomed, told  
How, sons of Daśaratha, they  
Accompanied his homeward way,  
How in the hermitage they dwelt,  
And slaughter to the demons dealt:  
Their journey till the spot they neared

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<sup>219</sup> "The preceding sixteen lines have occurred before in Canto XLVIII. This Homeric custom of repeating a passage of several lines is strange to our poet. This is the only instance I remember. The repetition of single lines is common enough." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

Whence fair Viśálá's towers appeared:  
Ahalyá seen and freed from taint;  
Their meeting with her lord the saint;  
And how they thither came, to know  
The virtue of the famous bow.

Thus Viśvámitra spoke the whole  
To royal Janak, great of soul,  
And when this wondrous tale was o'er,  
The glorious hermit said no more.

## Canto LI. Visvámitra.

Wise Viśvámitra's tale was done:  
Then sainted Gautam's eldest son,  
Great Śatánanda, far-renowned,  
Whom long austerities had crowned  
With glory—as the news he heard  
The down upon his body stirred,—  
Filled full of wonder at the sight  
Of Ráma, felt supreme delight.  
When Śatánanda saw the pair  
Of youthful princes seated there,  
He turned him to the holy man  
Who sate at ease, and thus began:  
“And didst thou, mighty Sage, in truth  
Show clearly to this royal youth  
My mother, glorious far and wide,  
Whom penance-rites have sanctified?  
And did my glorious mother—she,  
Heiress of noble destiny—

Serve her great guest with woodland store,  
 Whom all should honour evermore?  
 Didst thou the tale to Ráma tell  
 Of what in ancient days befell,  
 The sin, the misery, and the shame  
 Of guilty God and faithless dame?  
 And, O thou best of hermits, say,  
 Did Ráma's healing presence stay  
 Her trial? was the wife restored  
 Again to him, my sire and lord?  
 Say, Hermit, did that sire of mine  
 Receive her with a soul benign,  
 When long austerities in time  
 Had cleansed her from the taint of crime?  
 And, son of Kuśik, let me know,  
 Did my great-minded father show  
 Honour to Ráma, and regard,  
 Before he journeyed hitherward?"  
 The hermit with attentive ear  
 Marked all the questions of the seer:  
 To him for eloquence far-famed,  
 His eloquent reply he framed:  
 "Yea, 'twas my care no task to shun,  
 And all I had to do was done;  
 As Renuká and Bhrigu's child,  
 The saint and dame were reconciled."

When the great sage had thus replied,  
 To Ráma Šatánanda cried:  
 "A welcome visit, Prince, is thine,  
 Thou scion of King Raghu's line.  
 With him to guide thy way aright,  
 This sage invincible in might,  
 This Bráhma sage, most glorious-bright,

By long austerities has wrought  
A wondrous deed, exceeding thought:  
Thou knowest well, O strong of arm,  
This sure defence from scathe and harm.  
None, Ráma, none is living now  
In all the earth more blest than thou,  
That thou hast won a saint so tried  
In fervid rites thy life to guide.  
Now listen, Prince, while I relate  
His lofty deeds and wondrous fate.  
He was a monarch pious-souled.  
His foemen in the dust he rolled;  
Most learned, prompt at duty's claim,  
His people's good his joy and aim.

Of old the Lord of Life gave birth  
To mighty Kuśa, king of earth.  
His son was Kuśanábha, strong,  
Friend of the right, the foe of wrong.  
Gádhi, whose fame no time shall dim,  
Heir of his throne was born to him,  
And Viśvámitra, Gádhi's heir,  
Governed the land with kingly care.  
While years unnumbered rolled away  
The monarch reigned with equal sway.  
At length, assembling many a band,  
He led his warriors round the land—  
Complete in tale, a mighty force,  
Cars, elephants, and foot, and horse.  
Through cities, groves, and floods he passed,  
O'er lofty hills, through regions vast.  
He reached Vaśishtha's pure abode,  
Where trees, and flowers, and creepers glowed,  
Where troops of sylvan creatures fed;

Which saints and angels visited.  
 Gods, fauns, and bards of heavenly race,  
 And spirits, glorified the place;  
 The deer their timid ways forgot,  
 And holy Bráhmans thronged the spot.  
 Bright in their souls, like fire, were these,  
 Made pure by long austerities,  
 Bound by the rule of vows severe,  
 And each in glory Brahmá's peer.  
 Some fed on water, some on air,  
 Some on the leaves that withered there.  
 Roots and wild fruit were others' food;  
 All rage was checked, each sense subdued,  
 There Bálakhilyas<sup>220</sup> went and came,  
 Now breathed the prayer, now fed the flame:  
 These, and ascetic bands beside,  
 The sweet retirement beautified.  
 Such was Vaśishṭha's blest retreat,  
 Like Brahmá's own celestial seat,  
 Which gladdened Viśvámitra's eyes,  
 Peerless for warlike enterprise.

## Canto LII. Vasishtha's Feast.

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<sup>220</sup> Divine personages of minute size produced from the hair of Brahmá, and probably the origin of

“That small infantry  
 Warred on by cranes.”

Right glad was Viśvámitra when  
He saw the prince of saintly men.  
Low at his feet the hero bent,  
And did obeisance, reverent.

The king was welcomed in, and shown  
A seat beside the hermit's own,  
Who offered him, when resting there,  
Fruit in due course, and woodland fare.  
And Viśvámitra, noblest king,  
Received Vaśishṭha's welcoming,  
Turned to his host, and prayed him tell  
That he and all with him were well.  
Vaśishṭha to the king replied  
That all was well on every side,  
That fire, and vows, and pupils threw,  
And all the trees within the grove.  
And then the son of Brahmá, best  
Of all who pray with voice suppressed,  
Questioned with pleasant words like these  
The mighty king who sate at ease:  
“And is it well with thee? I pray;  
And dost thou win by virtuous sway  
Thy people's love, discharging all  
The duties on a king that fall?  
Are all thy servants fostered well?  
Do all obey, and none rebel?  
Hast thou, destroyer of the foe,  
No enemies to overthrow?  
Does fortune, conqueror! still attend  
Thy treasure, host, and every friend?  
Is it all well? Does happy fate  
On sons and children's children wait?”

He spoke. The modest king replied  
That all was prosperous far and wide.

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Thus for awhile the two conversed,  
As each to each his tale rehearsed,  
And as the happy moments flew,  
Their joy and friendship stronger grew.  
When such discourse had reached an end,  
Thus spoke the saint most reverend  
To royal Viśvámitra, while  
His features brightened with a smile:  
“O mighty lord of men. I fain  
Would banquet thee and all thy train  
In mode that suits thy station high:  
And do not thou my prayer deny.  
Let my good lord with favour take  
The offering that I fain would make,  
And let me honour, ere we part,  
My royal guest with loving heart.”

Him Viśvámitra thus addressed:  
“Why make, O Saint, this new request?  
Thy welcome and each gracious word  
Sufficient honour have conferred.  
Thou gavest roots and fruit to eat,  
The treasures of this pure retreat,  
And water for my mouth and feet;  
And—boon I prize above the rest—  
Thy presence has mine eyesight blest.  
Honoured by thee in every way,  
To whom all honour all should pay,  
I now will go. My lord, Good-bye!  
Regard me with a friendly eye.”

Him speaking thus Vaśishṭha stayed,  
 And still to share his banquet prayed.  
 The will of Gádhi's son he bent,  
 And won the monarch to consent,  
 Who spoke in answer. "Let it be,  
 Great Hermit, as it pleases thee."  
 When, best of those who breathe the prayer,  
 He heard the king his will declare,  
 He called the cow of spotted skin,  
 All spot without, all pure within.  
 "Come, Dapple-skin," he cried, "with speed;  
 Hear thou my words and help at need.  
 My heart is set to entertain  
 This monarch and his mighty train  
 With sumptuous meal and worthy fare;  
 Be thine the banquet to prepare.  
 Each dainty cate, each goodly dish,  
 Of six-fold taste<sup>221</sup> as each may wish—  
 All these, O cow of heavenly power,  
 Rain down for me in copious shower:  
 Viands and drink for tooth and lip,  
 To eat, to suck, to quaff, to sip—  
 Of these sufficient, and to spare,  
 O plenty-giving cow, prepare."

## Canto LIII. Visvámitra's Request.

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<sup>221</sup> Sweet, salt, pungent, bitter, acid, and astringent.

Thus charged, O slayer of thy foes,  
 The cow from whom all plenty flows,  
 Obedient to her saintly lord,  
 Viands to suit each taste, outpoured.  
 Honey she gave, and roasted grain,  
 Mead sweet with flowers, and sugar-cane.  
 Each beverage of flavour rare,  
 An food of every sort, were there:  
 Hills of hot rice, and sweetened cakes,  
 And curdled milk and soup in lakes.  
 Vast beakers foaming to the brim  
 With sugared drink prepared for him,  
 And dainty sweetmeats, deftly made,  
 Before the hermit's guests were laid.  
 So well regaled, so nobly fed,  
 The mighty army banqueted,  
 And all the train, from chief to least,  
 Delighted in Vaśishṭha's feast.  
 Then Viśvámitra, royal sage,  
 Surrounded by his vassalage,  
 Prince, peer, and counsellor, and all  
 From highest lord to lowest thrall,  
 Thus feasted, to Vaśishṭha cried  
 With joy, supremely gratified:  
 "Rich honour I, thus entertained,  
 Most honourable lord, have gained:  
 Now hear, before I journey hence,  
 My words, O skilled in eloquence.  
 Bought for a hundred thousand kine,  
 Let Dapple-skin, O Saint, be mine.  
 A wondrous jewel is thy cow,  
 And gems are for the monarch's brow.<sup>222</sup>

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<sup>222</sup> "Of old hoards and minerals in the earth, the king is entitled to half by reason of his general protection, and because he is the lord paramount of the

To me her rightful lord resign  
This Dapple-skin thou callest thine."

The great Vaśishṭha, thus addressed,  
Arch-hermit of the holy breast,  
To Viśvámitra answer made,  
The king whom all the land obeyed:  
"Not for a hundred thousand,—nay,  
Not if ten million thou wouldest pay,  
With silver heaps the price to swell,—  
Will I my cow, O Monarch, sell.  
Unmeet for her is such a fate.  
That I my friend should alienate.  
As glory with the virtuous, she  
For ever makes her home with me.  
On her mine offerings which ascend  
To Gods and spirits all depend:  
My very life is due to her,  
My guardian, friend, and minister.  
The feeding of the sacred flame,<sup>223</sup>  
The dole which living creatures claim.<sup>224</sup>.  
The mighty sacrifice by fire,  
Each formula the rites require,<sup>225</sup>  
And various saving lore beside,  
Are by her aid, in sooth, supplied.  
The banquet which thy host has shared,

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soil." MANU{FNS, Book VIII. 39.

<sup>223</sup> Ghí or clarified butter, "holy oil," being one of the essentials of sacrifice.

<sup>224</sup> "A Bráhman had five principal duties to discharge every day: study and teaching the Veda, oblations to the manes or spirits of the departed, sacrifice to the Gods, hospitable offerings to men, and *a gift of food to all creatures*. The last consisted of rice or other grain which the Bráhman was to offer every day outside his house in the open air. MANU{FNS, Book III. 70." GORRESIO{FNS

<sup>225</sup> These were certain sacred words of invocation such a *sváhá*, *vashaṭ*, etc., pronounced at the time of sacrifice.

Believe it, was by her prepared,  
In her mine only treasures lie,  
She cheers mine heart and charms mine eye.  
And reasons more could I assign  
Why Dapple-skin can ne'er be thine.”

The royal sage, his suit denied,  
With eloquence more earnest cried:  
“Tusked elephants, a goodly train,  
Each with a golden girth and chain,  
Whose goads with gold well fashioned shine—  
Of these be twice seven thousand thine.  
And four-horse cars with gold made bright,  
With steeds most beautifully white,  
Whose bells make music as they go,  
Eight hundred, Saint, will I bestow.  
Eleven thousand mettled steeds  
From famous lands, of noble breeds—  
These will I gladly give, O thou  
Devoted to each holy vow.  
Ten million heifers, fair to view,  
Whose sides are marked with every hue—  
These in exchange will I assign;  
But let thy Dapple-skin be mine.  
Ask what thou wilt, and piles untold  
Of priceless gems and gleaming gold,  
O best of Bráhmans, shall be thine;  
But let thy Dapple-skin be mine.”

The great Vaśishṭha, thus addressed,  
Made answer to the king's request:  
“Ne'er will I give my cow away,  
My gem, my wealth, my life and stay.  
My worship at the moon's first show,  
And at the full, to her I owe;  
And sacrifices small and great,  
Which largess due and gifts await.  
From her alone, their root, O King,  
My rites and holy service spring.  
What boots it further words to say?  
I will not give my cow away  
Who yields me what I ask each day.”

## Canto LIV. The Battle.

As Saint Vaśishṭha answered so,  
Nor let the cow of plenty go,  
The monarch, as a last resource,  
Began to drag her off by force.  
While the king's servants tore away  
Their moaning, miserable prey,  
Sad, sick at heart, and sore distressed,  
She pondered thus within her breast:  
“Why am I thus forsaken? why  
Betrayed by him of soul most high.  
Vaśishṭha, ravished by the hands  
Of soldiers of the monarch's bands?  
Ah me! what evil have I done  
Against the lofty-minded one,  
That he, so pious, can expose

The innocent whose love he knows?"  
 In her sad breast as thus she thought,  
 And heaved deep sighs with anguish fraught,  
 With wondrous speed away she fled,  
 And back to Saint Vaśishṭha sped.  
 She hurled by hundreds to the ground  
 The menial crew that hemmed her round,  
 And flying swifter than the blast  
 Before the saint herself she cast.  
 There Dapple-skin before the saint  
 Stood moaning forth her sad complaint,  
 And wept and lowed: such tones as come  
 From wandering cloud or distant drum.  
 "O son of Brahmá," thus cried she,  
 "Why hast thou thus forsaken me,  
 That the king's men, before thy face,  
 Bear off thy servant from her place?"

Then thus the Bráhmaṇa saint replied  
 To her whose heart with woe was tried,  
 And grieving for his favourite's sake,  
 As to a suffering sister spake:  
 "I leave thee not: dismiss the thought;  
 Nor, duteous, hast thou failed in aught.  
 This king, o'erweening in the pride  
 Of power, has reft thee from my side.  
 Little, I ween, my strength could do  
 'Gainst him, a mighty warrior too.  
 Strong, as a soldier born and bred,—  
 Great, as a king whom regions dread.  
 See! what a host the conqueror leads,  
 With elephants, and cars, and steeds.  
 O'er countless bands his pennons fly;  
 So is he mightier far than I."

He spoke. Then she, in lowly mood,  
 To that high saint her speech renewed:  
 “So judge not they who wisest are:  
 The Bráhman's might is mightier far.  
 For Bráhmans strength from Heaven derive,  
 And warriors bow when Bráhmans strive.  
 A boundless power 'tis thine to wield:  
 To such a king thou shouldst not yield,  
 Who, very mighty though he be,—  
 So fierce thy strength,—must bow to thee.  
 Command me, Saint. Thy power divine  
 Has brought me here and made me thine;  
 And I, howe'er the tyrant boast,  
 Will tame his pride and slay his host.”  
 Then cried the glorious sage: “Create  
 A mighty force the foe to mate.”

She lowed, and quickened into life,  
 Pahlavas,<sup>226</sup> burning for the strife,  
 King Viśvámitra's army slew  
 Before the very leader's view.  
 The monarch in excessive ire,  
 His eyes with fury darting fire,  
 Rained every missile on the foe  
 Till all the Pahlavas were low.

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<sup>226</sup> “It is well known that the Persians were called Pahlavas by the Indians. The *Śakas* are nomad tribes inhabiting Central Asia, the Scythes of the Greeks, whom the Persians also, as Herodotus tells us, called Sakæ just as the Indians did. Lib. VII 64 ὁι γὰρ Πέρσαι πάντας τοὺς Σύθας. καλέουσι Σάκας. The name Yavans seems to be used rather indefinitely for nations situated beyond Persia to the west.... After the time of Alexander the Great the Indians as well as the Persians called the Greeks also Yavans.” SCHLEGEL{FNS.

Lassen thinks that the Pahlavas were the same people as the Πάκτυες of Herodotus, and that this non-Indian people dwelt on the north-west confines of India.

She, seeing all her champions slain,  
 Lying by thousands on the plain.  
 Created, by her mere desire,  
 Yavans and Śakas, fierce and dire.  
 And all the ground was overspread  
 With Yavans and with Śakas dread:  
 A host of warriors bright and strong,  
 And numberless in closest throng:  
 The threads within the lotus stem,  
 So densely packed, might equal them.  
 In gold-hued mail 'against war's attacks,  
 Each bore a sword and battle-axe,  
 The royal host, where'er these came,  
 Fell as if burnt with ravening flame.

The monarch, famous through the world  
 Again his fearful weapons hurled,  
 That made Kámbojas,<sup>227</sup> Barbars,<sup>228</sup> all,  
 With Yavans, troubled, flee and fall.

## Canto LV. The Hermitage Burnt.

So o'er the field that host lay strown,  
 By Viśvámitra's darts o'erthrown.  
 Then thus Vaśishṭha charged the cow:  
 "Create with all thy vigour now."

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<sup>227</sup> See page 13, note 6.

<sup>228</sup> Barbarians, non-Sanskrit-speaking tribes.

Forth sprang Kámbojas, as she lowed;  
 Bright as the sun their faces glowed,  
 Forth from her udder Barbars poured,—  
 Soldiers who brandished spear and sword,—  
 And Yavans with their shafts and darts,  
 And Śakas from her hinder parts.  
 And every pore upon her fell,  
 And every hair-producing cell,  
 With Mlechchhas<sup>229</sup> and Kirátas<sup>230</sup> teemed,  
 And forth with them Hárítas streamed.  
 And Viśvámitra's mighty force,  
 Car, elephant, and foot, and horse,  
 Fell in a moment's time, subdued  
 By that tremendous multitude.  
 The monarch's hundred sons, whose eyes  
 Beheld the rout in wild surprise,  
 Armed with all weapons, mad with rage,  
 Rushed fiercely on the holy sage.  
 One cry he raised, one glance he shot,  
 And all fell scorched upon the spot:  
 Burnt by the sage to ashes, they  
 With horse, and foot, and chariot, lay.  
 The monarch mourned, with shame and pain,  
 His army lost, his children slain,  
 Like Ocean when his roar is hushed,  
 Or some great snake whose fangs are crushed:

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<sup>229</sup> A comprehensive term for foreign or outcast races of different faith and language from the Hindus.

<sup>230</sup> The Kirátas and Hárítas are savage aborigines of India who occupy hills and jungles and are altogether different in race and character from the Hindus. Dr. Muir remarks in his Sanskrit Texts, Vol. I. p. 488 (second edition) that it does not appear that it is the object of this legend to represent this miraculous creation as the origin of these tribes, and that nothing more may have been intended than that the cow called into existence large armies, of the same stock with particular tribes previously existing.

Or as in swift eclipse the Sun  
 Dark with the doom he cannot shun:  
 Or a poor bird with mangled wing—  
 So, reft of sons and host, the king  
 No longer, by ambition fired,  
 The pride of war his breast inspired.  
 He gave his empire to his son—  
 Of all he had, the only one:  
 And bade him rule as kings are taught  
 Then straight a hermit-grove he sought.  
 Far to Himálaya's side he fled,  
 Which bards and Nágas visited,  
 And, Mahádeva's<sup>231</sup> grace to earn,  
 He gave his life to penance stern.  
 A lengthened season thus passed by,  
 When Śiva's self, the Lord most High,  
 Whose banner shows the pictured bull,<sup>232</sup>  
 Appeared, the God most bountiful:

“Why fervent thus in toil and pain?  
 What brings thee here? what boon to gain?  
 Thy heart's desire, O Monarch, speak:  
 I grant the boons which mortals seek.”  
 The king, his adoration paid,  
 To Mahádeva answer made:  
 “If thou hast deemed me fit to win  
 Thy favour, O thou void of sin,  
 On me, O mighty God, bestow  
 The wondrous science of the bow,  
 All mine, complete in every part,  
 With secret spell and mystic art.  
 To me be all the arms revealed

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<sup>231</sup> The Great God, Śiva.

<sup>232</sup> Nandi, the snow-white bull, the attendant and favourite vehicle of Śiva.

That Gods, and saints, and Titans wield,  
And every dart that arms the hands  
Of spirits, fiends and minstrel bands,  
Be mine, O Lord supreme in place,  
This token of thy boundless grace.”

The Lord of Gods then gave consent,  
And to his heavenly mansion went.  
Triumphant in the arms he held,  
The monarch's breast with glory swelled.  
So swells the ocean, when upon  
His breast the full moon's beams have shone.  
Already in his mind he viewed  
Vaśishṭha at his feet subdued.  
He sought that hermit's grove, and there  
Launched his dire weapons through the air,  
Till scorched by might that none could stay  
The hermitage in ashes lay.  
Where'er the inmates saw, aghast,  
The dart that Viśvāmitra cast,  
To every side they turned and fled  
In hundreds forth disquieted.  
Vaśishṭha's pupils caught the fear,  
And every bird and every deer,  
And fled in wild confusion forth  
Eastward and westward, south and north,  
And so Vaśishṭha's holy shade  
A solitary wild was made,  
Silent awhile, for not a sound  
Disturbed the hush that was around.

Vaśishṭha then, with eager cry,  
 Called, "Fear not, friends, nor seek to fly.  
 This son of Gádhi dies to-day,  
 Like hoar-frost in the morning's ray."  
 Thus having said, the glorious sage  
 Spoke to the king in words of rage:  
 "Because thou hast destroyed this grove  
 Which long in holy quiet throve,  
 By folly urged to senseless crime,  
 Now shalt thou die before thy time."

## Canto LVI. Visvámitra's Vow.

But Viśvámitra, at the threat  
 Of that illustrious anchoret,  
 Cried, as he launched with ready hand  
 A fiery weapon, "Stand, O Stand!"  
 Vaśishṭha, wild with rage and hate,  
 Raising, as 'twere the Rod of Fate,  
 His mighty Bráhman wand on high,  
 To Viśvámitra made reply:  
 "Nay, stand, O Warrior thou, and show  
 What soldier can, 'gainst Bráhman foe.  
 O Gádhi's son, thy days are told;  
 Thy pride is tamed, thy dart is cold.  
 How shall a warrior's puissance dare  
 With Bráhman's awful strength compare?  
 To-day, base Warrior, shall thou feel  
 That God-sent might is more than steel."  
 He raised his Bráhman staff, nor missed  
 The fiery dart that near him hissed:

And quenched the fearful weapon fell,  
As flame beneath the billow's swell.

Then Gádhi's son in fury threw  
Lord Varuṇi's arm and Rudra's too:  
Indra's fierce bolt that all destroys;  
That which the Lord of Herds employs:  
The Human, that which minstrels keep,  
The deadly Lure, the endless Sleep:  
The Yawner, and the dart which charms;  
Lament and Torture, fearful arms:  
The Terrible, the dart which dries,  
The Thunderbolt which quenchless flies,  
And Fate's dread net, and Brahmá's noose,  
And that which waits for Varuṇi's use:  
The dart he loves who wields the bow  
Pináka, and twin bolts that glow  
With fury as they flash and fly,  
The quenchless Liquid and the Dry:  
The dart of Vengeance, swift to kill:  
The Goblins' dart, the Curlew's Bill:  
The discus both of Fate and Right,  
And Vishṇu's, of unerring flight:  
The Wind-God's dart, the Troubler dread,  
The weapon named the Horse's Head.  
From his fierce hand two spears were thrown,  
And the great mace that smashes bone;  
The dart of spirits of the air,  
And that which Fate exults to bear:  
The Trident dart which slaughters foes,  
And that which hanging skulls compose:<sup>233</sup>

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<sup>233</sup> “The names of many of these weapons which are mythical and partly allegorical have occurred in Canto XXIX. The general signification of the story is clear enough. It is a contest for supremacy between the regal or military order

These fearful darts in fiery rain  
 He hurled upon the saint amain,  
 An awful miracle to view.  
 But as the ceaseless tempest flew,  
 The sage with wand of God-sent power  
 Still swallowed up that fiery shower.

Then Gádhi's son, when these had failed,  
 With Brahmá's dart his foe assailed.  
 The Gods, with Indra at their head,  
 And Nágas, quailed disquieted,  
 And saints and minstrels, when they saw  
 The king that awful weapon draw;  
 And the three worlds were filled with dread,  
 And trembled as the missile sped.

The saint, with Bráhman wand, empowered  
 By lore divine that dart devoured.  
 Nor could the triple world withdraw  
 Rapt gazes from that sight of awe;  
 For as he swallowed down the dart  
 Of Brahmá, sparks from every part,  
 From finest pore and hair-cell, broke  
 Enveloped in a veil of smoke.  
 The staff he waved was all aglow  
 Like Yáma's sceptre, King below,  
 Or like the lurid fire of Fate  
 Whose rage the worlds will desolate.

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and Bráhmanical or priestly authority, like one of those struggles which our own Europe saw in the middle ages when without employing warlike weapons the priesthood frequently gained the victory." SCHLEGEL{FNS.

For a full account of the early contests between the Bráhmans and the Kshattriyas, see Muir's Original Sanskrit Texts (Second edition) Vol. I. Ch. IV.

The hermits, whom that sight had awed,  
Extolled the saint, with hymn and laud:  
“Thy power, O Sage, is ne'er in vain:  
Now with thy might thy might restrain.  
Be gracious, Master, and allow  
The worlds to rest from trouble now;  
For Viśvámitra, strong and dread,  
By thee has been discomfited.”

Then, thus addressed, the saint, well pleased,  
The fury of his wrath appeased.  
The king, o'erpowered and ashamed,  
With many a deep-drawn sigh exclaimed:  
“Ah! Warriors' strength is poor and slight;  
A Bráhman's power is truly might.  
This Bráhman staff the hermit held  
The fury of my darts has quelled.  
This truth within my heart impressed,  
With senses ruled and tranquil breast  
My task austere will I begin,  
And Bráhmanhood will strive to win.”

## Canto LVII. Trisanku.

Then with his heart consumed with woe,  
Still brooding on his overthrow  
By the great saint he had defied,  
At every breath the monarch sighed.  
Forth from his home his queen he led,  
And to a land far southward fled.  
There, fruit and roots his only food,

He practised penance, sense-subdued,  
 And in that solitary spot  
 Four virtuous sons the king begot:  
 Havishyand, from the offering named,  
 And Madhushyand, for sweetness famed,  
 Mahárat, chariot-borne in fight,  
 And Dridhanetra strong of sight.

A thousand years had passed away,  
 When Brahmá, Sire whom all obey,  
 Addressed in pleasant words like these  
 Him rich in long austeries:  
 “Thou by the penance, Kušík's son,  
 A place 'mid royal saints hast won.  
 Pleased with thy constant penance, we  
 This lofty rank assign to thee.”

Thus spoke the glorious Lord most High  
 Father of earth and air and sky,  
 And with the Gods around him spread  
 Home to his changeless sphere he sped.  
 But Viśvámitra scorned the grace,  
 And bent in shame his angry face.  
 Burning with rage, o'erwhelmed with grief,  
 Thus in his heart exclaimed the chief:  
 “No fruit, I ween, have I secured  
 By strictest penance long endured,  
 If Gods and all the saints decree  
 To make but royal saint of me.”  
 Thus pondering, he with sense subdued,  
 With sternest zeal his vows renewed.

Then reigned a monarch, true of soul,  
 Who kept each sense in firm control;  
 Of old Ikshváku's line he came,  
 That glories in Triśanku's<sup>234</sup> name.  
 Within his breast, O Raghu's child,  
 Arose a longing, strong and wild,  
 Great offerings to the Gods to pay,  
 And win, alive, to heaven his way.  
 His priest Vaśishṭha's aid he sought,  
 And told him of his secret thought.  
 But wise Vaśishṭha showed the hope  
 Was far beyond the monarch's scope.  
 Triśanku then, his suit denied,  
 Far to the southern region hied,  
 To beg Vaśishṭha's sons to aid  
 The mighty plan his soul had made.  
 There King Triśanku, far renowned,  
 Vaśishṭha's hundred children found,  
 Each on his fervent vows intent,  
 For mind and fame preëminent.  
 To these the famous king applied,  
 Wise children of his holy guide.  
 Saluting each in order due.  
 His eyes, for shame, he downward threw,  
 And reverent hands together pressed,  
 The glorious company addressed:  
 “I as a humble suppliant seek  
 Succour of you who aid the weak.  
 A mighty offering I would pay,

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<sup>234</sup> “Triśanku, king of Ayodhyá, was seventh in descent from Ikshváku, and Daśaratha holds the thirty-fourth place in the same genealogy. See Canto LXX. We are thrown back, therefore, to very ancient times, and it occasions some surprise to find Vaśishṭha and Viśvámitra, actors in these occurrences, still alive in Rama's time.”

But sage Vaśishṭha answered, Nay.  
 Be yours permission to accord,  
 And to my rites your help afford.  
 Sons of my guide, to each of you  
 With lowly reverence here I sue;  
 To each, intent on penance-vow,  
 O Bráhmans, low my head I bow,  
 And pray you each with ready heart  
 In my great rite to bear a part,  
 That in the body I may rise  
 And dwell with Gods within the skies.  
 Sons of my guide, none else I see  
 Can give what he refuses me.  
 Ikshváku's children still depend  
 Upon their guide most reverend;  
 And you, as nearest in degree  
 To him, my deities shall be!"

## Canto LVIII. Trisanku Cursed.

Triśanku's speech the hundred heard,  
 And thus replied, to anger stirred:  
 "Why foolish King, by him denied,  
 Whose truthful lips have never lied,  
 Dost thou transgress his prudent rule,  
 And seek, for aid, another school?<sup>235</sup>

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<sup>235</sup> "It does not appear how Triśanku, in asking the aid of Vaśishṭha's sons after applying in vain to their father, could be charged with resorting to another śákhá (School) in the ordinary sense of that word; as it is not conceivable that the sons should have been of another Śákhá from the father, whose cause they espouse with so much warmth. The commentator in the Bombay edition

Ikshváku's sons have aye relied  
 Most surely on their holy guide:  
 Then how dost thou, fond Monarch, dare  
 Transgress the rule his lips declare?  
 "Thy wish is vain," the saint replied,  
 And bade thee cast the plan aside.  
 Then how can we, his sons, pretend  
 In such a rite our aid to lend?  
 O Monarch, of the childish heart,  
 Home to thy royal town depart.  
 That mighty saint, thy priest and guide,  
 At noblest rites may well preside:  
 The worlds for sacrifice combined  
 A worthier priest could never find."

Such speech of theirs the monarch heard,  
 Though rage distorted every word,  
 And to the hermits made reply:  
 "You, like your sire, my suit deny.  
 For other aid I turn from you:  
 So, rich in penance, Saints, adieu!"

Vaśishṭha's children heard, and guessed  
 His evil purpose scarce expressed,  
 And cried, while rage their bosoms burned,  
 "Be to a vile Chandála<sup>236</sup> turned!"  
 This said, with lofty thoughts inspired,  
 Each to his own retreat retired.

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explains the word *Śákhanṭaram* as Yájanádiná rakshántaram, 'one who by sacrificing for thee, etc., will be another protector.' Gorresio's Gauḍa text, which may often be used as a commentary on the older one, has the following paraphrase of the words in question, ch. 60, 3. Múlam utsrijya kasmát tvam sákhásv ichhasi lambitum. 'Why, forsaking the root, dost thou desire to hang upon the branches?' " MUIR{FNS, Sanskrit Texts, Vol. I., p. 401.

<sup>236</sup> A Chandála was a man born of the illegal and impure union of a Śúdra with a woman of one of the three higher castes.

That night Triśanku underwent  
 Sad change in shape and lineament.  
 Next morn, an outcast swart of hue,  
 His dusky cloth he round him drew.  
 His hair had fallen from his head,  
 And roughness o'er his skin was spread.  
 Such wreaths adorned him as are found  
 To flourish on the funeral ground.  
 Each armlet was an iron ring:  
 Such was the figure of the king,  
 That every counsellor and peer,  
 And following townsman, fled in fear.

Alone, unyielding to dismay,  
 Though burnt by anguish night and day,  
 Great Viśvámitra's side he sought,  
 Whose treasures were by penance bought.

The hermit with his tender eyes  
 Looked on Triśanku's altered guise,  
 And grieving at his ruined state  
 Addressed him thus, compassionate:  
 "Great King," the pious hermit said,  
 "What cause thy steps has hither led,  
 Ayodhyá's mighty Sovereign, whom  
 A curse has plagued with outcast's doom?"  
 In vile Chanḍála<sup>237</sup> shape, the king  
 Heard Viśvámitra's questioning,  
 And, suppliant palm to palm applied,  
 With answering eloquence he cried:

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<sup>237</sup> "The Chanḍála was regarded as the vilest and most abject of the men sprung from wedlock forbidden by the law (Mánavadharmaśāstra, Lib. X. 12.); a kind of social malediction weighed upon his head and rejected him from human society." GORRESIO{FNS.

“My priest and all his sons refused  
To aid the plan on which I mused.  
Failing to win the boon I sought,  
To this condition I was brought.  
I, in the body, Saint, would fain  
A mansion in the skies obtain.  
I planned a hundred rites for this,  
But still was doomed the fruit to miss.  
Pure are my lips from falsehood's stain,  
And pure they ever shall remain,—  
Yea, by a Warrior's faith I swear,—  
Though I be tried with grief and care.  
Unnumbered rites to Heaven I paid,  
With righteous care the sceptre swayed;  
And holy priest and high-souled guide  
My modest conduct gratified.  
But, O thou best of hermits, they  
Oppose my wish these rites to pay;  
They one and all refuse consent,  
Nor aid me in my high intent.  
Fate is, I ween, the power supreme,  
Man's effort but an idle dream,  
Fate whirls our plans, our all away;  
Fate is our only hope and stay;  
Now deign, O blessed Saint, to aid  
Me, even me by Fate betrayed,  
Who come, a suppliant, sore distressed,  
One grace, O Hermit, to request.  
No other hope or way I see:  
No other refuge waits for me.  
Oh, aid me in my fallen state,  
And human will shall conquer Fate.”

## Canto LIX. The Sons Of Vasishtha.

Then Kuśik's son, by pity warmed,  
 Spoke sweetly to the king transformed:  
 "Hail! glory of Ikshváku's line:  
 I know how bright thy virtues shine.  
 Dismiss thy fear, O noblest Chief,  
 For I myself will bring relief.  
 The holiest saints will I invite  
 To celebrate thy purposed rite:  
 So shall thy vow, O King, succeed,  
 And from thy cares shalt thou be freed.  
 Thou in the form which now thou hast,  
 Transfigured by the curse they cast,—  
 Yea, in the body, King, shalt flee,  
 Transported, where thou fain wouldest be.  
 O Lord of men, I ween that thou  
 Hast heaven within thy hand e'en now,  
 For very wisely hast thou done,  
 And refuge sought with Kuśik's son."

Thus having said, the sage addressed  
 His sons, of men the holiest,  
 And bade the prudent saints whate'er  
 Was needed for the rite prepare.  
 The pupils he was wont to teach  
 He summoned next, and spoke this speech:  
 "Go bid Vaśishṭha's sons appear,  
 And all the saints be gathered here.  
 And what they one and all reply  
 When summoned by this mandate high,  
 To me with faithful care report,  
 Omit no word and none distort."

The pupils heard, and prompt obeyed,  
 To every side their way they made.  
 Then swift from every quarter sped  
 The sages in the Vedas read.  
 Back to that saint the envoys came,  
 Whose glory shone like burning flame,  
 And told him in their faithful speech  
 The answer that they bore from each:  
 “Submissive to thy word, O Seer,  
 The holy men are gathering here.  
 By all was meet obedience shown:  
 Mahodaya<sup>238</sup> refused alone.

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And now, O Chief of hermits, hear  
 What answer, chilling us with fear,  
 Vaśishṭha's hundred sons returned,  
 Thick-speaking as with rage they burned:  
 “How will the Gods and saints partake  
 The offerings that the prince would make,  
 And he a vile and outcast thing,  
 His ministrant one born a king?  
 Can we, great Brāhmans, eat his food,  
 And think to win beatitude,  
 By Viśvámitra purified?”  
 Thus sire and sons in scorn replied,  
 And as these bitter words they said,  
 Wild fury made their eyeballs red.

Their answer when the arch-hermit heard,  
 His tranquil eyes with rage were blurred;  
 Great fury in his bosom woke,  
 And thus unto the youths he spoke:  
 “Me, blameless me they dare to blame,

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<sup>238</sup> This appellation, occurring nowhere else in the poem except as the name of a city, appears twice in this Canto as a name of Vaśishṭha.

And disallow the righteous claim  
My fierce austerities have earned:  
To ashes be the sinners turned.  
Caught in the noose of Fate shall they  
To Yáma's kingdom sink to-day.  
Seven hundred times shall they be born  
To wear the clothes the dead have worn.  
Dregs of the dregs, too vile to hate,  
The flesh of dogs their maws shall sate.  
In hideous form, in loathsome weed,  
A sad existence each shall lead.  
Mahodaya too, the fool who fain  
My stainless life would try to stain,  
Stained in the world with long disgrace  
Shall sink into a fowler's place.  
Rejoicing guiltless blood to spill,  
No pity through his breast shall thrill.  
Cursed by my wrath for many a day,  
His wretched life for sin shall pay.”

Thus, girt with hermit, saint, and priest,  
Great Viśvámitra spoke—and ceased.

Canto LX. Trisanku's Ascension.

So with ascetic might, in ire,  
He smote the children and the sire.  
Then Viśvámitra, far-renowned,  
Addressed the saints who gathered round:  
“See by my side Triśanku stand,  
Ikshváku's son, of liberal hand.  
Most virtuous and gentle, he  
Seeks refuge in his woe with me.  
Now, holy men, with me unite,  
And order so his purposed rite  
That in the body he may rise  
And win a mansion in the skies.”

They heard his speech with ready ear  
And, every bosom filled with fear  
Of Viśvámitra, wise and great,  
Spoke each to each in brief debate:  
“The breast of Kuśik's son, we know,  
With furious wrath is quick to glow.  
Whate'er the words he wills to say,  
We must, be very sure, obey.  
Fierce is our lord as fire, and straight  
May curse us all infuriate.  
So let us in these rites engage,  
As ordered by the holy sage.  
And with our best endeavour strive  
That King Ikshváku's son, alive,  
In body to the skies may go  
By his great might who wills it so.”

Then was the rite begun with care:  
 All requisites and means were there:  
 And glorious Viśvámitra lent  
 His willing aid as president.  
 And all the sacred rites were done  
 By rule and use, omitting none.  
 By chaplain-priest, the hymns who knew,  
 In decent form and order due.  
 Some time in sacrifice had past,  
 And Viśvámitra made, at last,  
 The solemn offering with the prayer  
 That all the Gods might come and share.  
 But the Immortals, one and all,  
 Refused to hear the hermit's call.

Then red with rage his eyeballs blazed:  
 The sacred ladle high he raised,  
 And cried to King Ikshváku's son:  
 "Behold my power, by penance won:  
 Now by the might my merits lend,  
 Ikshváku's child, to heaven ascend.  
 In living frame the skies attain,  
 Which mortals thus can scarcely gain.  
 My vows austere, so long endured,  
 Have, as I ween, some fruit assured.  
 Upon its virtue, King, rely,  
 And in thy body reach the sky."

His speech had scarcely reached its close,  
 When, as he stood, the sovereign rose,  
 And mounted swiftly to the skies  
 Before the wondering hermits' eyes.

But Indra, when he saw the king  
 His blissful regions entering,  
 With all the army of the Blest  
 Thus cried unto the unbidden guest:  
 “With thy best speed, Triśanku, flee:  
 Here is no home prepared for thee.  
 By thy great master's curse brought low,  
 Go, falling headlong, earthward go.”

Thus by the Lord of Gods addressed,  
 Triśanku fell from fancied rest,  
 And screaming in his swift descent,  
 “O, save me, Hermit!” down he went.  
 And Viśvámitra heard his cry,  
 And marked him falling from the sky,  
 And giving all his passion sway,  
 Cried out in fury, “Stay, O stay!”  
 By penance-power and holy lore,  
 Like Him who framed the worlds of yore,  
 Seven other saints he fixed on high  
 To star with light the southern sky.  
 Girt with his sages forth he went,  
 And southward in the firmament  
 New wreathed stars prepared to set  
 In many a sparkling coronet.  
 He threatened, blind with rage and hate,  
 Another Indra to create,  
 Or, from his throne the ruler hurled,  
 All Indraless to leave the world.  
 Yea, borne away by passion's storm,  
 The sage began new Gods to form.  
 But then each Titan, God, and saint,  
 Confused with terror, sick and faint,  
 To high souled Viśvámitra hied,

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And with soft words to soothe him tried:  
 “Lord of high destiny, this king,  
 To whom his master's curses cling,  
 No heavenly home deserves to gain,  
 Unpurified from curse and stain.”

The son of Kuśik, undeterred,  
 The pleading of the Immortals heard,  
 And thus in haughty words expressed  
 The changeless purpose of his breast:  
 “Content ye, Gods: I soothly sware  
 Triśanku to the skies to bear  
 Clothed in his body, nor can I  
 My promise cancel or deny.  
 Embodied let the king ascend  
 To life in heaven that ne'er shall end.  
 And let these new-made stars of mine  
 Firm and secure for ever shine.  
 Let these, my work, remain secure  
 Long as the earth and heaven endure.  
 This, all ye Gods, I crave: do you  
 Allow the boon for which I sue.”  
 Then all the Gods their answer made:  
 “So be it, Saint, as thou hast prayed.  
 Beyond the sun's diurnal way  
 Thy countless stars in heaven shall stay:  
 And 'mid them hung, as one divine,  
 Head downward shall Triśanku shine;  
 And all thy stars shall ever fling  
 Their rays attendant on the king.”<sup>239</sup>

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<sup>239</sup> “The seven ancient rishis or saints, as has been said before, were the seven stars of Ursa Major. The seven other new saints which are here said to have been created by Viśvāmitra should be seven new southern stars, a sort of new Ursa. Von Schlegel thinks that this mythical fiction of new stars created by

The mighty saint, with glory crowned,  
 With all the sages compassed round,  
 Praised by the Gods, gave full assent,  
 And Gods and sages homeward went.

## Canto LXI. Sunahsepha.

Then Viśvámitra, when the Blest  
 Had sought their homes of heavenly rest,  
 Thus, mighty Prince, his counsel laid  
 Before the dwellers of the shade:  
 “The southern land where now we are  
 Offers this check our rites to bar.<sup>240</sup>  
 To other regions let us speed,  
 And ply our tasks from trouble freed.  
 Now turn we to the distant west.  
 To Pushkar's<sup>241</sup> wood where hermits rest,

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Viśvámitra may signify that these southern stars, unknown to the Indians as long as they remained in the neighbourhood of the Ganges, became known to them at a later date when they colonized the southern regions of India.”

GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>240</sup> “This cannot refer to the events just related: for Viśvámitra was successful in the sacrifice performed for Triśanku. And yet no other impediment is mentioned. Still his restless mind would not allow him to remain longer in the same spot. So the character of Viśvámitra is ingeniously and skilfully shadowed forth: as he had been formerly a most warlike king, loving battle and glory, bold, active, sometimes unjust, and more frequently magnanimous, such also he always shows himself in his character of anchorite and ascetic.”

SCHLEGEL{FNS.

<sup>241</sup> Near the modern city of Ajmere. The place is sacred still, and the name is preserved in the Hindí. Lassen, however, says that this Pushkala or Pushkara, called by the Grecian writers Πευκελίτις, the earliest place of pilgrimage mentioned by name, is not to be confounded with the modern Pushkara in Ajmere.

And there to rites austere apply,  
For not a grove with that can vie.”

The saint, in glory's light arrayed,  
In Pushkar's wood his dwelling made,  
And living there on roots and fruit  
Did penance stern and resolute.

The king who filled Ayodhyá's throne,  
By Ambarísha's name far known,  
At that same time, it chanced, began  
A sacrificial rite to plan.  
But Indra took by force away  
The charger that the king would slay.  
The victim lost, the Bráhman sped  
To Ambarísha's side, and said:  
“Gone is the steed, O King, and this  
Is due to thee, in care remiss.  
Such heedless faults will kings destroy  
Who fail to guard what they enjoy.  
The flaw is desperate: we need  
The charger, or a man to bleed.  
Quick! bring a man if not the horse,  
That so the rite may have its course.”

The glory of Ikshváku's line  
 Made offer of a thousand kine,  
 And sought to buy at lordly price  
 A victim for the sacrifice.  
 To many a distant land he drove,  
 To many a people, town, and grove,  
 And holy shades where hermits rest,  
 Pursuing still his eager quest.  
 At length on Bhrigu's sacred height  
 The saint Richíka met his sight  
 Sitting beneath the holy boughs.  
 His children near him, and his spouse.

The mighty lord drew near, assayed  
 To win his grace, and reverence paid;  
 And then the sainted king addressed  
 The Bráhmaṇa saint with this request:  
 "Bought with a hundred thousand kine,  
 Give me, O Sage, a son of thine  
 To be a victim in the rite,  
 And thanks the favour shall requite.  
 For I have roamed all countries round,  
 Nor sacrificial victim found.  
 Then, gentle Hermit, deign to spare  
 One child amid the number there."

Then to the monarch's speech replied  
 The hermit, penance-glorified:  
 "For countless kine, for hills of gold,  
 Mine eldest son shall ne'er be sold."  
 But, when she heard the saint's reply,  
 The children's mother, standing nigh,  
 Words such as these in answer said  
 To Ambarísha, monarch dread:

“My lord, the saint, has spoken well:  
 His eldest child he will not sell.  
 And know, great Monarch, that above  
 The rest my youngest born I love.  
 ‘Tis ever thus: the father’s joy  
 Is centred in his eldest boy.  
 The mother loves her darling best  
 Whom last she rocked upon her breast:  
 My youngest I will ne’er forsake.”

As thus the sire and mother spake,  
 Young Šunahſepha, of the three  
 The midmost, cried unurged and free:  
 “My sire withdraws his eldest son,  
 My mother keeps her youngest one:  
 Then take me with thee, King: I ween  
 The son is sold who comes between.”  
 The king with joy his home resought,  
 And took the prize his kine had bought.  
 He bade the youth his car ascend,  
 And hastened back the rites to end.<sup>242</sup> So the ram caught in  
 the thicket took the place of Isaac, or, as the  
 Musalmáns say, of Ishmael.

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<sup>242</sup> “Ambarísha is the twenty-ninth in descent from Ikshváku, and is therefore separated by an immense space of time from Triśanku in whose story Viśvámitra had played so important a part. Yet Richika, who is represented as having young sons while Ambarísha was yet reigning being himself the son of Bhrigu and to be numbered with the most ancient sages, is said to have married the younger sister of Viśvámitra. But I need not again remark that there is a perpetual anachronism in Indian mythology.” SCHLEGEL.{FNS.

“In the mythical story related in this and the following Canto we may discover, I think, some indication of the epoch at which the immolation of lower animals was substituted for human sacrifice.... So when Iphigenia was about to be sacrificed at Aulis, one legend tells us that a hind was substituted for the virgin.” GORRESIO{FNS.

## Canto LXII. Ambarísha's Sacrifice.

As thus the king that youth conveyed,  
His weary steeds at length he stayed  
At height of noon their rest to take  
Upon the bank of Pushkar's lake.  
There while the king enjoyed repose  
The captive Śunahśepha rose,  
And hastening to the water's side  
His uncle Viśvámitra spied,  
With many a hermit 'neath the trees  
Engaged in stern austerities.

Distracted with the toil and thirst,  
With woeful mien, away he burst,  
Swift to the hermit's breast he flew,  
And weeping thus began to sue:  
“No sire have I, no mother dear,  
No kith or kin my heart to cheer:  
As justice bids, O Hermit, deign  
To save me from the threatened pain.  
O thou to whom the wretched flee,  
And find a saviour, Saint, in thee,  
Now let the king obtain his will,  
And me my length of days fulfil,  
That rites austere I too may share,  
May rise to heaven and rest me there.  
With tender soul and gentle brow  
Be guardian of the orphan thou,  
And as a father pities, so  
Preserve me from my fear and woe.”

When Viśvámitra, glorious saint,  
 Had heard the boy's heart-rending plaint.  
 He soothed his grief, his tears he dried,  
 Then called his sons to him, and cried:  
 "The time is come for you to show  
 The duty and the aid bestow  
 For which, regarding future life,  
 A man gives children to his wife.  
 This hermit's son, whom here you see  
 A suppliant, refuge seeks with me.  
 O sons, the friendless youth befriend,  
 And, pleasing me, his life defend.  
 For holy works you all have wrought,  
 True to the virtuous life I taught.  
 Go, and as victims doomed to bleed,  
 Die, and Lord Agni's hunger feed.  
 So shall the rite completed end,  
 This orphan gain a saving friend,  
 Due offerings to the Gods be paid,  
 And your own father's voice obeyed."

Then Madhushyand and all the rest  
 Answered their sire with scorn and jest:  
 "What! aid to others' sons afford,  
 And leave thine own to die, my lord!  
 To us it seems a horrid deed,  
 As 'twere on one's own flesh to feed."

The hermit heard his sons' reply,  
 And burning rage inflamed his eye.  
 Then forth his words of fury burst:  
 "Audacious speech, by virtue cursed!  
 It lifts on end each shuddering hair—  
 My charge to scorn! my wrath to dare!"

You, like Vaśishtha's evil brood,  
 Shall make the flesh of dogs your food  
 A thousand years in many a birth,  
 And punished thus shall dwell on earth.”

Thus on his sons his curse he laid.  
 Then calmed again that youth dismayed,  
 And blessed him with his saving aid:  
 “When in the sacred fetters bound,  
 And with a purple garland crowned,  
 At Vishṇu's post thou standest tied,  
 With lauds be Agni glorified.  
 And these two hymns of holy praise  
 Forget not, Hermit's son, to raise  
 In the king's rite, and thou shalt be  
 Lord of thy wish, preserved, and free.”

He learnt the hymns with mind intent,  
 And from the hermit's presence went.  
 To Ambarísha thus he spake:  
 “Let us our onward journey take.  
 Haste to thy home, O King, nor stay  
 The lustral rites with slow delay.”

The boy's address the monarch cheered,  
 And soon the sacred ground he neared.  
 The convocation's high decree  
 Declared the youth from blemish free;  
 Clothed in red raiment he was tied  
 A victim at the pillar's side.  
 There bound, the Fire-God's hymn he raised,  
 And Indra and Upendra praised.  
 Thousand-eyed Vishṇu, pleased to hear  
 The mystic laud, inclined his ear,  
 And won by worship, swift to save,

Long life to Šunahšepha gave.  
The king in bounteous measure gained  
The fruit of sacrifice ordained,  
By grace of Him who rules the skies,  
Lord Indra of the thousand eyes.

And Viśvámitra evermore.  
Pursued his task on Pushkar's shore  
Until a thousand years had past  
In fierce austerity and fast.

### Canto LXIII. Menaká.

A thousand years had thus flown by  
When all the Gods within the sky,  
Eager that he the fruit might gain  
Of fervent rite and holy pain,  
Approached the great ascetic, now  
Bathed after toil and ended vow.  
Then Brahmá speaking for the rest  
With sweetest words the sage addressed:  
“Hail, Saint! This high and holy name  
Thy rites have won, thy merits claim.”

Thus spoke the Lord whom Gods revere,  
And sought again his heavenly sphere.  
But Viśvámitra, more intent,  
His mind to sterner penance bent.

So many a season rolled away,  
When Menaká, fair nymph, one day  
Came down from Paradise to lave  
Her perfect limbs in Pushkar's wave,  
The glorious son of Kuśik saw  
That peerless shape without a flaw  
Flash through the flood's translucent shroud  
Like lightning gleaming through a cloud.  
He saw her in that lone retreat,  
Most beautiful from head to feet,  
And by Kandarpa's<sup>243</sup> might subdued  
He thus addressed her as he viewed:  
“Welcome, sweet nymph! O deign, I pray,  
In these calm shades awhile to stay.  
To me some gracious favour show,  
For love has set my breast aglow.”

He spoke. The fairest of the fair  
Made for awhile her dwelling there,  
While day by day the wild delight  
Stayed vow austere and fervent rite  
There as the winsome charmer wove  
Her spells around him in the grove,  
And bound him in a golden chain,  
Five sweet years fled, and five again.  
Then Viśvámitra woke to shame,  
And, fraught with anguish, memory came  
For quick he knew, with anger fired,  
That all the Immortals had conspired

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<sup>243</sup> The Indian Cupid.

To lap his careless soul in ease,  
 And mar his long austerities.  
 “Ten years have past, each day and night  
 Unheeded in delusive flight.  
 So long my fervent rites were stayed,  
 While thus I lay by love betrayed.”  
 As thus long sighs the hermit heaved,  
 And, touched with deep repentance, grieved,  
 He saw the fair one standing nigh  
 With suppliant hands and trembling eye.  
 With gentle words he bade her go,  
 Then sought the northern hills of snow.  
 With firm resolve he vowed to beat  
 The might of love beneath his feet.  
 Still northward to the distant side  
 Of Kauśikī<sup>244</sup>, the hermit hide,  
 And gave his life to penance there  
 With rites austere most hard to bear.  
 A thousand years went by, and still  
 He laboured on the northern hill  
 With pains so terrible and drear  
 That all the Gods were chilled with fear,

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<sup>244</sup> “The same as she whose praises Viśvámitra has already sung in Canto XXXV, and whom the poet brings yet alive upon the scene in Canto LXI. Her proper name was *Satyavatí* (Truthful); the patronymic, Kauśikí was preserved by the river into which she is said to have been changed, and is still recognized in the corrupted forms Kuśa and Kuśí. The river flows from the heights of the Himálaya towards the Ganges, bounding on the east the country of Videha (Behar). The name is no doubt half hidden in the *Cosoagus* of Pliny and the *Kossounos* of Arrian. But each author has fallen into the same error in his enumeration of these rivers (*Condochatem*, *Erannoboam*, *Cosoagum*, *Sonum*). The *Erannoboas*, (*Hiraṇyaváha*) and the *Sone* are not different streams, but well-known names of the same river. Moreover the order is disturbed, in which on the right and left they fall into the Ganges. To be consistent with geography it should be written: *Erannoboam* sive *Sonum*, *Condochatem* (*Gandakí*), *Cosoagum*.” SCHLEGEL{FNS.

And Gods and saints, for swift advice,  
Met in the halls of Paradise.  
“Let Kuśik's son,” they counselled, “be  
A Mighty saint by just decree.”  
His ear to hear their counsel lent  
The Sire of worlds, omnipotent.  
To him enriched by rites severe  
He spoke in accents sweet to hear:  
“Hail, Mighty Saint! dear son, all hail!  
Thy fervour wins, thy toils prevail.  
Won by thy vows and zeal intense  
I give this high preëminence.”  
He to the General Sire replied,  
Not sad, nor wholly satisfied:  
“When thou, O Brahmá, shalt declare  
The title, great beyond compare,  
Of Bráhmaṇ saint my worthy meed,  
Hard earned by many a holy deed,  
Then may I deem in sooth I hold  
Each sense of body well controlled.”  
Then Brahmá cried, “Not yet, not yet:  
Toil on awhile O Anchoret!”

Thus having said to heaven he went,  
The saint, upon his task intent,  
Began his labours to renew,  
Which sterner yet and fiercer grew.  
His arms upraised, without a rest,  
With but one foot the earth he pressed;  
The air his food, the hermit stood  
Still as a pillar hewn from wood.  
Around him in the summer days  
Five mighty fires combined to blaze.  
In floods of rain no veil was spread  
Save clouds, to canopy his head.  
In the dank dews both night and day  
Couched in the stream the hermit lay.  
Thus, till a thousand years had fled,  
He plied his task of penance dread.  
Then Vishṇu and the Gods with awe  
The labours of the hermit saw,  
And Śakra, in his troubled breast,  
Lord of the skies, his fear confessed.  
And brooded on a plan to spoil  
The merits of the hermit's toil.  
Encompassed by his Gods of Storm  
He summoned Rambhá, fair of form,  
And spoke a speech for woe and weal,  
The saint to mar, the God to heal.

## Canto LXIV. Rambhá.

“A great emprise, O lovely maid,  
To save the Gods, awaits thine aid:  
To bind the son of Kuśik sure,  
And take his soul with love's sweet lure.”  
Thus order'd by the Thousand-eyed  
The suppliant nymph in fear replied:  
“O Lord of Gods, this mighty sage  
Is very fierce and swift to rage.  
I doubt not, he so dread and stern  
On me his scorching wrath will turn.  
Of this, my lord, am I afraid:  
Have mercy on a timid maid.”  
Her suppliant hands began to shake,  
When thus again Lord Indra spake:  
“O Rambhá, drive thy fears away,  
And as I bid do thou obey.  
In Koil's form, who takes the heart  
When trees in spring to blossom start,  
I, with Kandarpa for my friend,  
Close to thy side mine aid will lend.  
Do thou thy beauteous splendour arm  
With every grace and winsome charm,  
And from his awful rites seduce  
This Kuśik's son, the stern recluse.”

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Lord Indra ceased. The nymph obeyed:  
In all her loveliest charms arrayed,  
With winning ways and witching smile  
She sought the hermit to beguile.  
The sweet note of that tuneful bird  
The saint with ravished bosom heard,  
And on his heart a rapture passed  
As on the nymph a look he cast.  
But when he heard the bird prolong

His sweet incomparable song,  
And saw the nymph with winning smile,  
The hermit's heart perceived the wile.  
And straight he knew the Thousand-eyed  
A plot against his peace had tried.  
Then Kuśik's son indignant laid  
His curse upon the heavenly maid:  
“Because thou wouldest my soul engage  
Who fight to conquer love and rage,  
Stand, till ten thousand years have flown,  
Ill-fated maid, transformed to stone.  
A Bráhman then, in glory strong,  
Mighty through penance stern and long,  
Shall free thee from thine altered shape;  
Thou from my curse shalt then escape.”  
But when the saint had cursed her so,  
His breast was burnt with fires of woe,  
Grieved that long effort to restrain  
His mighty wrath was all in vain.  
Cursed by the angry sage's power,  
She stood in stone that selfsame hour.  
Kandarpa heard the words he said,  
And quickly from his presence fled.  
His fall beneath his passion's sway  
Had reft the hermit's meed away.  
Unconquered yet his secret foes,  
The humbled saint refused repose:  
“No more shall rage my bosom till,  
Sealed be my lips, my tongue be still.  
My very breath henceforth I hold  
Until a thousand years are told:  
Victorious o'er each erring sense,  
I'll dry my frame with abstinence,  
Until by penance duly done

A Bráhman's rank be bought and won.  
For countless years, as still as death,  
I taste no food, I draw no breath,  
And as I toil my frame shall stand  
Unharmed by time's destroying hand.”

## Canto LXV. Visvámitra's Triumph

Then from Himálaya's heights of snow,  
The glorious saint prepared to go,  
And dwelling in the distant east  
His penance and his toil increased.  
A thousand years his lips he held  
Closed by a vow unparalleled,  
And other marvels passing thought,  
Unrivalled in the world, he wrought.  
In all the thousand years his frame  
Dry as a log of wood became.  
By many a cross and check beset,  
Rage had not stormed his bosom yet.  
With iron will that naught could bend  
He plied his labour till the end.  
So when the weary years were o'er,  
Freed from his vow so stern and sore,  
The hermit, all his penance sped,  
Sate down to eat his meal of bread.  
Then Indra, clad in Bráhman guise,  
Asked him for food with hungry eyes.  
The mighty saint, with steadfast soul,  
To the false Bráhman gave the whole,  
And when no scrap for him remained,

Fasting and faint, from speech refrained.  
His silent vow he would not break:  
No breath he heaved, no word he spake,  
Then as he checked his breath, behold!  
Around his brow thick smoke-clouds rolled  
And the three worlds, as if o'erspread  
With ravening flames, were filled with dread.  
Then God and saint and bard, convened,  
And Nága lord, and snake, and fiend,  
Thus to the General Father cried,  
Distracted, sad, and terrified:  
“Against the hermit, sore assailed,  
Lure, scathe, and scorn have naught availed,  
Proof against rage and treacherous art  
He keeps his vow with constant heart.  
Now if his toils assist him naught  
To gain the boon his soul has sought,  
He through the worlds will ruin send  
That fixt and moving things shall end,  
The regions now are dark with doom,  
No friendly ray relieves the gloom.  
Each ocean foams with maddened tide,  
The shrinking hills in fear subside.  
Trembles the earth with feverous throes  
The wind in fitful tempest blows.  
No cure we see with troubled eyes:  
And atheist brood on earth may rise.  
The triple world is wild with care,  
Or spiritless in dull despair.  
Before that saint the sun is dim,  
His blessed light eclipsed by him.  
Now ere the saint resolve to bring  
Destruction on each living thing,  
Let us appease, while yet we may,

Him bright as fire, like fire to slay.  
 Yea, as the fiery flood of Fate  
 Lays all creation desolate,  
 He o'er the conquered Gods may reign:  
 O, grant him what he longs to gain.”

[077]

Then all the Blest, by Brahmá led,  
 Approached the saint and sweetly said:  
 “Hail, Bráhman Saint! for such thy place:  
 Thy vows austere have won our grace.  
 A Bráhman's rank thy penance stern  
 And ceaseless labour richly earn.  
 I with the Gods of Storm decree  
 Long life, O Bráhman Saint, to thee.  
 May peace and joy thy soul possess:  
 Go where thou wilt in happiness.”

Thus by the General Sire addressed,  
 Joy and high triumph filled his breast.  
 His head in adoration bowed,  
 Thus spoke he to the Immortal crowd:  
 “If I, ye Gods, have gained at last  
 Both length of days and Bráhman caste,  
 Grant that the high mysterious name,  
 And holy Vedas, own my claim,  
 And that the formula to bless  
 The sacrifice, its lord confess.  
 And let Vaśishṭha, who excels  
 In Warriors' art and mystic spells,  
 In love of God without a peer,  
 Confirm the boon you promise here.”

With Brahmá's son Vaśishṭha, best  
 Of those who pray with voice repressed,  
 The Gods by earnest prayer prevailed,  
 And thus his new-made friend he hailed:  
 "Thy title now is sure and good  
 To rights of saintly Bráhmanhood."  
 Thus spake the sage. The Gods, content,  
 Back to their heavenly mansions went.  
 And Viśvámitra, pious-souled,  
 Among the Bráhman saints enrolled,  
 On reverend Vaśishṭha pressed  
 The honours due to holy guest.  
 Successful in his high pursuit,  
 The sage, in penance resolute,  
 Walked in his pilgrim wanderings o'er  
 The whole broad land from shore to shore.  
 'Twas thus the saint, O Raghu's son,  
 His rank among the Bráhmans won.  
 Best of all hermits, Prince, is he;  
 In him incarnate Penance see.  
 Friend of the right, who shrinks from ill,  
 Heroic powers attend him still."

The Bráhman, versed in ancient lore,  
 Thus closed his tale, and said no more,  
 To Śatánanda Kuśik's son  
 Cried in delight, Well done! well done!  
 Then Janak, at the tale amazed,  
 Spoke thus with suppliant hands upraised:  
 "High fate is mine, O Sage, I deem,  
 And thanks I owe for bliss supreme,  
 That thou and Raghu's children too  
 Have come my sacrifice to view.  
 To look on thee with blessed eyes

Exalts my soul and purifies.  
Yea, thus to see thee face to face  
Enriches me with store of grace.  
Thy holy labours wrought of old,  
And mighty penance, fully told,  
Ráma and I with great delight  
Have heard, O glorious Anchorite.  
Unrivalled thine ascetic deeds:  
Thy might, O Saint, all might exceeds.  
No thought may scan, no limit bound  
The virtues that in thee are found.  
The story of thy wondrous fate  
My thirsty ears can never sate.  
The hour of evening rites is near:  
The sun declines in swift career.  
At early dawn, O Hermit, deign  
To let me see thy face again.  
Best of ascetics, part in bliss:  
Do thou thy servant now dismiss."

The saint approved, and glad and kind  
Dismissed the king with joyful mind  
Around the sage King Janak went  
With priests and kinsmen reverent.  
Then Viśvámitra, honoured so,  
By those high-minded, rose to go,  
And with the princes took his way  
To seek the lodging where they lay.

With cloudless lustre rose the sun;  
 The king, his morning worship done,  
 Ordered his heralds to invite  
 The princes and the anchorite.  
 With honour, as the laws decree,  
 The monarch entertained the three.  
 Then to the youths and saintly man  
 Videha's lord this speech began:  
 "O blameless Saint, most welcome thou!  
 If I may please thee tell me how.  
 Speak, mighty lord, whom all revere,  
 'Tis thine to order, mine to hear."

Thus he on mighty thoughts intent;  
 Then thus the sage most eloquent:  
 "King Daśaratha's sons, this pair  
 Of warriors famous everywhere,  
 Are come that best of bows to see  
 That lies a treasure stored by thee.  
 This, mighty Janak, deign to show,  
 That they may look upon the bow,  
 And then, contented, homeward go."  
 Then royal Janak spoke in turn:  
 "O best of Saints, the story learn  
 Why this famed bow, a noble prize,  
 A treasure in my palace lies.  
 A monarch, Devarát by name,  
 Who sixth from ancient Nimi came,  
 Held it as ruler of the land,  
 A pledge in his successive hand.  
 This bow the mighty Rudra bore  
 At Daksha's<sup>245</sup> sacrifice of yore,

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<sup>245</sup> "Daksha was one of the ancient Progenitors or Prajápatis created by Brah-má. The sacrifice which is here spoken of and in which Śankar or Śiva (called

When carnage of the Immortals stained  
 The rite that Daksha had ordained.  
 Then as the Gods sore wounded fled,  
 Victorious Rudra, mocking, said:  
 "Because, O Gods, ye gave me naught  
 When I my rightful portion sought,  
 Your dearest parts I will not spare,  
 But with my bow your frames will tear."

The Sons of Heaven, in wild alarm,  
 Soft flatteries tried his rage to charm.  
 Then Bhava, Lord whom Gods adore,  
 Grew kind and friendly as before,  
 And every torn and mangled limb  
 Was safe and sound restored by him.  
 Thenceforth this bow, the gem of bows,  
 That freed the God of Gods from foes,  
 Stored by our great forefathers lay  
 A treasure and a pride for aye.  
 Once, as it chanced, I ploughed the ground,  
 When sudden, 'neath the share was found  
 An infant springing from the earth,  
 Named Sítá from her secret birth.<sup>246</sup>  
 In strength and grace the maiden grew,  
 My cherished daughter, fair to view.

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also here Rudra and Bhava) smote the Gods because he had not been invited to share the sacred oblations with them, seems to refer to the origin of the worship of Šiva, to its increase and to the struggle it maintained with other older forms of worship." GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>246</sup> Sítá means a furrow.

"Great Eretheus swayed,  
 That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,  
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,  
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth."

I vowed her, of no mortal birth,  
 Meet prize for noblest hero's worth.  
 In strength and grace the maiden grew,  
 And many a monarch came to woo.  
 To all the princely suitors I  
 Gave, mighty Saint, the same reply:  
 "I give not thus my daughter, she  
 Prize of heroic worth shall be."<sup>247</sup>  
 To Míthilá the suitors pressed  
 Their power and might to manifest.  
 To all who came with hearts aglow  
 I offered Śiva's wondrous bow.  
 Not one of all the royal band  
 Could raise or take the bow in hand.  
 The suitors' puny might I spurned,  
 And back the feeble princes turned.  
 Enraged thereat, the warriors met,  
 With force combined my town beset.  
 Stung to the heart with scorn and shame,  
 With war and threats they madly came,  
 Besieged my peaceful walls, and long  
 To Míthilá did grievous wrong.  
 There, wasting all, a year they lay,  
 And brought my treasures to decay,  
 Filling my soul, O Hermit chief,  
 With bitter woe and hopeless grief.  
 At last by long-wrought penance I  
 Won favour with the Gods on high,  
 Who with my labours well content  
 A four-fold host to aid me sent.  
 Then swift the baffled heroes fled  
 To all the winds discomfited—

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<sup>247</sup> "The whole story of Sítá, as will be seen in the course of the poem has a great analogy with the ancient myth of Proserpine." GORRESIO{FNS.

Wrong-doers, with their lords and host,  
And all their valour's idle boast.  
This heavenly bow, exceeding bright,  
These youths shall see, O Anchorite.  
Then if young Ráma's hand can string  
The bow that baffled lord and king,  
To him I give, as I have sworn,  
My Sítá, not of woman born.”

## Canto LXVII. The Breaking Of The Bow.

Then spoke again the great recluse:  
“This mighty bow, O King, produce.”  
King Janak, at the saint's request,  
This order to his train addressed:  
“Let the great bow be hither borne,  
Which flowery wreaths and scents adorn.”  
Soon as the monarch's words were said,  
His servants to the city sped,  
Five thousand youths in number, all  
Of manly strength and stature tall,  
The ponderous eight-wheeled chest that held  
The heavenly bow, with toil propelled.  
At length they brought that iron chest,  
And thus the godlike king addressed:  
“This best of bows, O lord, we bring,  
Respected by each chief and king,  
And place it for these youths to see,  
If, Sovereign, such thy pleasure be.”

[079]

With suppliant palm to palm applied  
 King Janak to the strangers cried:  
 “This gem of bows, O Bráhman Sage,  
 Our race has prized from age to age,  
 Too strong for those who yet have reigned,  
 Though great in might each nerve they strained.  
 Titan and fiend its strength defies,  
 God, spirit, minstrel of the skies.  
 And bard above and snake below  
 Are baffled by this glorious bow.  
 Then how may human prowess hope  
 With such a bow as this to cope?  
 What man with valour's choicest gift  
 This bow can draw, or string, or lift?  
 Yet let the princes, holy Seer,  
 Behold it: it is present here.”

Then spoke the hermit pious-souled:  
 “Ráma, dear son, the bow behold.”  
 Then Ráma at his word unclosed  
 The chest wherein its might repos'd,  
 Thus crying, as he viewed it: “Lo!  
 I lay mine hand upon the bow:  
 May happy luck my hope attend  
 Its heavenly strength to lift or bend.”  
 “Good luck be thine,” the hermit cried:  
 “Assay the task!” the king replied.  
 Then Raghu's son, as if in sport,  
 Before the thousands of the court,  
 The weapon by the middle raised  
 That all the crowd in wonder gazed.  
 With steady arm the string he drew  
 Till burst the mighty bow in two.  
 As snapped the bow, an awful clang,

Loud as the shriek of tempests, rang.  
The earth, affrighted, shook amain  
As when a hill is rent in twain.  
Then, senseless at the fearful sound,  
The people fell upon the ground:  
None save the king, the princely pair,  
And the great saint, the shock could bear.

When woke to sense the stricken train,  
And Janak's soul was calm again,  
With suppliant hands and reverent head,  
These words, most eloquent, he said:  
“O Saint, Prince Ráma stands alone:  
His peerless might he well has shown.  
A marvel has the hero wrought  
Beyond belief, surpassing thought.  
My child, to royal Ráma wed,  
New glory on our line will shed:  
And true my promise will remain  
That hero's worth the bride should gain.  
Dearer to me than light and life,  
My Sítá shall be Ráma's wife.  
If thou, O Bráhman, leave concede,  
My counsellors, with eager speed,  
Borne in their flying cars, to fair  
Ayodhyá's town the news shall bear,  
With courteous message to entreat  
The king to grace my royal seat.  
This to the monarch shall they tell,  
The bride is his who won her well:  
And his two sons are resting here  
Protected by the holy seer.  
So, at his pleasure, let them lead  
The sovereign to my town with speed.”

The hermit to his prayer inclined  
And Janak, lord of virtuous mind,  
With charges, to Ayodhyá sent  
His ministers: and forth they went.

## Canto LXVIII. The Envoys' Speech.

Three nights upon the road they passed  
To rest the steeds that bore them fast,  
And reached Ayodhyá's town at last.  
Then straight at Daśaratha's call  
They stood within the royal hall,  
Where, like a God, inspiring awe,  
The venerable king they saw.  
With suppliant palm to palm applied,  
And all their terror laid aside,  
They spoke to him upon the throne  
With modest words, in gentle tone:  
“Janak, Videha's king, O Sire,  
Has sent us hither to inquire  
The health of thee his friend most dear,  
Of all thy priests and every peer.  
Next Kuśik's son consenting, thus  
King Janak speaks, dread liege, by us:  
“I made a promise and decree  
That valour's prize my child should be.  
Kings, worthless found in worth's assay,  
With mien dejected turned away.  
Thy sons, by Viśvámitra led,  
Unurged, my city visited,  
And peerless in their might have gained

My daughter, as my vow ordained.  
 Full in a vast assembly's view  
 Thy hero Ráma broke in two  
 The gem of bows, of monstrous size,  
 That came a treasure from the skies.  
 Ordained the prize of hero's might,  
 Sítá my child is his by right.  
 Fain would I keep my promise made,  
 If thou, O King, approve and aid.  
 Come to my town thy son to see:  
 Bring holy guide and priest with thee.  
 O lord of kings, my suit allow,  
 And let me keep my promised vow.  
 So joying for thy children's sake  
 Their triumph too shalt thou partake,  
 With Viśvámitra's high consent."  
 Such words with friendship eloquent  
 Spoke Janak, fair Videha's king,  
 By Śatánanda's counselling."

The envoys thus the king addressed,  
 And mighty joy his heart possessed.  
 To Vámadeva quick he cried,  
 Vaśishtha, and his lords beside:  
 "Lakshmaṇ, and he, my princely boy  
 Who fills Kauśalyá's soul with joy,  
 By Viśvámitra guarded well  
 Among the good Videhans dwell.  
 Their ruler Janak, prompt to own  
 The peerless might my child has shown,  
 To him would knit in holy ties  
 His daughter, valour's lovely prize.  
 If Janak's plan seem good to you,  
 Come, speed we to his city too,

Nor let occasion idly by."

He ceased. There came a glad reply  
 From priest and mighty saint and all  
 The councillors who thronged the hall.  
 Then cried the king with joyous heart:  
 "To-morrow let us all depart."

That night the envoys entertained  
 With honour and all care remained.

## Canto LXIX. Dasaratha's Visit.

Soon as the shades of night had fled,  
 Thus to the wise Sumantra said  
 The happy king, while priest and peer,  
 Each in his place, were standing near:  
 "Let all my treasurers to-day,  
 Set foremost in the long array,  
 With gold and precious gems supplied  
 In bounteous store, together ride.  
 And send you out a mighty force,  
 Foot, chariot, elephant, and horse.  
 Besides, let many a car of state,  
 And noblest steeds, my will await.  
 Vaśishṭha, Vámadeva sage,  
 And Márkaṇḍeya's reverend age,  
 Jáváli, Kaśyap's godlike seed,  
 And wise Kátyáyana, shall lead.  
 Thy care, Sumantra, let it be  
 To yoke a chariot now for me,  
 That so we part without delay:  
 These envoys hasten me away."

So fared he forth. That host, with speed,  
 Quadruple, as the king decreed,  
 With priests to head the bright array,  
 Followed the monarch on his way.  
 Four days they travelled on the road,  
 And eve Videha's kingdom showed.  
 Janak had left his royal seat  
 The venerable king to greet,  
 And, noblest, with these words addressed  
 That noblest lord, his happy guest:  
 "Hail, best of kings: a blessed fate  
 Has led thee, Monarch, to my state.  
 Thy sons, supreme in high emprise,  
 Will gladden now their father's eyes.  
 And high my fate, that hither leads  
 Vaśishtha, bright with holy deeds,  
 Girt with these sages far-renowned,  
 Like Indra with the Gods around.  
 Joy! joy! for vanquished are my foes:  
 Joy! for my house in glory grows,  
 With Raghu's noblest sons allied,  
 Supreme in strength and valour's pride.  
 To-morrow with its early light  
 Will shine on my completed rite.  
 Then, sanctioned by the saints and thee,  
 The marriage of thy Ráma see."

Then Daśaratha, best of those  
 Whose speech in graceful order flows,  
 With gathered saints on every side,  
 Thus to the lord of earth replied:  
 "A truth is this I long have known,  
 A favour is the giver's own.  
 What thou shalt bid, O good and true,

We, as our power permits, will do."

That answer of the truthful lord,  
 With virtuous worth and honour stored,  
 Janak, Videha's noble king,  
 Heard gladly, greatly marvelling.  
 With bosoms filled with pleasure met  
 Long-parted saint and anchorite,  
 And linked in friendship's tie they spent  
 The peaceful night in great content.

Ráma and Lakshmaṇ thither sped,  
 By sainted Viśvámitra led,  
 And bent in filial love to greet  
 Their father, and embraced his feet.  
 The aged king, rejoiced to hear  
 And see again his children dear,  
 Honoured by Janak's thoughtful care,  
 With great enjoyment rested there.  
 King Janak, with attentive heed,  
 Consulted first his daughters' need,  
 And ordered all to speed the rite;  
 Then rested also for the night.

Canto LXX. The Maidens Sought.

Then with the morn's returning sun.  
 King Janak, when his rites were done,  
 Skilled all the charms of speech to know,  
 Spoke to wise Śatānanda so:  
 "My brother, lord of glorious fame,  
 My younger, Kuśadhwaj by name,  
 Whose virtuous life has won renown,  
 Has settled in a lovely town,  
 Sánkásyá, decked with grace divine,  
 Whose glories bright as Pushpak's shine,  
 While Ikshumatí rolls her wave  
 Her lofty rampart's foot to lave.  
 Him, holy priest, I long to see:  
 The guardian of my rite is he:  
 That my dear brother may not miss  
 A share of mine expected bliss."

Thus in the presence of the priest  
 The royal Janak spoke, and ceased.  
 Then came his henchmen, prompt and brave,  
 To whom his charge the monarch gave. [081]  
 Soon as they heard his will, in haste  
 With fleetest steeds away they raced,  
 To lead with them that lord of kings,  
 As Indra's call Lord Vishṇu brings.  
 Sánkásyá's walls they duly gained,  
 And audience of the king obtained.  
 To him they told the news they brought  
 Of marvels past and Janak's thought.  
 Soon as the king the story knew  
 From those good envoys swift and true,  
 To Janak's wish he gave assent,  
 And swift to Míhilá he went.  
 He paid to Janak reverence due,

And holy Śatánanda too,  
 Then sate him on a glorious seat  
 For kings or Gods celestial meet.  
 Soon as the brothers, noble pair  
 Peerless in might, were seated there,  
 They gave the wise Sudáman, best  
 Of councillors, their high behest:  
 “Go, noble councillor,” they cried,  
 “And hither to our presence guide  
 Ikshváku’s son, Ayodhyá’s lord,  
 Invincible by foeman’s sword,  
 With both his sons, each holy seer,  
 And every minister and peer.”  
 Sudáman to the palace flew,  
 And saw the mighty king who threw  
 Splendour on Raghu’s splendid race,  
 Then bowed his head with seemly grace:  
 “O King, whose hand Ayodhyá sways,  
 My lord, whom Míhilá obeys,  
 Yearns with desire, if thou agree,  
 Thee with thy guide and priest to see.”  
 Soon as the councillor had ceased,  
 The king, with saint and peer and priest,  
 Sought, speeding through the palace gate,  
 The hall where Janak held his state.  
 There, with his nobles round him spread,  
 Thus to Videha’s lord be said:  
 “Thou knowest, King, whose aid divine  
 Protects Ikshváku’s royal line.  
 In every need, whate’er befall,  
 The saint Vaśishṭha speaks for all.  
 If Viśvámitra so allow,  
 And all the saints around me now,  
 The sage will speak, at my desire,

As order and the truth require.”

Soon as the king his lips had stilled,  
Up rose Vaśishṭha, speaker skilled.  
And to Videha's lord began  
In flowing words that holy man:  
“From viewless Nature Brahmá rose,  
No change, no end, no waste he knows.  
A son had he Maríchi styled,  
And Kaśyap was Maríchi's child.  
From him Vivasvat sprang: from him  
Manu whose fame shall ne'er be dim.  
Manu, who life to mortals gave,  
Begot Ikshváku good and brave.  
First of Ayodhyá's kings was he,  
Pride of her famous dynasty.  
From him the glorious Kukshi sprang,  
Whose fame through all the regions rang.  
Rival of Kukshi's ancient fame,  
His heir, the great Vikukshi, came,  
His son was Váṇa, lord of might;  
His Anaranya, strong to fight.  
His son was Prithu, glorious name;  
From him the good Triśanku came.  
He left a son renowned afar,  
Known by the name of Dhundhumári.  
His son, who drove the mighty car,  
Was Yuvanásva, feared in war.  
He passed away. Him followed then  
His son Mándhátá, king of men.  
His son was blest in high emprise,  
Susandhi, fortunate and wise.  
Two noble sons had he, to wit  
Dhruvasandhi and Prasenajit.

Bharat was Dhruvasandhi's son,  
 And glorious fame that monarch won.  
 The warrior Asit he begot.  
 Asit had warfare, fierce and hot,  
 With rival kings in many a spot,  
 Haihayas, Tálajanghas styled,  
 And Śaśivindus, strong and wild.  
 Long time he strove, but forced to yield  
 Fled from his kingdom and the field.  
 With his two wives away he fled  
 Where high Himálaya lifts his head,  
 And, all his wealth and glory past,  
 He paid the dues of Fate at last.  
 The wives he left had both conceived—  
 So is the ancient tale believed—  
 One, of her rival's hopes afraid  
 Fell poison in her viands laid.  
 It chanced that Chyavan, Bhrigu's child,  
 Had wandered to that pathless wild,  
 And there Himálaya's lovely height  
 Detained him with a strange delight.  
 There came the other widowed queen,  
 With lotus eyes and beauteous mien,  
 Longing a noble son to bear,  
 And wooed the saint with earnest prayer.  
 When thus Kálindi,<sup>248</sup> fairest dame,  
 With reverent supplication came,  
 To her the holy sage replied:  
 “Born with the poison from thy side,  
 O happy Queen, shall spring ere long  
 An infant fortunate and strong.  
 Then weep no more, and check thy sighs,

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<sup>248</sup> A different lady from the Goddess of the Jumna who bears the same name.

Sweet lady of the lotus eyes.”  
 The queen, who loved her perished lord,  
 For meet reply, the saint adored,  
 And, of her husband long bereaved,  
 She bore a son by him conceived.  
 Because her rival mixed the bane  
 To render her conception vain,  
 And fruit unripened to destroy,  
 Sagar<sup>249</sup> she called her darling boy.  
 To Sagar Asamanj was heir:  
 Bright Anśumán his consort bare.  
 Anśumán's son, Dilípa famed,  
 Begot a son Bhagírath named.  
 From him the great Kakutstha rose:  
 From him came Raghu, feared by foes,  
 Of him sprang Purushádak bold,  
 Fierce hero of gigantic mould:  
 Kalmáshapáda's name he bore,  
 Because his feet were spotted o'er.<sup>250</sup>  
 From him came Šankaṇ, and from him  
 Sudarśan, fair in face and limb.  
 From beautiful Sudarśan came  
 Prince Agnivarṇa, bright as flame.  
 His son was Śíghraga, for speed  
 Unmatched; and Maru was his seed.  
 Praśuśruka was Maru's child;  
 His son was Ambarísha styled.  
 Nahush was Ambarísha's heir,  
 The mighty lord of regions fair:  
 Nahush begot Yayáti: he,

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<sup>249</sup> This is another fanciful derivation, *Sa*—with, and *gara*—poison.

<sup>250</sup> *Purushádak* means a cannibal. First called *Kalmáshapáda* on account of his spotted feet he is said to have been turned into a cannibal for killing the son of Vaśishṭha.

Nábhág of happy destiny.  
 Son of Nábhág was Aja: his,  
 The glorious Daśaratha is,  
 Whose noble children boast to be  
 Ráma and Lakshmaṇ, whom we see.  
 Thus do those kings of purest race  
 Their lineage from Ikshváku trace:  
 Their hero lives the right maintained,  
 Their lips with falsehood ne'er were stained.  
 In Ráma's and in Lakshmaṇ's name  
 Thy daughters as their wives I claim,  
 So shall in equal bands be tied  
 Each peerless youth with peerless bride.”

## Canto LXXI. Janak's Pedigree.

Then to the saint supremely wise  
 King Janak spoke in suppliant guise:  
 “Deign, Hermit, with attentive ear,  
 My race's origin to hear.  
 When kings a daughter's hand bestow,  
 'Tis right their line and fame to show.  
 There was a king whose deeds and worth  
 Spread wide his name through heaven and earth,  
 Nimi, most virtuous e'en from youth,  
 The best of all who love the truth.  
 His son and heir was Mithi, and  
 His Janak, first who ruled this land.  
 He left a son Udávasu,  
 Blest with all virtues, good and true.  
 His son was Nandivardhan, dear

For pious heart and worth sincere.  
 His son Suketu, hero brave,  
 To Devarát, existence gave.  
 King Devarát, a royal sage,  
 For virtue, glory of the age,  
 Begot Vrihadhratha; and he  
 Begot, his worthy heir to be,  
 The splendid hero Mahábír  
 Who long in glory governed here.  
 His son was Sudhriti, a youth  
 Firm in his purpose, brave in sooth,  
 His son was Dhristaketu, blest  
 With pious will and holy breast.  
 The fame of royal saint he won:  
 Haryaśva was his princely son.  
 Haryaśva's son was Maru, who  
 Begot Pratíndhak, wise and true.  
 Next Kírtiratha held the throne,  
 His son, for gentle virtues known.  
 Then followed Devamidha, then  
 Vibudh, Mahándhrak, kings of men.  
 Mahándhrak's son, of boundless might,  
 Was Kírtirát, who loved the right.  
 He passed away, a sainted king,  
 And Maháromá following  
 To Swarṣaromá left the state.  
 Then Hraśvaromá, good and great,  
 Succeeded, and to him a pair  
 Of sons his royal consort bare,  
 Elder of these I boast to be:  
 Brave Kuśadhwaj is next to me.<sup>251</sup>

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<sup>251</sup> "In the setting forth of these royal genealogies the Bengal recension varies but slightly from the Northern. The first six names of the genealogy of the Kings of Ayodhyá are partly theogonical and partly cosmogonical; the

Me then, the elder of the twain,  
 My sire anointed here to reign.  
 He bade me tend my brother well,  
 Then to the forest went to dwell.  
 He sought the heavens, and I sustained  
 The burden as by law ordained,  
 And noble Kuśadhwaj, the peer  
 Of Gods, I ever held most dear.  
 Then came Sánkásyá's mighty lord,  
 Sudhanvá, threatening siege and sword,  
 And bade me swift on him bestow  
 Śiva's incomparable bow,  
 And Sítá of the lotus eyes:  
 But I refused each peerless prize.  
 Then, host to host, we met the foes,  
 And fierce the din of battle rose,  
 Sudhanvá, foremost of his band,  
 Fell smitten by my single hand.  
 When thus Sánkásyá's lord was slain,  
 I sanctified, as laws ordain,  
 My brother in his stead to reign,  
 Thus are we brothers, Saint most high  
 The younger he, the elder I.  
 Now, mighty Sage, my spirit joys  
 To give these maidens to the boys.  
 Let Sítá be to Rámá tied.  
 And Urmilá be Lakshmaṇ's bride.  
 First give, O King, the gift of cows,  
 As dowry of each royal spouse,  
 Due offerings to the spirits pay,  
 And solemnize the wedding-day.

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other names are no doubt in accordance with tradition and deserve the same amount of credence as the ancient traditional genealogies of other nations.”  
 GORRESIO{FNS.

The moon tonight, O royal Sage,  
 In Maghá's<sup>252</sup> House takes harbourage;  
 On the third night his rays benign  
 In second Phálguni<sup>253</sup> will shine:  
 Be that the day, with prosperous fate,  
 The nuptial rites to celebrate.”

## Canto LXXII. The Gift Of Kine.

When royal Janak's words were done,  
 Joined with Vaśishṭha Kuśik's son,  
 The mighty sage began his speech:  
 “No mind may soar, no thought can reach  
 The glories of Ikshváku's line,  
 Or, great Videha's King, of thine:  
 None in the whole wide world may vie  
 With them in fame and honours high.  
 Well matched, I ween, in holy bands,  
 These peerless pairs will join their hands.  
 But hear me as I speak once more;  
 Thy brother, skilled in duty's lore,  
 Has at his home a royal pair  
 Of daughters most divinely fair.  
 I for the hands of these sweet two  
 For Bharat and Śatrughna sue,  
 Both princes of heroic mould,  
 Wise, fair of form, and lofty-souled.  
 All Daśaratha's sons, I ween,

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<sup>252</sup> The tenth of the lunar asterisms, composed of five stars.

<sup>253</sup> There are two lunar asterisms of this name, one following the other immediately, forming the eleventh and twelfth of the lunar mansions.

Own each young grace of form and mien:  
 Brave as the Gods are they, nor yield  
 To the great Lords the worlds who shield.  
 By these, good Prince of merits high,  
 Ikshváku's house with thine ally.”

The suit the holy sage preferred,  
 With willing ear the monarch heard:  
 Vaśisṭha's lips the counsel praised:  
 Then spake the king with hands upraised:  
 “Now blest indeed my race I deem,  
 Which your high will, O Saints supreme,  
 With Daśaratha's house unites  
 In bonds of love and marriage rites.  
 So be it done. My nieces twain  
 Let Bharat and Śatrughna gain,  
 And the four youths the selfsame day  
 Four maiden hands in theirs shall lay.  
 No day so lucky may compare,  
 For marriage—so the wise declare—  
 With the last day of Phálguni  
 Ruled by the genial deity.”  
 Then with raised hands in reverence due  
 To those arch-saints he spoke anew:  
 “I am your pupil, ever true:  
 To me high favour have ye shown;  
 Come, sit ye on my royal throne,  
 For Daśaratha rules these towers  
 E'en as Ayodhyá now is ours.  
 Do with your own whate'er ye choose:  
 Your lordship here will none refuse.”

He spoke, and to Videha's king  
Thus Daśaratha, answering:  
“Boundless your virtues, lords, whose sway  
The realms of Mithilá obey.  
With honouring care you entertain.  
Both holy sage and royal train.  
Now to my house my steps I bend—  
May blessings still on you at end—  
Due offerings to the shades to pay.”  
Thus spoke the king, and turned away:  
To Janak first he bade adieu,  
Then followed fast those holy two.  
The monarch reached his palace where  
The rites were paid with solemn care.  
When the next sun began to shine  
He rose and made his gift of kine.  
A hundred thousand cows prepared  
For each young prince the Bráhmans shared.  
Each had her horns adorned with gold;  
And duly was the number told,  
Four hundred thousand perfect tale:  
Each brought a calf, each filled a pail.  
And when that glorious task was o'er,  
The monarch with his children four,  
Showed like the Lord of Life divine  
When the worlds' guardians round him shine.

On that same day that saw the king  
 His gift of kine distributing,  
 The lord of Kekaya's son, by name  
 Yudhájit, Bharat's uncle, came,  
 Asked of the monarch's health, and then  
 Addressed the reverend king of men:  
 "The lord of Kekaya's realm by me  
 Sends greeting, noble King, to thee:  
 Asks if the friends thy prayers would bless  
 Uninterrupted health possess.  
 Right anxious, mighty King, is he  
 My sister's princely boy to see.  
 For this I sought Ayodhyá fair  
 The message of my sire to bear.  
 There learning, O my liege, that thou  
 With sons and noble kinsmen now  
 Wast resting here, I sought the place  
 Longing to see my nephew's face."  
 The king with kind observance cheered  
 His friend by tender ties endeared,  
 And every choicest honour pressed  
 Upon his honourable guest.

That night with all his children spent,  
 At morn King Daśaratha went,  
 Behind Vaśishṭha and the rest,  
 To the fair ground for rites addressed.  
 Then when the lucky hour was nigh  
 Called Victory, of omen high,  
 Came Ráma, after vow and prayer  
 For nuptial bliss and fortune fair,  
 With the three youths in bright attire,  
 And stood beside his royal sire.  
 To Janak then Vaśishṭha sped,

And to Videha's monarch said:  
“O King, Ayodhyá's ruler now  
Has breathed the prayer and vowed the vow,  
And with his sons expecting stands  
The giver of the maidens' hands.  
The giver and the taker both  
Must ratify a mutual oath.  
Perform the part for which we wait,  
And rites of marriage celebrate.”

Skilled in the laws which Scriptures teach,  
He answered thus Vaśishṭha's speech:  
“O Saint, what warder bars the gate?  
Whose bidding can the king await?  
In one's own house what doubt is shown?  
This kingdom, Sage, is all thine own.  
E'en now the maidens may be found  
Within the sacrificial ground:  
Each vow is vowed and prayed each prayer,  
And they, like fire, are shining there.  
Here by the shrine my place I took  
Expecting thee with eager look,  
No bar the nuptial rites should stay:  
What cause have we for more delay?”  
When Janak's speech the monarch heard,  
To sons and saints he gave the word,  
And set them in the holy ring,  
Then to Vaśishṭha spoke the king  
Of Mithilá: “O mighty Sage,  
Now let this task thy care engage,  
And lend thine aid and counsel wise  
The nuptial rites to solemnize.”

The saint Vaśishṭha gave assent,  
And quickly to the task he went,  
With Viśvámitra, nothing loth,  
And Śatánanda aiding both.  
Then, as the rules prescribe, they made  
An altar in the midst, and laid  
Fresh wreaths of fragrant flowers thereon.  
The golden ladles round it shone;  
And many a vase, which branches hid  
Fixed in the perforated lid,  
And sprays, and cups, and censers there  
Stood filled with incense rich and rare;  
Shell-bowls, and spoons, and salvers dressed  
With gifts that greet the honoured guest;  
Piles of parched rice some dishes bore,  
Others with corn prepared ran o'er;  
And holy grass was duly spread  
In equal lengths, while prayers were said.  
Next chief of saints, Vaśishṭha came  
And laid the offering in the flame.  
Then by the hand King Janak drew  
His Sítá, beautiful to view,  
And placed her, bright in rich attire,  
Ráma to face, before the fire,  
Thus speaking to the royal boy  
Who filled Kauśalyá's heart with joy:  
“Here Sítá stands, my daughter fair,  
The duties of thy life to share.  
Take from her father, take thy bride;  
Join hand to hand, and bliss betide!  
A faithful wife, most blest is she,  
And as thy shade will follow thee.”

Thus as he spoke the monarch threw  
 O'er her young limbs the holy dew,  
 While Gods and saints were heard to swell  
 The joyous cry, 'Tis well! 'Tis well!  
 His daughter Sítá thus bestowed,  
 O'er whom the sacred drops had flowed.  
 King Janak's heart with rapture glowed.  
 Then to Prince Lakshmaṇ thus he cried:  
 "Take Urmilá thine offered bride,  
 And clasp her hand within thine own  
 Ere yet the lucky hour be flown."  
 Then to Prince Bharat thus cried he;  
 "Come, take the hand of Mándavi."  
 Then to Śatruघna: "In thy grasp  
 The hand of Śrutakírti clasp.  
 Now, Raghu's sons, may all of you  
 Be gentle to your wives and true;  
 Keep well the vows you make to-day,  
 Nor let occasion slip away."

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King Janak's word the youths obeyed;  
 The maidens' hands in theirs they laid.  
 Then with their brides the princes went  
 With ordered steps and reverent  
 Round both the fire and Janak, round  
 The sages and the sacred ground.

A flowery flood of lucid dyes  
 In rain descended from the skies,  
 While with celestial voices blent  
 Sweet strains from many an instrument,  
 And the nymphs danced in joyous throng  
 Responsive to the minstrel's song.  
 Such signs of exultation they

Saw on the princes' wedding day.  
 Still rang the heavenly music's sound  
 When Raghu's sons thrice circled round  
 The fire, each one with reverent head,  
 And homeward then their brides they led.  
 They to the sumptuous palace hied  
 That Janak's care had seen supplied.  
 The monarch girt with saint and peer  
 Still fondly gazing followed near.

## Canto LXXIV. Ráma With The Axe.<sup>254</sup>

Soon as the night had reached its close  
 The hermit Viśvámitra rose;  
 To both the kings he bade adieu  
 And to the northern hill withdrew.  
 Ayodhyá's lord of high renown  
 Received farewell, and sought his town.  
 Then as each daughter left her bower  
 King Janak gave a splendid dower,  
 Rugs, precious silks, a warrior force,  
 Cars, elephants, and foot, and horse,  
 Divine to see and well arrayed;  
 And many a skilful tiring-maid,  
 And many a young and trusty slave  
 The father of the ladies gave.

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<sup>254</sup> This is another Ráma, son of Jamadagni, called Paraśuráma, or Ráma with the axe, from the weapon which he carried. He was while he lived the terror of the Warrior caste, and his name recalls long and fierce struggles between the sacerdotal and military order in which the latter suffered severely at the hands of their implacable enemy.

Silver and coral, gold and pearls  
He gave to his beloved girls.  
These precious gifts the king bestowed  
And sped his guest upon his road.  
The lord of Mithilá's sweet town  
Rode to his court and lighted down.  
Ayodhyá's monarch, glad and gay,  
Led by the seers pursued his way  
With his dear sons of lofty mind:  
The royal army marched behind.  
As on he fared the voice he heard  
Around of many a dismal bird,  
And every beast in wild affright  
Began to hurry to the right.  
The monarch to Vaśishṭha cried:  
“What strange misfortune will betide?  
Why do the beasts in terror fly,  
And birds of evil omen cry?  
What is it shakes my heart with dread?  
Why is my soul disquieted?”

Soon as he heard, the mighty saint  
Thus answered Daśaratha's plaint  
In sweetest tone: “Now, Monarch, mark,  
And learn from me the meaning dark.  
The voices of the birds of air  
Great peril to the host declare:  
The moving beasts the dread allay,  
So drive thy whelming fear away,”

As he and Daśaratha spoke  
 A tempest from the welkin broke,  
 That shook the spacious earth amain  
 And hurled high trees upon the plain.  
 The sun grew dark with murky cloud,  
 And o'er the skies was cast a shroud,  
 While o'er the army, faint with dread,  
 A veil of dust and ashes spread.  
 King, princes, saints their sense retained,  
 Fear-stupefied the rest remained.  
 At length, their wits returning, all  
 Beneath the gloom and ashy pall  
 Saw Jamadagni's son with dread,  
 His long hair twisted round his head,  
 Who, sprung from Bṛigu, loved to beat  
 The proudest kings beneath his feet.  
 Firm as Kailāsa's hill he showed,  
 Fierce as the fire of doom he glowed.  
 His axe upon his shoulder lay,  
 His bow was ready for the fray,  
 With thirsty arrows wont to fly  
 Like Lightnings from the angry sky.  
 A long keen arrow forth he drew,  
 Invincible like those which flew  
 From Śiva's ever-conquering bow  
 And Tripura in death laid low.

When his wild form, that struck with awe,  
 Fearful as ravening flame, they saw,  
 Vaśishṭha and the saints whose care  
 Was sacrifice and muttered prayer,  
 Drew close together, each to each,  
 And questioned thus with bated speech:  
 “Indignant at his father's fate

Will he on warriors vent his hate,  
 The slayers of his father slay,  
 And sweep the loathed race away?  
 But when of old his fury raged  
 Seas of their blood his wrath assuaged:  
 So doubtless now he has not planned  
 To slay all warriors in the land.”

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Then with a gift the saints drew near  
 To Bhrigu's son whose look was fear,  
 And Ráma! Ráma! soft they cried.  
 The gift he took, no word replied.  
 Then Bhrigu's son his silence broke  
 And thus to Ráma Ráma spoke:

## Canto LXXV. The Parle.

“Heroic Ráma, men proclaim  
 The marvels of thy matchless fame,  
 And I from loud-voiced rumour know  
 The exploit of the broken bow,  
 Yea, bent and broken, mighty Chief,  
 A feat most wondrous, past belief.  
 Stirred by thy fame thy face I sought:  
 A peerless bow I too have brought.  
 This mighty weapon, strong and dire,  
 Great Jamadagni owned, my sire.  
 Draw with its shaft my father's bow,  
 And thus thy might, O Ráma, show.  
 This proof of prowess let me see—  
 The weapon bent and drawn by thee;

Then single fight our strength shall try,  
And this shall raise thy glory high.”

King Daśaratha heard with dread  
The boastful speech, and thus he said;  
Raising his hands in suppliant guise,  
With pallid cheek and timid eyes:  
“Forgetful of the bloody feud  
Ascetic toils hast thou pursued;  
Then, Bráhma, let thy children be  
Untroubled and from danger free.  
Sprung of the race of Bhrigu, who  
Read holy lore, to vows most true,  
Thou swarest to the Thousand-eyed  
And thy fierce axe was cast aside.  
Thou turnedst to thy rites away  
Leaving the earth to Kaśyap's sway,  
And wentest far a grove to seek  
Beneath Mahendra's<sup>255</sup> mountain peak.  
Now, mighty Hermit, art thou here  
To slay us all with doom severe?  
For if alone my Ráma fall,  
We share his fate and perish all.”

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<sup>255</sup> “The author of the *Raghuvaṇśa* places the mountain Mahendra in the territory of the king of the Kalingans, whose palace commanded a view of the ocean. It is well known that the country along the coast to the south of the mouths of the Ganges was the seat of this people. Hence it may be suspected that this Mahendra is what Pliny calls ‘promontorium Calingon.’ The modern name, *Cape Palmyras*, from the palmyras *Borassus flabelliformis*, which abound there agrees remarkably with the description of the poet who speaks of the groves of these trees. *Raghuvaṇśa*, VI. 51.” SCHLEGEL{FNS.

As thus the aged sire complained  
 The mighty chief no answer deigned.  
 To Ráma only thus he cried:  
 “Two bows, the Heavenly Artist's pride,  
 Celestial, peerless, vast, and strong,  
 By all the worlds were honoured long.  
 One to the Three-eyed God<sup>256</sup> was given,  
 By glory to the conflict driven,  
 Thus armed fierce Tripura he slew:  
 And then by thee 'twas burst in two.  
 The second bow, which few may brave,  
 The highest Gods to Vishṇu gave.  
 This bow I hold; before it fall  
 The foeman's fenced tower and wall.  
 Then prayed the Gods the Sire Most High  
 By some unerring proof to try  
 Were praise for might Lord Vishṇu's due,  
 Or his whose Neck is stained with Blue.<sup>257</sup>  
 The mighty Sire their wishes knew,  
 And he whose lips are ever true  
 Caused the two Gods to meet as foes.  
 Then fierce the rage of battle rose:  
 Bristled in dread each starting hair  
 As Śiva strove with Vishṇu there.  
 But Vishṇu raised his voice amain.  
 And Śiva's bowstring twanged in vain;  
 Its master of the Three bright Eyes  
 Stood fixt in fury and surprise.  
 Then all the dwellers in the sky,  
 Minstrel, and saint, and God drew nigh,  
 And prayed them that the strife might cease,  
 And the great rivals met in peace.

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<sup>256</sup> Śiva.

<sup>257</sup> Siva. God of the Azure Neck.

'Twas seen how Śiva's bow has failed  
 Unnerved, when Vishṇu's might assailed,  
 And Gods and heavenly sages thence  
 To Vishnu gave preëminence.  
 Then glorious Śiva in his rage  
 Gave it to Devarāt the sage  
 Who ruled Videha's fertile land,  
 To pass it down from hand to hand.  
 But this my bow, whose shafts smite down  
 The foeman's fenced tower and town,  
 To great Richīka Vishṇu lent  
 To be a pledge and ornament,  
 Then Jamadagni, Brāhmaṇ dread,  
 My sire, the bow inherited.  
 But Arjun stooped to treachery vile  
 And slew my noble sire by guile,  
 Whose penance awful strength had gained,  
 Whose hand the God-given bow retained.  
 I heard indignant how he fell  
 By mournful fate, too sad to tell.  
 My vengeful fury since that time  
 Scourges all Warriors for the crime.  
 As generations spring to life  
 I war them down in endless strife.  
 All earth I brought beneath my sway,  
 And gave it for his meed and pay  
 To holy Kaśyap, when of yore  
 The rites performed by him were o'er.  
 Then to Mahendra's hill I turned  
 Strong in the strength that penance earned,  
 And toiled upon his lofty head  
 By Gods immortal visited.  
 The breaking of the bow I knew  
 From startled Gods conversing, through

The airy regions, of thy deed,  
And hither came with swiftest speed.  
Now, for thy Warrior's honour sake,  
This best of bows, O Ráma, take:  
This, owned by Vishṇu's self of old,  
My sire and grandsire loved to hold.  
Drawn to its head upon the string,  
One town-destroying arrow bring;  
If this thou can, O hero, I  
In single fight thy strength will try.”

## Canto LXXVI. Debarred From Heaven.

The haughty challenge, undeterred  
The son of Daśaratha heard,  
And cried, while reverence for his sire  
Checked the full torrent of his ire:  
“Before this day have I been told  
The deed that stained thy hands of old.  
But pity bids my soul forget:  
Thy father, murdered, claimed the debt.  
My strength, O Chief, thou deemest slight,  
Too feeble for a Warrior's might.  
Now will I show thy wondering eyes  
The prowess which they dare despise.”

He hastened then with graceful ease  
 That mighty bow and shaft to seize.  
 His hand the weapon strung and swayed:  
 The arrow on the string was laid.  
 Then Jamadagni's son he eyed,  
 And thus in words of fury cried:  
 "Thou art a Bráhman, still to be  
 Most highly honoured, Chief, by me.  
 For Viśvámitra's sake beside  
 Shall reverence due be ne'er denied.  
 Though mine the power, I would not send  
 A dart at thee thy life to end.  
 But thy great power to wander free,  
 Which penance-rites have won for thee,  
 Or glorious worlds from thee to wrest,  
 Is the firm purpose of my breast,  
 And Vishnu's dart which now I strain  
 Can ne'er be shot to fall in vain:  
 It strikes the mighty, and it stuns  
 The madness of the haughty ones."

Then Gods, and saints and heavenly choir  
 Preceded by the General Sire,  
 Met in the air and gazed below  
 On Ráma with that wondrous bow.  
 Nymph, minstrel, angel, all were there,  
 Snake-God, and spirit of the air,  
 Giant, and bard, and gryphon, met,  
 Their eyes upon the marvel set.  
 In senseless hush the world was chained  
 While Ráma's hand the bow retained,  
 And Jamadagni's son amazed  
 And powerless on the hero gazed.  
 Then when his swelling heart had shrunk,

And his proud strength in torpor sunk,  
Scarce his voice ventured, low and weak,  
To Ráma lotus-eyed, to speak:  
“When long ago I gave away  
The whole broad land to Kaśyap's sway  
He charged me never to remain  
Within the limits of his reign.  
Obedient to my guide's behest  
On earth by night I never rest.  
My choice is made, I will not dim  
Mine honour and be false to him.  
So, son of Raghu, leave me still  
The power to wander where I will,  
And swifter than the thought my flight  
Shall place me on Mahendra's height.  
My mansions of eternal joy,  
By penance won, thou mayst destroy,  
My path to these thy shaft may stay.  
Now to the work! No more delay!  
I know thee Lord of Gods; I know  
Thy changeless might laid Madhu low.  
All other hands would surely fail  
To bend this bow. All hail! all hail!  
See! all the Gods have left the skies  
To bend on thee their eager eyes,  
With whose achievements none compete,  
Whose arm in war no God can meet.  
No shame is mine, I ween, for thou,  
Lord of the Worlds, hast dimmed my brow.  
Now, pious Ráma, 'tis thy part  
To shoot afar that glorious dart:  
I, when the fatal shaft is shot,  
Will seek that hill and tarry not.”

He ceased. The wondrous arrow flew,  
 And Jamadagni's offspring knew  
 Those glorious worlds to him were barred,  
 Once gained by penance long and hard.  
 Then straight the airy quarters cleared,  
 And the mid regions bright appeared,  
 While Gods and saints unnumbered praised  
 Ráma, the mighty bow who raised.  
 And Jamadagni's son, o'erawed.  
 Extolled his name with highest laud,  
 With reverent steps around him strode,  
 Then hastened on his airy road.  
 Far from the sight of all he fled,  
 And rested on Mahendra's head.

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## Canto LXXVII. Bharat's Departure.

Then Ráma with a cheerful mind  
 The bow to Varuṇ's hand resigned.  
 Due reverence to the saints he paid,  
 And thus addressed his sire dismayed:  
 “As Bhrigu's son is far from view,  
 Now let the host its march pursue,  
 And to Ayodhyá's town proceed  
 In four-fold bands, with thee to lead.”

King Daśaratha thus addressed  
His lips to Ráma's forehead pressed,  
And held him to his aged breast.  
Rejoiced in sooth was he to know  
That Bhrigu's son had parted so,  
And hailed a second life begun  
For him and his victorious son.  
He urged the host to speed renewed,  
And soon Ayodhyá's gates he viewed.  
High o'er the roofs gay pennons played;  
Tabour and drum loud music made;  
Fresh water cooled the royal road,  
And flowers in bright profusion glowed.  
Glad crowds with garlands thronged the ways  
Rejoicing on their king to gaze  
And all the town was bright and gay  
Exalting in the festive day.  
People and Bráhmans flocked to meet  
Their monarch ere he gained the street.  
The glorious king amid the throng  
Rode with his glorious sons along,  
And passed within his dear abode  
That like Himálaya's mountain showed.  
And there Kauśalyá, noble queen,  
Sumitrá with her lovely mien,  
Kaikeyí of the dainty waist,  
And other dames his bowers who graced,  
Stood in the palace side by side  
And welcomed home each youthful bride:  
Fair Sítá, lofty-fated dame,  
Urmilá of the glorious fame,  
And Kuśadhwaj's children fair,  
With joyous greeting and with prayer,  
As all in linen robes arrayed

With offerings at the altars prayed.  
Due reverence paid to God above,  
Each princess gave her soul to love,  
And hidden in her inmost bower  
Passed with her lord each blissful hour.  
The royal youths, of spirit high,  
With whom in valor none could vie,  
Lived each within his palace bounds  
Bright as Kuvera's pleasure-grounds,  
With riches, troops of faithful friends,  
And bliss that wedded life attends:  
Brave princes trained in warlike skill,  
And duteous to their father's will.  
At length the monarch called one morn  
Prince Bharat, of Kaikeyí born,  
And cried: "My son, within our gates  
Lord Yudhájít thine uncle waits.  
The son of Kekaya's king is he,  
And came, my child, to summon thee."

Then Bharat for the road prepared,  
And with Śatruघna forth he fared.  
First to his sire he bade adieu,  
Brave Ráma, and his mothers too.  
Lord Yudhájít with joyful pride  
Went forth, the brothers by his side,  
And reached the city where he dwelt:  
And mighty joy his father felt.

Ráma and Lakshmaṇ honoured still  
 Their godlike sire with duteous will.  
 Two constant guides for Ráma stood,  
 His father's wish, the people's good.  
 Attentive to the general weal  
 He thought and wrought to please and heal.  
 His mothers too he strove to please  
 With love and sonly courtesies.  
 At every time, in every spot,  
 His holy guides he ne'er forgot.  
 So for his virtues kind and true  
 Dearer and dearer Ráma grew  
 To Daśaratha, Bráhmans, all  
 In town and country, great and small.  
 And Ráma by his darling's side  
 Saw many a blissful season glide,  
 Lodged in her soul, each thought on her,  
 Lover, and friend, and worshipper.  
 He loved her for his father's voice  
 Had given her and approved the choice:  
 He loved her for each charm she wore  
 And her sweet virtues more and more.  
 So he her lord and second life  
 Dwelt in the bosom of his wife,  
 In double form, that, e'en apart,  
 Each heart could commune free with heart.

Still grew that child of Janak's race,  
 More goddess-fair in form and face,  
 The loveliest wife that e'er was seen,  
 In mortal mould sweet Beauty's Queen.  
 Then shone the son Kauśalyá bore,  
     With this bright dame allied,  
 Like Vishṇu whom the Gods adore,

With Lakshmi by his side.

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## BOOK II.

### Canto I. The Heir Apparent.

So Bharat to his grandsire went  
Obedient to the message sent,  
And for his fond companion chose  
Śatrughna slayer of his foes.<sup>258</sup>  
There Bharat for a time remained  
With love and honour entertained,  
King Aśvapati's constant care,  
Beloved as a son and heir.  
Yet ever, as they lived at ease,  
While all around combined to please,  
The aged sire they left behind  
Was present to each hero's mind.  
Nor could the king's fond memory stray  
From his brave children far away,  
Dear Bharat and Śatrughna dear,  
Each Varuṇ's match or Indra's peer.

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<sup>258</sup> Śatrughna means slayer of foes, and the word is repeated as an intensive epithet.

To all the princes, young and brave,  
 His soul with fond affection clave;  
 Around his loving heart they clung  
 Like arms from his own body sprung.<sup>259</sup>  
 But best and noblest of the four,  
 Good as the God whom all adore,  
 Lord of all virtues, undefiled,  
 His darling was his eldest child.  
 For he was beautiful and strong,  
 From envy free, the foe of wrong,  
 With all his father's virtues blest,  
 And peerless in the world confessed.  
 With placid soul he softly spoke:  
 No harsh reply could taunts provoke.  
 He ever loved the good and sage  
 Revered for virtue and for age,  
 And when his martial tasks were o'er  
 Sate listening to their peaceful lore.  
 Wise, modest, pure, he honoured eld,  
 His lips from lying tales withheld;  
 Due reverence to the Bráhmans gave,  
 And ruled each passion like a slave.  
 Most tender, prompt at duty's call,  
 Loved by all men he loved them all.  
 Proud of the duties of his race,  
 With spirit meet for Warrior's place.  
 He strove to win by glorious deed,  
 Throned with the Gods, a priceless meed.  
 With him in speech and quick reply  
 Vrihaspati might hardly vie,  
 But never would his accents flow  
 For evil or for empty show.

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<sup>259</sup> Alluding to the images of Vishṇu, which have four arms, the four princes being portions of the substance of that God.

In art and science duly trained,  
His student vow he well maintained;  
He learnt the lore for princes fit,  
The Vedas and their Holy Writ,  
And with his well-drawn bow at last  
His mighty father's fame surpassed.  
Of birth exalted, truthful, just,  
With vigorous hand, with noble trust,  
Well taught by aged twice-born men  
Who gain and right could clearly ken,  
Full well the claims and bounds he knew  
Of duty, gain, and pleasure too:  
Of memory keen, of ready tact,  
In civil business prompt to act.  
Reserved, his features ne'er disclosed  
What counsel in his heart reposed.  
All idle rage and mirth controlled,  
He knew the times to give and hold,  
Firm in his faith, of steadfast will,  
He sought no wrong, he spoke no ill:  
Not rashly swift, not idly slow,  
His faults and others' keen to know.  
Each merit, by his subtle sense;  
He matched with proper recompense.  
He knew the means that wealth provide,  
And with keen eye expense could guide.  
Wild elephants could he reclaim,  
And mettled steeds could mount and tame.  
No arm like his the bow could wield,  
Or drive the chariot to the field.  
Skilled to attack, to deal the blow,  
Or lead a host against the foe:  
Yea, e'en infuriate Gods would fear  
To meet his arm in full career.

As the great sun in noontide blaze  
 Is glorious with his world of rays,  
 So Ráma with these virtues shone  
 Which all men loved to gaze upon.

The aged monarch fain would rest,  
 And said within his weary breast,  
 “Oh that I might, while living yet,  
 My Ráma o'er the kingdom set.  
 And see, before my course be run,  
 The hallowed drops anoint my son;  
 See all this spacious land obey,  
 From side to side, my first-born's sway,  
 And then, my life and joy complete,  
 Obtain in heaven a blissful seat!”  
 In him the monarch saw combined  
 The fairest form, the noblest mind,  
 And counselled how his son might share,  
 The throne with him as Regent Heir.  
 For fearful signs in earth and sky,  
 And weakness warned him death was nigh:  
 But Ráma to the world endeared  
 By every grace his bosom cheered,  
 The moon of every eye, whose ray  
 Drove all his grief and fear away.  
 So duty urged that hour to seize,  
 Himself, his realm, to bless and please.

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From town and country, far and near,  
 He summoned people, prince, and peer.  
 To each he gave a meet abode,  
 And honoured all and gifts bestowed.  
 Then, splendid in his king's attire,  
 He viewed them, as the general Sire,

In glory of a God arrayed,  
Looks on the creatures he has made.  
But Kekaya's king he called not then  
For haste, nor Janak, lord of men;  
For after to each royal friend  
The joyful tidings he would send.  
Mid crowds from distant countries met  
The king upon his throne was set;  
Then honoured by the people, all  
The rulers thronged into the hall.  
On thrones assigned, each king in place  
Looked silent on the monarch's face.

Then girt by lords of high renown  
And throngs from hamlet and from town  
He showed in regal pride,  
As, honoured by the radiant band  
Of blessed Gods that round him stand,  
Lord Indra, Thousand-eyed.

## Canto II. The People's Speech.

Then to the full assembly bowed  
The monarch, and addressed the crowd  
With gracious speech, in accents loud  
As heavenly drum or thunder-cloud:

“Needs not to you who know declare  
 How ever with paternal care  
 My fathers of Ikshváku's line  
 Have ruled the realm which now is mine.  
 I too have taught my feet to tread  
 The pathway of the mighty dead,  
 And with fond care that never slept  
 Have, as I could, my people kept.  
 So toiling still, and ne'er remiss  
 For all my people's weal and bliss,  
 Beneath the white umbrella's<sup>260</sup> shade.  
 Old age is come and strength decayed.  
 Thousands of years have o'er me flown,  
 And generations round me grown  
 And passed away. I crave at length  
 Repose and ease for broken strength.  
 Feeble and worn I scarce can bear  
 The ruler's toil, the judge's care,  
 With royal dignity, a weight  
 That tries the young and temperate.  
 I long to rest, my labour done,  
 And in my place to set my son,  
 If to the twice-born gathered here  
 My counsel wise and good appear.  
 For greater gifts than mine adorn  
 Ráma my son, my eldest-born.  
 Like Indra brave, before him fall  
 The foeman's cities, tower and wall.  
 Him prince of men for power and might,  
 The best maintainer of the right,  
 Fair as the moon when nothing bars  
 His glory close to Pushya's stars,

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<sup>260</sup> Chief of the insignia of imperial dignity.

Him with to-morrow's light I fain  
Would throne the consort of my reign.  
A worthy lord for you, I ween,  
Marked as her own by Fortune's Queen.  
The triple world itself would be  
Well ruled by such a king as he.  
To such high bliss and happy fate  
Will I the country dedicate,  
And my sad heart will cease to grieve  
If he the precious charge receive.  
Thus is my careful plan matured,  
Thus for myself is rest secured;  
Liegess, approve the words I say,  
Or point ye out some wiser way.  
Devise your prudent plan. My mind  
Is fondly to this thought inclined,  
But men by keen debating move  
Some middle course which all approve.”

The monarch ceased. In answer came  
The joyous princes' glad acclaim.  
So peacocks in the rain rejoice  
And hail the cloud with lifted voice.  
Murmurs of joy from thousands round  
Shook the high palace with the sound.  
Then when the gathered throng had learned  
His will who right and gain discerned,  
Peasant and townsman, priest and chief,  
All met in consultation brief,  
And soon agreed with one accord  
Gave answer to their sovereign lord:  
“King of the land, we know thee old:  
Thousands of years have o'er thee rolled,  
Ráma thy son, we pray, anoint,

And at thy side his place appoint  
Our gallant prince, so brave and strong,  
Riding in royal state along,  
Our eyes with joyful pride will see  
Screened by the shade that shelters thee.”  
Then spake the king again, as though  
Their hearts' true wish he sought to know:  
“These prayers for Ráma's rule suggest  
One question to my doubting breast.  
This thing, I pray, with truth explain:  
Why would ye, while I justly reign,  
That he, mine eldest son, should bear  
His part with me as ruling heir?”  
Then all the people made reply,  
Peasant and townsman, low and high:  
“Each noblest gift of form and mind,  
O Monarch, in thy son we find.  
Do thou the godlike virtues hear  
Which Ráma to our hearts endear.  
So richly blest with graces, none  
In all the earth excels thy son:  
Nay, who to match with him may claim  
In truth, in justice, and in fame?  
True to his promise, gentle, kind,  
Unenvious, of grateful mind,  
Versed in the law and firm of soul,  
He keeps each sense with strict control.  
With duteous care he loves to sit  
By Bráhmans skilled in Holy Writ.  
Hence brightest glory, ne'er to end,  
And matchless fame his youth attend.  
Skilled in the use of spear and shield,  
And arms which heavenly warriors wield,  
Supreme in war, unconquered yet

By man, fiend, God in battle met,  
Whene'er in pomp of war he goes  
'Gainst town or city of the foes,  
He ever comes with Lakshmaṇ back  
Victorious from the fierce attack.  
Returning homeward from afar  
Borne on his elephant or car,  
He ever to the townsmen bends  
And greets them as beloved friends,  
Asks how each son, each servant thrives,  
How fare our pupils, offerings, wives;  
And like a father bids us tell,  
Each for himself, that all is well.  
If pain or grief the city tries  
His heart is swift to sympathize.  
When festive scenes our thoughts employ  
He like a father shares the joy.  
High is the fate, O King, that gave  
Thy Ráma born to bless and save,  
With filial virtues fair and mild  
Like Kaśyap old Maríchi's child.  
Hence to the kingdom's distant ends  
One general prayer for him ascends.  
Each man in town and country prays  
For Ráma's strength, health, length of days.  
With hearts sincere, their wish the same,  
The tender girl, the aged dame,  
Subject and stranger, peasant, hind,  
One thought impressed on every mind,  
At evening and at dawning day  
To all the Gods for Ráma pray.  
Do thou, O King, of grace comply,  
And hear the people's longing cry,  
And let us on the throne by thee

The lotus-tinted Ráma see.  
 O thou who givest boons, attend;  
 A gracious ear, O Monarch, lend  
     And for our weal install,  
 Consenting to our earnest prayer,  
 Thy godlike Ráma Regent Heir,  
     Who seeks the good of all.”

### Canto III. Dasaratha's Precepts.

The monarch with the prayer complied  
 Of suppliant hands, on every side  
 Uplifted like a lotus-bed:  
 And then these gracious words he said:  
 “Great joy and mighty fame are mine  
 Because your loving hearts incline,  
 In full assembly clearly shown  
 To place my Ráma on the throne.”  
 Then to Vaśishṭha, standing near,  
 And Vámadeva loud and clear  
 The monarch spoke that all might hear:  
 “Tis pure and lovely Chaitra now  
 When flowers are sweet on every bough;  
 All needful things with haste prepare  
 That Ráma be appointed heir.”

Then burst the people's rapture out  
 In loud acclaim and joyful shout;  
 And when the tumult slowly ceased  
 The king addressed the holy priest:  
 "Give order, Saint, with watchful heed  
 For what the coming rite will need.  
 This day let all things ready wait  
 Mine eldest son to consecrate."  
 Best of all men of second birth  
 Vaśishṭha heard the lord of earth,  
 And gave commandment to the bands  
 Of servitors with lifted hands  
 Who waited on their master's eye:  
 "Now by to-morrow's dawn supply  
 Rich gold and herbs and gems of price  
 And offerings for the sacrifice,  
 Wreaths of white flowers and roasted rice,  
 And oil and honey, separate;  
 New garments and a car of state,  
 An elephant with lucky signs,  
 A fourfold host in ordered lines,  
 The white umbrella, and a pair  
 Of chowries,<sup>261</sup> and a banner fair;  
 A hundred vases, row on row,  
 To shine like fire in splendid glow,  
 A tiger's mighty skin, a bull  
 With gilded horns most beautiful.  
 All these, at dawn of coming day,  
 Around the royal shrine array,  
 Where burns the fire's undying ray.  
 Each palace door, each city gate  
 With wreaths of sandal decorate.

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<sup>261</sup> Whisks, usually made of the long tails of the Yak.

And with the garlands' fragrant scent  
 Let clouds of incense-smoke be blent.  
 Let food of noble kind and taste  
 Be for a hundred thousand placed;  
 Fresh curds with streams of milk bedewed  
 To feed the Bráhman multitude.

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With care be all their wants supplied.  
 And mid the twice-born chiefs divide  
 Rich largess, with the early morn,  
 And oil and curds and roasted corn.  
 Soon as the sun has shown his light  
 Pronounce the prayer to bless the rite,  
 And then be all the Bráhmans called  
 And in their ordered seats installed.  
 Let all musicians skilled to play,  
 And dancing-girls in bright array  
 Stand ready in the second ring  
 Within the palace of the king.  
 Each honoured tree, each holy shrine  
 With leaves and flowery wreaths entwine,  
 And here and there beneath the shade  
 Be food prepared and presents laid.  
 Then brightly clad, in warlike guise,  
 With long swords girt upon their thighs,  
 Let soldiers of the nobler sort  
 March to the monarch's splendid court.”

Thus gave command the twice-born pair  
 To active servants stationed there.  
 Then hastened to the king and said  
 That all their task was duly sped,  
 The king to wise Sumantra spake:  
 “Now quick, my lord, thy chariot take,  
 And hither with thy swiftest speed

My son, my noble Ráma lead."

Sumantra, ere the word was given,  
 His chariot from the court had driven,  
 And Ráma, best of all who ride  
 In cars, came sitting by his side.  
 The lords of men had hastened forth  
 From east and west and south and north,  
 Áryan and stranger, those who dwell  
 In the wild wood and on the fell,  
 And as the Gods to Indra, they  
 Showed honour to the king that day.

Like Vásav, when his glorious form  
 Is circled by the Gods of storm,  
 Girt in his hall by kings he saw  
 His car-borne Ráma near him draw,  
 Like him who rules the minstrel band  
 Of heaven;<sup>262</sup> whose valour filled the land,  
 Of mighty arm and stately pride  
 Like a wild elephant in stride,  
 As fair in face as that fair stone  
 Dear to the moon, of moonbeams grown,<sup>263</sup>  
 With noble gifts and grace that took  
 The hearts of all, and chained each look,  
 World-cheering as the Lord of Rain  
 When floods relieve the parching plain.  
 The father, as the son came nigh,  
 Gazed with an ever-thirstier eye.  
 Sumantra helped the prince alight  
 From the good chariot passing bright,

<sup>262</sup> Chitraratha, King of the Gandharvas.

<sup>263</sup> The Chandrakánta or Moonstone, a sort of crystal supposed to be composed of congealed moonbeams.

And as to meet his sire he went  
Followed behind him reverent.  
Then Ráma climb, the king to seek  
That terrace like Kailásá's peak,  
And reached the presence of the king,  
Sumantra closely following.  
Before his father's face he came,  
Raised suppliant hands and named his name,<sup>264</sup>  
And bowing lowly as is meet  
Paid reverence to the monarch's feet.  
But soon as Daśaratha viewed  
The prince in humble attitude,  
He raised him by the hand in haste  
And his beloved son embraced,  
Then signed him to a glorious throne,  
Gem-decked and golden, near his own.  
Then Ráma, best of Raghu's line,  
Made the fair seat with lustre shine  
As when the orient sun upsprings  
And his pure beam on Meru flings.  
The glory flashed on roof and wall,  
And with strange sheen suffused the hall,  
As when the moon's pure rays are sent  
Through autumn's star-lit firmament.  
Then swelled his breast with joy and pride  
As his dear son the father eyed,  
E'en as himself more fair arrayed  
In some clear mirror's face displayed.  
The aged monarch gazed awhile,  
Then thus addressed him with a smile,  
As Kaśyap, whom the worlds revere,  
Speaks for the Lord of Gods to hear:

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<sup>264</sup> A customary mark of respect to a superior.

“O thou of all my sons most dear,  
 In virtue best, thy father's peer,  
 Child of my consort first in place,  
 Mine equal in her pride of race,  
 Because the people's hearts are bound  
 To thee by graces in thee found,  
 Be thou in Pushya's favouring hour  
 Made partner of my royal power.  
 I know that thou by nature's bent  
 Both modest art and excellent,  
 But though thy gifts no counsel need  
 My love suggests the friendly rede.  
 Mine own dear son, be modest still,  
 And rule each sense with earnest will.  
 Keep thou the evils far away  
 That spring from love and anger's sway.  
 Thy noble course alike pursue  
 In secret as in open view,  
 And every nerve, the love to gain  
 Of ministers and subjects, strain.  
 The happy prince who sees with pride  
 His thriving people satisfied;  
 Whose arsenals with arms are stored,  
 And treasury with golden hoard,—  
 His friends rejoice as joyed the Blest  
 When Amrit crowned their eager quest.  
 So well, my child, thy course maintain,  
 And from all ill thy soul refrain.”

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The friends of Ráma, gathered nigh,  
 Longing their lord to gratify,  
 Ran to Kauśalyá's bower to tell  
 The tidings that would please her well.  
 She, host of dames, with many a gem,

And gold, and kine rewarded them.

Then Ráma paid the reverence due,  
Mounted the chariot, and withdrew,  
And to his splendid dwelling drove  
While crowds to show him honour strove.

The people, when the monarch's speech  
Their willing ears had heard,  
Were wild with joy as though on each  
Great gifts had been conferred.  
With meek and low salute each man  
Turned to his home away,  
And there with happy heart began  
To all the Gods to pray.

## Canto IV. Ráma Summoned.

The crowd dismissed, to high debate  
The monarch called his peers of state,  
And, counsel from their lips obtained,  
Firm in his will his will explained:  
“To-morrow with auspicious ray  
The moon in Pushya's sign will stay;  
Be that the time with happy fate  
Mine eldest son to consecrate,  
And let my Ráma, lotus-eyed,  
As Regent o'er the state preside.”

He sought, within, his charioteer,  
And cried "Again bring Ráma here."  
To Ráma's home Sumantra hied  
Again to be the prince's guide.  
His coming, told to Ráma's ear,  
Suggested anxious doubt and fear.  
He bade the messenger be led  
That instant in, and thus he said:  
"Tell me the cause, omitting naught,  
Why thou again my house hast sought."

The envoy answered: "Prince, thy sire  
Has sent thy presence to require.  
My sender known, 'tis thine to say  
If thou wilt go or answer nay."  
Then Ráma, when he heard his speech,  
Made haste the royal court to reach.  
Soon as the monarch was aware  
His dearest son was waiting there,  
Eager the parley to begin  
He bade them lead the prince within,  
Soon as he passed the chamber door  
The hero bent him to the floor,  
And at a distance from his seat  
Raised his joined hands his sire to greet.  
The monarch raised him from the ground,  
And loving arms about him wound,  
Then pointed to a seat that shone  
With gold for him to rest upon.  
"Aged am I," he said, "and worn;  
In life's best joys my share have borne;  
Rites to the Gods, in hundreds, paid,  
With gifts of corn and largess made.  
I yearned for sons: my life is blest

With them and thee of sons the best.  
 No debt to saints or Bráhmans, no,  
 Nor spirits, Gods, or self I owe.  
 One duty now remains alone,  
 To set thee on thy father's throne.  
 Now therefore, Ráma, hear my rede,  
 And mark my words with duteous heed:  
 This day the peoples' general voice,  
 Elects thee king of love and choice,  
 And I, consenting to the prayer,  
 Will make thee, darling, Regent Heir.  
 Dread visions, each returning night,  
 With evil omens scare my sight.  
 Red meteors with a fearful sound  
 Shoot wildly downward to the ground,  
 While tempests lash the troubled air;  
 And they who read the stars declare  
 That, leagued against my natal sign,  
 Ráhu,<sup>265</sup> the Sun,<sup>266</sup> and Mars combine.  
 When portents dire as these appear,  
 A monarch's death or woe is near.  
 Then while my senses yet are spared,  
 And thought and will are unimpaired,  
 Be thou, my son, anointed king:  
 Men's fancy is a fickle thing.  
 To-day the moon, in order due,  
 Entered the sign Punarvasu,<sup>267</sup>  
 To-morrow, as the wise foretell,

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<sup>265</sup> Ráhu, the ascending node, is in mythology a demon with the tail of a dragon whose head was severed from his body by Vishṇu, but being immortal, the head and tail retained their separate existence and being transferred to the stellar sphere became the authors of eclipses; the first especially by endeavouring to swallow the sun and moon.

<sup>266</sup> In eclipse.

<sup>267</sup> The seventh of the lunar asterisms.

In Pushya's favouring stars will dwell:  
 Then on the throne shalt thou be placed.  
 My soul, prophetic, counsels haste:  
 Thee, O my son, to-morrow I  
 As Regent Heir will sanctify.  
 So till the coming night be passed  
 Do thou and Sítá strictly fast:  
 From worldly thoughts thy soul refrain,  
 And couched on holy grass remain.  
 And let thy trusted lords attend  
 In careful watch upon their friend,  
 For, unexpected, check and bar  
 Our weightiest counsels often mar.  
 While Bharat too is far away  
 Making with royal kin his stay,  
 I deem the fittest time of all  
 Thee, chosen Regent, to install.  
 It may be Bharat still has stood  
 True to the counsels of the good,  
 Faithful to thee with tender trust,  
 With governed senses, pure and just.  
 But human minds, too well I know,  
 Will sudden changes undergo,  
 And by their constant deeds alone  
 The virtue of the good is shown.  
 Now, Ráma, go. My son, good night!  
 Fixt is to-morrow for the rite."

[094]

Then Ráma paid the reverence due,  
 And quickly to his home withdrew.  
 He passed within, nor lingered there,  
 But sought his mother's mansion, where  
 The dame in linen robes arrayed  
 Devoutly in the chapel prayed

To Fortune's Queen, with utterance checked,  
 That she her Ráma would protect.  
 There was Sumitrá too, and there  
 Was Lakshmaṇ led by loving care:  
 And when the royal choice they knew  
 Sítá in haste was summoned too.  
 Absorbed, with half-shut eyes, the queen  
 Attended by the three was seen.  
 She knew that Pushya's lucky hour  
 Would raise her son to royal power,  
 So fixed with bated breath each thought  
 On God supreme, by all men sought.  
 To her, as thus she knelt and prayed,  
 Ráma drew near, due reverence paid,  
 And then to swell his mother's joy,  
 Thus spoke her own beloved boy;  
 "O mother dear, my sire's decree  
 Entrusts the people's weal to me.  
 To-morrow I, for so his will,  
 Anointed king, the throne shall fill.  
 The few last hours till night shall end  
 Sítá with me must fasting spend,  
 For so my father has decreed,  
 And holy priests with him agreed.  
 What vows soever thou mayst deem  
 My consecration's eve beseem,  
 Do thou, sweet mother, for my sake  
 And for beloved Sítá's make."

When the glad news Kauśalyá heard,  
 So long desired, so long deferred,  
 While tears of joy her utterance broke,  
 In answer to her son she spoke:  
 "Long be thy life, my darling: now

Thy prostrate foes before thee bow.  
 Live long and with thy bright success  
 My friends and dear Sumitrá's bless.  
 Surely the stars were wondrous fair  
 When thee, sweet son, thy mother bare,  
 That thy good gifts such love inspire  
 And win the favour of thy sire.  
 With thee I travailed not in vain;  
 Those lotus eyes reward my pain,  
 And all the glory of the line  
 Of old Ikshváku will be thine.”

He smiled, and on his brother gazed  
 Who sate with reverent hands upraised,  
 And said: “My brother, thou must be  
 Joint-ruler of this land with me.  
 My second self thou, Lakshman, art,  
 And in my fortune bearest part.  
 Be thine, Sumitrá's son, to know  
 The joys from regal power that flow.  
 My life itself, the monarch's seat,  
 For thy dear sake to me are sweet.”

Thus Ráma to his brother said,  
 To both his mothers<sup>268</sup> bowed his head,  
 And then with Sítá by his side  
 To his own house the hero hied.

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<sup>268</sup> Kauśalyá and Sumitrá.

## Canto V. Ráma's Fast.

Then Saint Vaśishṭha to the king  
 Came ready at his summoning.  
 “Now go,” exclaimed the monarch, “thou  
 Enriched by fervent rite and vow,  
 For Ráma and his wife ordain  
 The fast, that joy may bless his reign.”

The best of those who Scripture know  
 Said to the king, “My lord, I go.”  
 To Ráma's house Vaśishṭha hied,  
 The hero's fast by rule to guide,  
 And skilled in sacred texts to tell  
 Each step to him instructed well.  
 Straight to Prince Ráma's high abode,  
 That like a cloud pale-tinted showed,  
 Borne in his priestly car he rode.  
 Two courts he passed, and in the third  
 He stayed his car. Then Ráma heard  
 The holy sage was come, and flew  
 To honour him with honour due.  
 He hastened to the car and lent  
 His hand to aid the priest's descent.  
 Then spoke Vaśishṭha words like these,  
 Pleased with his reverent courtesies,  
 With pleasant things his heart to cheer  
 Who best deserved glad news to hear:  
 “Prince, thou hast won thy father's grace,  
 And thine will be the Regent's place:  
 Now with thy Sítá, as is right,  
 In strictest fasting spend the night,

For when the morrow's dawn is fair  
 The king will consecrate his heir:  
 So Nahush,<sup>269</sup> as the wise relate,  
 Yayáti joyed to consecrate."

Thus having said, Vaśishṭha next  
 Ordained the fast by rule and text,  
 For Ráma faithful to his vows  
 And the Videhan dame his spouse.  
 Then from the prince's house he hied  
 With courteous honours gratified.  
 Round Ráma gathered every friend  
 In pleasant talk a while to spend.  
 He bade good night to all at last,  
 And to his inner chamber passed.  
 Then Ráma's house shone bright and gay  
 With men and maids in glad array,  
 As in the morning some fair lake  
 When all her lotuses awake,  
 And every bird that loves the flood  
 Flits joyous round each opening bud.

Forth from the house Vaśishṭha drove,  
 That with the king's in splendour strove,  
 And all the royal street he viewed  
 Filled with a mighty multitude  
 The eager concourse blocked each square,  
 Each road and lane and thoroughfare,  
 And joyous shouts on every side  
 Rose like the roar of Ocean's tide,  
 As streams of men together came  
 With loud huzza and glad acclaim.  
 The ways were watered, swept and clean,

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<sup>269</sup> A king of the Lunar race, and father of Yayáti.

And decked with flowers and garlands green  
 And all Ayodhyá shone arrayed  
 With banners on the roofs that played.  
 Men, women, boys with eager eyes,  
 Expecting when the sun should rise,  
 Stood longing for the herald ray  
 Of Rámá's consecration day,  
 To see, a source of joy to all,  
 The people-honoured festival.

The priest advancing slowly through  
 The mighty crowd he cleft in two,  
 Near to the monarch's palace drew.  
 He sought the terrace, by the stair,  
 Like a white cloud-peak high in air,  
 The reverend king of men to meet  
 Who sate upon his splendid seat:  
 Thus will Vrihaspati arise  
 To meet the monarch of the skies.  
 But when the king his coming knew,  
 He left his throne and near him drew  
 Questioned by him Vaśishṭha said  
 That all his task was duly sped.  
 Then all who sate there, honouring  
 Vaśishṭha, rose as rose the king.  
 Vaśishṭha bade his lord adieu,  
 And all the peers, dismissed, withdrew.  
 Then as a royal lion seeks  
 His cave beneath the rocky peaks,  
 So to the chambers where abode  
 His consorts Daśaratha strode.  
 Full-thronged were those delightful bowers  
 With women richly dressed,  
 And splendid as the radiant towers

Where Indra loves to rest.  
Then brighter flashed a thousand eyes  
With the light his presence lent,  
As, when the moon begins to rise  
The star thronged firmament.

## Canto VI. The City Decorated.

Then Ráma bathed in order due,  
His mind from worldly thoughts withdrew,  
And with his large-eyed wife besought  
Náráyan, as a votary ought.  
Upon his head the brimming cup  
Of holy oil he lifted up,  
Then placed within the kindled fire  
The offering to that heavenly Sire,  
And as he sipped the remnant prayed  
To Him for blessing and for aid.  
Then with still lips and tranquil mind  
With his Videhan he reclined,  
In Vishnú's chapel, on a bed  
Where holy grass was duly spread,  
While still the prince's every thought  
The God supreme, Náráyan, sought.  
One watch remained the night to close  
When Ráma from his couch arose,  
And bade the men and maids adorn  
His palace for the solemn morn.  
He heard the bards and heralds raise  
Auspicious strains of joy and praise;  
And breathed devout, with voice restrained,

The hymn for morning rites ordained;  
Then, with his head in reverence bowed,  
Praised Madhu's conquering foe aloud,  
And, in pure linen robes arrayed,  
The priests to raise their voices prayed.  
Obedient to the summons they  
Proclaimed to all the festal day.  
The Bráhmans' voices, deep and sweet,  
Resounded through the crowded street,  
And echoed through Ayodhyá went  
By many a loud-toned instrument.  
Then all the people joyed to hear  
That Ráma with his consort dear  
Had fasted till the morning light  
In preparation for the rite.  
Swiftly the joyful tidings through  
Ayodhyá's crowded city flew,  
And soon as dawn appeared, each man  
To decorate the town began.  
[096] In all the temples bright and fair  
As white clouds towering in the air,  
In streets, and where the cross-ways met,  
Where holy fig-trees had been set,  
In open square, in sacred shade,  
Where merchants' shops their wealth displayed,  
On all the mansions of the great,  
And householders of wealth and state,  
Where'er the people loved to meet,  
Where'er a tree adorned the street,  
Gay banners floated to the wind,  
And ribands round the staves were twined.  
Then clear the singers' voices rang,  
As, charming mind and ear, they sang.  
Here players shone in bright attire,

There dancing women swelled the quire.  
Each with his friend had much to say  
Of Ráma's consecration-day:  
Yea, even children, as they played  
At cottage doors beneath the shade.  
The royal street with flowers was strown  
Which loving hands in heaps had thrown,  
And here and there rich incense lent  
Its fragrance to the garland's scent;  
And all was fresh and fair and bright  
In honour of the coming rite.  
With careful foresight to illume  
With borrowed blaze the midnight gloom,  
The crowds erected here and there  
Trees in each street gay lamps to bear.  
The city thus from side to side  
In festal guise was beautified.  
The people of the town who longed  
To view the rite together thronged,  
And filling every court and square  
Praised the good king in converse there:  
“Our high-souled king! He throws a grace  
On old Ikshváku's royal race.  
He feels his years' increasing weight,  
And makes his son associate.  
Great joy to us the choice will bring  
Of Ráma for our lord and king.  
The good and bad to him are known,  
And long will he protect his own.  
No pride his prudent breast may swell,  
Most just, he loves his brothers well,  
And to us all that love extends,  
Cherished as brothers and as friends.  
Long may our lord in life remain,

Good Daśaratha, free from stain,  
 By whose most gracious favour we  
 Ráma anointed king shall see.”

Such were the words the townsmen spoke  
 Heard by the gathering countryfolk,  
 Who from the south, north, east, and west,  
 Stirred by the joyful tidings, pressed.  
 For by their eager longing led  
 To Ráma's consecration sped  
 The villagers from every side,  
 And filled Ayodhyá's city wide.  
 This way and that way strayed the crowd,  
 While rose a murmur long and loud,  
 As when the full moon floods the skies  
 And Ocean's waves with thunder rise.  
 That town, like Indra's city fair,  
 While peasants thronged her ways,  
 Tumultuous roared like Ocean, where  
 Each flood-born monster plays.

## Canto VII. Manthará's Lament.

It chanced a slave-born handmaid, bred  
 With Queen Kaikeyí, fancy-led,  
 Mounted the stair and stood upon  
 The terrace like the moon that shone.  
 Thence Manthará at ease surveyed  
 Ayodhyá to her eyes displayed,  
 Where water cooled the royal street,  
 Where heaps of flowers were fresh and sweet,

And costly flags and pennons hung  
On roof and tower their shadow flung;  
With covered ways prepared in haste,  
And many an awning newly placed;  
With sandal-scented streams bedewed,  
Thronged by a new bathed multitude:  
Whose streets were full of Bráhman bands  
With wreaths and sweetmeats in their hands.  
Loud instruments their music raised,  
And through the town, where'er she gazed,  
The doors of temples glittered white,  
And the maid marvelled at the sight.

Of Ráma's nurse who, standing by,  
Gazed with a joy-expanded eye,  
In robes of purest white attired,  
The wondering damsel thus inquired:

“Does Ráma's mother give away  
Rich largess to the crowds to-day,  
On some dear object fondly bent,  
Or blest with measureless content?  
What mean these signs of rare delight  
On every side that meet my sight?  
Say, will the king with joy elate  
Some happy triumph celebrate?”

The nurse, with transport uncontrolled,  
 Her glad tale to the hump-back told:  
 “Our lord the king to-morrow morn  
 Will consecrate his eldest-born,  
 And raise, in Pushya's favouring hour,  
 Prince Ráma to the royal power.”  
 As thus the nurse her tidings spoke,  
 Rage in the hump-back's breast awoke.  
 Down from the terrace, like the head  
 Of high Kailásá's hill, she sped.  
 Sin in her thoughts, her soul aflame,  
 Where Queen Kaikeyí slept, she came:  
 “Why sleepest thou?” she cried, “arise,  
 Peril is near, unclose thine eyes.  
 Ah, heedless Queen, too blind to know  
 What floods of sin above thee flow!  
 Thy boasts of love and grace are o'er:  
 Thine is the show and nothing more.  
 His favour is an empty cheat,  
 A torrent dried by summer's heat.”

Thus by the artful maid addressed  
 In cruel words from raging breast,  
 The queen, sore troubled, spoke in turn;  
 “What evil news have I to learn?  
 That mournful eye, that altered cheek  
 Of sudden woe or danger speak.”

Such were the words Kaikeyí said:  
 Then Manthará, her eyeballs red  
 With fury, skilled with treacherous art  
 To grieve yet more her lady's heart,  
 From Ráma, in her wicked hate,  
 Kaikeyí's love to alienate,

Upon her evil purpose bent  
Began again most eloquent:  
“Peril awaits thee swift and sure,  
And utter woe defying cure;  
King Daśaratha will create  
Prince Ráma Heir Associate.  
Plunged in the depths of wild despair,  
My soul a prey to pain and care,  
As though the flames consumed me, zeal  
Has brought me for my lady's weal,  
Thy grief, my Queen, is grief to me:  
Thy gain my greatest gain would be.  
Proud daughter of a princely line,  
The rights of consort queen are thine.  
How art thou, born of royal race,  
Blind to the crimes that kings debase?  
Thy lord is gracious, to deceive,  
And flatters, but thy soul to grieve,  
While thy pure heart that thinks no sin  
Knows not the snares that hem thee in.  
Thy husband's lips on thee bestow  
Soft soothing word, an empty show:  
The wealth, the substance, and the power  
This day will be Kauśalyá's dower.  
With crafty soul thy child he sends  
To dwell among thy distant friends,  
And, every rival far from sight,  
To Ráma gives the power and might.  
Ah me! for thou, unhappy dame,  
Deluded by a husband's name,  
With more than mother's love hast pressed  
A serpent to thy heedless breast,  
And cherished him who works thee woe,  
No husband but a deadly foe.

For like a snake, unconscious Queen,  
 Or enemy who stabs unseen,  
 King Daśaratha all untrue  
 Has dealt with thee and Bharat too.  
 Ah, simple lady, long beguiled  
 By his soft words who falsely smiled!  
 Poor victim of the guileless breast,  
 A happier fate thou meritest.  
 For thee and thine destruction waits  
 When he Prince Ráma consecrates.  
 Up, lady, while there yet is time;  
 Preserve thyself, prevent the crime.  
 Up, from thy careless ease, and free  
 Thyself, O Queen, thy son, and me!"

Delighted at the words she said,  
 Kaikeyí lifted from the bed,  
 Like autumn's moon, her radiant head,  
 And joyous at the tidings gave  
 A jewel to the hump-back slave;  
 And as she gave the precious toy  
 She cried in her exceeding joy:  
 "Take this, dear maiden, for thy news  
 Most grateful to mine ear, and choose  
 What grace beside most fitly may  
 The welcome messenger repay.  
 I joy that Ráma gains the throne:  
 Kauśalyá's son is as mine own."

## Canto VIII. Manthará's Speech.

The damsel's breast with fury burned:  
She answered, as the gift she spurned:  
“What time, O simple Queen, is this  
For idle dreams of fancied bliss?  
Hast thou not sense thy state to know,  
Engulfed in seas of whelming woe;  
Sick as I am with grief and pain  
My lips can scarce a laugh restrain  
To see thee hail with ill-timed joy  
A peril mighty to destroy.  
I mourn for one so fondly blind:  
What woman of a prudent mind  
Would welcome, e'en as thou hast done,  
The lordship of a rival's son,  
Rejoiced to find her secret foe  
Empowered, like death, to launch the blow;  
I see that Ráma still must fear  
Thy Bharat, to his throne too near.  
Hence is my heart disquieted,  
For those who fear are those we dread.  
Lakshman, the mighty bow who draws,  
With all his soul serves Ráma's cause;  
And chains as strong to Bharat bind  
Śatruघna, with his heart and mind,  
Now next to Ráma, lady fair,  
Thy Bharat is the lawful heir:  
And far remote, I ween, the chance  
That might the younger two advance.  
Yes, Queen, 'tis Ráma that I dread,  
Wise, prompt, in warlike science bred;  
And oh, I tremble when I think  
Of thy dear child on ruin's brink.  
Blest with a lofty fate is she,  
Kauśalyá; for her son will be

Placed, when the moon and Pushya meet,  
 By Bráhmans on the royal seat,  
 Thou as a slave in suppliant guise  
 Must wait upon Kauśalyá's eyes,  
 With all her wealth and bliss secured  
 And glorious from her foes assured.  
 Her slave with us who serve thee, thou  
 Wilt see thy son to Ráma bow,  
 And Sítá's friends exult o'er all,  
 While Bharat's wife shares Bharat's fall.”

As thus the maid in wrath complained,  
 Kaikeyí saw her heart was pained,  
 And answered eager in defence  
 Of Ráma's worth and excellence:  
 “Nay, Ráma, born the monarch's heir,  
 By holy fathers trained with care,  
 Virtuous, grateful, pure, and true,  
 Claims royal sway as rightly due.  
 He, like a sire, will long defend  
 Each brother, minister, and friend.  
 Then why, O hump-back, art thou pained  
 To hear that he the throne has gained?  
 Be sure when Ráma's empire ends,  
 The kingdom to my son descends,  
 Who, when a hundred years are flown,  
 Shall sit upon his fathers' throne.  
 Why is thine heart thus sad to see  
 The joy that is and long shall be,  
 This fortune by possession sure  
 And hopes which we may count secure?  
 Dear as the darling son I bore  
 Is Ráma, yea, or even more.  
 Most duteous to Kauśalyá, he

Is yet more dutiful to me.  
What though he rule, we need not fear:  
His brethren to his soul are dear.  
And if the throne Prince Ráma fill  
Bharat will share the empire still.”

She ceased. The troubled damsel sighed  
Sighs long and hot, and thus replied:  
“What madness has possessed thy mind,  
To warnings deaf, to dangers blind?  
Canst thou not see the floods of woe  
That threaten o'er thine head to flow:  
First Ráma will the throne acquire,  
Then Ráma's son succeed his sire,  
While Bharat will neglected pine  
Excluded from the royal line.  
Not all his sons, O lady fair,  
The kingdom of a monarch share:  
All ruling when a sovereign dies  
Wild tumult in the state would rise.  
The eldest, be he good or ill,  
Is ruler by the father's will.  
Know, tender mother, that thy son  
Without a friend and all undone,  
Far from the joyous ease of home  
An alien from his race will roam.  
I sped to thee for whom I feel,  
But thy fond heart mistakes my zeal,  
Thy hand a present would bestow  
Because thy rival triumphs so.  
When Ráma once begins his sway  
Without a foe his will to stay,  
Thy darling Bharat he will drive  
To distant lands if left alive.

By thee the child was sent away  
Beneath his grandsire's roof to stay.  
Even in stocks and stones perforce  
Will friendship spring from intercourse.  
The young Śatruघna too would go  
With Bharat, for he loved him so.  
As Lakshmaṇ still to Ráma cleaves,  
He his dear Bharat never leaves.  
There is an ancient tale they tell:  
A tree the foresters would fell  
Was saved by reeds that round it stood,  
For love that sprang of neighbourhood.  
So Lakshmaṇ Ráma will defend,  
And each on each for aid depend.  
Such fame on earth their friendship wins  
As that which binds the Heavenly Twins.  
And Ráma ne'er will purpose wrong  
To Lakshmaṇ, for their love is strong.  
But Bharat, Oh, of this be sure,  
Must evil at his hands endure.  
Come, Ráma from his home expel  
An exile in the woods to dwell.  
The plan, O Queen, which I advise  
Secures thy weal if thou be wise.  
So we and all thy kith and kin  
Advantage from thy gain shall win.  
Shall Bharat, meet for happier fate,  
Born to endure his rival's hate,  
With all his fortune ruined cower  
And dread his brother's mightier power!  
Up, Queen, to save thy son, arise;  
Prostrate at Ráma's feet he lies.  
So the proud elephant who leads  
His trooping consorts through the reeds

Falls in the forest shade beneath  
The lion's spring and murderous teeth.  
Scorned by thee in thy bliss and pride  
Kauśalyá was of old defied,  
And will she now forbear to show  
The vengeful rancour of a foe?

O Queen, thy darling is undone  
When Ráma's hand has once begun  
Ayodhyá's realm to sway,  
Come, win the kingdom for thy child  
And drive the alien to the wild  
In banishment to-day.”

## Canto IX. The Plot.

As fury lit Kaikeyí's eyes  
She spoke with long and burning sighs:  
“This day my son enthroned shall see,  
And Ráma to the woods shall flee.  
But tell me, damsel, if thou can,  
A certain way, a skilful plan  
That Bharat may the empire gain,  
And Ráma's hopes be nursed in vain.”

[099]

The lady ceased. The wicked maid  
The mandate of her queen obeyed,  
And darkly plotting Ráma's fall  
Responded to Kaikeyí's call.

“I will declare, do thou attend,  
How Bharat may his throne ascend.  
Dost thou forget what things befell?  
Or dost thou feign, remembering well?  
Or wouldest thou hear my tongue repeat  
A story for thy need so meet?  
Gay lady, if thy will be so,  
Now hear the tale of long ago,  
And when my tongue has done its part  
Ponder the story in thine heart.  
When Gods and demons fought of old,  
Thy lord, with royal saints enrolled,  
Sped to the war with thee to bring  
His might to aid the Immortals' King.  
Far to the southern land he sped  
Where Dañdak's mighty wilds are spread,  
To Vaijayanta's city swayed  
By Śambara, whose flag displayd  
The hugest monster of the sea.  
Lord of a hundred wiles was be;  
With might which Gods could never blame  
Against the King of Heaven he came.  
Then raged the battle wild and dread,  
And mortal warriors fought and bled;  
The fiends by night with strength renewed  
Charged, slew the sleeping multitude.  
Thy lord, King Daśaratha, long  
Stood fighting with the demon throng,  
But long of arm, unmatched in strength,  
Fell wounded by their darts at length.  
Thy husband, senseless, by thine aid  
Was from the battle field conveyed,  
And wounded nigh to death thy lord  
Was by thy care to health restored.

Well pleased the grateful monarch sware  
To grant thy first and second prayer.  
Thou for no favour then wouldest sue,  
The gifts reserved for season due;  
And he, thy high-souled lord, agreed  
To give the boons when thou shouldst need.  
Myself I knew not what befell,  
But oft the tale have heard thee tell,  
And close to thee in friendship knit  
Deep in my heart have treasured it.  
Remind thy husband of his oath,  
Recall the boons and claim them both,  
That Bharat on the throne be placed  
With rites of consecration graced,  
And Ráma to the woods be sent  
For twice seven years of banishment.  
Go, Queen, the mourner's chamber<sup>270</sup> seek,  
With angry eye and burning cheek;  
And with disordered robes and hair  
On the cold earth lie prostrate there.  
When the king comes still mournful lie,  
Speak not a word nor meet his eye,  
But let thy tears in torrent flow,  
And lie enamoured of thy woe.  
Well do I know thou long hast been,  
And ever art, his darling queen.  
For thy dear sake, O well-loved dame,  
The mighty king would brave the flame,  
But ne'er would anger thee, or brook  
To meet his favourite's wrathful look.  
Thy loving lord would even die

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<sup>270</sup> Literally *the chamber of wrath*, a “growlery,” a small, dark, unfurnished room to which it seems, the wives and ladies of the king betook themselves when offended and sulky.

Thy fancy, Queen, to gratify,  
 And never could he arm his breast  
 To answer nay to thy request.  
 Listen and learn, O dull of sense,  
 Thine all-resistless influence.  
 Gems he will offer, pearls and gold:  
 Refuse his gifts, be stern and cold.  
 Those proffered boons at length recall,  
 And claim them till he grants thee all.  
 And O my lady, high in bliss,  
 With heedful thought forget not this.  
 When from the ground his queen he lifts  
 And grants again the promised gifts,  
 Bind him with oaths he cannot break  
 And thy demands unflinching, make.  
 That Ráma travel to the wild  
 Five years and nine from home exiled,  
 And Bharat, best of all who reign,  
 The empire of the land obtain.  
 For when this term of years has fled  
 Over the banished Ráma's head,  
 Thy royal son to vigour grown  
 And rooted firm will stand alone.  
 The king, I know, is well inclined,  
 And this the hour to move his mind.  
 Be bold: the threatened rite prevent,  
 And force the king from his intent.”

She ceased. So counselled to her bane  
 Disguised beneath a show of gain,  
 Kaikeyí in her joy and pride  
 To Manthará again replied:  
 “Thy sense I envy, prudent maid;  
 With sagest lore thy lids persuade.

No hump-back maid in all the earth,  
 For wise resolve, can match thy worth.  
 Thou art alone with constant zeal  
 Devoted to thy lady's weal.  
 Dear girl, without thy faithful aid  
 I had not marked the plot he laid.  
 Full of all guile and sin and spite  
 Misshapen hump-backs shock the sight:  
 But thou art fair and formed to please,  
 Bent like a lily by the breeze.  
 I look thee o'er with watchful eye,  
 And in thy frame no fault can spy;  
 The chest so deep, the waist so trim,  
 So round the lines of breast and limb.<sup>271</sup>  
 Thy cheeks with moonlike beauty shine,  
 And the warm wealth of youth is thine.  
 Thy legs, my girl, are long and neat,  
 And somewhat long thy dainty feet,  
 While stepping out before my face  
 Thou seemest like a crane to pace.  
 The thousand wiles are in thy breast  
 Which Śambara the fiend possessed,  
 And countless others all thine own,  
 O damsel sage, to thee are known.  
 Thy very hump becomes thee too,  
 O thou whose face is fair to view,  
 For there reside in endless store  
 Plots, wizard wiles, and warrior lore.  
 A golden chain I'll round it fling  
 When Ráma's flight makes Bharat king:  
 Yea, polished links of finest gold,  
 When once the wished for prize I hold

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<sup>271</sup> In these four lines I do not translate faithfully, and I do not venture to follow Kaikeyí farther in her eulogy of the hump-back's charms.

With naught to fear and none to hate,  
 Thy hump, dear maid, shall decorate.  
 A golden frontlet wrought with care,  
 And precious jewels shalt thou wear:  
 Two lovely robes around thee fold,  
 And walk a Goddess to behold,  
 Bidding the moon himself compare  
 His beauty with a face so fair.  
 With scent of precious sandal sweet  
 Down to the nails upon thy feet,  
 First of the household thou shalt go  
 And pay with scorn each battled foe.”

Kaikeyi's praise the damsel heard,  
 And thus again her lady stirred,  
 Who lay upon her beauteous bed  
 Like fire upon the altar fed:  
 “Dear Queen, they build the bridge in vain  
 When swollen streams are dry again.  
 Arise, thy glorious task complete,  
 And draw the king to thy retreat.”

The large-eyed lady left her bower  
 Exulting in her pride of power,  
 And with the hump-back sought the gloom  
 And silence of the mourner's room.  
 The string of priceless pearls that hung  
 Around her neck to earth she flung,  
 With all the wealth and lustre lent  
 By precious gem and ornament.  
 Then, listening to her slave's advice,  
 Lay, like a nymph from Paradise.  
 As on the ground her limbs she laid  
 Once more she cried unto the maid:

“Soon must thou to the monarch say  
Kaikeyi's soul has past away,  
Or, Ráma banished as we planned,  
My son made king shall rule the land.  
No more for gold and gems I care,  
For brave attire or dainty fare.  
If Ráma should the throne ascend,  
That very hour my life will end.”

The royal lady wounded through  
The bosom with the darts that flew  
Launched from the hump-back's tongue  
Pressed both her hands upon her side,  
And o'er and o'er again she cried  
With wildering fury stung:  
“Yes, it shall be thy task to tell  
That I have hurried hence to dwell  
In Yáma's realms of woe,  
Or happy Bharat shall be king,  
And doomed to years of wandering  
Kauśalyá's son shall go.  
I heed not dainty viands now  
Fair wreaths of flowers to twine my brow,  
Soft balm or precious scent:  
My very life I count as naught,  
Nothing on earth can claim my thought  
But Ráma's banishment.”  
She spoke these words of cruel ire;  
Then stripping off her gay attire,  
The cold bare floor she pressed.  
So, falling from her home on high,  
Some lovely daughter of the sky  
Upon the ground might rest.  
With darkened brow and furious mien,

Stripped of her gems and wreath, the queen  
     In spotless beauty lay,  
 Like heaven obscured with gathering cloud,  
 When shades of midnight darkness shroud  
     Each star's expiring ray.

## Canto X. Dasaratha's Speech.

As Queen Kaikeyí thus obeyed  
 The sinful counsel of her maid  
 She sank upon the chamber floor,  
 As sinks in anguish, wounded sore,  
 An elephant beneath the smart  
 Of the wild hunter's venomed dart.  
 The lovely lady in her mind  
 Revolved the plot her maid designed,  
 And prompt the gain and risk to scan  
 She step by step approved the plan.  
 Misguided by the hump-back's guile  
 She pondered her resolve awhile,  
 As the fair path that bliss secured  
 The miserable lady lured,  
 Devoted to her queen, and swayed  
 By hopes of gain and bliss, the maid  
 Rejoiced, her lady's purpose known,  
 And deemed the prize she sought her own.  
 Then bent upon her purpose dire,  
 Kaikeyí with her soul on fire,  
 Upon the floor lay, languid, down,  
 Her brows contracted in a frown.  
 The bright-hued wreath that bound her hair,

Chains, necklets, jewels rich and rare,  
 Stripped off by her own fingers lay  
 Spread on the ground in disarray,  
 And to the floor a lustre lent  
 As stars light up the firmament.  
 Thus prostrate in the mourner's cell,  
 In garb of woe the lady fell,  
 Her long hair in a single braid,  
 Like some fair nymph of heaven dismayed.<sup>272</sup>

The monarch, Ráma to install,  
 With thoughtful care had ordered all,  
 And now within his home withdrew,  
 Dismissing first his retinue.  
 Now all the town has heard, thought he,  
 What joyful rite the morn will see.  
 So turned he to her bower to cheer  
 With the glad news his darling's ear.  
 Majestic, as the Lord of Night,  
 When threatened by the Dragon's might,  
 Bursts radiant on the evening sky  
 Pale with the clouds that wander by,  
 So Daśaratha, great in fame,  
 To Queen Kaikeyí's palace came.  
 There parrots flew from tree to tree,  
 And gorgeous peacocks wandered free,  
 While ever and anon was heard  
 The note of some glad water-bird.  
 Here loitered dwarf and hump-backed maid,  
 There lute and lyre sweet music played.

<sup>272</sup> These verses are evidently an interpolation. They contain nothing that has not been already related: the words only are altered. As the whole poem could not be recited at once, the rhapsodists at the beginning of a fresh recitation would naturally remind their hearers of the events immediately preceding.

Here, rich in blossom, creepers twined  
O'er grots with wondrous art designed,  
There Champac and Aśoka flowers  
Hung glorious o'er the summer bowers,  
And mid the waving verdure rose  
Gold, silver, ivory porticoes.  
Through all the months in ceaseless store  
The trees both fruit and blossom bore.  
With many a lake the grounds were graced;  
Seats gold and silver, here were placed;  
Here every viand wooed the taste,  
It was a garden meet to vie  
E'en with the home of Gods on high.  
Within the mansion rich and vast  
The mighty Daśaratha passed:  
Not there was his beloved queen  
On her fair couch reclining seen.  
With love his eager pulses beat  
For the dear wife he came to meet,  
And in his blissful hopes deceived,  
He sought his absent love and grieved.  
For never had she missed the hour  
Of meeting in her sumptuous bower,  
And never had the king of men  
Entered the empty room till then.  
Still urged by love and anxious thought  
News of his favourite queen he sought,  
For never had his loving eyes  
Found her or selfish or unwise.  
Then spoke at length the warder maid,  
With hands upraised and sore afraid:  
“My Lord and King, the queen has sought  
The mourner's cell with rage distraught.”

The words the warder maiden said  
He heard with soul disquieted,  
And thus as fiercer grief assailed,  
His troubled senses wellnigh failed.  
Consumed by torturing fires of grief  
The king, the world's imperial chief,  
His lady lying on the ground  
In most unqueenly posture, found.  
The aged king, all pure within,  
Saw the young queen resolved on sin,  
Low on the ground, his own sweet wife,  
To him far dearer than his life,  
Like some fair creeping plant uptorn,  
Or like a maid of heaven forlorn,  
A nymph of air or Goddess sent  
From Swarga down in banishment.

As some wild elephant who tries  
To soothe his consort as she lies  
Struck by the hunter's venomous dart,  
So the great king disturbed in heart,  
Stroved with soft hand and fond caress  
To soothe his darling queen's distress,  
And in his love addressed with sighs  
The lady of the lotus eyes:  
“I know not, Queen, why thou shouldst be  
Thus angered to the heart with me.  
Say, who has slighted thee, or whence  
Has come the cause of such offence  
That in the dust thou liest low,  
And rendest my fond heart with woe,  
As if some goblin of the night  
Had struck thee with a deadly blight,  
And cast foul influence on her

Whose spells my loving bosom stir?  
I have Physicians famed for skill,  
Each trained to cure some special ill:  
My sweetest lady, tell thy pain,  
And they shall make thee well again.  
Whom, darling, wouldst thou punished see?  
Or whom enriched with lordly fee?  
Weep not, my lovely Queen, and stay  
This grief that wears thy frame away;  
Speak, and the guilty shall be freed.  
The guiltless be condemned to bleed,  
The poor enriched, the rich abased,  
The low set high, the proud disgraced.  
My lords and I thy will obey,  
All slaves who own thy sovereign sway;  
And I can ne'er my heart incline  
To check in aught one wish of thine.  
Now by my life I pray thee tell  
The thoughts that in thy bosom dwell.  
The power and might thou knowest well,  
Should from thy breast all doubt expel.  
I swear by all my merit won,  
Speak, and thy pleasure shall be done.  
Far as the world's wide bounds extend  
My glorious empire knows no end.  
Mine are the tribes in eastern lands,  
And those who dwell on Sindhu's sands:  
Mine is Suráshṭra, far away,  
Suvíra's realm admits my sway.  
My best the southern nations fear,  
The Angas and the Vangas hear.  
And as lord paramount I reign  
O'er Magadh and the Matsyas' plain,

Kośal, and Káśi's wide domain:<sup>273</sup>  
 All rich in treasures of the mine,  
 In golden corn, sheep, goats, and kine.  
 Choose what thou wilt. Kaikeyí, thence:  
 But tell me, O my darling, whence  
 Arose thy grief, and it shall fly  
 Like hoar-frost when the sun is high."

She, by his loving words consoled,  
 Longed her dire purpose to unfold,  
 And sought with sharper pangs to wring  
 The bosom of her lord the king.

## Canto XI. The Queen's Demand.

To him enthralled by love, and blind,  
 Pierced by his darts who shakes the mind,<sup>274</sup>  
 Kaikeyí with remorseless breast  
 Her grand purpose thus expressed:  
 "O King, no insult or neglect  
 Have I endured, or disrespect.  
 One wish I have, and faith would see  
 That longing granted, lord, by thee.  
 Now pledge thy word if thou incline  
 To listen to this prayer of mine,  
 Then I with confidence will speak,  
 And thou shalt hear the boon I seek."

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<sup>273</sup> The *śloka* or distich which I have been forced to expand into these nine lines is evidently spurious, but is found in all the commented MSS. which Schlegel consulted.

<sup>274</sup> Manmatha, Mind-disturber, a name of Káma or Love.

Ere she had ceased, the monarch fell,  
 A victim to the lady's spell,  
 And to the deadly snare she set  
 Sprang, like a roebuck to the net.  
 Her lover raised her drooping head,  
 Smiled, playing with her hair, and said:  
 "Hast thou not learnt, wild dame, till now  
 That there is none so dear as thou  
 To me thy loving husband, save  
 My Ráma bravest of the brave?  
 By him my race's high-souled heir,  
 By him whom none can match, I swear,  
 Now speak the wish that on thee weighs:  
 By him whose right is length of days,  
 Whom if my fond paternal eye  
 Saw not one hour I needs must die,—  
 I swear by Ráma my dear son,  
 Speak, and thy bidding shall be done.  
 Speak, darling; if thou choose, request  
 To have the heart from out my breast;  
 Regard my words, sweet love, and name  
 The wish thy mind thinks fit to frame.  
 Nor let thy soul give way to doubt:  
 My power should drive suspicion out.  
 Yea, by my merits won I swear,  
 Speak, darling, I will grant thy prayer."

The queen, ambitious, overjoyed  
 To see him by her plot decoyed,  
 More eager still her aims to reach,  
 Spoke her abominable speech:  
 "A boon thou grantest, nothing loth,  
 And swearest with repeated oath.  
 Now let the thirty Gods and three

My witnesses, with Indra, be.  
Let sun and moon and planets hear,  
Heaven, quarters, day and night, give ear.  
The mighty world, the earth outspread,  
With bards of heaven and demons dread;  
The ghosts that walk in midnight shade,  
And household Gods, our present aid,  
A every being great and small  
To hear and mark the oath I call.”

When thus the archer king was bound,  
With treacherous arts and oaths enwound,  
She to her bounteous lord subdued  
By blinding love, her speech renewed:  
“Remember, King, that long-past day  
Of Gods' and demons' battle fray.  
And how thy foe in doubtful strife  
Had nigh bereft thee of thy life.  
Remember, it was only I  
Preserved thee when about to die,  
And thou for watchful love and care  
Wouldst grant my first and second prayer.  
Those offered boons, pledged with thee then,  
I now demand, O King of men,  
Of thee, O Monarch, good and just,  
Whose righteous soul observes each trust.  
If thou refuse thy promise sworn,  
I die, despised, before the morn.  
These rites in Ráma's name begun—  
Transfer them, and enthrone my son.  
The time is come to claim at last  
The double boon of days long-past,  
When Gods and demons met in fight,  
And thou wouldst fain my care requite.

Now forth to Dandak's forest drive  
 Thy Ráma for nine years and five,  
 And let him dwell a hermit there  
 With deerskin coat and matted hair.  
 Without a rival let my boy  
 The empire of the land enjoy,  
 And let mine eyes ere morning see  
 Thy Ráma to the forest flee.”

## Canto XII. Dasaratha's Lament.

The monarch, as Kaikeyí pressed  
 With cruel words her dire request,  
 Stood for a time absorbed in thought  
 While anguish in his bosom wrought.  
 “Does some wild dream my heart assail?  
 Or do my troubled senses fail?  
 Does some dire portent scare my view?  
 Or frenzy's stroke my soul subdue?”  
 Thus as he thought, his troubled mind  
 In doubt and dread no rest could find,  
 Distressed and trembling like a deer  
 Who sees the dreaded tigress near.  
 On the bare ground his limbs he threw,  
 And many a long deep sigh he drew,  
 Like a wild snake, with fury blind,  
 By charms within a ring confined.  
 Once as the monarch's fury woke,  
 “Shame on thee!” from his bosom broke,  
 And then in sense-bewildering pain  
 He fainted on the ground again.

At length, when slowly strength returned,  
He answered as his eyeballs burned  
With the wild fury of his ire  
Consuming her, as 'twere, with fire:  
“Fell traitress, thou whose thoughts design  
The utter ruin of my line,  
What wrong have I or Ráma done?  
Speak murdereress, speak thou wicked one,  
Seeks he not evermore to please  
Thee with all sonlike courtesies?  
By what persuasion art thou led  
To bring this ruin on his head?  
Ah me, that fondly unaware  
I brought thee home my life to share,  
Called daughter of a king, in truth  
A serpent with a venomous tooth!  
What fault can I pretend to find  
In Ráma praised by all mankind,  
That I my darling should forsake?  
No, take my life, my glory take:  
Let either queen be from me torn,  
But not my well-loved eldest-born.  
Him but to see is highest bliss,  
And death itself his face to miss.  
The world may sunless stand, the grain  
May thrive without the genial rain,  
But if my Ráma be not nigh  
My spirit from its frame will fly.  
Enough, thine impious plan forgo,  
O thou who plottest sin and woe.  
My head before thy feet, I kneel,  
And pray thee some compassion feel.  
O wicked dame, what can have led  
Thy heart to dare a plot so dread?

Perchance thy purpose is to sound  
The grace thy son with me has found;  
Perchance the words that, all these days,  
Thou still hast said in Ráma's praise,  
Were only feigned, designed to cheer  
With flatteries a father's ear.  
Soon as thy grief, my Queen, I knew,  
My bosom felt the anguish too.  
In empty halls art thou possessed,  
And subject to another's hest?  
Now on Ikshváku's ancient race  
Falls foul disorder and disgrace,  
If thou, O Queen, whose heart so long  
Has loved the good should choose the wrong.  
Not once, O large-eyed dame, hast thou  
Been guilty of offence till now,  
Nor said a word to make me grieve,  
Now will I now thy sin believe.  
With thee my Ráma used to hold  
Like place with Bharat lofty-souled.  
As thou so often, when the pair  
Were children yet, wouldst fain declare.  
And can thy righteous soul endure  
That Ráma glorious, pious, pure,  
Should to the distant wilds be sent  
For fourteen years of banishment?  
Yea, Ráma Bharat's self exceeds  
In love to thee and sonlike deeds,  
And, for deserving love of thee,  
As Bharat, even so is he.  
Who better than that chieftain may  
Obedience, love, and honour pay,  
Thy dignity with care protect,  
Thy slightest word and wish respect?

Of all his countless followers none  
Can breathe a word against my son;  
Of many thousands not a dame  
Can hint reproach or whisper blame.  
All creatures feel the sweet control  
Of Ráma's pure and gentle soul.  
The pride of Manu's race he binds  
To him the people's grateful minds.  
He wins the subjects with his truth,  
The poor with gifts and gentle ruth,  
His teachers with his docile will,  
The foemen with his archer skill.  
Truth, purity, religious zeal,  
The hand to give, the heart to feel,  
The love that ne'er betrays a friend,  
The rectitude that naught can bend,  
Knowledge, and meek obedience grace  
My Ráma pride of Raghu's race.  
Canst thou thine impious plot design  
'Gainst him in whom these virtues shine,  
Whose glory with the sages vies,  
Peer of the Gods who rule the skies!  
From him no harsh or bitter word  
To pain one creature have I heard,  
And how can I my son address,  
For thee, with words of bitterness?  
Have mercy, Queen: some pity show  
To see my tears of anguish flow,  
And listen to my mournful cry,  
A poor old man who soon must die.  
Whate'er this sea-girt land can boast  
Of rich and rare from coast to coast,  
To thee, my Queen, I give it all:  
But O, thy deadly words recall:

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O see, my suppliant hands entreat,  
 Again my lips are on thy feet:  
 Save Ráma, save my darling child,  
 Nor kill me with this sin defiled.”  
 He grovelled on the ground, and lay  
 To burning grief a senseless prey,  
 And ever and anon, assailed  
 By floods of woe he wept and wailed,  
 Striving with eager speed to gain  
 The margent of his sea of pain.

With fiercer words she fiercer yet  
 The hapless father's pleading met:  
 “O Monarch, if thy soul repent  
 The promise and thy free consent,  
 How wilt thou in the world maintain  
 Thy fame for truth unsmirched with stain?  
 When gathered kings with thee converse,  
 And bid thee all the tale rehearse,  
 What wilt thou say, O truthful King,  
 In answer to their questioning?  
 “She to whose love my life I owe,  
 Who saved me smitten by the foe,  
 Kaikeyí, for her tender care,  
 Was cheated of the oath I swore.”  
 Thus wilt thou answer, and forsworn  
 Wilt draw on thee the princes' scorn.  
 Learn from that tale, the Hawk and Dove,<sup>275</sup>  
 How strong for truth was Saivya's love.  
 Pledged by his word the monarch gave  
 His flesh the suppliant bird to save.  
 So King Alarka gave his eyes,

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<sup>275</sup> This story is told in the Mahábhárata. A free version of it may be found in *Scenes from the Rámáyan, etc.*

And gained a mansion in the skies.  
 The Sea himself his promise keeps,  
 And ne'er beyond his limit sweeps.  
 My deeds of old again recall,  
 Nor let thy bond dishonoured fall.  
 The rights of truth thou wouldest forget,  
 Thy Ráma on the throne to set,  
 And let thy days in pleasure glide,  
 Fond King, Kauśalyá by thy side.  
 Now call it by what name thou wilt,  
 Justice, injustice, virtue, guilt,  
 Thy word and oath remain the same,  
 And thou must yield what thus I claim.  
 If Ráma be anointed, I  
 This very day will surely die,  
 Before thy face will poison drink,  
 And lifeless at thy feet will sink.  
 Yea, better far to die than stay  
 Alive to see one single day  
 The crowds before Kauśalyá stand  
 And hail her queen with reverent hand.  
 Now by my son, myself, I swear,  
 No gift, no promise whatsoe'er  
 My steadfast soul shall now content,  
 But only Ráma's banishment."

So far she spake by rage impelled,  
 And then the queen deep silence held.  
 He heard her speech full fraught with ill,  
 But spoke no word bewildered still,  
 Gazed on his love once held so dear  
 Who spoke unlovely rede to hear;  
 Then as he slowly pondered o'er  
 The queen's resolve and oath she swore.

Once sighing forth, Ah Ráma! he  
 Fell prone as falls a smitten tree.  
 His senses lost like one insane,  
 Faint as a sick man weak with pain,  
 Or like a wounded snake dismayed,  
 So lay the king whom earth obeyed.  
 Long burning sighs he slowly heaved,  
 As, conquered by his woe, he grieved,  
 And thus with tears and sobs between  
 His sad faint words addressed the queen:

“By whom, Kaikeyí, wast thou taught  
 This flattering hope with ruin fraught?  
 Have goblins seized thy soul, O dame,  
 Who thus canst speak and feel no shame?  
 Thy mind with sin is sicklied o'er,  
 From thy first youth ne'er seen before.  
 A good and loving wife wast thou,  
 But all, alas! is altered now.  
 What terror can have seized thy breast  
 To make thee frame this dire request,  
 That Bharat o'er the land may reign,  
 And Ráma in the woods remain?  
 Turn from thine evil ways, O turn,  
 And thy perfidious counsel spurn,  
 If thou would fain a favour do  
 To people, lord, and Bharat too.  
 O wicked traitress, fierce and vile,  
 Who lovest deeds of sin and guile,  
 What crime or grievance dost thou see,  
 What fault in Ráma or in me?  
 Thy son will ne'er the throne accept  
 If Ráma from his rights be kept,  
 For Bharat's heart more firmly yet

Than Ráma's is on justice set.  
How shall I say, Go forth, and brook  
Upon my Ráma's face to look,  
See his pale cheek and ashy lips  
Dimmed like the moon in sad eclipse?  
How see the plan so well prepared  
When prudent friends my counsels shared,  
All ruined, like a host laid low  
Beneath some foeman's murderous blow.  
What will these gathered princes say,  
From regions near and far away?  
“O'erlong endures the monarch's reign,  
or now he is a child again.”  
When many a good and holy sage  
In Scripture versed, revered for age,  
Shall ask for Ráma, what shall I  
Unhappy, what shall I reply?  
“By Queen Kaikeyí long distressed  
I drove him forth and dispossessed.”  
Although herein the truth I speak,  
They all will hold me false and weak.  
What will Kauśalyá say when she  
Demands her son exiled by me?  
Alas! what answer shall I frame,  
Or how console the injured dame?  
She like a slave on me attends,  
And with a sister's care she blends  
A mother's love, a wife's, a friend's.  
In spite of all her tender care,  
Her noble son, her face most fair,  
Another queen I could prefer  
And for thy sake neglected her,  
But now, O Queen, my heart is grieved  
For love and care by thee received,

E'en as the sickening wretch repents  
His dainty meal and condiments.  
And how will Queen Sumitrá trust  
The husband whom she finds unjust,  
Seeing my Ráma driven hence  
Dishonoured, and for no offence?  
Ah! the Videhan bride will hear  
A double woe, a double fear,  
Two overwhelming sorrows at one breath,  
Her lord's disgrace, his father's death.  
Mine aged bosom she will wring  
And kill me with her sorrowing,  
Sad as a fair nymph left to weep  
Deserted on Himálaya's steep.  
For short will be my days, I ween,  
When I with mournful eyes have seen  
My Ráma wandering forth alone  
And heard dear Sítá sob and moan.  
Ah me! my fond belief I rue.  
Vile traitress, loved as good and true,  
As one who in his thirst has quaffed,  
Deceived by looks, a deadly draught.  
Ah! thou hast slain me, murdereress, while  
Soothing my soul with words of guile,  
As the wild hunter kills the deer  
Lured from the brake his song to hear.  
Soon every honest tongue will fling  
Reproach on the dishonest king;  
The people's scorn in every street  
The seller of his child will meet,  
And such dishonour will be mine  
As whelms a Bráhmaṇ drunk with wine.  
Ah me, for my unhappy fate,  
Compelled thy words to tolerate!

Such woe is sent to scourge a crime  
Committed in some distant time.  
For many a day with sinful care  
I cherished thee, thou sin and snare,  
Kept thee, unwitting, like a cord  
Destined to bind its hapless lord.  
Mine hours of ease I spent with thee,  
Nor deemed my love my death would be,  
While like a heedless child I played,  
On a black snake my hand I laid.  
A cry from every mouth will burst  
And all the world will hold me curst,  
Because I saw my high-souled son  
Unkinged, unfathered, and undone;  
“The king by power of love beguiled  
Is weaker than a foolish child,  
His own beloved son to make  
An exile for a woman's sake.  
By chaste and holy vows restrained,  
By reverend teachers duly trained.  
When he his virtue's fruit should taste  
He falls by sin and woe disgraced.”  
Two words will all his answer be  
When I pronounce the stern decree,  
“Hence, Ráma, to the woods away,”  
All he will say is, I obey.  
O, if he would my will withstand  
When banished from his home and land,  
This were a comfort in my woe;  
But he will ne'er do this, I know.  
My Ráma to the forest fled,  
And curses thick upon my head,  
Grim Death will bear me hence away,  
His world-abominated prey.

When I am gone and Ráma too.  
How wilt thou those I love pursue?  
What vengeful sin will be designed  
Against the queens I leave behind?  
When thou hast slain her son and me  
Kauśalyá soon will follow: she  
Will sink beneath her sorrows' weight,  
And die like me disconsolate.  
Exist, Kaikeyí, in thy pride,  
And let thy heart be gratified,  
When thou my queens and me hast hurled,  
And children, to the under world.  
Soon wilt thou rule as empress o'er  
My noble house unvext before.  
But then to wild confusion left,  
Of Ráma and of me bereft.  
If Bharat to thy plan consent  
And long for Ráma's banishment,  
Ne'er let his hands presume to pay  
The funeral honours to my clay.  
Vile foe, thou cause of all mine ill,  
Obtain at last thy cursed will.  
A widow soon shalt thou enjoy  
The sweets of empire with thy boy.  
O Princess, sure some evil fate  
First brought thee here to devastate,  
In whom the night of ruin lies  
Veiled in a consort's fair disguise.  
The scorn of all and deepest shame  
Will long pursue my hated name,  
And dire disgrace on me will press,  
Misled by thee to wickedness.  
How shall my Ráma, whom, before,  
His elephant or chariot bore,

Now with his feet, a wanderer, tread  
The forest wilds around him spread?  
How shall my son, to please whose taste,  
The deftest cooks, with earrings graced,  
With rivalry and jealous care  
The dainty meal and cates prepare—  
How shall he now his life sustain  
With acid fruit and woodland grain?  
He spends his time unvext by cares,  
And robes of precious texture wears:  
How shall he, with one garment round  
His limbs recline upon the ground?  
Whose was this plan, this cruel thought  
Unheard till now, with ruin fraught,  
To make thy son Ayodhyá's king,  
And send my Ráma wandering?  
Shame, shame on women! Vile, untrue,  
Their selfish ends they still pursue.  
Not all of womankind I mean.  
But more than all this wicked queen.

O worthless, cruel, selfish dame,  
I brought thee home, my plague and woe.  
What fault in me hast thou to blame,  
Or in my son who loves thee so?  
Fond wives may from their husbands flee,  
And fathers may their sons desert,  
But all the world would rave to see  
My Ráma touched with deadly hurt.  
I joy his very step to hear,  
As though his godlike form I viewed;  
And when I see my Ráma near  
I feel my youth again renewed.  
There might be life without the sun,  
Yea, e'en if Indra sent no rain,

But, were my Ráma banished, none  
     Would, so I think, alive remain.  
 A foe that longs my life to take,  
     I brought thee here my death to be,  
     Caressed thee long, a venomous snake,  
         And through my folly die. Ah me!  
     Ráma and me and Lakshmaṇ slay,  
         And then with Bharat rule the state;  
     So bring the kingdom to decay,  
         And fawn on those thy lord who hate,  
     Plotter of woe, for evil bred,  
         For such a speech why do not all  
     Thy teeth from out thy wicked head  
         Split in a thousand pieces fall?  
     My Ráma's words are ever kind,  
         He knows not how to speak in ire:  
     Then how canst thou presume to find  
         A fault in him whom all admire?  
     Yield to despair, go mad, or die,  
         Or sink within the rifted earth;  
     Thy fell request will I deny,  
         Thou shamer of thy royal birth.  
     Thy longer life I scarce can bear,  
         Thou ruin of my home and race,  
     Who wouldst my heart and heartstrings tear,  
         Keen as a razor, false and base.  
     My life is gone, why speak of joy?  
         For what, without my son, were sweet?  
     Spare, lady, him thou canst destroy;  
         I pray thee as I touch thy feet."  
     He fell and wept with wild complaint,  
         Heart-struck by her presumptuous speech,  
     But could not touch, so weak and faint,  
         The cruel feet he strove to reach.

## Canto XIII. Dasaratha's Distress.

Unworthy of his mournful fate,  
 The mighty king, unfortunate,  
 Lay prostrate in unseemly guise,  
 As, banished from the blissful skies,  
 Yayáti, in his evil day.  
 His merit all exhausted, lay.<sup>276</sup>  
 The queen, triumphant in the power  
 Won by her beauty's fatal dower,  
 Still terrible and unsubdued,  
 Her dire demand again renewed:  
 "Great Monarch, 'twas thy boast till now  
 To love the truth and keep the vow;  
 Then wherefore would thy lips refuse  
 The promised boon 'tis mine to choose?"

King Daśaratha, thus addressed,  
 With anger raging in his breast,  
 Sank for a while beneath the pain,  
 Then to Kaikeyí spoke again:  
 "Childless so long, at length I won,  
 With mighty toil, from Heaven a son,  
 Ráma, the mighty-armed; and how  
 Shall I desert my darling now?  
 A scholar wise, a hero bold,  
 Of patient mood, with wrath controlled,  
 How can I bid my Ráma fly,  
 My darling of the lotus eye?

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<sup>276</sup> Only the highest merit obtains a home in heaven for ever. Minor degrees of merit procure only leases of heavenly mansions terminable after periods proportioned to the fund which buys them. King Yayáti went to heaven and when his term expired was unceremoniously ejected, and thrown down to earth.

In heaven itself I scarce could bear,  
 When asking of my Ráma there,  
 To hear the Gods his grieves declare,  
 And O, that death would take me hence  
 Before I wrong his innocence!"

As thus the monarch wept and wailed,  
 And maddening grief his heart assailed,  
 The sun had sought his resting-place,  
 And night was closing round apace.  
 But yet the moon-crowned night could bring  
 No comfort to the wretched king.  
 As still he mourned with burning sighs  
 And fixed his gaze upon the skies:  
 "O Night whom starry fires adorn,  
 I long not for the coming morn.  
 Be kind and show some mercy: see,  
 My suppliant hands are raised to thee.  
 Nay, rather fly with swifter pace;  
 No longer would I see the face  
 Of Queen Kaikeyí, cruel, dread,  
 Who brings this woe upon mine head."  
 Again with suppliant hands he tried  
 To move the queen, and wept and sighed:  
 "To me, unhappy me, inclined  
 To good, sweet dame, thou shouldst be kind;  
 Whose life is well-nigh fled, who cling  
 To thee for succour, me thy king.  
 This, only this, is all my claim:  
 Have mercy, O my lovely dame.  
 None else have I to take my part,  
 Have mercy: thou art good at heart.  
 Hear, lady of the soft black eye,  
 And win a name that ne'er shall die:

Let Ráma rule this glorious land,  
The gift of thine imperial hand.  
O lady of the dainty waist,  
With eyes and lips of beauty graced,  
Please Ráma, me, each saintly priest,  
Bharat, and all from chief to least."

She heard his wild and mournful cry,  
She saw the tears his speech that broke,  
Saw her good husband's reddened eye,  
But, cruel still, no word she spoke.  
His eyes upon her face he bent,  
And sought for mercy, but in vain:  
She claimed his darling's banishment,  
He swooned upon the ground again.

## Canto XIV. Ráma Summoned.

The wicked queen her speech renewed,  
When rolling on the earth she viewed  
Ikshváku's son, Ayodhyá's king,  
For his dear Ráma sorrowing:  
"Why, by a simple promise bound,  
Liest thou prostrate on the ground,  
As though a grievous sin dismayed  
Thy spirit! Why so sore afraid?  
Keep still thy word. The righteous deem  
That truth, mid duties, is supreme:  
And now in truth and honour's name  
I bid thee own the binding claim.  
Śaivya, a king whom earth obeyed,  
Once to a hawk a promise made,

Gave to the bird his flesh and bone,  
 And by his truth made heaven his own.<sup>277</sup>  
 Alarka, when a Bráhman famed  
 For Scripture lore his promise claimed,  
 Tore from his head his bleeding eyes  
 And unreluctant gave the prize.  
 His narrow bounds prescribed restrain  
 The Rivers' Lord, the mighty main,  
 Who, though his waters boil and rave,  
 Keeps faithful to the word he gave.  
 Truth all religion comprehends,  
 Through all the world its might extends:  
 In truth alone is justice placed,  
 On truth the words of God are based:  
 A life in truth unchanging past  
 Will bring the highest bliss at last.  
 If thou the right would still pursue,  
 Be constant to thy word and true:  
 Let me thy promise fruitful see,  
 For boons, O King, proceed from thee.  
 Now to preserve thy righteous fame,  
 And yielding to my earnest claim—  
 Thrice I repeat it—send thy child,  
 Thy Ráma, to the forest wild.  
 But if the boon thou still deny,  
 Before thy face, forlorn, I die.”

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<sup>277</sup> See *Additional Notes*, THE SUPPLIANT DOVE{FNS.

Thus was the helpless monarch stung  
 By Queen Kaikeyí's fearless tongue,  
 As Bali strove in vain to loose  
 His limbs from Indra's fatal noose.  
 Dismayed in soul and pale with fear,  
 The monarch, like a trembling steer  
 Between the chariot's wheel and yoke,  
 Again to Queen Kaikeyí spoke,  
 With sad eyes fixt in vacant stare,  
 Gathering courage from despair:  
 "That hand I took, thou sinful dame,  
 With texts, before the sacred flame,  
 Thee and thy son, I scorn and hate,  
 And all at once repudiate.

[108]

The night is fled: the dawn is near:  
 Soon will the holy priests be here  
 To bid me for the rite prepare  
 That with my son the throne will share,  
 The preparation made to grace  
 My Ráma in his royal place—  
 With this, e'en this, my darling for  
 My death the funeral flood shall pour.  
 Thou and thy son at least forbear  
 In offerings to my shade to share,  
 For by the plot thy guile has laid  
 His consecration will be stayed.  
 This very day how shall I brook  
 To meet each subject's altered look?  
 To mark each gloomy joyless brow  
 That was so bright and glad but now?"

While thus the high-souled monarch spoke  
 To the stern queen, the Morning broke,  
 And holy night had slowly fled,

With moon and stars engarlanded.  
 Yet once again the cruel queen  
 Spoke words in answer fierce and keen,  
 Still on her evil purpose bent,  
 Wild with her rage and eloquent:  
 “What speech is this? Such words as these  
 Seem sprung from poison-sown disease.  
 Quick to thy noble Ráma send  
 And bid him on his sire attend.  
 When to my son the rule is given;  
 When Ráma to the woods is driven;  
 When not a rival copes with me,  
 From chains of duty thou art free.”

Thus goaded, like a generous steed  
 Urged by sharp spurs to double speed,  
 “My senses are astray,” he cried,  
 “And duty’s bonds my hands have tied.  
 I long to see mine eldest son,  
 My virtuous, my beloved one.”

And now the night had past away;  
 Out shone the Maker of the Day,  
 Bringing the planetary hour  
 And moment of auspicious power.  
 Vaśishṭha, virtuous, far renowned,  
 Whose young disciples girt him round,  
 With sacred things without delay  
 Through the fair city took his way.  
 He traversed, where the people thronged,  
 And all for Ráma’s coming longed,  
 The town as fair in festive show  
 As his who lays proud cities low.<sup>278</sup>

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<sup>278</sup> Indra, called also Purandara, Town-destroyer.

He reached the palace where he heard  
The mingled notes of many a bird,  
Where crowded thick high-honoured bands  
Of guards with truncheons in their hands.  
Begirt by many a sage, elate,  
Vaśishṭha reached the royal gate,  
And standing by the door he found  
Sumantra, for his form renowned,  
The king's illustrious charioteer  
And noble counsellor and peer.  
To him well skilled in every part  
Of his hereditary art  
Vaśishṭha said: "O charioteer,  
Inform the king that I am here,  
Here ready by my side behold  
These sacred vessels made of gold,  
Which water for the rite contain  
From Gangā and each distant main.  
Here for installing I have brought  
The seat prescribed of fig-wood wrought,  
All kinds of seed and precious scent  
And many a gem and ornament;  
Grain, sacred grass, the garden's spoil,  
Honey and curds and milk and oil;  
Eight radiant maids, the best of all  
War elephants that feed in stall;  
A four-horse car, a bow and sword.  
A litter, men to bear their lord;  
A white umbrella bright and fair  
That with the moon may well compare;  
Two chouries of the whitest hair;  
A golden beaker rich and rare;  
A bull high-humped and fair to view,  
Girt with gold bands and white of hue;

A four-toothed steed with flowing mane,  
 A throne which lions carved sustain;  
 A tiger's skin, the sacred fire,  
 Fresh kindled, which the rites require;  
 The best musicians skilled to play,  
 And dancing-girls in raiment gay;  
 Kine, Bráhmans, teachers fill the court,  
 And bird and beast of purest sort.  
 From town and village, far and near,  
 The noblest men are gathered here;  
 Here merchants with their followers crowd,  
 And men in joyful converse loud,  
 And kings from many a distant land  
 To view the consecration stand.  
 The dawn is come, the lucky day;  
 Go bid the monarch haste away,  
 That now Prince Ráma may obtain  
 The empire, and begin his reign.”

Soon as he heard the high behest  
 The driver of the chariot pressed  
 Within the chambers of the king,  
 His lord with praises honouring.  
 And none of all the warders checked  
 His entrance for their great respect  
 Of him well known, in place so high,  
 Still fain their king to gratify.  
 He stood beside the royal chief,  
 Unwitting of his deadly grief,  
 And with sweet words began to sing  
 The praises of his lord and king:  
 “As, when the sun begins to rise,  
 The sparkling sea delights our eyes,  
 Wake, calm with gentle soul, and thus

Give rapture, mighty King, to us.  
 As Mátali<sup>279</sup> this selfsame hour  
 Sang lauds of old to Indra's power,  
 When he the Titan hosts o'erthrew,  
 So hymn I thee with praises due.  
 The Vedas, with their kindred lore,  
 Brahmá their soul-born Lord adore,  
 With all the doctrines of the wise,  
 And bid him, as I bid thee, rise.  
 As, with the moon, the Lord of Day  
 Wakes with the splendour of his ray  
 Prolific Earth, who neath him lies,  
 So, mighty King, I bid thee rise.  
 With blissful words, O Lord of men,  
 Rise, radiant in thy form, as when  
 The sun ascending darts his light  
 From Meru's everlasting height.  
 May Śiva, Agni, Sun, and Moon  
 Bestow on thee each choicest boon,  
 Kuvera, Varuṇa, Indra bless  
 Kakutstha's son with all success.  
 Awake, the holy night is fled,  
 The happy light abroad is spread;  
 Awake, O best of kings, and share  
 The glorious task that claims thy care.  
 The holy sage Vaśishṭha waits,  
 With all his Bráhmans, at the gate.  
 Give thy decree, without delay,  
 To consecrate thy son today.  
 As armies, by no captain led,  
 As flocks that feed unshepherded,  
 Such is the fortune of a state

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<sup>279</sup> Indra's charioteer.

Without a king and desolate.”

Such were the words the bard addressed,  
 With weight of sage advice impressed;  
 And, as he heard, the hapless king  
 Felt deeper yet his sorrow's sting.  
 At length, all joy and comfort fled,  
 He raised his eyes with weeping red,  
 And, mournful for his Ráma's sake,  
 The good and glorious monarch spake:  
 “Why seek with idle praise to greet  
 The wretch for whom no praise is meet?  
 Thy words mine aching bosom tear,  
 And plunge me deeper in despair.”

Sumantra heard the sad reply,  
 And saw his master's tearful eye.  
 With reverent palm to palm applied  
 He drew a little space aside.  
 Then, as the king, with misery weak,  
 With vain endeavour strove to speak,  
 Kaikeyí, skilled in plot and plan,  
 To sage Sumantra thus began:  
 “The king, absorbed in joyful thought  
 For his dear son, no rest has sought:  
 Sleepless to him the night has past,  
 And now o'erwatched he sinks at last.  
 Then go, Sumantra, and with speed  
 The glorious Ráma hither lead:  
 Go, as I pray, nor longer wait;  
 No time is this to hesitate.”  
 “How can I go, O Lady fair,  
 Unless my lord his will declare?”  
 “Fain would I see him,” cried the king,

“Quick, quick, my beauteous Ráma bring.”

Then rose the happy thought to cheer  
The bosom of the charioteer,  
“The king, I ween, of pious mind,  
The consecration has designed.”  
Sumantra for his wisdom famed,  
Delighted with the thought he framed,  
From the calm chamber, like a bay  
Of crowded ocean, took his way.

He turned his face to neither side,  
But forth he hurried straight;  
Only a little while he eyed  
The guards who kept the gate.  
He saw in front a gathered crowd  
Of men of every class,  
Who, parting as he came, allowed  
The charioteer to pass.

## Canto XV. The Preparations.

There slept the Bráhmans, deeply read  
In Scripture, till the night had fled;  
Then, with the royal chaplains, they  
Took each his place in long array.  
There gathered fast the chiefs of trade,  
Nor peer nor captain long delayed,  
Assembling all in order due  
The consecrating rite to view.

The morning dawned with cloudless ray  
On Pushya's high auspicious day,  
And Cancer with benignant power  
Looked down on Ráma's natal hour.  
The twice-born chiefs, with zealous heed,  
Made ready what the rite would need.  
The well-wrought throne of holy wood  
And golden urns in order stood.  
There was the royal car whereon  
A tiger's skin resplendent shone;  
There water, brought for sprinkling thence  
Where, in their sacred confluence,  
Blend Jumná's waves with Gangá's tide,  
From many a holy flood beside,  
From brook and fountain far and near,  
From pool and river, sea and mere.  
And there were honey, curd, and oil,  
Parched rice and grass, the garden's spoil,  
Fresh milk, eight girls in bright attire,  
An elephant with eyes of fire;  
And urns of gold and silver made,  
With milky branches overlaid,  
All brimming from each sacred flood,  
And decked with many a lotus bud.  
And dancing-women fair and free,  
Gay with their gems, were there to see,  
Who stood in bright apparel by  
With lovely brow and witching eye.  
White flashed the jewelled chouri there,  
And shone like moonbeams through the air;  
The white umbrella overhead  
A pale and moonlike lustre shed,  
Wont in pure splendour to precede,  
And in such rites the pomp to lead.

There stood the charger by the side  
Of the great bull of snow-white hide;  
There was all music soft and loud,  
And bards and minstrels swelled the crowd.  
For now the monarch bade combine  
Each custom of his ancient line  
With every rite Ayodhyá's state  
Observed, her kings to consecrate.

Then, summoned by the king's behest,  
The multitudes together pressed,  
And, missing still the royal sire,  
Began, impatient, to inquire:  
“Who to our lord will tidings bear  
That all his people throng the square?  
Where is the king? the sun is bright,  
And all is ready for the rite.”

As thus they spoke, Sumantra, tried  
In counsel, to the chiefs replied,  
Gathered from lands on every side:  
“To Ráma's house I swiftly drove,  
For so the king his mandate gave.  
Our aged lord and Ráma too  
In honour high hold all of you:  
I in your words (be long your days!)  
Will ask him why he thus delays.”

Thus spoke the peer in Scripture read,  
 And to the ladies' bower he sped.  
 Quick through the gates Sumantra hied,  
 Which access ne'er to him denied.  
 Behind the curtained screen he drew,  
 Which veiled the chamber from the view.  
 In benediction loud he raised  
 His voice, and thus the monarch praised:  
 "Sun, Moon, Kuvera, Śiva bless  
 Kakutstha's son with high success!  
 The Lords of air, flood, fire decree  
 The victory, my King, to thee!  
 The holy night has past away,  
 Auspicious shines the morning's ray.  
 Rise, Lord of men, thy part to take  
 In the great rite. Awake! awake!  
 Bráhmans and captains, chiefs of trade,  
 All wait in festive garb arrayed;  
 For thee they look with eager eyes:  
 O Raghu's son, awake! arise."

To him in holy Scripture read,  
 Who hailed him thus, the monarch said,  
 Upraising from his sleep his head:  
 "Go, Ráma, hither lead as thou  
 Wast ordered by the queen but now.  
 Come, tell me why my mandate laid  
 Upon thee thus is disobeyed.  
 Away! and Ráma hither bring;  
 I sleep not: make no tarrying."

Thus gave the king command anew:  
Sumantra from his lord withdrew;  
With head in lowly reverence bent,  
And filled with thoughts of joy, he went.  
The royal street he traversed, where  
Waved flag and pennon to the air,  
And, as with joy the car he drove,  
He let his eyes delighted rove.  
On every side, where'er he came,  
He heard glad words, their theme the same,  
As in their joy the gathered folk  
Of Ráma and the throning spoke.  
Then saw he Ráma's palace bright  
And vast as Mount Kailás'a height,  
That glorious in its beauty showed  
As Indra's own supreme abode:  
With folding doors both high and wide;  
With hundred porches beautified:  
Where golden statues towering rose  
O'er gemmed and coralled porticoes.  
Bright like a cave in Meru's side,  
Or clouds through Autumn's sky that ride:  
Festooned with length of bloomy twine,  
Flashing with pearls and jewels' shine,  
While sandal-wood and aloe lent  
The mingled riches of their scent;  
With all the odorous sweets that fill  
The breezy heights of Dardar's hill.  
There by the gate the Sáras screamed,  
And shrill-toned peacocks' plumage gleamed.  
Its floors with deftest art inlaid,  
Its sculptured wolves in gold arrayed,  
With its bright sheen the palace took  
The mind of man and chained the look,

For like the sun and moon it glowed,  
 And mocked Kuvera's loved abode.  
 Circling the walls a crowd he viewed  
 Who stood in reverent attitude,  
 With throngs of countrymen who sought  
 Acceptance of the gifts they brought.  
 The elephant was stationed there,  
 Appointed Ráma's self to bear;  
 Adorned with pearls, his brow and cheek  
 Were sandal-dyed in many a streak,  
 While he, in stature, bulk, and pride,  
 With Indra's own Airávat<sup>280</sup> vied.  
 Sumantra, borne by coursers fleet,  
 Flashing a radiance o'er the street,  
     To Ráma's palace flew,  
 And all who lined the royal road,  
 Or thronged the prince's rich abode,  
     Rejoiced as near he drew.  
 And with delight his bosom swelled  
 As onward still his course he held  
 Through many a sumptuous court  
 Like Indra's palace nobly made,  
 Where peacocks revelled in the shade,  
     And beasts of silvan sort.  
 Through many a hall and chamber wide,  
 That with Kailása's splendour vied.  
     Or mansions of the Blest,  
 While Ráma's friends, beloved and tried,  
 Before his coming stepped aside,  
     Still on Sumantra pressed.  
 He reached the chamber door, where stood  
 Around his followers young and good,

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<sup>280</sup> The elephant of Indra.

Bard, minstrel, charioteer,  
Well skilled the tuneful chords to sweep,  
With soothing strain to lull to sleep,  
    Or laud their master dear.  
Then, like a dolphin darting through  
Unfathomed depths of ocean's blue  
    With store of jewels decked,  
Through crowded halls that rock-like rose,  
Or as proud hills where clouds repose,  
    Sumantra sped unchecked—  
Halls like the glittering domes on high  
Reared for the dwellers of the sky  
    By heavenly architect.

## Canto XVI. Ráma Summoned.

So through the crowded inner door  
Sumantra, skilled in ancient lore,  
On to the private chambers pressed  
Which stood apart from all the rest.  
There youthful warriors, true and bold,  
Whose ears were ringed with polished gold,  
All armed with trusty bows and darts,  
Watched with devoted eyes and hearts.  
And hoary men, a faithful train,  
Whose aged hands held staves of cane,  
The ladies' guard, apparelled fair  
In red attire, were stationed there.  
Soon as they saw Sumantra nigh,  
Each longed his lord to gratify,  
And from his seat beside the door

Up sprang each ancient servitor.  
 Then to the warders quickly cried  
 The skilled Sumantra, void of pride:  
 “Tell Ráma that the charioteer  
 Sumantra waits for audience here.”  
 The ancient men with one accord  
 Seeking the pleasure of their lord,  
 Passing with speed the chamber door  
 To Ráma's ear the message bore.  
 Forthwith the prince with duteous heed  
 Called in the messenger with speed,  
 For 'twas his sire's command, he knew,  
 That sent him for the interview.  
 Like Lord Kuvera, well arrayed,  
 He pressed a couch of gold,  
 Wherefrom a covering of brocade  
 Hung down in many a fold.  
 Oil and the sandal's fragrant dust  
 Had tinged his body o'er  
 Dark as the stream the spearman's thrust  
 Drains from the wounded boar.  
 Him Sítá watched with tender care,  
 A chouri in her hand,  
 As Chitrá,<sup>281</sup> ever fond in fair,  
 Beside the Moon will stand.  
 Him glorious with unborrowed light,  
 A liberal lord, of sunlike might,  
 Sumantra hailed in words like these,  
 Well skilled in gentle courtesies,  
 As, with joined hands in reverence raised,  
 Upon the beauteous prince he gazed:  
 “Happy Kauśalyá! Blest is she,

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<sup>281</sup> A star in the spike of Virgo: hence the name of the month Chaitra or Chait.

The Mother of a son like thee.  
Now rise, O Ráma, speed away.  
Go to thy sire without delay:  
For he and Queen Kaikeyí seek  
An interview with thee to speak.”

The lion-lord of men, the best  
Of splendid heroes, thus addressed,  
To Sítá spake with joyful cheer:  
“The king and queen, my lady dear,  
Touching the throning, for my sake  
Some salutary counsel take.  
The lady of the full black eye  
Would fain her husband gratify,  
And, all his purpose understood,  
Counsels the monarch to my good.  
A happy fate is mine, I ween,  
When he, consulting with his queen,  
Sumantra on this charge, intent  
Upon my gain and good, has sent.  
An envoy of so noble sort  
Well suits the splendour of the court.  
The consecration rite this day  
Will join me in imperial sway.  
To meet the lord of earth, for so  
His order bids me, I will go.  
Thou, lady, here in comfort stay,  
And with thy maidens rest or play.”

Thus Ráma spake. For meet reply  
 The lady of the large black eye  
 Attended to the door her lord,  
 And blessings on his head implored:  
 “The majesty and royal state  
 Which holy Bráhmans venerate,  
 The consecration and the rite  
 Which sanctifies the ruler's might,  
 And all imperial powers should be  
 Thine by thy father's high decree,  
 As He, the worlds who formed and planned,  
 The kingship gave to Indra's hand.  
 Then shall mine eyes my king adore  
 When lustral rites and fast are o'er,  
 And black deer's skin and roebuck's horn  
 Thy lordly limbs and hand adorn.  
 May He whose hands the thunder wield  
 Be in the east thy guard and shield;  
 May Yáma's care the south befriend,  
 And Varuṇ's arm the west defend;  
 And let Kuvera, Lord of Gold,  
 The north with firm protection hold.”

Then Ráma spoke a kind farewell,  
 And hailed the blessings as they fell  
 From Sítá's gentle lips; and then,  
 As a young lion from his den  
 Descends the mountain's stony side,  
 So from the hall the hero hied.  
 First Lakshmaṇ at the door he viewed  
 Who stood in reverent attitude,  
 Then to the central court he pressed  
 Where watched the friends who loved him best.  
 To all his dear companions there

He gave kind looks and greeting fair.  
On to the lofty car that glowed  
Like fire the royal tiger strode.  
Bright as himself its silver shone:  
A tiger's skin was laid thereon.  
With cloudlike thunder, as it rolled,  
It flashed with gems and burnished gold,  
And, like the sun's meridian blaze,  
Blinded the eye that none could gaze.  
Like youthful elephants, tall and strong,  
Fleet coursers whirled the car along:  
In such a car the Thousand-eyed  
Borne by swift horses loves to ride.  
So like Parjanya,<sup>282</sup> when he flies  
Thundering through the autumn skies,  
The hero from the palace sped,  
As leaves the moon some cloud o'erhead.  
Still close to Ráma Lakshmaṇ kept,  
Behind him to the car he leapt,  
And, watching with fraternal care,  
Waved the long chouri's silver hair,  
As from the palace gate he came  
Up rose the tumult of acclaim.  
While loud huzza and jubilant shout  
Pealed from the gathered myriads out.  
Then elephants, like mountains vast,  
And steeds who all their kind surpassed,  
Followed their lord by hundreds, nay  
By thousands, led in long array.  
First marched a band of warriors trained,  
With sandal dust and aloe stained;  
Well armed was each with sword and bow,

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<sup>282</sup> The Rain-God.

And every breast with hope aglow,  
 And ever, as they onward went,  
     Shouts from the warrior train,  
 And every sweet-toned instrument  
     Prolonged the minstrel strain.  
 On passed the tamer of his foes,  
 While well clad dames, in crowded rows,  
 Each chamber lattice thronged to view,  
 And chaplets on the hero threw.  
 Then all, of peerless face and limb,  
 Sang Ráma's praise for love of him,  
 And blent their voices, soft and sweet,  
 From palace high and crowded street:  
 "Now, sure, Kausalyá's heart must swell  
 To see the son she loves so well,  
 Thee Ráma, thee, her joy and pride,  
 Triumphant o'er the realm preside."  
 Then—for they knew his bride most fair  
 Of all who part the soft dark hair,  
 His love, his life, possessed the whole  
 Of her young hero's heart and soul:—  
 "Be sure the lady's fate repays  
 Some mighty vow of ancient days,<sup>283</sup>  
 For blest with Ráma's love is she  
 As, with the Moon's, sweet Rohiní."<sup>284</sup>

Such were the witching words that came  
 From lips of many a peerless dame  
 Crowding the palace roofs to greet  
 The hero as he gained the street.

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<sup>283</sup> In a former life.

<sup>284</sup> One of the lunar asterisms, represented as the favourite wife of the Moon.  
 See p. 4, note.

## Canto XVII. Ráma's Approach.

As Ráma, rendering blithe and gay  
His loving friends, pursued his way,  
He saw on either hand a press  
Of mingled people numberless.  
The royal street he traversed, where  
Incense of aloe filled the air,  
Where rose high palaces, that vied  
With paly clouds, on either side;  
With flowers of myriad colours graced.  
And food for every varied taste,  
Bright as the glowing path o'erhead  
Which feet of Gods celestial tread,  
Loud benedictions, sweet to hear,  
From countless voices soothed his ear.  
While he to each gave due salute  
His place and dignity to suit:  
“Be thou,” the joyful people cried,  
“Be thou our guardian, lord and guide.  
Throned and anointed king to-day,  
Thy feet set forth upon the way  
Wherein, each honoured as a God,  
Thy fathers and forefathers trod.  
Thy sire and his have graced the throne,  
And loving care to us have shown:  
Thus blest shall we and ours remain,  
Yea still more blest in Ráma's reign.  
No more of dainty fare we need,  
And but one cherished object heed,  
That we may see our prince today  
Invested with imperial sway.”

Such were the words and pleasant speech  
 That Ráma heard, unmoved, from each  
 Of the dear friends around him spread,  
 As onward through the street he sped,  
 For none could turn his eye or thought  
 From the dear form his glances sought,  
 With fruitless ardour forward cast  
 Even when Raghu's son had past.  
 And he who saw not Ráma nigh,  
 Nor caught a look from Ráma's eye,  
 A mark for scorn and general blame,  
 Reproached himself in bitter shame.  
 For to each class his equal mind  
 With sympathy and love inclined  
 Most fully of the princely four,  
 So greatest love to him they bore.

His circling course the hero bent  
 Round shrine and altar, reverent,  
 Round homes of Gods, where cross-roads met,  
 Where many a sacred tree was set.  
 Near to his father's house he drew  
 Like Indra's beautiful to view,  
 And with the light his glory gave  
 Within the royal palace drove.  
 Through three broad courts, where bowmen kept  
 Their watch and ward, his coursers swept,  
 Then through the two remaining went  
 On foot the prince preëminent.  
 Through all the courts the hero passed,  
 And gained the ladies' bower at last;  
 Then through the door alone withdrew,  
 And left without his retinue.  
 When thus the monarch's noble boy

Had gone his sire to meet,  
The multitude, elate with joy,  
    Stood watching in the street,  
And his return with eager eyes  
    Expected at the gates,  
As for his darling moon to rise  
    The King of Rivers<sup>285</sup> waits.

## Canto XVIII. The Sentence.

With hopeless eye and pallid mien  
There sat the monarch with the queen.  
His father's feet with reverence due  
He clasped, and touched Kaikeyí's too.  
The king, with eyes still brimming o'er,  
Cried Ráma! and could do no more.  
His voice was choked, his eye was dim,  
He could not speak or look on him.  
Then sudden fear made Ráma shake  
As though his foot had roused a snake,  
Soon as his eyes had seen the change  
So mournful, terrible, and strange.  
For there his reason well-nigh fled,  
Sighing, with soul disquieted,  
    To torturing pangs a prey,  
Dismayed, despairing, and distraught,  
In a fierce whirl of wildering thought  
    The hapless monarch lay,  
Like Ocean wave-engarlanded

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<sup>285</sup> The Sea.

Storm-driven from his tranquil bed,  
    The Sun-God in eclipse,  
Or like a holy seer, heart-stirred  
    With anguish, when a lying word  
        Has passed his heedless lips.  
The sight of his dear father, pained  
    With woe and misery unexplained  
        Filled Ráma with unrest,  
As Ocean's pulses rise and swell  
    When the great moon he loves so well  
        Shines full upon his breast.  
So grieving for his father's sake,  
    To his own heart the hero spake:  
“Why will the king my sire to-day  
    No kindly word of greeting say?  
At other times, though wroth he be,  
    His eyes grow calm that look on me.  
Then why does anguish wring his brow  
    To see his well-beloved now?”  
Sick and perplexed, distraught with woe,  
    To Queen Kaikeyí bowing low,  
While pallor o'er his bright cheek spread,  
    With humble reverence he said:  
“What have I done, unknown, amiss  
    To make my father wroth like this?  
Declare it, O dear Queen, and win  
    His pardon for my heedless sin.  
Why is the sire I ever find  
    Filled with all love to-day unkind?  
With eyes cast down and pallid cheek  
    This day alone he will not speak.  
Or lies he prostrate neath the blow  
    Of fierce disease or sudden woe?  
For all our bliss is dashed with pain,

And joy unmixed is hard to gain.  
 Does stroke of evil fortune smite  
 Dear Bharat, charming to the sight,  
 Or on the brave Śatruघna fall,  
 Or consorts, for he loves them all?  
 Against his words when I rebel,  
 Or fail to please the monarch well,  
 When deeds of mine his soul offend,  
 That hour I pray my life may end.  
 How should a man to him who gave  
 His being and his life behave?  
 The sire to whom he owes his birth  
 Should be his deity on earth.  
 Hast thou, by pride and folly moved,  
 With bitter taunt the king reproved?  
 Has scorn of thine or cruel jest  
 To passion stirred his gentle breast?  
 Speak truly, Queen, that I may know  
 What cause has changed the monarch so.”

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Thus by the high-souled prince addressed,  
 Of Raghu's sons the chief and best,  
 She cast all ruth and shame aside,  
 And bold with greedy words replied:  
 “Not wrath, O Ráma, stirs the king,  
 Nor misery stabs with sudden sting;  
 One thought that fills his soul has he,  
 But dares not speak for fear of thee.  
 Thou art so dear, his lips refrain  
 From words that might his darling pain.  
 But thou, as duty bids, must still  
 The promise of thy sire fulfil.  
 He who to me in days gone by  
 Vouchsafed a boon with honours high,

Dares now, a king, his word regret,  
 And caitiff-like disowns the debt.  
 The lord of men his promise gave  
 To grant the boon that I might crave,  
 And now a bridge would idly throw  
 When the dried stream has ceased to flow.  
 His faith the monarch must not break  
 In wrath, or e'en for thy dear sake.  
 From faith, as well the righteous know,  
 Our virtue and our merits flow.  
 Now, be they good or be they ill,  
 Do thou thy father's words fulfil:  
 Swear that his promise shall not fail,  
 And I will tell thee all the tale.  
 Yes, Ráma, when I hear that thou  
 Hast bound thee by thy father's vow,  
 Then, not till then, my lips shall speak,  
 Nor will he tell what boon I seek."

He heard, and with a troubled breast  
 This answer to the queen addressed:  
 "Ah me, dear lady, canst thou deem  
 That words like these thy lips beseem?  
 I, at the bidding of my sire,  
 Would cast my body to the fire,  
 A deadly draught of poison drink,  
 Or in the waves of ocean sink:  
 If he command, it shall be done,—  
 My father and my king in one.  
 Then speak and let me know the thing  
 So longed for by my lord the king.  
 It shall be done: let this suffice;  
 Ráma ne'er makes a promise twice."

He ended. To the princely youth  
Who loved the right and spoke the truth,  
Cruel, abominable came  
The answer of the ruthless dame:  
“When Gods and Titans fought of yore,  
Transfixed with darts and bathed in gore  
Two boons to me thy father gave  
For the dear life 'twas mine to save.  
Of him I claim the ancient debt,  
That Bharat on the throne be set,  
And thou, O Ráma, go this day  
To Dáñdak forest far away.  
Now, Ráma, if thou wilt maintain  
Thy father's faith without a stain,  
And thine own truth and honour clear,  
Then, best of men, my bidding hear.  
Do thou thy father's word obey,  
Nor from the pledge he gave me stray.  
Thy life in Dáñdak forest spend  
Till nine long years and five shall end.  
Upon my Bharat's princely head  
Let consecrating drops be shed,  
With all the royal pomp for thee  
Made ready by the king's decree.  
Seek Dáñdak forest and resign  
Rites that would make the empire thine,  
For twice seven years of exile wear  
The coat of bark and matted hair.  
Then in thy stead let Bharat reign  
Lord of his royal sire's domain,  
Rich in the fairest gems that shine,  
Cars, elephants, and steeds, and kine.  
The monarch mourns thy altered fate  
And vails his brow compassionate:

Bowed down by bitter grief he lies  
 And dares not lift to thine his eyes.  
 Obey his word: be firm and brave,  
 And with great truth the monarch save.”  
 While thus with cruel words she spoke,  
 No grief the noble youth betrayed;  
 But forth the father's anguish broke,  
 At his dear Ráma's lot dismayed.

## Canto XIX. Ráma's Promise.

Calm and unmoved by threatened woe  
 The noble conqueror of the foe  
 Answered the cruel words she spoke,  
 Nor quailed beneath the murderous stroke:

“Yea, for my father's promise sake  
 I to the wood my way will take,  
 And dwell a lonely exile there  
 In hermit dress with matted hair.  
 One thing alone I fain would learn,  
 Why is the king this day so stern?  
 Why is the scourge of foes so cold,  
 Nor gives me greeting as of old?  
 Now let not anger flush thy cheek:  
 Before thy face the truth I speak,  
 In hermit's coat with matted hair  
 To the wild wood will I repair.  
 How can I fail his will to do,  
 Friend, master, grateful sovereign too?  
 One only pang consumes my breast:

That his own lips have not expressed  
 His will, nor made his longing known  
 That Bharat should ascend the throne.  
 To Bharat I would yield my wife,  
 My realm and wealth, mine own dear life,  
 Unasked I fain would yield them all:  
 More gladly at my father's call,  
 More gladly when the gift may free  
 His honour and bring joy to thee.  
 Thus, lady, his sad heart release  
 From the sore shame, and give him peace.  
 But tell me, O, I pray thee, why  
 The lord of men, with downcast eye,  
 Lies prostrate thus, and one by one  
 Down his pale cheek the tear-drops run.  
 Let couriers to thy father speed  
 On horses of the swiftest breed,  
 And, by the mandate of the king,  
 Thy Bharat to his presence bring.  
 My father's words I will not stay  
 To question, but this very day  
 To Dāṇḍak's pathless wild will fare,  
 For twice seven years an exile there.”

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When Ráma thus had made reply  
 Kaikeyí's heart with joy beat high.  
 She, trusting to the pledge she held,  
 The youth's departure thus impelled:  
 “Tis well. Be messengers despatched  
 On coursers ne'er for fleetness matched,  
 To seek my father's home and lead  
 My Bharat back with all their speed.  
 And, Ráma, as I ween that thou  
 Wilt scarce endure to linger now,

So surely it were wise and good  
 This hour to journey to the wood.  
 And if, with shame cast down and weak,  
 No word to thee the king can speak,  
 Forgive, and from thy mind dismiss  
 A trifle in an hour like this.  
 But till thy feet in rapid haste  
 Have left the city for the waste,  
 And to the distant forest fled,  
 He will not bathe nor call for bread.”

“Woe! woe!” from the sad monarch burst,  
 In surging floods of grief immersed;  
 Then swooning, with his wits astray,  
 Upon the gold-wrought couch he lay,  
 And Ráma raised the aged king:  
 But the stern queen, unpitying,  
 Checked not her needless words, nor spared  
 The hero for all speed prepared,  
 But urged him with her bitter tongue,  
 Like a good horse with lashes stung,  
 She spoke her shameful speech. Serene  
 He heard the fury of the queen,  
 And to her words so vile and dread  
 Gently, unmoved in mind, he said:  
 “I would not in this world remain  
 A grovelling thrall to paltry gain,  
 But duty's path would fain pursue,  
 True as the saints themselves are true.  
 From death itself I would not fly  
 My father's wish to gratify,  
 What deed soe'er his loving son  
 May do to please him, think it done.  
 Amid all duties, Queen, I count

This duty first and paramount,  
 That sons, obedient, aye fulfil  
 Their honoured fathers' word and will.  
 Without his word, if thou decree,  
 Forth to the forest will I flee,  
 And there shall fourteen years be spent  
 Mid lonely wilds in banishment.  
 Methinks thou couldst not hope to find  
 One spark of virtue in my mind,  
 If thou, whose wish is still my lord,  
 Hast for this grace the king implored.  
 This day I go, but, ere we part,  
 Must cheer my Sítá's tender heart,  
 To my dear mother bid farewell;  
 Then to the woods, a while to dwell.  
 With thee, O Queen, the care must rest  
 That Bharat hear his sire's behest,  
 And guard the land with righteous sway,  
 For such the law that lives for aye."

In speechless woe the father heard,  
 Wept with loud cries, but spoke no word.  
 Then Ráma touched his senseless feet,  
 And hers, for honour most unmeet;  
 Round both his circling steps he bent,  
 Then from the bower the hero went.  
 Soon as he reached the gate he found  
 His dear companions gathered round.  
 Behind him came Sumitrá's child  
 With weeping eyes so sad and wild.  
 Then saw he all that rich array  
 Of vases for the glorious day.  
 Round them with reverent stops he paced,  
 Nor vailed his eye, nor moved in haste.

The loss of empire could not dim  
 The glory that encompassed him.  
 So will the Lord of Cooling Rays<sup>286</sup>  
 On whom the world delights to gaze,  
 Through the great love of all retain  
 Sweet splendour in the time of wane.  
 Now to the exile's lot resigned  
 He left the rule of earth behind:  
 As though all worldly cares he spurned  
 No trouble was in him discerned.  
 The chouries that for kings are used,  
 And white umbrella, he refused,  
 Dismissed his chariot and his men,  
 And every friend and citizen.  
 He ruled his senses, nor betrayed  
 The grief that on his bosom weighed,  
 And thus his mother's mansion sought  
 To tell the mournful news he brought.  
 Nor could the gay-clad people there  
 Who flocked round Ráma true and fair,  
 One sign of altered fortune trace  
 Upon the splendid hero's face.  
 Nor had the chieftain, mighty-armed,  
 Lost the bright look all hearts that charmed,  
 As e'en from autumn moons is thrown  
 A splendour which is all their own.  
 With his sweet voice the hero spoke  
 Saluting all the gathered folk,  
 Then righteous-souled and great in fame  
 Close to his mother's house he came.  
 Lakshmaṇ the brave, his brother's peer  
 In princely virtues, followed near,

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<sup>286</sup> The Moon.

Sore troubled, but resolved to show  
No token of his secret woe.  
Thus to the palace Ráma went  
    Where all were gay with hope and joy;  
But well he knew the dire event  
    That hope would mar, that bliss destroy.  
So to his grief he would not yield  
    Lest the sad change their hearts might rend,  
And, the dread tiding unrevealed,  
    Spared from the blow each faithful friend.

## Canto XX. Kausalyá's Lament.

But in the monarch's palace, when  
Sped from the bower that lord of men,  
Up from the weeping women went  
A mighty wail and wild lament:  
“Ah, he who ever freely did  
His duty ere his sire could bid,  
Our refuge and our sure defence,  
This day will go an exile hence,  
He on Kauśalyá loves to wait  
Most tender and affectionate,  
And as he treats his mother, thus  
From childhood has he treated us.  
On themes that sting he will not speak,  
And when reviled is calm and meek.  
He soothes the angry, heals offence:  
He goes to-day an exile hence.  
Our lord the king is most unwise,  
And looks on life with doting eyes,

Who in his folly casts away  
The world's protection, hope, and stay."

Thus in their woe, like kine bereaved  
Of their young calves,<sup>287</sup> the ladies grieved,  
And ever as they wept and wailed  
With keen reproach the king assailed.  
Their lamentation, mixed with tears,  
Smote with new grief the monarch's ears,  
Who, burnt with woe too great to bear,  
Fell on his couch and fainted there.

Then Ráma, smitten with the pain  
His heaving heart could scarce restrain,  
Groaned like an elephant and strode  
With Lakshmaṇ to the queen's abode.  
A warder there, whose hoary eld  
In honour high by all was held,  
Guarding the mansion, sat before  
The portal, girt with many more.  
Swift to their feet the warders sprang,  
And loud the acclamation rang,  
Hail, Ráma! as to him they bent,  
Of victor chiefs preëminent.  
One court he passed, and in the next  
Saw, masters of each Veda text,  
A crowd of Bráhmans, good and sage,

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<sup>287</sup> The comparison may to a European reader seem a homely one. But Spenser likens an infuriate woman to a cow "That is berobbed of her youngling dere." Shakspeare also makes King Henry VI compare himself to the calf's mother that "Runs lowing up and down, Looking the way her harmless young one went." "Cows," says De Quincey, "are amongst the gentlest of breathing creatures; none show more passionate tenderness to their young, when deprived of them, and, in short, I am not ashamed to profess a deep love for these gentle creatures."

Dear to the king for lore and age.  
To these he bowed his reverent head,  
Thence to the court beyond he sped.  
Old dames and tender girls, their care  
To keep the doors, were stationed there.  
And all, when Ráma came in view,  
Delighted to the chamber flew,  
To bear to Queen Kauśalyá's ear  
The tidings that she loved to hear.  
The queen, on rites and prayer intent,  
In careful watch the night had spent,  
And at the dawn, her son to aid,  
To Vishṇu holy offerings made.  
Firm in her vows, serenely glad,  
In robes of spotless linen clad,  
As texts prescribe, with grace implored,  
Her offerings in the fire she poured.  
Within her splendid bower he came,  
And saw her feed the sacred flame.  
There oil, and grain, and vases stood,  
With wreaths, and curds, and cates, and wood,  
And milk, and sesamum, and rice,  
The elements of sacrifice.  
She, worn and pale with many a fast  
And midnight hours in vigil past,  
In robes of purest white arrayed,  
To Lakshmí Queen drink-offerings paid.  
So long away, she flew to meet  
    The darling of her soul:  
So runs a mare with eager feet  
    To welcome back her foal.  
He with his firm support upheld  
    The queen, as near she drew,  
And, by maternal love impelled,

Her arms around him threw.  
 Her hero son, her matchless boy  
   She kissed upon the head:  
   She blessed him in her pride and joy  
 [117]   With tender words, and said:  
   “Be like thy royal sires of old,  
   The nobly good, the lofty-souled!  
   Their lengthened days and fame be thine,  
   And virtue, as beseems thy line!  
   The pious king, thy father, see  
   True to his promise made to thee:  
   That truth thy sire this day will show,  
   And regent's power on thee bestow.”

She spoke. He took the proffered seat,  
 And as she pressed her son to eat,  
 Raised reverent bands, and, touched with shame,  
 Made answer to the royal dame:  
 “Dear lady, thou hast yet to know  
 That danger threats, and heavy woe:  
 A grief that will with sore distress  
 On Sítá, thee, and Lakshmaṇ press.  
 What need of seats have such as I?  
 This day to Dañdak wood I fly.  
 The hour is come, a time, unmeet  
 For silken couch and gilded seat.  
 I must to lonely wilds repair,  
 Abstain from flesh, and living there  
 On roots, fruit, honey, hermit's food,  
 Pass twice seven years in solitude.  
 To Bharat's hand the king will yield  
 The regent power I thought to wield,  
 And me, a hermit, will he send  
 My days in Dañdak wood to spend.”

As when the woodman's axe has lopped  
A Śal branch in the grove, she dropped:  
So from the skies a Goddess falls  
Ejected from her radiant halls.

When Ráma saw her lying low,  
Prostrate by too severe a blow,  
Around her form his arms he wound  
And raised her fainting from the ground.  
His hand upheld her like a mare  
Who feels her load too sore to bear,  
And sinks upon the way o'ertoiled,  
And all her limbs with dust are soiled.  
He soothed her in her wild distress  
With loving touch and soft caress.  
She, meet for highest fortune, eyed  
The hero watching by her side,  
And thus, while Lakshmaṇ bent to hear,  
Addressed her son with many a tear!  
“If, Ráma, thou had ne'er been born  
My child to make thy mother mourn,  
Though reft of joy, a childless queen,  
Such woe as this I ne'er had seen.  
Though to the childless wife there clings  
One sorrow armed with keenest stings,  
“No child have I: no child have I,”  
No second misery prompts the sigh.  
When long I sought, alas, in vain,  
My husband's love and bliss to gain,  
In Ráma all my hopes I set  
And dreamed I might be happy yet.  
I, of the consorts first and best,  
Must bear my rivals' taunt and jest,  
And brook, though better far than they,

The soul distressing words they say.  
What woman can be doomed to pine  
In misery more sore than mine,  
Whose hopeless days must still be spent  
In grief that ends not and lament?  
They scorned me when my son was nigh;  
When he is banished I must die.  
Me, whom my husband never prized,  
Kaikey's retinue despised  
With boundless insolence, though she  
Tops not in rank nor equals me.  
And they who do me service yet,  
Nor old allegiance quite forget,  
Whene'er they see Kaikey's son,  
With silent lips my glances shun.  
How, O my darling, shall I brook  
Each menace of Kaikey's look,  
And listen, in my low estate,  
To taunts of one so passionate?  
For seventeen years since thou wast born  
I sat and watched, ah me, forlorn!  
Hoping some blessed day to see  
Deliverance from my woes by thee.  
Now comes this endless grief and wrong,  
So dire I cannot bear it long,  
Sinking, with age and sorrow worn,  
Beneath my rivals' taunts and scorn.  
How shall I pass in dark distress  
My long lone days of wretchedness  
Without my Ráma's face, as bright  
As the full moon to cheer my sight?  
Alas, my cares thy steps to train,  
And fasts, and vows, and prayers are vain.  
Hard, hard, I ween, must be this heart

To hear this blow nor burst apart,  
As some great river bank, when first  
The floods of Rain-time on it burst.  
No, Fate that speeds not will not slay,  
    Nor Yama's halls vouchsafe me room,  
Or, like a lion's weeping prey,  
    Death now had borne me to my doom.  
Hard is my heart and wrought of steel  
    That breaks not with the crushing blow,  
Or in the pangs this day I feel  
    My lifeless frame had sunk below.  
Death waits his hour, nor takes me now:  
    But this sad thought augments my pain,  
That prayer and largess, fast and vow,  
    And Heavenward service are in vain.  
Ah me, ah me! with fruitless toil  
    Of rites austere a child I sought:  
Thus seed cast forth on barren soil  
    Still lifeless lies and comes to naught.  
If ever wretch by anguish grieved  
    Before his hour to death had fled,  
I mourning, like a cow bereaved,  
    Had been this day among the dead.”

While thus Kauśalyá wept and sighed,  
With timely words sad Lakshmaṇ cried:  
“O honoured Queen I like it ill  
That, subject to a woman's will,  
Ráma his royal state should quit  
And to an exile's doom submit.  
The aged king, fond, changed, and weak,  
Will as the queen compels him speak.  
But why should Ráma thus be sent  
To the wild woods in banishment?  
No least offence I find in him,  
I see no fault his fame to dim.  
Not one in all the world I know,  
Not outcast wretch, not secret foe,  
Whose whispering lips would dare assail  
His spotless life with slanderous tale.  
Godlike and bounteous, just, sincere,  
E'en to his very foemen dear:  
Who would without a cause neglect  
The right, and such a son reject?  
And if a king such order gave,  
In second childhood, passion's slave,  
What son within his heart would lay  
The senseless order, and obey?  
Come, Ráma, ere this plot be known  
Stand by me and secure the throne.  
Stand like the King who rules below,  
Stand aided by thy brother's bow:  
How can the might of meaner men  
Resist thy royal purpose then?  
My shafts, if rebels court their fate,  
Shall lay Ayodhyá desolate.  
Then shall her streets with blood be dyed  
Of those who stand on Bharat's side:

None shall my slaughtering hand exempt,  
For gentle patience earns contempt.  
If, by Kaikeyí's counsel changed,  
Our father's heart be thus estranged,  
No mercy must our arm restrain,  
But let the foe be slain, be slain.  
For should the guide, respected long,  
No more discerning right and wrong,  
Turn in forbidden paths to stray,  
'Tis meet that force his steps should stay.  
What power sufficient can he see,  
What motive for the wish has he,  
That to Kaikeyí would resign  
The empire which is justly thine?  
Can he, O conqueror of thy foes,  
Thy strength and mine in war oppose?  
Can he entrust, in our despite,  
To Bharat's hand thy royal right?  
I love this brother with the whole  
Affection of my faithful soul.  
Yea Queen, by bow and truth I swear,  
By sacrifice, and gift, and prayer,  
If Ráma to the forest goes,  
Or where the burning furnace glows,  
First shall my feet the forest tread,  
The flames shall first surround my head.  
My might shall chase thy grief and tears,  
As darkness flies when morn appears.  
Do thou, dear Queen, and Ráma too  
Behold what power like mine can do.  
My aged father I will kill,  
The vassal of Kaikeyí's will,  
Old, yet a child, the woman's thrall,  
Infirm, and base, the scorn of all."

Thus Lakshmaṇ cried, the mighty-souled:  
 Down her sad cheeks the torrents rolled,  
 As to her son Kauśalyá spake:

“Now thou hast heard thy brother, take  
 His counsel if thou hold it wise,  
 And do the thing his words advise,  
 Do not, my son, with tears I pray,  
 My rival's wicked word obey,  
 Leave me not here consumed with woe,  
 Nor to the wood, an exile, go.  
 If thou, to virtue ever true,  
 Thy duty's path would still pursue,  
 The highest duty bids thee stay  
 And thus thy mother's voice obey.  
 Thus Kaśyap's great ascetic son  
 A seat among the Immortals won:  
 In his own home, subdued, he stayed,  
 And honour to his mother paid.  
 If reverence to thy sire be due,  
 Thy mother claims like honour too,  
 And thus I charge thee, O my child,  
 Thou must not seek the forest wild.  
 Ah, what to me were life and bliss,  
 Condemned my darling son to miss?  
 But with my Ráma near, to eat  
 The very grass itself were sweet.  
 But if thou still wilt go and leave  
 Thy hapless mother here to grieve,  
 I from that hour will food abjure,  
 Nor life without my son endure.  
 Then it will be thy fate to dwell  
 In depth of world-detested hell.  
 As Ocean in the olden time

Was guilty of an impious crime  
 That marked the lord of each fair flood  
 As one who spills a Bráhma's blood.”<sup>288</sup>

Thus spake the queen, and wept, and sighed:  
 Then righteous Ráma thus replied:  
 “I have no power to slight or break  
 Commandments which my father spake.  
 I bend my head, dear lady, low,  
 Forgive me, for I needs must go.  
 Once Kandu, mighty saint, who made  
 His dwelling in the forest shade,  
 A cow—and duty's claims he knew—  
 Obedient to his father, slew.  
 And in the line from which we spring,  
 When ordered by their sire the king,  
 Through earth the sons of Sagar cleft,  
 And countless things of life bereft.<sup>289</sup>  
 So Jamadagni's son<sup>290</sup> obeyed  
 His sire, when in the wood he laid  
 His hand upon his axe, and smote  
 Through Renuká his mother's throat.  
 The deeds of these and more beside.  
 Peers of the Gods, my steps shall guide,  
 And resolute will I fulfil  
 My father's word, my father's will.  
 Nor I, O Queen, unsanctioned tread  
 This righteous path, by duty led:  
 The road my footsteps journey o'er  
 Was traversed by the great of yore.

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<sup>288</sup> The commentators say that, in a former creation, Ocean grieved his mother and suffered in consequence the pains of hell.

<sup>289</sup> As described in Book I Canto XL.

<sup>290</sup> Parasúráma.

This high command which all accept  
 Shall faithfully by me be kept,  
 For duty ne'er will him forsake  
 Who fears his sire's command to break."

Thus to his mother wild with grief:  
 Then thus to Lakshman spake the chief  
 Of those by whom the bow is bent,  
 Mid all who speak, most eloquent:  
 "I know what love for me thou hast,  
 What firm devotion unsurpassed:  
 Thy valour and thy worth I know,  
 And glory that appals the foe.  
 Blest youth, my mother's woe is great,  
 It bends her 'neath its matchless weight:  
 No claims will she, with blinded eyes,  
 Of truth and patience recognize.  
 For duty is supreme in place,  
 And truth is duty's noblest base.  
 Obedient to my sire's behest  
 I serve the cause of duty best.  
 For man should truly do whate'er  
 To mother, Bráhman, sire, he sware:  
 He must in duty's path remain,  
 Nor let his word be pledged in vain.  
 And, O my brother, how can I  
 Obedience to this charge deny?  
 Kaikeyí's tongue my purpose spurred,  
 But 'twas my sire who gave the word.  
 Cast these unholy thoughts aside  
 Which smack of war and Warriors' pride;  
 To duty's call, not wrath attend,  
 And tread the path which I command."

Ráma by fond affection moved  
 His brother Lakshmaṇ thus reproved;  
 Then with joined hands and reverent head  
 Again to Queen Kauśalyá said:

“I needs must go—do thou consent—  
 To the wild wood in banishment.  
 O give me, by my life I pray,  
 Thy blessing ere I go away.  
 I, when the promised years are o'er,  
 Shall see Ayodhyá's town once more.  
 Then, mother dear, thy tears restrain,  
 Nor let thy heart be wrung by pain:  
 In time, my father's will obeyed,  
 Shall I return from greenwood shade.  
 My dear Videhan, thou, and I,  
 Lakshman, Sumitrá, feel this tie,  
 And must my father's word obey,  
 As duty bids that rules for aye.  
 Thy preparations now forgo,  
 And lock within thy breast thy woe,  
 Nor be my pious wish withheld  
 To go an exile to the wood.”

Calm and unmoved the prince explained  
 His duty's claim and purpose high,  
 The mother life and sense regained,  
 Looked on her son and made reply:  
 “If reverence be thy father's due,  
 The same by right and love is mine:  
 Go not, my charge I thus renew,  
 Nor leave me here in woe to pine,  
 What were such lonely life to me,  
 Rites to the shades, or deathless lot?

More dear, my son, one hour with thee  
     Than all the world where thou art not.”  
 As bursts to view, when brands blaze high,  
     Some elephant concealed by night,  
 So, when he heard his mother's cry,  
     Burnt Ráma's grief with fiercer might.  
 Thus to the queen, half senseless still,  
     And Lakshman, burnt with heart-felt pain,  
 True to the right, with steadfast will,  
     His duteous speech he spoke again:  
 “Brother, I know thy loving mind,  
     Thy valour and thy truth I know,  
 But now to claims of duty blind  
     Thou and my mother swell my woe.  
 The fruits of deeds in human life  
     Make love, gain, duty, manifest,  
 Dear when they meet as some fond wife  
     With her sweet babes upon her breast.  
 But man to duty first should turn  
     Whene'er the three are not combined:  
 For those who heed but gain we spurn,  
     And those to pleasure all resigned.  
 Shall then the virtuous disobey  
     Hosts of an aged king and sire,  
 Though feverous joy that father sway,  
     Or senseless love or causeless ire?  
 I have no power, commanded thus,  
     To slight his promise and decree:  
 The honoured sire of both of us,  
     My mother's lord and life is he.  
 Shall she, while yet the holy king  
     Is living, on the right intent,—  
 Shall she, like some poor widowed thing,  
     Go forth with me to banishment?

Now, mother, speed thy parting son,  
 And let thy blessing soothe my pain,  
 That I may turn, mine exile done,  
 Like King Yayáti, home again.  
 Fair glory and the fruit she gives,  
 For lust of sway I ne'er will slight:  
 What, for the span a mortal lives.  
 Were rule of faith without the right?"  
 He soothed her thus, firm to the last  
 His counsel to his brother told:  
 Then round the queen in reverence passed,  
 And held her in his loving hold.

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## Canto XXII. Lakshman Calmed.

So Ráma kept unshaken still  
 His noble heart with iron will.  
 To his dear brother next he turned,  
 Whose glaring eyes with fury burned,  
 Indignant, panting like a snake,  
 And thus again his counsel spake:  
 "Thine anger and thy grief restrain,  
 And firm in duty's path remain.  
 Dear brother, lay thy scorn aside,  
 And be the right thy joy and pride.  
 Thy ready zeal and thoughtful care  
 To aid what rites should grace the heir,—  
 These 'tis another's now to ask;  
 Come, gird thee for thy noble task,  
 That Bharat's throning rites may he  
 Graced with the things prepared for me.

And with thy gentle care provide  
That her fond heart, now sorely tried  
With fear and longing for my sake,  
With doubt and dread may never ache.  
To know that thoughts of coming ill  
One hour that tender bosom fill  
With agony and dark despair  
Is grief too great for me to bear.  
I cannot, brother, call to mind  
One wilful fault or undesigned,  
When I have pained in anything  
My mothers or my sire the king.  
The right my father keeps in view,  
In promise, word, and action true;  
Let him then all his fear dismiss,  
Nor dread the loss of future bliss.  
He fears his truth herein will fail:  
Hence bitter thoughts his heart assail.  
He trembles lest the rites proceed,  
And at his pangs my heart should bleed.  
So now this earnest wish is mine,  
The consecration to resign,  
And from this city turn away  
To the wild wood with no delay.  
My banishment to-day will free  
Kaikeyí from her cares, that she,  
At last contented and elate,  
May Bharat's throning celebrate.  
Then will the lady's trouble cease,  
Then will her heart have joy and peace,  
When wandering in the wood I wear  
Deerskin, and bark, and matted hair.  
Nor shall by me his heart be grieved  
Whose choice approved, whose mind conceived

This counsel which I follow. No,  
Forth to the forest will I go.  
'Tis Fate, Sumitrás son, confess,  
That sends me to the wilderness.  
'Tis Fate alone that gives away  
To other hands the royal sway.  
How could Kaikeyí's purpose bring  
On me this pain and suffering,  
Were not her change of heart decreed  
By Fate whose will commands the deed?  
I know my filial love has been  
The same throughout for every queen,  
And with the same affection she  
Has treated both her son and me.  
Her shameful words of cruel spite  
To stay the consecrating rite,  
And drive me banished from the throne,—  
These I ascribe to Fate alone,  
How could she, born of royal race,  
Whom nature decks with fairest grace,  
Speak like a dame of low degree  
Before the king to torture me?  
But Fate, which none may comprehend,  
To which all life must bow and bend,  
In her and me its power has shown,  
And all my hopes are overthrown.  
What man, Sumitrá's darling, may  
Contend with Fate's resistless sway,  
Whose all-commanding power we find  
Our former deeds alone can bind?  
Our life and death, our joy and pain,  
Anger and fear, and loss and gain,  
Each thing that is, in every state,  
All is the work of none but Fate.

E'en saints, inspired with rigid zeal,  
 When once the stroke of Fate they feel,  
 In sternest vows no more engage,  
 And fall enslaved by love and rage.  
 So now the sudden stroke whose weight  
 Descends unlooked for, comes of Fate,  
 And with unpitying might destroys  
 The promise of commencing joys.  
 Weigh this true counsel in thy soul:  
 With thy firm heart thy heart control;  
 Then, brother, thou wilt cease to grieve  
 For hindered rites which now I leave.  
 So cast thy needless grief away,  
 And strictly my commands obey.  
 Those preparations check with speed,  
 Nor let my throning rites proceed.  
 Those urns that stand prepared to shed  
 King-making drops upon my head,  
 Shall, with their pure lustrations now  
 Inaugurate my hermit's vow.  
 Yet what have I to do with things  
 That touch the state and pomp of kings?  
 These hands of mine shall water take  
 To sanctify the vow I make.  
 Now Lakshman, let thy heart no more  
 My fortune changed and lost deplore.  
 A forest life more joys may bring  
 Than those that wait upon a king,  
 Now though her arts successful mar  
 My consecrating rite,  
 Let not the youngest queen too far  
 Thy jealous fear excite.  
 Nor let one thought suggesting ill  
 Upon our father fall,

But let thy heart remember still  
 That Fate is lord of all.”

## Canto XXIII. Lakshman's Anger.

Thus Ráma to his brother said;  
 And Lakshmaṇ bent his drooping head.  
 In turns by grief and pride impelled,  
 A middle course of thought he held,  
 Then in a frown of anger, bent  
 His brows that chief most excellent,  
 And like a serpent in his hole,  
 Breathed fierce and fast in wrath of soul.  
 His threatening brows so darkly frowned,  
 His eyes so fiercely glanced around,  
 They made his glare, which none might brook,  
 Like some infuriate lion's look.  
 Like some wild elephant, full oft  
 He raised and shook his hand<sup>291</sup> aloft.  
 Now turned his neck to left and right  
 Now bent, now raised its stately height.  
 Now in his rage that sword he felt  
 Which mangling wounds to foemen dealt,  
 With sidelong glance his brother eyed,  
 And thus in burning words replied:  
 “Thy rash resolve, thy eager haste,  
 Thy mighty fear, are all misplaced:  
 No room is here for duty's claim,

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<sup>291</sup> The Sanskrit word *hasta* signifies both *hand*, and the trunk of “The beast that bears between his eyes a serpent for a head.”

No cause to dread the people's blame.  
Can one as brave as thou consent  
To use a coward's argument?  
The glory of the Warrior race  
With craven speech his lips debase?  
Can one like thee so falsely speak,  
Exalting Fate, confessed so weak?  
Canst thou, undoubting still restrain?  
Suspicions of those sinful twain?  
Canst thou, most duteous, fail to know  
Their hearts are set on duty's show?  
They with deceit have set their trains,  
And now the fruit rewards their pains.  
Had they not long ago agreed,  
O Ráma, on this treacherous deed,  
That promised boon, so long retained,  
He erst had given and she had gained.  
I cannot, O my brother, bear  
To see another throned as heir  
With rites which all our people hate:  
Then, O, this passion tolerate.  
This vaunted duty which can guide  
Thy steps from wisdom's path aside,  
And change the counsel of thy breast,  
O lofty-hearted, I detest.  
Wilt thou, when power and might are thine,  
Submit to this abhorred design?  
Thy father's impious hest fulfil,  
That vassal of Kaikeyí's will?  
But if thou still wilt shut thine eyes,  
Nor see the guile herein that lies,  
My soul is sad, I deeply mourn,  
And duty seems a thing to scorn.  
Canst thou one moment think to please

This pair who live for love and ease,  
And 'gainst thy peace, as foes, allied,  
With tenderest names their hatred hide?  
Now if thy judgment still refers  
To Fate this plot of his and hers,  
My mind herein can ne'er agree:  
And O, in this be ruled by me.  
Weak, void of manly pride are they  
Who bend to Fate's imputed sway:  
The choicest souls, the nobly great  
Disdain to bow their heads to Fate.  
And he who dares his Fate control  
With vigorous act and manly soul,  
Though threatening Fate his hopes assail,  
Unmoved through all need never quail.  
This day mankind shall learn aright  
The power of Fate and human might,  
So shall the gulf that lies between  
A man and Fate be clearly seen.  
The might of Fate subdued by me  
This hour the citizens shall see,  
Who saw its intervention stay  
Thy consecrating rites to-day.  
My power shall turn this Fate aside,  
That threatens, as, with furious stride,  
An elephant who scorns to feel,  
In rage unchecked, the driver's steel.  
Not the great Lords whose sleepless might  
Protects the worlds, shall stay the rite  
Though earth, hell, heaven combine their powers:  
And shall we fear this sire of ours?  
Then if their minds are idly bent  
To doom thee, King, to banishment,  
Through twice seven years of exile they

Shall in the lonely forest stay.  
I will consume the hopes that fire  
The queen Kaikeyí and our sire,  
That to her son this check will bring  
Advantage, making Bharat king.  
The power of Fate will ne'er withstand  
The might that arms my vigorous hand;  
If danger and distress assail,  
My fearless strength will still prevail.  
A thousand circling years shall flee:  
The forest then thy home shall be,  
And thy good sons, succeeding, hold  
The empire which their sire controlled.  
The royal saints, of old who reigned,  
For aged kings this rest ordained:  
These to their sons their realm commit  
That they, like sires, may cherish it.  
O pious soul, if thou decline  
The empire which is justly thine,  
Lest, while the king distracted lies,  
Disorder in the state should rise,  
I,—or no mansion may I find  
In worlds to hero souls assigned,—  
The guardian of thy realm will be,  
As the sea-bank protects the sea.  
Then cast thine idle fears aside:  
With prosperous rites be sanctified.  
The lords of earth may strive in vain:  
My power shall all their force restrain.  
My pair of arms, my warrior's bow  
Are not for pride or empty show:  
For no support these shafts were made;  
And binding up ill suits my blade:  
To pierce the foe with deadly breach—

This is the work of all and each.  
But small, methinks the love I show  
For him I count my mortal foe.  
Soon as my trenchant steel is bare,  
Flashing its lightning through the air,  
I heed no foe, nor stand aghast  
Though Indra's self the levin cast.  
Then shall the ways be hard to pass,  
Where chariots lie in ruinous mass;  
When elephant and man and steed  
Crushed in the murderous onslaught bleed,  
And legs and heads fall, heap on heap,  
Beneath my sword's tremendous sweep.  
Struck by my keen brand's trenchant blade,  
Thine enemies shall fall dismayed,  
Like towering mountains rent in twain,  
Or lightning clouds that burst in rain.  
When armed with brace and glove I stand,  
And take my trusty bow in hand,  
Who then shall vaunt his might? who dare  
Count him a man to meet me there?  
Then will I loose my shafts, and strike  
Man, elephant, and steed alike:  
At one shall many an arrow fly,  
And many a foe with one shall die.  
This day the world my power shall see,  
That none in arms can rival me:  
My strength the monarch shall abase,  
And set thee, lord, in lordliest place.  
These arms which breathe the sandal's scent,  
Which golden bracelets ornament,  
These hands which precious gifts bestow,  
Which guard the friend and smite the foe,  
A nobler service shall assay,

And fight in Ráma's cause to-day,  
 The robbers of thy rights to stay.  
 Speak, brother, tell thy foeman's name  
     Whom I, in conquering strife,  
 May strip of followers and fame,  
     Of fortune, or of life.  
 Say, how may all this sea-girt land  
     Be brought to own thy sway:  
 Thy faithful servant here I stand  
     To listen and obey."  
 Then strove the bride of Raghu's race  
     Sad Lakshman's heart to cheer,  
 While slowly down the hero's face,  
     Unchecked, there rolled a tear.  
 "The orders of my sire," he cried,  
     "My will shall ne'er oppose:  
 I follow still, whate'er betide,  
     The path which duty shows."

## Canto XXIV. Kausalyá Calmed.

But when Kauśalyásaw that he  
 Resolved to keep his sire's decree,  
 While tears and sobs her utterance broke,  
 Her very righteous speech she spoke:  
 "Can he, a stranger yet to pain,  
 Whose pleasant words all hearts enchain,  
 Son of the king and me the queen,  
 Live on the grain his hands may glean;  
 Can he, whose slaves and menials eat  
 The finest cakes of sifted wheat—

Can Ráma in the forest live  
 On roots and fruit which woodlands give;  
 Who will believe, who will not fear  
 When the sad story smites his ear,  
 That one so dear, so noble held,  
 Is by the king his sire expelled?  
 Now surely none may Fate resist,  
 Which orders all as it may list,  
 If, Ráma, in thy strength and grace,  
 The woods become thy dwelling-place.  
 A childless mother long I grieved,  
 And many a sigh for offspring heaved,  
 With wistful longing weak and worn  
 Till thou at last, my son, wast born.  
 Fanned by the storm of that desire  
 Deep in my soul I felt the fire,  
 Whose offerings flowed from weeping eyes,  
 With fuel fed of groans and sighs,  
 While round the flame the smoke grew hot  
 Of tears because thou camest not.  
 Now reft of thee, too fiery fierce  
 The flame of woe my heart will pierce,  
 As, when the days of spring return,  
 The sun's hot beams the forest burn.  
 The mother cow still follows near  
 The wanderings of her youngling dear.  
 So close to thine my feet shall be,  
 Where'er thou goest following thee."

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Ráma, the noblest lord of men,  
 Heard his fond mother's speech, and then  
 In soothing words like these replied  
 To the sad queen who wept and sighed:  
 "Nay, by Kaikeyí's art beguiled,

When I am banished to the wild,  
 If thou, my mother, also fly,  
 The aged king will surely die.  
 When wedded dames their lords forsake,  
 Long for the crime their souls shall ache.  
 Thou must not e'en in thought within  
 Thy bosom frame so dire a sin.  
 Long as Kakutstha's son, who reigns  
 Lord of the earth, in life remains,  
 Thou must with love his will obey:  
 This duty claims, supreme for aye.  
 Yes, mother, thou and I must be  
 Submissive to my sire's decree,  
 King, husband, sire is he confessed,  
 The lord of all, the worthiest.  
 I in the wilds my days will spend  
 Till twice seven years have reached an end,  
 Then with great joy will come again,  
 And faithful to thy hests remain.”

Kauśalyá by her son addressed,  
 With love and passion sore distressed,  
 Afflicted, with her eyes bedewed,  
 To Ráma thus her speech renewed:  
 “Nay, Ráma, but my heart will break  
 If with these queens my home I make.  
 Lead me too with thee; let me go  
 And wander like a woodland roe.”

Then, while no tear the hero shed,  
 Thus to the weeping queen he said:  
 “Mother, while lives the husband, he  
 Is woman's lord and deity.  
 O dearest lady, thou and I  
 Our lord and king must ne'er deny;

The lord of earth himself have we  
Our guardian wise and friend to be.  
And Bharat, true to duty's call,  
Whose sweet words take the hearts of all,  
Will serve thee well, and ne'er forget  
The virtuous path before him set.  
Be this, I pray, thine earnest care,  
That the old king my father ne'er,  
When I have parted hence, may know,  
Grieved for his son, a pang of woe.  
Let not this grief his soul distress,  
To kill him with the bitterness.  
With duteous care, in every thing,  
Love, comfort, cheer the aged king.  
Though, best of womankind, a spouse  
Keeps firmly all her fasts and vows,  
Nor yet her husband's will obeys,  
She treads in sin's forbidden ways.  
She to her husband's will who bends,  
Goes to high bliss that never ends,  
Yea, though the Gods have found in her  
No reverential worshipper.  
Bent on his weal, a woman still  
Must seek to do her husband's will:  
For Scripture, custom, law uphold  
This duty Heaven revealed of old.  
Honour true Bráhmans for my sake,  
And constant offerings duly make,  
With fire-oblations and with flowers,  
To all the host of heavenly powers.  
Look to the coming time, and yearn  
For the glad hour of my return.  
And still thy duteous course pursue,  
Abstemious, humble, kind, and true.

The highest bliss shalt thou obtain  
 When I from exile come again,  
 If, best of those who keep the right,  
 The king my sire still see the light.”

The queen, by Ráma thus addressed,  
 Still with a mother's grief oppressed,  
 While her long eyes with tears were dim,  
 Began once more and answered him:  
 “Not by my pleading may be stayed  
 The firm resolve thy soul has made.  
 My hero, thou wilt go; and none  
 The stern commands of Fate may shun.  
 Go forth, dear child whom naught can bend,  
 And may all bliss thy steps attend.  
 Thou wilt return, and that dear day  
 Will chase mine every grief away.  
 Thou wilt return, thy duty done,  
 Thy vows discharged, high glory won;  
 From filial debt wilt thou be free,  
 And sweetest joy will come on me.  
 My son, the will of mighty Fate  
 At every time must dominate,  
 If now it drives thee hence to stray  
 Heedless of me who bid thee stay.  
 Go, strong of arm, go forth, my boy,  
 Go forth, again to come with joy,  
 And thine expectant mother cheer  
 With those sweet tones she loves to hear.  
 O that the blessed hour were nigh  
 When thou shalt glad this anxious eye,  
 With matted hair and hermit dress  
 returning from the wilderness.”

Kauśalyá's conscious soul approved,

As her proud glance she bent  
 On Ráma constant and unmoved,  
 Resolved on banishment.  
 Such words, with happy omens fraught  
 To her dear son she said,  
 Invoking with each eager thought  
 A blessing on his head.

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## Canto XXV. Kausalyá's Blessing.

Her grief and woe she cast aside,  
 Her lips with water purified,  
 And thus her benison began  
 That mother of the noblest man:  
 "If thou wilt hear no words of mine,  
 Go forth, thou pride of Raghu's line.  
 Go, darling, and return with speed,  
 Walking where noble spirits lead.  
 May virtue on thy steps attend,  
 And be her faithful lover's friend.  
 May Those to whom thy vows are paid  
 In temple and in holy shade,  
 With all the mighty saints combine  
 To keep that precious life of thine.  
 The arms wise Viśvámitra<sup>292</sup> gave  
 Thy virtuous soul from danger save.  
 Long be thy life: thy sure defence  
 Shall be thy truthful innocence,

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<sup>292</sup> See P. 41.

And that obedience, naught can tire,  
 To me thy mother and thy sire.  
 May fanes where holy fires are fed,  
 Altars with grass and fuel spread,  
 Each sacrificial ground, each tree,  
 Rock, lake, and mountain, prosper thee.  
 Let old Viráj,<sup>293</sup> and Him who made  
 The universe, combine to aid;  
 Let Indra and each guardian Lord  
 Who keeps the worlds, their help afford,  
 And be thy constant friend the Sun,  
 Lord Púshá, Bhaga, Aryuman.<sup>294</sup>  
 Fortnights and seasons, nights and days,  
 Years, months, and hours, protect thy ways,  
 Vrihaspati shall still be nigh,  
 The War-God, and the Moon on high,  
 And Nárad<sup>295</sup> and the sainted seven<sup>296</sup>  
 Shall watch thee from their starry heaven.  
 The mountains, and the seas which ring  
 The world, and Varuṇa the King,  
 Sky, ether, and the wind, whate'er  
 Moves not or moves, for thee shall care.  
 Each lunar mansion be benign,  
 With happier light the planets shine;  
 All gods, each light in heaven that glows,  
 Protect my child where'er he goes.  
 The twilight hours, the day and night,  
 Keep in the wood thy steps aright.  
 Watch, minute, instant, as they flee,  
 Shall all bring happiness to thee.

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<sup>293</sup> The first progeny of Brahmá or Brahmá himself.

<sup>294</sup> These are three names of the Sun.

<sup>295</sup> See P. 1.

<sup>296</sup> The saints who form the constellation of Ursa Major.

Celestials and the Titan brood  
 Protect thee in thy solitude,  
 And haunt the mighty wood to bless  
 The wanderer in his hermit dress.  
 Fear not, by mightier guardians screened,  
 The giant or night-roving fiend;  
 Nor let the cruel race who tear  
 Man's flesh for food thy bosom scare.  
 Far be the ape, the scorpion's sting,  
 Fly, gnat, and worm, and creeping thing.  
 Thee shall the hungry lion spare,  
 The tiger, elephant, and bear:  
 Safe, from their furious might repose,  
 Safe from the horned buffaloes.  
 Each savage thing the forests breed,  
 That love on human flesh to feed,  
 Shall for my child its rage abate,  
 When thus its wrath I deprecate.  
 Blest be thy ways: may sweet success  
 The valour of my darling bless.  
 To all that Fortune can bestow,  
 Go forth, my child, my Ráma, go.  
 Go forth, O happy in the love  
 Of all the Gods below, above;  
 And in those guardian powers confide  
 Thy paths who keep, thy steps who guide.  
 May Šukra,<sup>297</sup> Yáma, Sun, and Moon,  
 And He who gives each golden boon,<sup>298</sup>  
 Won by mine earnest prayers, be good  
 To thee, my son, in Dañdak wood.  
 Fire, wind, and smoke, each text and spell  
 From mouths of holy seers that fell,

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<sup>297</sup> The regent of the planet Venus.

<sup>298</sup> Kuvera.

Guard Ráma when his limbs he dips,  
 Or with the stream makes pure his lips!  
 May the great saints and He, the Lord  
 Who made the worlds, by worlds adored,  
 And every God in heaven beside  
 My banished Ráma keep and guide.”

Thus with due praise the long-eyed dame,  
 Ennobled by her spotless fame,  
 With wreaths of flowers and precious scent  
 Worshipped the Gods, most reverent.  
 A high-souled Bráhman lit the fire,  
 And offered, at the queen's desire,  
 The holy oil ordained to burn  
 For Ráma's weal and safe return.  
 Kauśalyá best of dames, with care  
 Set oil, wreaths, fuel, mustard, there.  
 Then when the rites of fire had ceased,  
 For Ráma's bliss and health, the priest,  
 Standing without gave what remained  
 In general offering,<sup>299</sup> as ordained.  
 Dealing among the twice-horn train  
 Honey, and curds, and oil, and grain,  
 He bade each heart and voice unite  
 To bless the youthful anchorite.  
 Then Ráma's mother, glorious dame  
 Bestowed, to meet the Bráhman's claim,  
 A lordly fee for duty done:  
 And thus again addressed her son:

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<sup>299</sup> *Bali*, or the presentation of food to all created beings, is one of the five great sacraments of the Hindu religion: it consists in throwing a small parcel of the offering, *Ghee*, or rice, or the like, into the open air at the back of the house.

“Such blessings as the Gods o'erjoyed  
 Poured forth, when Vritra<sup>300</sup> was destroyed,  
 On Indra of the thousand eyes,  
 Attend, my child, thine enterprise!  
 Yea, such as Vinatá once gave  
 To King Suparṇa<sup>301</sup> swift and brave,  
 Who sought the drink that cheers the skies,  
 Attend, my child, thine enterprise!  
 Yea, such as, when the Amrit rose,<sup>302</sup>  
 And Indra slew his Daitya foes,  
 The royal Aditi bestowed  
 On Him whose hand with slaughter glowed  
 Of that dire brood of monstrous size,  
 Attend, my child, thine enterprise!  
 E'en such as peerless Vishṇu graced,  
 When with his triple step he paced,  
 Outbursting from the dwarf's disguise,<sup>303</sup>  
 Attend, my child, thine enterprise!  
 Floods, isles, and seasons as they fly,  
 Worlds, Vedas, quarters of the sky,  
 Combine, O mighty-armed, to bless  
 Thee destined heir of happiness!”

The long-eyed lady ceased: she shed  
 Pure scent and grain upon his head.  
 And that prized herb whose sovereign power  
 Preserves from dark misfortune's hour,  
 Upon the hero's arm she set,  
 To be his faithful amulet.  
 While holy texts she murmured low,

<sup>300</sup> In mythology, a demon slain by Indra.

<sup>301</sup> Called also Garuḍ, the King of the birds, offspring of Vinatá. See p. 53.

<sup>302</sup> See P. 56.

<sup>303</sup> See P. 43.

And spoke glad words though crushed by woe,  
Concealing with obedient tongue  
The pangs with which her heart was wrung.  
She bent, she kissed his brow, she pressed  
Her darling to her troubled breast:  
“Firm in thy purpose, go,” she cried,  
“Go Ráma, and may bliss betide.  
Attain returning safe and well,  
Triumphant in Ayodhyá, dwell.  
Then shall my happy eyes behold  
The empire by thy will controlled.  
Then grief and care shall leave no trace,  
Joy shall light up thy mother's face,  
And I shall see my darling reign,  
In moonlike glory come again.  
These eyes shall fondly gaze on thee  
So faithful to thy sire's decree,  
When thou the forest wild shalt quit  
On thine ancestral throne to sit.  
Yea, thou shalt turn from exile back,  
Nor choicest blessings ever lack,  
Then fill with rapture ever new  
My bosom and thy consort's too.  
To Śiva and the heavenly host  
    My worship has been paid,  
To mighty saint, to godlike ghost,  
    To every wandering shade.  
Forth to the forest thou wilt hie,  
    Therein to dwell so long:  
Let all the quarters of the sky  
    Protect my child from wrong.”  
Her blessings thus the queen bestowed;  
    Then round him fondly paced,  
And often, while her eyes o'erflowed,

Her dearest son embraced.  
Kauśalyá's honoured feet he pressed,  
As round her steps she bent,  
And radiant with her prayers that blessed,  
To Sítá's home he went.

## Canto XXVI. Alone With Sítá.

So Ráma, to his purpose true,  
To Queen Kauśalyá bade adieu,  
Received the benison she gave,  
And to the path of duty clave.  
As through the crowded street he passed,  
A radiance on the way he cast,  
And each fair grace, by all approved,  
The bosoms of the people moved.

Now of the woeful change no word  
The fair Videhan bride had heard;  
The thought of that imperial rite  
Still filled her bosom with delight.  
With grateful heart and joyful thought  
The Gods in worship she had sought,  
And, well in royal duties learned,  
Sat longing till her lord returned,  
Not all unmarked by grief and shame  
Within his sumptuous home he came,  
And hurried through the happy crowd  
With eye dejected, gloomy-browed.  
Up Sítá sprang, and every limb  
Trembled with fear at sight of him.

She marked that cheek where anguish fed,  
 Those senses care-disquieted.  
 For, when he looked on her, no more  
 Could his heart hide the load it bore,  
 Nor could the pious chief control  
 The paleness o'er his cheek that stole.  
 His altered cheer, his brow bedewed  
 With clammy drops, his grief she viewed,  
 And cried, consumed with fires of woe,  
 "What, O my lord, has changed thee so?  
 Vrihaspati looks down benign,  
 And the moon rests in Pushya's sign,  
 As Bráhmans sage this day declare:  
 Then whence, my lord, this grief and care?  
 Why does no canopy, like foam  
 For its white beauty, shade thee home,  
 Its hundred ribs spread wide to throw  
 Splendour on thy fair head below?  
 Where are the royal fans, to grace  
 The lotus beauty of thy face,  
 Fair as the moon or wild-swan's wing,  
 And waving round the new-made king?  
 Why do no sweet-toned bards rejoice  
 To hail thee with triumphant voice?  
 No tuneful heralds love to raise  
 Loud music in their monarch's praise?  
 Why do no Bráhmans, Scripture-read,  
 Pour curds and honey on thy head,  
 Anointed, as the laws ordain,  
 With holy rites, supreme to reign?  
 Where are the chiefs of every guild?  
 Where are the myriads should have filled  
 The streets, and followed home their king  
 With merry noise and triumphing?

Why does no gold-wrought chariot lead  
 With four brave horses, best for speed?  
 No elephant precede the crowd  
 Like a huge hill or thunder cloud,  
 Marked from his birth for happy fate,  
 Whom signs auspicious decorate?  
 Why does no henchman, young and fair,  
 Precede thee, and delight to bear  
 Entrusted to his reverent hold  
 The burthen of thy throne of gold?  
 Why, if the consecrating rite  
 Be ready, why this mournful plight?  
 Why do I see this sudden change,  
 This altered mien so sad and strange?"

To her, as thus she weeping cried,  
 Raghu's illustrious son replied:  
 "Sítá, my honoured sire's decree  
 Commands me to the woods to flee.  
 O high-born lady, nobly bred  
 In the good paths thy footsteps tread,  
 Hear, Janak's daughter, while I tell  
 The story as it all befell.  
 Of old my father true and brave  
 Two boons to Queen Kaikeyí gave.  
 Through these the preparations made  
 For me to-day by her are stayed,  
 For he is bound to disallow  
 This promise by that earlier vow.  
 In Dandak forest wild and vast  
 Must fourteen years by me be passed.  
 My father's will makes Bharat heir,  
 The kingdom and the throne to share.  
 Now, ere the lonely wild I seek,

I come once more with thee to speak.  
In Bharat's presence, O my dame,  
Ne'er speak with pride of Ráma's name:  
Another's eulogy to hear  
Is hateful to a monarch's ear.  
Thou must with love his rule obey  
To whom my father yields the sway.  
With love and sweet observance learn  
His grace, and more the king's, to earn.  
Now, that my father may not break  
The words of promise that he spake,  
To the drear wood my steps are bent:  
Be firm, good Sítá, and content.  
Through all that time, my blameless spouse,  
Keep well thy fasts and holy vows.  
Rise from thy bed at break of day,  
And to the Gods due worship pay.  
With meek and lowly love revere  
The lord of men, my father dear,  
And reverence to Kauśalyá show,  
My mother, worn with eld and woe:  
By duty's law, O best of dames,  
High worship from thy love she claims,  
Nor to the other queens refuse  
Observance, rendering each her dues:  
By love and fond attention shown  
They are my mothers like mine own.  
Let Bharat and Śatrughna bear  
In thy sweet love a special share:  
Dear as my life, O let them be  
Like brother and like son to thee.  
In every word and deed refrain  
From aught that Bharat's soul may pain:  
He is Ayodhyá's king and mine,

The head and lord of all our line.  
For those who serve and love them much  
With wearless endeavour, touch  
And win the gracious hearts of kings.  
While wrath from disobedience springs.  
Great monarchs from their presence send  
Their lawful sons who still offend,  
And welcome to the vacant place  
Good children of an alien race.  
Then, best of women, rest thou here,  
And Bharat's will with love revere.  
Obedient to thy king remain,  
And still thy vows of truth maintain.

To the wide wood my steps I bend:  
    Make thou thy dwelling here;  
See that thy conduct ne'er offend,  
    And keep my words, my dear.”

## Canto XXVII. Sítá's Speech.

His sweetly-speaking bride, who best  
Deserved her lord, he thus addressed.  
Then tender love bade passion wake,  
And thus the fair Videhan spake:  
“What words are these that thou hast said?  
Contempt of me the thought has bred.  
O best of heroes, I dismiss  
With bitter scorn a speech like this:

Unworthy of a warrior's fame  
It taints a monarch's son with shame,  
Ne'er to be heard from those who know  
The science of the sword and bow.  
My lord, the mother, sire, and son  
Receive their lots by merit won;  
The brother and the daughter find  
The portions to their deeds assigned.  
The wife alone, whate'er await,  
Must share on earth her husband's fate.  
So now the king's command which sends  
Thee to the wild, to me extends.  
The wife can find no refuge, none,  
In father, mother, self, or son:  
Both here, and when they vanish hence,  
Her husband is her sole defence.  
If, Raghu's son, thy steps are led  
Where Dandak's pathless wilds are spread,  
My foot before thine own shall pass  
Through tangled thorn and matted grass.  
Dismiss thine anger and thy doubt:  
Like refuse water cast them out,  
And lead me, O my hero, hence—  
I know not sin—with confidence.  
Whate'er his lot, 'tis far more sweet  
To follow still a husband's feet  
Than in rich palaces to lie,  
Or roam at pleasure through the sky.  
My mother and my sire have taught  
What duty bids, and trained each thought,  
Nor have I now mine ear to turn  
The duties of a wife to learn.  
I'll seek with thee the woodland dell  
And pathless wild where no men dwell,

Where tribes of silvan creatures roam,  
And many a tiger makes his home.  
My life shall pass as pleasant there  
As in my father's palace fair.  
The worlds shall wake no care in me;  
My only care be truth to thee.  
There while thy wish I still obey,  
True to my vows with thee I'll stray,  
And there shall blissful hours be spent  
In woods with honey redolent.  
In forest shades thy mighty arm  
Would keep a stranger's life from harm,  
And how shall Sítá think of fear  
When thou, O glorious lord, art near?  
Heir of high bliss, my choice is made,  
Nor can I from my will be stayed.  
Doubt not; the earth will yield me roots,  
These will I eat, and woodland fruits;  
And as with thee I wander there  
I will not bring thee grief or care.  
I long, when thou, wise lord, art nigh,  
All fearless, with delighted eye  
To gaze upon the rocky hill,  
The lake, the fountain, and the rill;  
To sport with thee, my limbs to cool,  
In some pure lily-covered pool,  
While the white swan's and mallard's wings  
Are plashing in the water-springs.  
So would a thousand seasons flee  
Like one sweet day, if spent with thee.  
Without my lord I would not prize  
A home with Gods above the skies:  
Without my lord, my life to bless,  
Where could be heaven or happiness?

Forbid me not: with thee I go  
     The tangled wood to tread.  
 There will I live with thee, as though  
     This roof were o'er my head.  
 My will for thine shall be resigned;  
     Thy feet my steps shall guide.  
 Thou, only thou, art in my mind:  
     I heed not all beside.  
 Thy heart shall ne'er by me be grieved;  
     Do not my prayer deny:  
 Take me, dear lord; of thee bereaved  
     Thy Sítá swears to die."  
 These words the dutous lady spake,  
     Nor would he yet consent  
 His faithful wife with him to take  
     To share his banishment.  
 He soothed her with his gentle speech;  
     To change her will he strove;  
 And much he said the woes to teach  
     Of those in wilds who rove.

## Canto XXVIII. The Dangers Of The Wood.

Thus Sítá spake, and he who knew  
 His duty, to its orders true,  
 Was still reluctant as the woes  
     Of forest life before him rose.  
 He sought to soothe her grief, to dry  
     The torrent from each brimming eye,  
 And then, her firm resolve to shake,  
     These words the pious hero spake:

“O daughter of a noble line,  
Whose steps from virtue ne'er decline,  
Remain, thy duties here pursue,  
As my fond heart would have thee do.  
Now hear me, Sítá, fair and weak,  
And do the words that I shall speak.  
Attend and hear while I explain  
Each danger in the wood, each pain.  
Thy lips have spoken: I condemn  
The foolish words that fell from them.  
This senseless plan, this wish of thine  
To live a forest life, resign.  
The names of trouble and distress  
Suit well the tangled wilderness.  
In the wild wood no joy I know,  
A forest life is nought but woe.  
The lion in his mountain cave  
Answers the torrents as they rave,  
And forth his voice of terror throws:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
There mighty monsters fearless play,  
And in their maddened onset slay  
The hapless wretch who near them goes:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
'Tis hard to ford each treacherous flood,  
So thick with crocodiles and mud,  
Where the wild elephants repose:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
Or far from streams the wanderer strays  
Through thorns and creeper-tangled ways,  
While round him many a wild-cock crows:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
On the cold ground upon a heap  
Of gathered leaves condemned to sleep,

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Toil-wearied, will his eyelids close:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
Long days and nights must he content  
His soul with scanty aliment,  
What fruit the wind from branches blows:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
O Sítá, while his strength may last,  
The ascetic in the wood must fast,  
Coil on his head his matted hair,  
And bark must be his only wear.  
To Gods and spirits day by day  
The ordered worship he must pay,  
And honour with respectful care  
Each wandering guest who meets him there.  
The bathing rites he ne'er must shun  
At dawn, at noon, at set of sun,  
Obedient to the law he knows:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
To grace the altar must be brought  
The gift of flowers his hands have sought—  
The debt each pious hermit owes:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
The devotee must be content  
To live, severely abstinent,  
On what the chance of fortune shows:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
Hunger afflicts him evermore:  
The nights are black, the wild winds roar;  
And there are dangers worse than those:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
There creeping things in every form  
Infest the earth, the serpents swarm,  
And each proud eye with fury glows:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.

The snakes that by the rives hide  
In sinuous course like rivers glide,  
And line the path with deadly foes:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
Scorpions, and grasshoppers, and flies  
Disturb the wanderer as he lies,  
And wake him from his troubled doze:  
The wood, my love, is full of woes.  
Trees, thorny bushes, intertwined,  
Their branched ends together bind,  
And dense with grass the thicket grows:  
The wood, my dear, is full of woes,  
With many ills the flesh is tried,  
When these and countless fears beside  
Vex those who in the wood remain:  
The wilds are naught but grief and pain.  
Hope, anger must be cast aside,  
To penance every thought applied:  
No fear must be of things to fear:  
Hence is the wood for ever drear.  
Enough, my love: thy purpose quit:  
For forest life thou art not fit.  
As thus I think on all, I see  
The wild wood is no place for thee.”

## Canto XXIX. Sítá's Appeal.

Thus Ráma spake. Her lord's address  
The lady heard with deep distress,  
And, as the tear bedimmed her eye,  
In soft low accents made reply:

“The perils of the wood, and all  
The woes thou countest to appal,  
Led by my love I deem not pain;  
Each woe a charm, each loss a gain.  
Tiger, and elephant, and deer,  
Bull, lion, buffalo, in fear,  
Soon as thy matchless form they see,  
With every silvan beast will flee.  
With thee, O Ráma, I must go:  
My sire's command ordains it so.  
Bereft of thee, my lonely heart  
Must break, and life and I must part.  
While thou, O mighty lord, art nigh,  
Not even He who rules the sky,  
Though He is strongest of the strong,  
With all his might can do me wrong.  
Nor can a lonely woman left  
By her dear husband live bereft.  
In my great love, my lord, I ween,  
The truth of this thou mayst have seen.  
In my sire's palace long ago  
I heard the chief of those who know,  
The truth-declaring Bráhmans, tell  
My fortune, in the wood to dwell.  
I heard their promise who divine  
The future by each mark and sign,  
And from that hour have longed to lead  
The forest life their lips decreed.  
Now, mighty Ráma, I must share  
Thy father's doom which sends thee there;  
In this I will not be denied,  
But follow, love, where thou shalt guide.  
O husband, I will go with thee,  
Obedient to that high decree.

Now let the Bráhmans' words be true,  
For this the time they had in view.  
I know full well the wood has woes;  
But they disturb the lives of those  
Who in the forest dwell, nor hold  
Their rebel senses well controlled.

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In my sire's halls, ere I was wed,  
I heard a dame who begged her bread  
Before my mother's face relate  
What grieves a forest life await.  
And many a time in sport I prayed  
To seek with thee the greenwood shade,  
For O, my heart on this is set,  
To follow thee, dear anchoret.  
May blessings on thy life attend:  
I long with thee my steps to bend,  
For with such hero as thou art  
This pilgrimage enchanteth my heart.  
Still close, my lord, to thy dear side  
My spirit will be purified:  
Love from all sin my soul will free:  
My husband is a God to me.  
So, love, with thee shall I have bliss  
And share the life that follows this.  
I heard a Bráhman, dear to fame,  
This ancient Scripture text proclaim:  
“The woman whom on earth below  
Her parents on a man bestow,  
And lawfully their hands unite  
With water and each holy rite,  
She in this world shall be his wife,  
His also in the after life.”  
Then tell me, O beloved, why  
Thou wilt this earnest prayer deny,

Nor take me with thee to the wood,  
 Thine own dear wife so true and good.  
 But if thou wilt not take me there  
 Thus grieving in my wild despair,  
 To fire or water I will fly,  
 Or to the poisoned draught, and die.”

So thus to share his exile, she  
 Besought him with each earnest plea,  
 Nor could she yet her lord persuade  
 To take her to the lonely shade.  
 The answer of the strong-armed chief  
 Smote the Videhan's soul with grief,  
 And from her eyes the torrents came  
 bathing the bosom of the dame.

### Canto XXX. The Triumph Of Love.

The daughter of Videha's king,  
 While Ráma strove to soothe the sting  
 Of her deep anguish, thus began  
 Once more in furtherance of her plan:  
 And with her spirit sorely tried  
 By fear and anger, love and pride,  
 With keenly taunting words addressed  
 Her hero of the stately breast:  
 “Why did the king my sire, who reigns  
 O'er fair Videha's wide domains,  
 Hail Ráma son with joy unwise,  
 A woman in a man's disguise?  
 Now falsely would the people say,

By idle fancies led astray,  
 That Ráma's own are power and might,  
 As glorious as the Lord of Light.  
 Why sinkest thou in such dismay?  
 What fears upon thy spirit weigh,  
 That thou, O Ráma, fain wouldst flee  
 From her who thinks of naught but thee?  
 To thy dear will am I resigned  
 In heart and body, soul and mind,  
 As Sávitrí gave all to one,  
 Satyaván, Dyumatsena's son.<sup>304</sup>  
 Not e'en in fancy can I brook  
 To any guard save thee to look:  
 Let meaner wives their houses shame,  
 To go with thee is all my claim.  
 Like some low actor, deemst thou fit  
 Thy wife to others to commit—  
 Thine own, espoused in maiden youth,  
 Thy wife so long, unblamed for truth?  
 Do thou, my lord, his will obey  
 For whom thou lostest royal sway,  
 To whom thou wouldst thy wife confide—  
 Not me, but thee, his wish may guide.  
 Thou must not here thy wife forsake,  
 And to the wood thy journey make,  
 Whether stern penance, grief, and care,  
 Or rule or heaven await thee there.  
 Nor shall fatigue my limbs distress  
 When wandering in the wilderness:  
 Each path which near to thee I tread  
 Shall seem a soft luxurious bed.

<sup>304</sup> The story of Sávitrí, told in the Mahábhárata, has been admirably translated by Rückert, and elegantly epitomized by Mrs. Manning in *India, Ancient and Mediaeval*. There is a free rendering of the story in *Idylls from the Sanskrit*.

The reeds, the bushes where I pass,  
The thorny trees, the tangled grass  
Shall feel, if only thou be near,  
Soft to my touch as skins of deer.  
When the rude wind in fury blows,  
And scattered dust upon me throws,  
That dust, beloved lord, to me  
Shall as the precious sandal be.  
And what shall be more blest than I,  
When gazing on the wood I lie  
In some green glade upon a bed  
With sacred grass beneath us spread?  
The root, the leaf, the fruit which thou  
Shalt give me from the earth or bough,  
Scanty or plentiful, to eat,  
Shall taste to me as Amrit sweet.  
As there I live on flowers and roots  
And every season's kindly fruits,  
I will not for my mother grieve,  
My sire, my home, or all I leave.  
My presence, love, shall never add  
One pain to make the heart more sad;  
I will not cause thee grief or care,  
Nor be a burden hard to bear.  
With thee is heaven, where'er the spot;  
Each place is hell where thou art not.  
Then go with me, O Ráma; this  
Is all my hope and all my bliss.  
If thou wilt leave thy wife who still  
Entreats thee with undaunted will,  
This very day shall poison close  
The life that spurns the rule of foes.  
How, after, can my soul sustain  
The bitter life of endless pain,

When thy dear face, my lord, I miss?  
 No, death is better far than this.  
 Not for an hour could I endure  
 The deadly grief that knows not cure,  
 Far less a woe I could not shun  
 For ten long years, and three, and one.”

While fires of woe consumed her, such  
 Her sad appeal, lamenting much;  
 Then with a wild cry, anguish-wrung,  
 About her husband's neck she clung.  
 Like some she-elephant who bleeds  
 Struck by the hunter's venomed reeds,  
 So in her quivering heart she felt  
 The many wounds his speeches dealt.  
 Then, as the spark from wood is gained,<sup>305</sup>  
 Down rolled the tear so long restrained:  
 The crystal moisture, sprung from woe,  
 From her sweet eyes began to flow,  
 As runs the water from a pair  
 Of lotuses divinely fair.  
 And Sítá's face with long dark eyes,  
 Pure as the moon of autumn skies,  
 Faded with weeping, as the buds  
 Of lotuses when sink the floods.  
 Around his wife his arms he strained,  
 Who senseless from her woe remained,  
 And with sweet words, that bade her wake  
 To life again, the hero spake:  
 “I would not with thy woe, my Queen,  
 Buy heaven and all its blissful sheen.  
 Void of all fear am I as He,

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<sup>305</sup> Fire for sacrificial purposes is produced by the attrition of two pieces of wood.

The self-existent God, can be.  
I knew not all thy heart till now,  
Dear lady of the lovely brow,  
So wished not thee in woods to dwell;  
Yet there mine arm can guard thee well.  
Now surely thou, dear love, wast made  
To dwell with me in green wood shade.  
And, as a high saint's tender mind  
Clings to its love for all mankind,  
So I to thee will ever cling,  
Sweet daughter of Videha's king.  
The good, of old, O soft of frame,  
Honoured this duty's sovereign claim,  
And I its guidance will not shun,  
True as light's Queen is to the Sun.  
I cannot, pride of Janak's line,  
This journey to the wood decline:  
My sire's behest, the oath he sware,  
The claims of truth, all lead me there.  
One duty, dear the same for aye,  
Is sire and mother to obey:  
Should I their orders once transgress  
My very life were weariness.  
If glad obedience be denied  
To father, mother, holy guide,  
What rites, what service can be done  
That stern Fate's favour may be won?  
These three the triple world comprise,  
O darling of the lovely eyes.  
Earth has no holy thing like these  
Whom with all love men seek to please.  
Not truth, or gift, or bended knee,  
Not honour, worship, lordly fee,  
Storms heaven and wins a blessing thence

Like sonly love and reverence.  
Heaven, riches, grain, and varied lore,  
With sons and many a blessing more,  
All these are made their own with ease  
By those their elders' souls who please.  
The mighty-souled, who ne'er forget,  
Devoted sons, their filial debt,  
Win worlds where Gods and minstrels are,  
And Brahmá's sphere more glorious far.  
Now as the orders of my sire,  
Who keeps the way of truth, require,  
So will I do, for such the way  
Of duty that endures for aye:  
To take thee, love, to Daṇḍak's wild  
My heart at length is reconciled,  
For thee such earnest thoughts impel  
To follow, and with me to dwell.  
O faultless form from feet to brows,  
Come with me, as my will allows,  
And duty there with me pursue,  
Trembler, whose bright eyes thrill me through.  
In all thy days, come good come ill,  
Preserve unchanged such noble will,  
And thou, dear love, wilt ever be  
The glory of thy house and me.  
Now, beauteous-armed, begin the tasks  
The woodland life of hermits asks.  
For me the joys of heaven above  
Have charms no more without thee, love.  
And now, dear Sítá, be not slow:  
Food on good mendicants bestow,  
And for the holy Bráhmans bring  
Thy treasures and each precious thing.  
Thy best attire and gems collect,

The jewels which thy beauty decked,  
 And every ornament and toy  
 Prepared for hours of sport and joy:  
 The beds, the cars wherein I ride,  
 Among our followers, next, divide.”

[131] She conscious that her lord approved  
 Her going, with great rapture moved,  
 Hastened within, without delay,  
 Prepared to give their wealth away.

### Canto XXXI. Lakshman's Prayer.

When Lakshman, who had joined them there,  
 Had heard the converse of the pair,  
 His mien was changed, his eyes o'erflowed,  
 His breast no more could bear its load.  
 The son of Raghu, sore distressed,  
 His brother's feet with fervour pressed,  
 While thus to Sítá he complained,  
 And him by lofty vows enchain'd:  
 “If thou wilt make the woods thy home,  
 Where elephant and roebuck roam,  
 I too this day will take my bow  
 And in the path before thee go.  
 Our way will lie through forest ground  
 Where countless birds and beasts are found,  
 I heed not homes of Gods on high,  
 I heed not life that cannot die,  
 Nor would I wish, with thee away,  
 O'er the three worlds to stretch my sway.”

Thus Lakshmaṇ spake, with earnest prayer  
 His brother's woodland life to share.  
 As Ráma still his prayer denied  
 With soothing words, again he cried:  
 "When leave at first thou didst accord,  
 Why dost thou stay me now, my lord?  
 Thou art my refuge: O, be kind,  
 Leave me not, dear my lord, behind.  
 Thou canst not, brother, if thou choose  
 That I still live, my wish refuse."

The glorious chief his speech renewed  
 To faithful Lakshmaṇ as he sued,  
 And on the eyes of Ráma gazed  
 Longing to lead, with hands upraised:  
 "Thou art a hero just and dear,  
 Whose steps to virtue's path adhere,  
 Loved as my life till life shall end,  
 My faithful brother and my friend.  
 If to the woods thou take thy way  
 With Sítá and with me to-day,  
 Who for Kauśalyá will provide,  
 And guard the good Sumitrá's side?  
 The lord of earth, of mighty power,  
 Who sends good things in plenteous shower,  
 As Indra pours the grateful rain,  
 A captive lies in passion's chain.  
 The power imperial for her son  
 Has Aśvapati's daughter<sup>306</sup> won,  
 And she, proud queen, will little heed  
 Her miserable rivals' need.  
 So Bharat, ruler of the land,  
 By Queen Kaikeyí's side will stand,

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<sup>306</sup> Kaikeyí.

Nor of those two will ever think,  
 While grieving in despair they sink.  
 Now, Lakshmaṇ, as thy love decrees,  
 Or else the monarch's heart to please,  
 Follow this counsel and protect  
 My honoured mother from neglect.  
 So thou, while not to me alone  
 Thy great affection will be shown,  
 To highest duty wilt adhere  
 By serving those thou shouldst revere.  
 Now, son of Raghu, for my sake  
 Obey this one request I make,  
 Or, of her darling son bereft,  
 Kauśalyá has no comfort left.”

The faithful Lakshmaṇ, thus addressed  
 In gentle words which love expressed,  
 To him in lore of language learned,  
 His answer, eloquent, returned:

“Nay, through thy might each queen will share  
 Attentive Bharat's love and care,  
 Should Bharat, raised as king to sway  
 This noblest realm, his trust betray,  
 Nor for their safety well provide,  
 Seduced by ill-suggesting pride,  
 Doubt not my vengeful hand shall kill  
 The cruel wretch who counsels ill—  
 Kill him and all who lend him aid,  
 And the three worlds in league arrayed.  
 And good Kauśalyá well can fee  
 A thousand champions like to me.  
 A thousand hamlets rich in grain  
 The station of that queen maintain.

She may, and my dear mother too,  
 Live on the ample revenue.  
 Then let me follow thee: herein:  
 Is naught that may resemble sin.  
 So shall I in my wish succeed,  
 And aid, perhaps, my brother's need.  
 My bow and quiver well supplied  
 With arrows hanging at my side,  
 My hands shall spade and basket bear,  
 And for thy feet the way prepare.  
 I'll bring thee roots and berries sweet.  
 And woodland fare which hermits eat.  
 Thou shall with thy Videhan spouse  
 Recline upon the mountain's brows;  
 Be mine the toil, be mine to keep  
 Watch o'er thee waking or asleep.”

Filled by his speech with joy and pride,  
 Ráma to Lakshmaṇ thus replied:  
 “Go then, my brother, bid adieu  
 To all thy friends and retinue.  
 And those two bows of fearful might,  
 Celestial, which, at that famed rite,  
 Lord Varuṇ gave to Janak, king  
 Of fair Vedeha with thee bring,  
 With heavenly coats of sword-proof mail,  
 Quivers, whose arrows never fail,  
 And golden-hilted swords so keen,  
 The rivals of the sun in sheen.  
 Tended with care these arms are all  
 Preserved in my preceptor's hall.  
 With speed, O Lakshmaṇ, go, produce,  
 And bring them hither for our use.”  
 So on a woodland life intent,

To see his faithful friends he went,  
 And brought the heavenly arms which lay  
 By Ráma's teacher stored away.  
 And Raghu's son to Ráma showed  
 Those wondrous arms which gleamed and glowed,  
 Well kept, adorned with many a wreath  
 Of flowers on case, and hilt, and sheath.  
 The prudent Ráma at the sight  
 Addressed his brother with delight:  
 "Well art thou come, my brother dear,  
 For much I longed to see thee here.  
 For with thine aid, before I go,  
 I would my gold and wealth bestow  
 Upon the Bráhmans sage, who school  
 Their lives by stern devotion's rule.  
 And for all those who ever dwell  
 Within my house and serve me well,  
 Devoted servants, true and good,  
 Will I provide a livelihood.  
 Quick, go and summon to this place  
     The good Vaśishṭha's son,  
     Suyajña, of the Bráhmaṇ race  
     The first and holiest one.  
 To all the Bráhmans wise and good  
     Will I due reverence pay,  
 Then to the solitary wood  
     With thee will take my way."

Canto XXXII. The Gift Of The Treasures.

That speech so noble which conveyed  
 His friendly wish, the chief obeyed,  
 With steps made swift by anxious thought  
 The wise Suyajña's home he sought.  
 Him in the hall of Fire<sup>307</sup> he found,  
 And bent before him to the ground:  
 “O friend, to Ráma's house return,  
 Who now performs a task most stern.”  
 He, when his noonday rites were done,  
 Went forth with fair Sumitrá's son,  
 And came to Ráma's bright abode  
 Rich in the love which Lakshmí showed.  
 The son of Raghu, with his dame,  
 With joined hands met him as he came,  
 Showing to him who Scripture knew  
 The worship that is Agni's due.  
 With armlets, bracelets, collars, rings,  
 With costly pearls on golden strings,  
 With many a gem for neck and limb  
 The son of Raghu honoured him.  
 Then Ráma, at his wife's request,  
 The wise Suyajña thus addressed:  
 “Accept a necklace too to deck  
 With golden strings thy spouse's neck.  
 And Sítá here, my friend, were glad  
 A girdle to her gift to add.  
 And many a bracelet wrought with care,  
 And many an armlet rich and rare,  
 My wife to thine is fain to give,  
 Departing in the wood to live.  
 A bed by skilful workmen made,  
 With gold and various gems inlaid—

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<sup>307</sup> The chapel where the sacred fire used in worship is kept.

This too, before she goes, would she  
 Present, O saintly friend, to thee.  
 Thine be my elephant, so famed,  
 My uncle's present, Victor named;  
 And let a thousand coins of gold,  
 Great Bráhmaṇ, with the gift be told.”  
 Thus Ráma spoke: nor he declined  
 The noble gifts for him designed.  
 On Ráma, Lakshmaṇ, Sítá he  
 Invoked all high felicity.

In pleasant words then Ráma gave  
 His best to Lakshmaṇ prompt and brave,  
 As Brahmá speaks for Him to hear  
 Who rules the Gods' celestial sphere:  
 “To the two best of Bráhmans run;  
 Agastya bring, and Kuśik's son,  
 And precious gifts upon them rain,  
 Like fostering floods upon the grain.  
 O long-armed Prince of Raghu's line,  
 Delight them with a thousand kine,  
 And many a fair and costly gem,  
 With gold and silver, give to them.  
 To him, so deep in Scripture, who,  
 To Queen Kauśalyá, ever true,  
 Serves her with blessing and respect,  
 Chief of the Taittiríya sect<sup>308</sup>—  
 To him, with women-slaves, present  
 A chariot rich with ornament,  
 And costly robes of silk beside,  
 Until the sage be satisfied.  
 On Chitraratha, true and dear,  
 My tuneful bard and charioteer,

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<sup>308</sup> The students and teachers of the Taittiríya portion of the Yajur Veda.

Gems, robes, and plenteous wealth confer—  
 Mine ancient friend and minister.  
 And these who go with staff in hand,  
 Grammarians trained, a numerous band,  
 Who their deep study only prize,  
 Nor think of other exercise,  
 Who toil not, loving dainty fare,  
 Whose praises e'en the good declare—  
 On these be eighty cars bestowed,  
 And each with precious treasures load.  
 A thousand bulls for them suffice,  
 Two hundred elephants of price,  
 And let a thousand kine beside  
 The dainties of each meal provide.  
 The throng who sacred girdles wear,  
 And on Kauśalyá wait with care—  
 A thousand golden coins shall please,  
 Son of Sumitrá, each of these.  
 Let all, dear Lakshmaṇ of the train  
 These special gifts of honour gain:  
 My mother will rejoice to know  
 Her Bráhmans have been cherished so.”

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Then Raghu's son addressed the crowd  
 Who round him stood and wept aloud,  
 When he to all who thronged the court  
 Had dealt his wealth for their support:  
 “In Lakshmaṇ's house and mine remain,  
 And guard them till I come again.”  
 To all his people sad with grief,  
 In loving words thus spoke their chief,  
 Then bade his treasure-keeper bring  
 Gold, silver, and each precious thing.  
 Then straight the servants went and bore

Back to their chief the wealth in store.  
 Before the people's eyes it shone,  
 A glorious pile to look upon.  
 The prince of men with Lakshmaṇ's aid  
 Parted the treasures there displayed,  
 Gave to the poor, the young, the old,  
 And twice-born men, the gems and gold.

A Bráhmaṇ, long in evil case,  
 Named Trijaṭ, born of Garga's race,  
 Earned ever toiling in a wood  
 With spade and plough his livelihood.  
 The youthful wife, his babes who bore,  
 Their indigence felt more and more.  
 Thus to the aged man she spake:  
 "Hear this my word: my counsel take.  
 Come, throw thy spade and plough away;  
 To virtuous Ráma go to-day,  
 And somewhat of his kindness pray."

He heard the words she spoke: around  
 His limbs his ragged cloth he wound,  
 And took his journey by the road  
 That led to Ráma's fair abode.  
 To the fifth court he made his way;  
 Nor met the Bráhmaṇ check or stay.  
 Bríghu, Angiras<sup>309</sup> could not be  
 Brighter with saintly light than he.  
 To Ráma's presence on he pressed,  
 And thus the noble chief addressed:  
 "O Ráma, poor and weak am I,  
 And many children round me cry.

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<sup>309</sup> Two of the divine personages called *Prajápatis* and *Brahmádikas* who were first created by Brahmá.

Scant living in the woods I earn:  
 On me thine eye of pity turn.”  
 And Ráma, bent on sport and jest,  
 The suppliant Bráhma thus addressed:  
 “O aged man, one thousand kine,  
 Yet undistributed, are mine.  
 The cows on thee will I bestow  
 As far as thou thy staff canst throw.”

The Bráhma heard. In eager haste  
 He bound his cloth around his waist.  
 Then round his head his staff he whirled,  
 And forth with mightiest effort hurled.  
 Cast from his hand it flew, and sank  
 To earth on Sarjú's farther bank,  
 Where herds of kine in thousands fed  
 Near to the well-stocked bullock shed.  
 And all the cows that wandered o'er  
 The meadow, far as Sarjú's shore,  
 At Ráma's word the herdsmen drove  
 To Trijaṭ's cottage in the grove.  
 He drew the Bráhma to his breast,  
 And thus with calming words addressed:  
 “Now be not angry, Sire. I pray:  
 This jest of mine was meant in play.  
 These thousand kine, but not alone.  
 Their herdsmen too, are all thine own.  
 And wealth beside I give thee: speak,  
 Thine shall be all thy heart can seek.”

Thus Ráma spake. And Trijaṭ prayed  
 For means his sacrifice to aid.  
 And Ráma gave much wealth, required  
 To speed his offering as desired.

## Canto XXXIII. The People's Lament.

Thus Sítá and the princes brave  
 Much wealth to all the Bráhmans gave.  
 Then to the monarch's house the three  
 Went forth the aged king to see.  
 The princes from two servants took  
 Those heavenly arms of glorious look,  
 Adorned with garland and with band  
 By Sítá's beautifying hand.  
 On each high house a mournful throng  
 Had gathered ere they passed along,  
 Who gazed in pure unselfish woe  
 From turret, roof, and portico.  
 So dense the crowd that blocked the ways,  
 The rest, unable there to gaze,  
 Were fain each terrace to ascend,  
 And thence their eyes on Ráma bend.  
 Then as the gathered multitude  
 On foot their well-loved Ráma viewed,  
 No royal shade to screen his head,  
 Such words, disturbed in grief, they said:  
 "O look, our hero, wont to ride  
 Leading a host in perfect pride—  
 Now Lakshmaṇ, sole of all his friends,  
 With Sítá on his steps attends.  
 Though he has known the sweets of power,  
 And poured his gifts in liberal shower,  
 From duty's path he will not swerve,  
 But, still his father's truth preserve.  
 And she whose form so soft and fair  
 Was veiled from spirits of the air,  
 Now walks unsheltered from the day,  
 Seen by the crowds who throng the way.

Ah, for that gently-nurtured form!  
How will it fade with sun and storm!  
How will the rain, the cold, the heat  
Mar fragrant breast and tinted feet!  
Surely some demon has possessed  
His sire, and speaks within his breast,  
Or how could one that is a king  
Thus send his dear son wandering?  
It were a deed unkindly done  
To banish e'en a worthless son:  
But what, when his pure life has gained  
The hearts of all, by love enchain'd?  
Six sovereign virtues join to grace  
Ráma the foremost of his race:  
Tender and kind and pure is he,  
Docile, religious, passion-free.  
Hence misery strikes not him alone:  
In bitterest grief the people moan,  
Like creatures of the stream, when dry  
In the great heat the channels lie.  
The world is mournful with the grief  
That falls on its beloved chief,  
As, when the root is hewn away,  
Tree, fruit, and flower, and bud decay.  
The soul of duty, bright to see,  
He is the root of you and me;  
And all of us, who share his grief,  
His branches, blossom, fruit, and leaf.  
Now like the faithful Lakshman, we  
Will follow and be true as he;  
Our wives and kinsmen call with speed,  
And hasten where our lord shall lead.  
Yes, we will leave each well-loved spot,  
The field, the garden, and the cot,

And, sharers of his weal and woe,  
Behind the pious Ráma go.  
Our houses, empty of their stores,  
With ruined courts and broken doors,  
With all their treasures borne away.  
And gear that made them bright and gay:  
O'errun by rats, with dust o'erspread,  
Shrines, whence the deities have fled,  
Where not a hand the water pours,  
Or sweeps the long-neglected floors,  
No incense loads the evening air,  
No Bráhmans chant the text and prayer,  
No fire of sacrifice is bright,  
No gift is known, no sacred rite;  
With floors which broken vessels strew,  
As if our woes had crushed them too—  
Of these be stern Kaikeyí queen,  
And rule o'er homes where we have been.  
The wood where Ráma's feet may roam  
Shall be our city and our home,  
And this fair city we forsake,  
Our flight a wilderness shall make.  
Each serpent from his hole shall hie,  
The birds and beasts from mountain fly,  
Lions and elephants in fear  
Shall quit the woods when we come near,  
Yield the broad wilds for us to range,  
And take our city in exchange.  
With Ráma will we hence, content  
If, where he is, our days be spent."

Such were the varied words the crowd  
Of all conditions spoke aloud.  
And Ráma heard their speeches, yet

Changed not his purpose firmly set.  
His father's palace soon he neared,  
That like Kailásá's hill appeared.  
Like a wild elephant he strode  
Right onward to the bright abode.  
Within the palace court he stepped,  
Where ordered bands their station kept,  
And saw Sumantra standing near  
With down-cast eye and gloomy cheer.

## Canto XXXIV. Ráma In The Palace.

The dark incomparable chief  
Whose eye was like a lotus leaf,  
Cried to the mournful charioteer,  
“Go tell my sire that I am here.”

Sumantra, sad and all dismayed,  
The chieftain's order swift obeyed.  
Within the palace doors he hied  
And saw the king, who wept and sighed.  
Like the great sun when wrapped in shade  
Like fire by ashes overlaid,  
Or like a pool with waters dried,  
So lay the world's great lord and pride,  
A while the wise Sumantra gazed  
On him whose senses woe has dazed,  
Grieving for Ráma. Near he drew  
With hands upraised in reverence due.  
With blessing first his king he hailed;  
Then with a voice that well-nigh failed,

In trembling accents soft and low  
 Addressed the monarch in his woe:  
 “The prince of men, thy Ráma, waits  
 Before thee at the palace gates.  
 His wealth to Bráhmans he has dealt,  
 And all who in his home have dwelt.  
 Admit thy son. His friends have heard  
 His kind farewell and parting word,  
 He longs to see thee first, and then  
 Will seek the wilds, O King of men.  
 He, with each princely virtue's blaze,  
 Shines as the sun engirt by rays.”

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The truthful King who loved to keep  
 The law profound as Ocean's deep,  
 And stainless as the dark blue sky,  
 Thus to Sumantra made reply:  
 “Go then, Sumantra, go and call  
 My wives and ladies one and all.  
 Drawn round me shall they fill the place  
 When I behold my Ráma's face.”

Quick to the inner rooms he sped,  
 And thus to all the women said,  
 “Come, at the summons of the king:  
 Come all, and make no tarrying.”

Their husband's word, by him conveyed,  
Soon as they heard, the dames obeyed,  
And following his guidance all  
Came thronging to the regal hall.  
In number half seven hundred, they,  
All lovely dames, in long array,  
With their bright eyes for weeping red,  
To stand round Queen Kauśalyá, sped.  
They gathered, and the monarch viewed  
One moment all the multitude,  
Then to Sumantra spoke and said:  
“Now let my son be hither led.”

Sumantra went. Then Ráma came,  
And Lakshman, and the Maithil dame,  
And, as he led them on, their guide  
Straight to the monarch's presence hied.  
When yet far off the father saw  
His son with raised palms toward him draw,  
Girt by his ladies, sick with woes,  
Swift from his royal seat he rose.  
With all his strength the aged man  
To meet his darling Ráma ran,  
But trembling, wild with dark despair,  
Fell on the ground and fainted there.  
And Lakshman, wont in cars to ride,  
And Ráma, threw them by the side  
Of the poor miserable king,  
Half lifeless with his sorrow's sting.  
Throughout the spacious hall up went  
A thousand women's wild lament:  
“Ah Ráma!” thus they wailed and wept,  
And anklets tinkled as they stepped  
Around his body, weeping, threw

Their loving arms the brothers two,  
And then, with Sítá's gentle aid,  
The king upon a couch was laid.  
At length to earth's imperial lord,  
When life and knowledge were restored,  
Though seas of woe went o'er his head,  
With suppliant hand, thus Ráma said:  
“Lord of us all, great King, thou art:  
Bid me farewell before we part,  
To Danḍak wood this day I go:  
One blessing and one look bestow.  
Let Lakshmaṇ my companion be,  
And Sítá also follow me.  
With truthful pleas I sought to bend  
Their purpose; but no ear they lend.  
Now cast this sorrow from thy heart,  
And let us all, great King, depart.  
As Brahmá sends his children, so  
Let Lakshmaṇ, me, and Sítá go.”

He stood unmoved, and watched intent  
Until the king should grant consent.  
Upon his son his eyes he cast,  
And thus the monarch spake at last:  
“O Ráma, by her arts enslaved,  
I gave the boons Kaikeyí craved,  
Unfit to reign, by her misled:  
Be ruler in thy father's stead.”

Thus by the lord of men addressed,  
Ráma, of virtue's friends the best,  
In lore of language duly learned,  
His answer, reverent, thus returned:  
“A thousand years, O King, remain  
O'er this our city still to reign.  
I in the woods my life will lead:  
The lust of rule no more I heed.  
Nine years and five I there will spend,  
And when the portioned days shall end,  
Will come, my vows and exile o'er,  
And clasp thy feet, my King, once more.”

A captive in the snare of truth,  
Weeping, distressed with woe and ruth,  
Thus spake the monarch, while the queen  
Kaikeyí urged him on unseen:  
“Go then, O Ráma, and begin  
Thy course unvext by fear and sin:  
Go, my beloved son, and earn  
Success, and joy, and safe return.  
So fast the bonds of duty bind.  
O Raghu's son, thy truthful mind,  
That naught can turn thee back, or guide  
Thy will so strongly fortified.  
But O, a little longer stay,  
Nor turn thy steps this night away,  
That I one little day—alas!  
One only—with my son may pass.  
Me and thy mother do not slight,  
But stay, my son, with me to-night;  
With every dainty please thy taste,  
And seek to-morrow morn the waste.  
Hard is thy task, O Raghu's son,

Dire is the toil thou wilt not shun,  
 Far to the lonely wood to flee,  
 And leave thy friends for love of me.  
 I swear it by my truth, believe,  
 For thee, my son, I deeply grieve,  
 Misguided by the traitress dame  
 With hidden guile like smouldering flame.  
 Now, by her wicked counsel stirred,  
 Thou fain wouldst keep my plighted word.  
 No marvel that my eldest born  
 Would hold me true when I have sworn.”

Then Ráma having calmly heard  
 His wretched father speak each word,  
 With Lakshmaṇ standing by his side  
 Thus, humbly, to the King replied:  
 “If dainties now my taste regale,  
 To-morrow must those dainties fail.  
 This day departure I prefer  
 To all that wealth can minister.  
 O'er this fair land, no longer mine,  
 Which I, with all her realms, resign,  
 Her multitudes of men, her grain,  
 Her stores of wealth, let Bharat reign.  
 And let the promised boon which thou  
 Wast pleased to grant the queen ere now,  
 Be hers in full. Be true, O King,  
 Kind giver of each precious thing.  
 Thy spoken word I still will heed,  
 Obeying all thy lips decreed:  
 And fourteen years in woods will dwell  
 With those who live in glade and dell.  
 No hopes of power my heart can touch,  
 No selfish joys attract so much

As son of Raghu, to fulfil  
With heart and soul my father's will.  
Dismiss, dismiss thy needless woe,  
Nor let those drowning torrents flow:  
The Lord of Rivers in his pride  
Keeps to the banks that bar his tide.  
Here in thy presence I declare;  
By thy good deeds, thy truth, I swear;  
Nor lordship, joy, nor lands I prize;  
Life, heaven, all blessings I despise.  
I wish to see thee still remain  
Most true, O King, and free from stain.  
It must not, Sire, it must not be:  
I cannot rest one hour with thee.  
Then bring this sorrow to an end,  
For naught my settled will can bend.  
I gave a pledge that binds me too,  
And to that pledge I still am true.  
Kaikeyí bade me speed away:  
She prayed me, and I answered yea.  
Pine not for me, and weep no more;  
The wood for us has joy in store,  
Filled with the wild deer's peaceful herds  
And voices of a thousand birds.  
A father is the God of each,  
Yea, e'en of Gods, so Scriptures teach:  
And I will keep my sire's decree,  
For as a God I honour thee.  
O best of men, the time is nigh,  
The fourteen years will soon pass by  
And to thine eyes thy son restore:  
Be comforted, and weep no more.  
Thou with thy firmness shouldst support  
These weeping crowds who throng the court;

Then why, O chief of high renown,  
So troubled, and thy soul cast down?"

## Canto XXXV. Kaikeyí Reproached.

Wild with the rage he could not calm,  
Sumantra, grinding palm on palm,  
His head in quick impatience shook,  
And sighed with woe he could not brook.  
He gnashed his teeth, his eyes were red,  
From his changed face the colour fled.  
In rage and grief that knew no law,  
The temper of the king he saw.  
With his word-arrows swift and keen  
He shook the bosom of the queen.  
With scorn, as though its lightning stroke  
Would blast her body, thus he spoke:  
"Thou, who, of no dread sin afraid,  
Hast Daśaratha's self betrayed,  
Lord of the world, whose might sustains  
Each thing that moves or fixed remains,  
What direr crime is left thee now?  
Death to thy lord and house art thou,  
Whose cruel deeds the king distress,  
Mahendra's peer in mightiness,  
Firm as the mountain's rooted steep,  
Enduring as the Ocean's deep.  
Despise not Daśaratha, he  
Is a kind lord and friend to thee.  
A loving wife in worth outruns  
The mother of ten million sons.

Kings, when their sires have passed away,  
Succeed by birthright to the sway.  
Ikshváku's son still rules the state,  
Yet thou this rule wouldest violate.  
Yea, let thy son, Kaikeyí, reign,  
Let Bharat rule his sire's domain.  
Thy will, O Queen, shall none oppose:  
We all will go where Ráma goes.  
No Bráhman, scorning thee, will rest  
Within the realm thou governest,  
But all will fly indignant hence:  
So great thy trespass and offence.  
I marvel, when thy crime I see,  
Earth yawns not quick to swallow thee;  
And that the Bráhman saints prepare  
No burning scourge thy soul to scare,  
With cries of shame to smite thee, bent  
Upon our Ráma's banishment.  
The Mango tree with axes fell,  
And tend instead the Neem tree well,  
Still watered with all care the tree  
Will never sweet and pleasant be.  
Thy mother's faults to thee descend,  
And with thy borrowed nature blend.  
True is the ancient saw: the Neem  
Can ne'er distil a honeyed stream.  
Taught by the tale of long ago  
Thy mother's hateful sin we know.  
A bounteous saint, as all have heard,  
A boon upon thy sire conferred,  
And all the eloquence revealed  
That fills the wood, the flood, the field.  
No creature walked, or swam, or flew,  
But he its varied language knew.

One morn upon his couch he heard  
The chattering of a gorgeous bird.  
And as he marked its close intent  
He laughed aloud in merriment.  
Thy mother furious with her lord,  
And fain to perish by the cord,  
Said to her husband: "I would know,  
O Monarch, why thou laughest so."

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The king in answer spake again:  
"If I this laughter should explain,  
This very hour would be my last,  
For death, be sure would follow fast."  
Again thy mother, flushed with ire,  
To Kekaya spake, thy royal sire:  
"Tell me the cause; then live or die:  
I will not brook thy laugh, not I."  
Thus by his darling wife addressed,  
The king whose might all earth confessed,  
To that kind saint his story told  
Who gave the wondrous gift of old.  
He listened to the king's complaint,  
And thus in answer spoke the saint:  
"King, let her quit thy home or die,  
But never with her prayer comply."  
The saint's reply his trouble stilled,  
And all his heart with pleasure filled.  
Thy mother from his home he sent,  
And days like Lord Kuvera's spent.  
So thou wouldst force the king, misled  
By thee, in evil paths to tread,  
And bent on evil wouldst begin,  
Through folly, this career of sin.  
Most true, methinks, in thee is shown  
The ancient saw so widely known:

The sons their fathers' worth declare  
 And girls their mothers' nature share.  
 So be not thou. For pity's sake  
 Accept the word the monarch spake.  
 Thy husband's will, O Queen, obey,  
 And be the people's hope and stay,  
 O, do not, urged by folly, draw  
 The king to tread on duty's law.  
 The lord who all the world sustains,  
 Bright as the God o'er Gods who reigns.  
 Our glorious king, by sin unstained,  
 Will never grant what fraud obtained;  
 No shade of fault in him is seen:  
 Let Ráma be anointed, Queen.  
 Remember, Queen, undying shame  
 Will through the world pursue thy name,  
 If Ráma leave the king his sire,  
 And, banished, to the wood retire.  
 Come, from thy breast this fever fling:  
 Of his own realm be Ráma king.  
 None in this city e'er can dwell  
 To tend and love thee half so well.  
 When Ráma sits in royal place,  
 True to the custom of his race  
 Our monarch of the mighty bow  
 A hermit to the woods will go.”<sup>310</sup>

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<sup>310</sup> It was the custom of the kings of the solar dynasty to resign in their extreme old age the kingdom to the heir, and spend the remainder of their days in holy meditation in the forest:

“For such through ages in their life's decline  
 Is the good custom of Ikshváku's line.”

Sumantra thus, palm joined to palm,  
 Poured forth his words of bane and balm,  
 With keen reproach, with pleading kind,  
 Striving to move Kaikeyí's mind.  
 In vain he prayed, in vain reproved,  
 She heard unsoftened and unmoved.  
 Nor could the eyes that watched her view  
 One yielding look, one change of hue.

### Canto XXXVI. Siddhárth's Speech.

Ikshváku's son with anguish torn  
 For the great oath his lips had sworn,  
 With tears and sighs of sharpest pain  
 Thus to Sumantra spake again:  
 "Prepare thou quick a perfect force,  
 Cars, elephants, and foot, and horse,  
 To follow Raghu's scion hence  
 Equipped with all magnificence.  
 Let traders with the wealth they sell,  
 And those who charming stories tell,  
 And dancing-women fair of face,  
 The prince's ample chariots grace.  
 On all the train who throng his courts,  
 And those who share his manly sports,  
 Great gifts of precious wealth bestow,  
 And bid them with their master go.  
 Let noble arms, and many a wain,  
 And townsmen swell the prince's train;  
 And hunters best for woodland skill  
 Their places in the concourse fill.

While elephants and deer he slays,  
 Drinking wood honey as he strays,  
 And looks on streams each fairer yet,  
 His kingdom he may chance forget.  
 Let all my gold and wealth of corn  
 With Ráma to the wilds be borne;  
 For it will soothe the exile's lot  
 To sacrifice in each pure spot,  
 Deal ample largess forth, and meet  
 Each hermit in his calm retreat.  
 The wealth shall Ráma with him bear,  
 Ayodhyá shall be Bharat's share.”

As thus Kakutstha's offspring spoke,  
 Fear in Kaikeyí's breast awoke.  
 The freshness of her face was dried,  
 Her trembling tongue was terror-tied.  
 Alarmed and sad, with bloodless cheek,  
 She turned to him and scarce could speak:  
 “Nay, Sire, but Bharat shall not gain  
 An empty realm where none remain.  
 My Bharat shall not rule a waste  
 Reft of all sweets to charm the taste—  
 The wine-cup's dregs, all dull and dead,  
 Whence the light foam and life are fled.”

Thus in her rage the long-eyed dame  
 Spoke her dire speech untouched by shame.  
 Then, answering, Daśaratha spoke:  
 “Why, having bowed me to the yoke,  
 Dost thou, must cruel, spur and goad  
 Me who am struggling with the load?  
 Why didst thou not oppose at first  
 This hope, vile Queen, so fondly nursed?”

Scarce could the monarch's angry speech  
 The ears of the fair lady reach,  
 When thus, with double wrath inflamed,  
 Kaikeyí to the king exclaimed:

“Sagar, from whom thy line is traced,  
 Drove forth his eldest son disgraced,  
 Called Asamanj, whose fate we know:  
 Thus should thy son to exile go.”

“Fie on thee, dame!” the monarch said;  
 Each of her people bent his head,  
 And stood in shame and sorrow mute:  
 She marked not, bold and resolute.  
 Then great Siddhárth, inflamed with rage,  
 The good old councillor and sage  
 On whose wise rede the king relied,  
 To Queen Kaikeyí thus replied:  
 “But Asamanj the cruel laid  
 His hands on infants as they played,  
 Cast them to Sarjú's flood, and smiled  
 For pleasure when he drowned a child.”<sup>311</sup>  
 The people saw, and, furious, sped  
 Straight the the king his sire and said:  
 “Choose us, O glory of the throne,  
 Choose us, or Asamanj alone.”

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<sup>311</sup> See Book I, Canto XXXIX. An Indian prince in more modern times appears to have diverted himself in a similar way.

It is still reported in Belgaum that Appay Deasy was wont to amuse himself “by making several young and beautiful women stand side by side on a narrow balcony, without a parapet, overhanging the deep reservoir at the new palace in Nipani. He used then to pass along the line of trembling creatures, and suddenly thrusting one of them headlong into the water below, he used to watch her drowning, and derive pleasure from her dying agonies.”—History of the Belgaum District. By H. J. Stokes, M. S. C.

“Whence comes this dread?” the monarch cried;  
And all the people thus replied:  
“In folly, King, he loves to lay  
Fierce hands upon our babes at play,  
Casts them to Sarjú's flood and joys  
To murder our bewildered boys.”  
With heedful ear the king of men  
Heard each complaining citizen.  
To please their troubled minds he strove,  
And from the state his son he drove.  
With wife and gear upon a car  
He placed him quick, and sent him far.  
And thus he gave commandment, “He  
Shall all his days an exile be.”  
With basket and with plough he strayed  
O'er mountain heights, through pathless shade,  
Roaming all lands a weary time,  
An outcast wretch defiled with crime.  
Sagar, the righteous path who held,  
His wicked offspring thus expelled.  
But what has Ráma done to blame?  
Why should his sentence be the same?  
No sin his stainless name can dim;  
We see no fault at all in him.  
Pure as the moon, no darkening blot  
On his sweet life has left a spot.  
If thou canst see one fault, e'en one,  
To dim the fame of Raghu's son,  
That fault this hour, O lady, show,  
And Ráma to the wood shall go.  
To drive the guiltless to the wild,  
Truth's constant lover, undefiled,  
Would, by defiance of the right,  
The glory e'en of Indra blight.

Then cease, O lady, and dismiss  
Thy hope to ruin Ráma's bliss,  
Or all thy gain, O fair of face,  
Will be men's hatred, and disgrace."

## Canto XXXVII. The Coats Of Bark.

Thus spake the virtuous sage: and then  
Ráma addressed the king of men.  
In laws of meek behaviour bred,  
Thus to his sire he meekly said:

"King, I renounce all earthly care,  
And live in woods on woodland fare.  
What, dead to joys, have I to do  
With lordly train and retinue!  
Who gives his elephant and yet  
Upon the girths his heart will set?  
How can a cord attract his eyes  
Who gives away the nobler prize?  
Best of the good, with me be led  
No host, my King with banners spread.  
All wealth, all lordship I resign:  
The hermit's dress alone be mine.  
Before I go, have here conveyed  
A little basket and a spade.  
With these alone I go, content,  
For fourteen years of banishment."

With her own hands Kaikeyí took  
 The hermit coats of bark, and, "Look,"  
 She cried with bold unblushing brow  
 Before the concourse, "Dress thee now."  
 That lion leader of the brave  
 Took from her hand the dress she gave,  
 Cast his fine raiment on the ground,  
 And round his waist the vesture bound.  
 Then quick the hero Lakshmaṇ too  
 His garment from his shoulders threw,  
 And, in the presence of his sire,  
 Indued the ascetic's rough attire.  
 But Sítá, in her silks arrayed,  
 Threw glances, trembling and afraid,  
 On the bark coat she had to wear,  
 Like a shy doe that eyes the snare.  
 Ashamed and weeping for distress  
 From the queen's hand she took the dress.  
 The fair one, by her husband's side  
 Who matched heaven's minstrel monarch,<sup>312</sup> cried:  
 "How bind they on their woodland dress,  
 Those hermits of the wilderness?"

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There stood the pride of Janak's race  
 Perplexed, with sad appealing face.  
 One coat the lady's fingers grasped,  
 One round her neck she feebly clasped,  
 But failed again, again, confused  
 By the wild garb she ne'er had used.  
 Then quickly hastening Ráma, pride  
 Of all who cherish virtue, tied  
 The rough bark mantle on her, o'er  
 The silken raiment that she wore.

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<sup>312</sup> Chitraratha, King of the celestial choristers.

Then the sad women when they saw  
 Ráma the choice bark round her draw,  
 Rained water from each tender eye,  
 And cried aloud with bitter cry:  
 “O, not on her, beloved, not  
 On Sítá falls thy mournful lot.  
 If, faithful to thy father's will,  
 Thou must go forth, leave Sítá still.  
 Let Sítá still remaining here  
 Our hearts with her loved presence cheer.  
 With Lakshmaṇ by thy side to aid  
 Seek thou, dear son, the lonely shade.  
 Unmeet, one good and fair as she  
 Should dwell in woods a devotee.  
 Let not our prayers be prayed in vain:  
 Let beauteous Sítá yet remain;  
 For by thy love of duty tied  
 Thou wilt not here thyself abide.”

Then the king's venerable guide  
 Vaśishṭha, when he saw each coat  
 Enclose the lady's waist and throat,  
 Her zeal with gentle words repressed,  
 And Queen Kaikeyí thus addressed:  
 “O evil-hearted sinner, shame  
 Of royal Kekaya's race and name;  
 Who matchless in thy sin couldst cheat  
 Thy lord the king with vile deceit;  
 Lost to all sense of duty, know  
 Sítá to exile shall not go.  
 Sítá shall guard, as 'twere her own,  
 The precious trust of Ráma's throne.  
 Those joined by wedlock's sweet control  
 Have but one self and common soul.

Thus Sítá shall our empress be,  
For Rámá's self and soul is she.  
Or if she still to Rámá cleave  
And for the woods the kingdom leave:  
If naught her loving heart deter,  
We and this town will follow her.  
The warders of the queen shall take  
Their wives and go for Rámá's sake,  
The nation with its stores of grain,  
The city's wealth shall swell his train.  
Bharat, Śatrughna both will wear  
Bark mantles, and his lodging share,  
Still with their elder brother dwell  
In the wild wood, and serve him well.  
Rest here alone, and rule thy state  
Unpeopled, barren, desolate;  
Be empress of the land and trees,  
Thou sinner whom our sorrows please.  
The land which Rámá reigns not o'er  
Shall bear the kingdom's name no more:  
The woods which Rámá wanders through  
Shall be our home and kingdom too.  
Bharat, be sure, will never deign  
O'er realms his father yields, to reign.  
Nay, if the king's true son he be,  
He will not, sonlike, dwell with thee.  
Nay, shouldst thou from the earth arise,  
And send thy message from the skies,  
To his forefathers' custom true  
No erring course would he pursue.  
So hast thou, by thy grievous fault,  
Offended him thou wouldst exalt.  
In all the world none draws his breath  
Who loves not Rámá, true to death.

This day, O Queen, shalt thou behold  
 Birds, deer, and beasts from lea and fold  
 Turn to the woods in Ráma's train.  
 And naught save longing trees remain."

## Canto XXXVIII. Care For Kausalyá

Then when the people wroth and sad  
 Saw Sítá in bark vesture clad,  
 Though wedded, like some widowed thing,  
 They cried out, "Shame upon thee, King!"  
 Grieved by their cry and angry look  
 The lord of earth at once forsook  
 All hope in life that still remained,  
 In duty, self, and fame unstained.  
 Ikshváku's son with burning sighs  
 On Queen Kaikeyí bent his eyes,  
 And said: "But Sítá must not flee  
 In garments of a devotee.  
 My holy guide has spoken truth:  
 Unfit is she in tender youth,  
 So gently nurtured, soft and fair,  
 The hardships of the wood to share.  
 How has she sinned, devout and true,  
 The noblest monarch's child,  
 That she should garb of bark indue  
 And journey to the wild?  
 That she should spend her youthful days  
 Amid a hermit band,  
 Like some poor mendicant who strays  
 Sore troubled, through the land?"

Ah, let the child of Janak throw  
 Her dress of bark aside,  
 And let the royal lady go  
 With royal wealth supplied.  
 Not such the pledge I gave before,  
 Unfit to linger here:  
 The oath, which I the sinner swore  
 Is kept, and leaves her clear.  
 Won from her childlike love this too  
 My instant death would be,  
 As blossoms on the old bamboo  
 Destroy the parent tree.<sup>313</sup>

If aught amiss by Ráma done  
 Offend thee, O thou wicked one,  
 What least transgression canst thou find  
 In her, thou worst of womankind?  
 What shade of fault in her appears,  
 Whose full soft eye is like the deer's?  
 What canst thou blame in Janak's child,  
 So gentle, modest, true, and mild?  
 Is not one crime complete, that sent  
 My Ráma forth to banishment?  
 And wilt thou other sins commit,  
 Thou wicked one, to double it?  
 This is the pledge and oath I swore,  
 What thou besoughtest, and no more,  
 Of Ráma—for I heard thee, dame—  
 When he for consecration came.  
 Now with this limit not content,  
 In hell should be thy punishment,  
 Who fain the Maithil bride wouldest press  
 To clothe her limbs with hermit dress.”

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<sup>313</sup> It is said that the bamboo dies after flowering.

Thus spake the father in his woe;  
 And Ráma, still prepared to go,  
 To him who sat with drooping head  
 Spake in return these words and said:

“Just King, here stands my mother dear,  
 Kauśalyá, one whom all revere.  
 Submissive, gentle, old is she,  
 And keeps her lips from blame of thee,  
 For her, kind lord, of me bereft  
 A sea of whelming woe is left.  
 O, show her in her new distress  
 Still fonder love and tenderness.  
 Well honoured by thine honoured hand  
 Her grief for me let her withstand,  
 Who wrapt in constant thought of me  
 In me would live a devotee.  
 Peer of Mahendra, O, to her be kind,  
 And treat I pray, my gentle mother so,  
 That, when I dwell afar, her life resigned,  
 She may not pass to Yáma's realm for woe.”

## Canto XXXIX. Counsel To Sítá.

Scarce had the sire, with each dear queen,  
 Heard Ráma's pleading voice, and seen  
 His darling in his hermit dress  
 Ere failed his senses for distress.  
 Convulsed with woe, his soul that shook,  
 On Raghu's son he could not look;  
 Or if he looked with failing eye

He could not to the chief reply.  
By pangs of bitter grief assailed,  
The long-armed monarch wept and wailed,  
Half dead a while and sore distraught,  
While Ráma filled his every thought.  
“This hand of mine in days ere now  
Has reft her young from many a cow,  
Or living things has idly slain:  
Hence comes, I ween, this hour of pain.  
Not till the hour is come to die  
Can from its shell the spirit fly.  
Death comes not, and Kaikeyí still  
Torments the wretch she cannot kill,  
Who sees his son before him quit  
The fine soft robes his rank that fit,  
And, glorious as the burning fire,  
In hermit garb his limbs attire.  
Now all the people grieve and groan  
Through Queen Kaikeyí's deed alone,  
Who, having dared this deed of sin,  
Strives for herself the gain to win.”

He spoke. With tears his eyes grew dim,  
His senses all deserted him.  
He cried, O Ráma, once, then weak  
And fainting could no further speak.  
Unconscious there he lay: at length  
Regathering his sense and strength,  
While his full eyes their torrents shed,  
To wise Sumantra thus he said:  
“Yoke the light car, and hither lead  
Fleet coursers of the noblest breed,  
And drive this heir of lofty fate  
Beyond the limit of the state.

This seems the fruit that virtues bear,  
 The meed of worth which texts declare—  
 The sending of the brave and good  
 By sire and mother to the wood.”

He heard the monarch, and obeyed,  
 With ready feet that ne'er delayed,  
 And brought before the palace gate  
 The horses and the car of state.  
 Then to the monarch's son he sped,  
 And raising hands of reverence said  
 That the light car which gold made fair,  
 With best of steeds, was standing there.  
 King Daśaratha called in haste  
 The lord o'er all his treasures placed.  
 And spoke, well skilled in place and time,  
 His will to him devoid of crime:  
 “Count all the years she has to live  
 Afar in forest wilds, and give  
 To Sítá robes and gems of price  
 As for the time may well suffice.”  
 Quick to the treasure-room he went,  
 Charged by that king most excellent,  
 Brought the rich stores, and gave them all  
 To Sítá in the monarch's hall.  
 The Maithil dame of high descent  
 Received each robe and ornament,  
 And tricked those limbs, whose lines foretold  
 High destiny, with gems and gold.  
 So well adorned, so fair to view,  
 A glory through the hall she threw:  
 So, when the Lord of Light upsprings,  
 His radiance o'er the sky he flings.  
 Then Queen Kauśalyá spake at last,

With loving arms about her cast,  
Pressed lingering kisses on her head,  
And to the high-souled lady said:  
“Ah, in this faithless world below  
When dark misfortune comes and woe,  
Wives, loved and cherished every day,  
Neglect their lords and disobey.  
Yes, woman's nature still is this:—  
After long days of calm and bliss  
When some light grief her spirit tries,  
She changes all her love, or flies.  
Young wives are thankless, false in soul,  
With roving hearts that spurn control.  
Brooding on sin and quickly changed,  
In one short hour their love estranged.  
Not glorious deed or lineage fair,  
Not knowledge, gift, or tender care  
In chains of lasting love can bind  
A woman's light inconstant mind.  
But those good dames who still maintain  
What right, truth, Scripture, rule ordain—  
No holy thing in their pure eyes  
With one beloved husband vies.  
Nor let thy lord my son, condemned  
To exile, be by thee contemned,  
For be he poor or wealthy, he  
Is as a God, dear child, to thee.”

When Sítá heard Kauśalyá's speech  
Her duty and her gain to teach,  
She joined her palms with reverent grace  
And gave her answer face to face:  
“All will I do, forgetting naught,  
Which thou, O honoured Queen, hast taught.

I know, have heard, and deep have stored  
The rules of duty to my lord.  
Not me, good Queen, shouldst thou include  
Among the faithless multitude.  
Its own sweet light the moon shall leave  
Ere I to duty cease to cleave.  
The stringless lute gives forth no strain,  
The wheelless car is urged in vain;  
No joy a lordless dame, although  
Blest with a hundred sons, can know.  
From father, brother, and from son  
A measured share of joy is won:  
Who would not honour, love, and bless  
Her lord, whose gifts are measureless?  
Thus trained to think, I hold in awe  
Scripture's command and duty's law.  
Him can I hold in slight esteem?  
Her lord is woman's God, I deem.”  
Kauśalyá heard the lady's speech,  
Nor failed those words her heart to reach.  
Then, pure in mind, she gave to flow  
The tear that sprang of joy and woe.  
Then duteous Ráma forward came  
And stood before the honoured dame,  
And joining reverent hands addressed  
The queen in rank above the rest:  
“O mother, from these tears refrain;  
Look on my sire and still thy pain.  
To thee my days afar shall fly  
As if sweet slumber closed thine eye,  
And fourteen years of exile seem  
To thee, dear mother, like a dream.  
On me returning safe and well,  
Girt by my friends, thine eyes shall dwell.”

Thus for their deep affection's sake  
The hero to his mother spake,  
Then to the half seven hundred too,  
Wives of his sire, paid reverence due.  
Thus Daśaratha's son addressed  
That crowd of matrons sore distressed:  
“If from these lips, while here I dwelt,  
One heedless taunt you e'er have felt,  
Forgive me, pray. And now adieu,  
I bid good-bye to all of you.”  
Then straight, like curlews' cries, upwent  
The voices of their wild lament,  
While, as he bade farewell, the crowd  
Of royal women wept aloud,  
And through the ample hall's extent.  
Where erst the sound of tabour, blent  
With drum and shrill-toned instrument,  
In joyous concert rose,  
Now rang the sound of wailing high,  
The lamentation and the cry,  
The shriek, the choking sob, the sigh  
That told the ladies' woes.

## Canto XL. Ráma's Departure.

Then Ráma, Sítá, Lakshmaṇ bent  
At the king's feet, and sadly went

Round him with slow steps reverent.  
 When Ráma of the duteous heart  
 Had gained his sire's consent to part,  
 With Sítá by his side he paid  
 Due reverence to the queen dismayed.  
 And Lakshmaṇ, with affection meet,  
 Bowed down and clasped his mother's feet.  
 Sumitrá viewed him as he pressed  
 Her feet, and thus her son addressed:  
 "Neglect not Ráma wandering there,  
 But tend him with thy faithful care.  
 In hours of wealth, in time of woe,  
 Him, sinless son, thy refuge know.  
 From this good law the just ne'er swerve,  
 That younger sons the eldest serve,  
 And to this righteous rule incline  
 All children of thine ancient line—  
 Freely to give, reward each rite,  
 Nor spare their bodies in the fight.  
 Let Ráma Daśaratha be,  
 Look upon Sítá as on me,  
 And let the cot wherein you dwell  
 Be thine Ayodhyá. Fare thee well."  
 Her blessing thus Sumitrá gave  
 To him whose soul to Ráma clave,  
 Exclaiming, when her speech was done,  
 "Go forth, O Lakshmaṇ, go, my son.  
 Go forth, my son to win success,  
 High victory and happiness.  
 Go forth thy foemen to destroy,  
 And turn again at last with joy."

As Mátali his charioteer  
 Speaks for the Lord of Gods to hear,

Sumantra, palm to palm applied,  
In reverence trained, to Ráma cried:  
“O famous Prince, my car ascend,—  
May blessings on thy course attend,—  
And swiftly shall my horses flee  
And place thee where thou biddest me.  
The fourteen years thou hast to stay  
Far in the wilds, begin to-day;  
For Queen Kaikeyí cries, Away.”

Then Sítá, best of womankind,  
Ascended, with a tranquil mind,  
Soon as her toilet task was done,  
That chariot brilliant as the sun.  
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ true and bold  
Sprang on the car adorned with gold.  
The king those years had counted o'er,  
And given Sítá robes and store  
Of precious ornaments to wear  
When following her husband there.  
The brothers in the car found place  
For nets and weapons of the chase,  
There warlike arms and mail they laid,  
A leather basket and a spade.  
Soon as Sumantra saw the three  
Were seated in the chariot, he  
Urged on each horse of noble breed,  
Who matched the rushing wind in speed.  
As thus the son of Raghu went  
Forth for his dreary banishment,  
Chill numbing grief the town assailed,  
All strength grew weak, all spirit failed,  
Ayodhyá through her wide extent  
Was filled with tumult and lament:

Steeds neighed and shook the bells they bore,  
Each elephant returned a roar.  
Then all the city, young and old,  
Wild with their sorrow uncontrolled,  
Rushed to the car, as, from the sun  
The panting herds to water run.  
Before the car, behind, they clung,  
And there as eagerly they hung,  
With torrents streaming from their eyes,  
Called loudly with repeated cries:  
“Listen, Sumantra: draw thy rein;  
Drive gently, and thy steeds restrain.  
Once more on Ráma will we gaze,  
Now to be lost for many days.  
The queen his mother has, be sure,  
A heart of iron, to endure  
To see her godlike Ráma go,  
Nor feel it shattered by the blow.  
Sítá, well done! Videha's pride,  
Still like his shadow by his side;  
Rejoicing in thy duty still  
As sunlight cleaves to Meru's hill.  
Thou, Lakshman, too, hast well deserved,  
Who from thy duty hast not swerved,  
Tending the peer of Gods above,  
Whose lips speak naught but words of love.  
Thy firm resolve is nobly great,  
And high success on thee shall wait.  
Yea, thou shalt win a priceless meed—  
Thy path with him to heaven shall lead.”  
As thus they spake, they could not hold  
The tears that down their faces rolled,  
While still they followed for a space  
Their darling of Ikshváku's race.

There stood surrounded by a ring  
Of mournful wives the mournful king;  
For, "I will see once more," he cried,  
"Mine own dear son," and forth he hied.  
As he came near, there rose the sound  
Of weeping, as the dames stood round.  
So the she-elephants complain  
When their great lord and guide is slain.  
Kakutstha's son, the king of men,  
The glorious sire, looked troubled then,  
As the full moon is when dismayed  
By dark eclipse's threatening shade.  
Then Daśaratha's son, designed  
For highest fate of lofty mind,  
Urged to more speed the charioteer,  
"Away, away! why linger here?  
Urge on thy horses," Rama cried,  
And "Stay, O stay," the people sighed.  
Sumantra, urged to speed away,  
The townsmen's call must disobey,  
Forth as the long-armed hero went,  
The dust his chariot wheels up sent  
Was laid by streams that ever flowed  
From their sad eyes who filled the road.  
Then, sprung of woe, from eyes of all  
The women drops began to fall,  
As from each lotus on the lake  
The darting fish the water shake.  
When he, the king of high renown,  
Saw that one thought held all the town,  
Like some tall tree he fell and lay,  
Whose root the axe has hewn away.  
Then straight a mighty cry from those  
Who followed Ráma's car arose,

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Who saw their monarch fainting there  
Beneath that grief too great to bear.  
Then “Ráma, Ráma!” with the cry  
Of “Ah, his mother!” sounded high,  
As all the people wept aloud  
Around the ladies' sorrowing crowd.  
When Ráma backward turned his eye,  
And saw the king his father lie  
With troubled sense and failing limb,  
And the sad queen, who followed him,  
Like some young creature in the net,  
That will not, in its misery, let  
Its wild eyes on its mother rest,  
So, by the bonds of duty pressed,  
His mother's look he could not meet.  
He saw them with their weary feet,  
Who, used to bliss, in cars should ride,  
Who ne'er by sorrow should be tried,  
And, as one mournful look he cast,  
“Drive on,” he cried, “Sumantra, fast.”  
As when the driver's torturing hook  
Goads on an elephant, the look  
Of sire and mother in despair  
Was more than Ráma's heart could bear.  
As mother kine to stalls return  
Which hold the calves for whom they yearn,  
So to the car she tried to run  
As a cow seeks her little one.  
Once and again the hero's eyes  
Looked on his mother, as with cries  
Of woe she called and gestures wild,  
“O Sítá, Lakshmaṇ, O my child!”  
“Stay,” cried the king, “thy chariot stay:”  
“On, on,” cried Ráma, “speed away.”

As one between two hosts, inclined  
 To neither was Sumantra's mind.  
 But Ráma spake these words again:  
 "A lengthened woe is bitterest pain.  
 On, on; and if his wrath grow hot,  
 Thine answer be, 'I heard thee not.' "  
 Sumantra, at the chief's behest,  
 Dismissed the crowd that toward him pressed,  
 And, as he bade, to swiftest speed  
 Urged on his way each willing steed.  
 The king's attendants parted thence,  
 And paid him heart-felt reverence:  
 In mind, and with the tears he wept,  
 Each still his place near Ráma kept.  
 As swift away the horses sped,  
 His lords to Daśaratha said:  
 "To follow him whom thou again  
 Wouldst see returning home is vain."

With failing limb and drooping mien

He heard their counsel wise:

Still on their son the king and queen

Kept fast their lingering eyes.<sup>314</sup>

## Canto XLI. The Citizens' Lament.

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<sup>314</sup> "Thirty centuries have passed since he began this memorable journey. Every step of it is known and is annually traversed by thousands: hero worship is not extinct. What can Faith do! How strong are the ties of religion when entwined with the legends of a country! How many a cart creeps creaking and weary along the road from Ayodhyá to Chitrakút. It is this that gives the Rámáyan a strange interest, the story still lives." *Calcutta Review: Vol. XXIII.*

The lion chief with hands upraised  
Was born from eyes that fondly gazed.  
But then the ladies' bower was rent  
With cries of weeping and lament:  
“Where goes he now, our lord, the sure  
Protector of the friendless poor,  
In whom the wretched and the weak  
Defence and aid were wont to seek?  
All words of wrath he turned aside,  
And ne'er, when cursed, in ire replied.  
He shared his people's woe, and stilled  
The troubled breast which rage had filled.  
Our chief, on lofty thoughts intent,  
In glorious fame preëminent:  
As on his own dear mother, thus  
He ever looked on each of us.  
Where goes he now? His sire's behest,  
By Queen Kaikeyí's guile distressed,  
Has banished to the forest hence  
Him who was all the world's defence.  
Ah, senseless King, to drive away  
The hope of men, their guard and stay,  
To banish to the distant wood  
Ráma the duteous, true, and good!”  
The royal dames, like cows bereaved  
Of their young calves, thus sadly grieved.  
The monarch heard them as they wailed,  
And by the fire of grief assailed  
For his dear son, he bowed his head,  
And all his sense and memory fled.

Then were no fires of worship fed,  
Thick darkness o'er the sun was spread.  
The cows their thirsty calves denied,

And elephants flung their food aside.  
 Triśanku,<sup>315</sup> Jupiter looked dread,  
 And Mercury and Mars the red,  
 In direful opposition met,  
 The glory of the moon beset.  
 The lunar stars withheld their light,  
 The planets were no longer bright,  
 But meteors with their horrid glare,  
 And dire Viśákhás<sup>316</sup> lit the air.  
 As troubled Ocean heaves and raves  
 When Doom's wild tempest sweeps the waves,  
 Thus all Ayodhyá reeled and bent  
 When Ráma to the forest went.  
 And chilling grief and dark despair  
 Fell suddenly on all men there.  
 Their wonted pastime all forgot,  
 Nor thought of food, or touched it not.  
 Crowds in the royal street were seen  
 With weeping eye and troubled mien:  
 No more a people gay and glad,  
 Each head and heart was sick and sad.  
 No more the cool wind softly blew,  
 The moon no more was fair to view,  
 No more the sun with genial glow  
 Cherished the world now plunged in woe.  
 Sons, brothers, husbands, wedded wives  
 Forgot the ties that joined their lives;  
 No thought for kith and kin was spared,  
 But all for only Ráma cared.  
 And Ráma's friends who loved him best,  
 Their minds disordered and distressed.  
 By the great burthen of their woes

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<sup>315</sup> See p. 72.<sup>316</sup> Four stars of the sixteenth lunar asterism.

Turned not to slumber or repose.  
 Like Earth with all her hills bereft  
     Of Indra's guiding care.  
 Ayodhyá in her sorrow left  
     By him, the high souled heir,  
 Was bowed by fear and sorrow's force,  
     And shook with many a throe,  
 While warrior, elephant, and horse  
     Sent up the cry of woe.

## Canto XLII. Dasaratha's Lament.

While yet the dust was seen afar  
 That marked the course of Ráma's car,  
 The glory of Ikshváku's race  
 Turned not away his eager face.  
 While yet his duteous son he saw  
 He could not once his gaze withdraw,  
 But rooted to the spot remained  
 With eyes that after Ráma strained.  
 But when that dust no more he viewed,  
 Fainting he fell by grief subdued.  
 To his right hand Kauśalyá went,  
 And ready aid the lady lent,  
 While Bharat's loving mother tried  
 To raise him on the other side.  
 The king, within whose ordered soul  
 Justice and virtue held control,  
 To Queen Kaikeyí turned and said,  
 With every sense disquieted:  
 "Touch me not, thou whose soul can plot

All sin. Kaikeyí, touch me not.  
 No loving wife, no friend to me,  
 I ne'er again would look on thee;  
 Ne'er from this day have aught to do  
 With thee and all thy retinue;  
 Thee whom no virtuous thoughts restrain,  
 Whose selfish heart seeks only gain.  
 The hand I laid in mine, O dame,  
 The steps we took around the flame,<sup>317</sup>  
 And all that links thy life to mine  
 Here and hereafter I resign.  
 If Bharat too, thy darling son,  
 Joy in the rule thy art has won,  
 Ne'er may the funeral offerings paid  
 By his false hand approach my shade.”

Then while the dust upon him hung,  
 The monarch to Kauśalyá clung,  
 And she with mournful steps and slow  
 Turned to the palace, worn with woe.  
 As one whose hand has touched the fire,  
 Or slain a Bráhmaṇ in his ire,  
 He felt his heart with sorrow torn  
 Still thinking of his son forlorn.  
 Each step was torture, as the road  
 The traces of the chariot showed,  
 And as the shadowed sun grows dim  
 So care and anguish darkened him.  
 He raised a cry, by woe distraught,  
 As of his son again he thought.  
 And judging that the car had sped  
 Beyond the city, thus he said:  
 “I still behold the foot-prints made

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<sup>317</sup> In the marriage service.

By the good horses that conveyed  
 My son afar: these marks I see,  
 But high-souled Ráma, where is he?  
 Ah me, my son! my first and best,  
 On pleasant couches wont to rest,  
 With limbs perfumed with sandal, fanned  
 By many a beauty's tender hand:  
 Where will he lie with log or stone  
 Beneath him for a pillow thrown,  
 To leave at morn his earthy bed,  
 Neglected, and with dust o'erspread,  
 As from the flood with sigh and pant  
 Comes forth the husband elephant?  
 The men who make the woods their home  
 Shall see the long-armed hero roam  
 Roused from his bed, though lord of all,  
 In semblance of a friendless thrall.  
 Janak's dear child who ne'er has met  
 With aught save joy and comfort yet,  
 Will reach to-day the forest, worn  
 And wearied with the brakes of thorn.  
 Ah, gentle girl, of woods unskilled,  
 How will her heart with dread be filled  
 At the wild beasts' deep roaring there,  
 Whose voices lift the shuddering hair!  
 Kaikeyí, glory in thy gain,  
 And, widow queen, begin to reign:  
 No will, no power to live have I  
 When my brave son no more is nigh."

Thus pouring forth laments, the king  
 Girt by the people's crowded ring,  
 Entered the noble bower like one  
 New-bathed when funeral rites are done.

Where'er he looked naught met his gaze  
 But empty houses, courts, and ways.  
 Closed were the temples: countless feet  
 No longer trod the royal street,  
 And thinking of his son he viewed  
 Men weak and worn and woe-subdued.  
 As sinks the sun into a cloud,  
 So passed he on, and wept aloud,  
 Within that house no more to be  
 The dwelling of the banished three,  
 Brave Ráma, his Vedehan bride,  
 And Lakshmaṇ by his brother's side:  
 Like broad still waters, when the king  
 Of all the birds that ply the wing  
 Has swooped from heaven and borne away  
 The glittering snakes that made them gay.  
 With choking sobs and voice half spent  
 The king renewed his sad lament:  
 With broken utterance faint and low  
 Scarce could he speak these words of woe:  
 "My steps to Ráma's mother guide,  
 And place me by Kauśalyá's side:  
 There, only there my heart may know  
 Some little respite from my woe."

The warders of the palace led  
 The monarch, when his words were said,  
 To Queen Kauśalyá's bower, and there  
 Laid him with reverential care.  
 But while he rested on the bed  
 Still was his soul disquieted.  
 In grief he tossed his arms on high  
 Lamenting with a piteous cry:  
 "O Ráma, Ráma," thus said he,

“My son, thou hast forsaken me.  
 High bliss awaits those favoured men  
 Left living in Ayodhyá then,  
 Whose eyes shall see my son once more  
 Returning when the time is o'er.”  
 Then came the night, whose hated gloom  
 Fell on him like the night of doom.  
 At midnight Daśaratha cried  
 To Queen Kauśalyá by his side:  
 “I see thee not, Kauśalyá; lay  
 Thy gentle hand in mine, I pray.  
 When Ráma left his home my sight  
 Went with him, nor returns to-night.”

### Canto XLIII. Kausalyá's Lament.

Kauśalyá saw the monarch lie  
 With drooping frame and failing eye,  
 And for her banished son distressed  
 With these sad words her lord addressed:  
 “Kaikeyí, cruel, false, and vile  
 Has cast the venom of her guile  
 On Ráma lord of men, and she  
 Will ravage like a snake set free;  
 And more and more my soul alarm,  
 Like a dire serpent bent on harm,  
 For triumph crowns each dark intent,  
 And Ráma to the wild is sent.  
 Ah, were he doomed but here to stray  
 Begging his food from day to day,  
 Or do, enslaved, Kaikeyí's will,

This were a boon, a comfort still.  
 But she, as chose her cruel hate,  
 Has hurled him from his high estate,  
 As Bráhmans when the moon is new  
 Cast to the ground the demons' due.<sup>318</sup>  
 The long-armed hero, like the lord  
 Of Nágas, with his bow and sword  
 Begins, I ween, his forest life  
 With Lakshmaṇ and his faithful wife.  
 Ah, how will fare the exiles now,  
 Whom, moved by Queen Kaikeyí, thou  
 Hast sent in forests to abide,  
 Bred in delights, by woe untried?  
 Far banished when their lives are young,  
 With the fair fruit before them hung,  
 Deprived of all their rank that suits,  
 How will they live on grain and roots?  
 O, that my years of woe were passed,  
 And the glad hour were come at last  
 When I shall see my children dear,  
 Ráma, his wife, and Lakshmaṇ here!  
 When shall Ayodhyá, wild with glee,  
 Again those mighty heroes see,  
 And decked with wreaths her banners wave  
 To welcome home the true and brave?  
 When will the beautiful city view  
 With happy eyes the lordly two  
 Returning, joyful as the main  
 When the dear moon is full again?  
 When, like some mighty bull who leads  
 The cow exulting through the meads,  
 Will Ráma through the city ride,

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<sup>318</sup> The husks and chaff of the rice offered to the Gods.

Strong-armed, with Sítá at his side?  
 When will ten thousand thousand meet  
 And crowd Ayodhyá's royal street,  
 And grain in joyous welcome throw  
 Upon my sons who tame the foe?  
 When with delight shall youthful bands  
 Of Bráhmaṇ maidens in their hands  
 Bear fruit and flowers in goodly show,  
 And circling round Ayodhyá go?  
 With ripened judgment of a sage,  
 And godlike in his blooming age,  
 When shall my virtuous son appear,  
 Like kindly rain, our hearts to cheer?  
 Ah, in a former life, I ween,  
 This hand of mine, most base and mean,  
 Has dried the udders of the kine  
 And left the thirsty calves to pine.  
 Hence, as the lion robs the cow,  
 Kaikeyí makes me childless now,  
 Exulting from her feebler foe  
 To rend the son she cherished so.  
 I had but him, in Scripture skilled,  
 With every grace his soul was filled.  
 Now not a joy has life to give,  
 And robbed of him I would not live:  
 Yea, all my days are dark and drear  
 If he, my darling, be not near,  
 And Lakshmaṇ brave, my heart to cheer.  
 As for my son I mourn and yearn,  
 The quenchless flames of anguish burn  
     And kill me with the pain,  
 As in the summer's noontide blaze  
 The glorious Day-God with his rays  
     Consumes the parching plain."

## Canto XLIV. Sumitrá's Speech.

Kauśalyá ceased her sad lament,  
Of beauteous dames most excellent.  
Sumitrá who to duty clave,  
In righteous words this answer gave:  
“Dear Queen, all noble virtues grace  
Thy son, of men the first in place.  
Why dost thou shed these tears of woe  
With bitter grief lamenting so?  
If Ráma, leaving royal sway  
Has hastened to the woods away,  
'Tis for his high-souled father's sake  
That he his premise may not break.  
He to the path of duty clings  
Which lordly fruit hereafter brings—  
The path to which the righteous cleave—  
For him, dear Queen, thou shouldst not grieve.  
And Lakshmaṇ too, the blameless-souled,  
The same high course with him will hold,  
And mighty bliss on him shall wait,  
So tenderly compassionate.  
And Sítá, bred with tender care,  
Well knows what toils await her there,  
But in her love she will not part  
From Ráma of the virtuous heart.  
Now has thy son through all the world  
The banner of his fame unfurled;  
True, modest, careful of his vow,  
What has he left to aim at now?  
The sun will mark his mighty soul,  
His wisdom, sweetness, self-control,  
Will spare from pain his face and limb,  
And with soft radiance shine for him.

For him through forest glades shall spring  
A soft auspicious breeze, and bring  
Its tempered heat and cold to play  
Around him ever night and day.  
The pure cold moonbeams shall delight  
The hero as he sleeps at night,  
And soothe him with the soft caress  
Of a fond parent's tenderness.  
To him, the bravest of the brave,  
His heavenly arms the Bráhman gave,  
When fierce Suváhu dyed the plain  
With his life-blood by Ráma slain.  
Still trusting to his own right arm  
Thy hero son will fear no harm:  
As in his father's palace, he  
In the wild woods will dauntless be.  
Whene'er he lets his arrows fly  
His stricken foemen fall and die:  
And is that prince of peerless worth  
Too weak to keep and sway the earth?  
His sweet pure soul, his beauty's charm,  
His hero heart, his warlike arm,  
Will soon redeem his rightful reign  
When from the woods he comes again.  
The Bráhmans on the prince's head  
King-making drops shall quickly shed,  
And Sítá, Earth, and Fortune share  
The glories which await the heir.  
For him, when forth his chariot swept,  
The crowd that thronged Ayodhyá wept,  
With agonizing woe distressed.  
With him in hermit's mantle dressed  
In guise of Sítá Lakshmí went,  
And none his glory may prevent.

Yea, naught to him is high or hard,  
 Before whose steps, to be his guard,  
 Lakshman, the best who draws the bow,  
 With spear, shaft, sword rejoiced to go.  
 His wanderings in the forest o'er,  
 Thine eyes shall see thy son once more,  
 Quit thy faint heart, thy grief dispel,  
 For this, O Queen, is truth I tell.  
 Thy son returning, moonlike, thence,  
 Shall at thy feet do reverence,  
 And, blest and blameless lady, thou  
 Shalt see his head to touch them bow,  
 Yea, thou shalt see thy son made king  
 When he returns with triumphing,  
 And how thy happy eyes will brim  
 With tears of joy to look on him!  
 Thou, blameless lady, shouldst the whole  
 Of the sad people here console:  
 Why in thy tender heart allow  
 This bitter grief to harbour now?  
 As the long banks of cloud distil  
 Their water when they see the hill,  
 So shall the drops of rapture run  
 From thy glad eyes to see thy son  
 Returning, as he lowly bends  
 To greet thee, girt by all his friends."

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Thus soothing, kindly eloquent,  
 With every hopeful argument  
 Kauśalyá's heart by sorrow rent,  
 Fair Queen Sumitrá ceased.  
 Kauśalyá heard each pleasant plea,  
 And grief began to leave her free,  
 As the light clouds of autumn flee,

Their watery stores decreased.

## Canto XLV. The Tamasá.

Their tender love the people drew  
To follow Ráma brave and true,  
The high-souled hero, as he went  
Forth from his home to banishment.  
The king himself his friends obeyed,  
And turned him homeward as they prayed.  
But yet the people turned not back,  
Still close on Ráma's chariot track.  
For they who in Ayodhyá dwelt  
For him such fond affection felt,  
Decked with all grace and glories high,  
The dear full moon of every eye.  
Though much his people prayed and wept,  
Kakutstha's son his purpose kept,  
And still his journey would pursue  
To keep the king his father true.  
Deep in the hero's bosom sank  
Their love, whose signs his glad eye drank.  
He spoke to cheer them, as his own  
Dear children, in a loving tone:  
“If ye would grant my fond desire,  
Give Bharat now that love entire  
And reverence shown to me by all  
Who dwell within Ayodhyá's wall.  
For he, Kaikeyí's darling son,  
His virtuous career will run,  
And ever bound by duty's chain

Consult your weal and bliss and gain.  
In judgment old, in years a child,  
With hero virtues meek and mild,  
A fitting lord is he to cheer  
His people and remove their fear.  
In him all kingly gifts abound,  
More noble than in me are found:  
Imperial prince, well proved and tried—  
Obey him as your lord and guide.  
And grant, I pray, the boon I ask:  
To please the king be still your task,  
That his fond heart, while I remain  
Far in the wood, may feel no pain.”

The more he showed his will to tread  
The path where filial duty led,  
The more the people, round him thronged,  
For their dear Ráma's empire longed.  
Still more attached his followers grew,  
As Ráma, with his brother, drew  
The people with his virtues' ties,  
Lamenting all with tear-dimmed eyes.  
The saintly twice-born, triply old  
In glory, knowledge, seasons told,  
With hoary heads that shook and bowed,  
Their voices raised and spake aloud:  
“O steeds, who best and noblest are,  
Who whirl so swiftly Ráma's car,  
Go not, return: we call on you:  
Be to your master kind and true.  
For speechless things are swift to hear,  
And naught can match a horse's ear,  
O generous steeds, return, when thus  
You hear the cry of all of us.

Each vow he keeps most firm and sure,  
 And duty makes his spirit pure.  
 Back with our chief! not wood-ward hence;  
 Back to his royal residence!”

Soon as he saw the aged band.  
 Exclaiming in their misery, stand,  
 And their sad cries around him rang,  
 Swift from his chariot Ráma sprang.  
 Then, still upon his journey bent,  
 With Sítá and with Lakshmaṇ went  
 The hero by the old men's side  
 Suiting to theirs his shortened stride.  
 He could not pass the twice-born throng  
 As weariedly they walked along:  
 With pitying heart, with tender eye,  
 He could not in his chariot fly.  
 When the steps of Ráma viewed  
 That still his onward course pursued,  
 Woe shook the troubled heart of each,  
 And burnt with grief they spoke this speech—

“With thee, O Ráma, to the wood  
 All Bráhmans go and Bráhmanhood:  
 Borne on our aged shoulders, see,  
 Our fires of worship go with thee.  
 Bright canopies that lend their shade  
 In Vájapeya<sup>319</sup> rites displayed,  
 In plenteous store are borne behind  
 Like cloudlets in the autumn wind.  
 No shelter from the sun hast thou,  
 And, lest his fury burn thy brow,  
 These sacrificial shades we bear

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<sup>319</sup> An important sacrifice at which seventeen victims were immolated.

Shall aid thee in the noontide glare.  
Our hearts, who ever loved to pore  
On sacred text and Vedic lore,  
Now all to thee, beloved, turn,  
And for a life in forests yearn.  
Deep in our aged bosoms lies  
The Vedas' lore, the wealth we prize,  
There still, like wives at home, shall dwell,  
Whose love and truth protect them well.  
To follow thee our hearts are bent;  
We need not plan or argument.  
All else in duty's law we slight,  
For following thee is following right.  
O noble Prince, retrace thy way:  
O, hear us, Ráma, as we lay,  
With many tears and many prayers,  
Our aged heads and swan-white hairs  
Low in the dust before thy feet;  
O, hear us, Ráma, we entreat.  
Full many of these who with thee run,  
Their sacred rites had just begun.  
Unfinished yet those rites remain;  
But finished if thou turn again.  
All rooted life and things that move  
To thee their deep affection prove.  
To them, when warmed by love, they glow  
And sue to thee, some favour show,  
Each lowly bush, each towering tree  
Would follow too for love of thee.  
Bound by its root it must remain;  
But—all it can—its boughs complain,  
As when the wild wind rushes by  
It tells its woe in groan and sigh.  
No more through air the gay birds flit,

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But, foodless, melancholy sit  
 Together on the branch and call  
 To thee whose kind heart feels for all."

As wailed the aged Bráhmans, bent  
 To turn him back, with wild lament,  
 Seemed Tamasá herself to aid,  
 Checking his progress, as they prayed.  
 Sumantra from the chariot freed  
 With ready hand each weary steed;  
 He groomed them with the utmost heed,

Their limbs he bathed and dried,  
 Then led them forth to drink and feed  
 At pleasure in the grassy mead  
 That fringed the river side.

## Canto XLVI. The Halt.

When Ráma, chief of Raghu's race,  
 Arrived at that delightful place,  
 He looked on Sítá first, and then  
 To Lakshman spake the lord of men:  
 "Now first the shades of night descend  
 Since to the wilds our steps we bend.  
 Joy to thee, brother! do not grieve  
 For our dear home and all we leave.  
 The woods unpeopled seem to weep  
 Around us, as their tenants creep  
 Or fly to lair and den and nest,  
 Both bird and beast, to seek their rest.

Methinks Ayodhyá's royal town  
Where dwells my sire of high renown,  
With all her men and dames to-night  
Will mourn us vanished from their sight.  
For, by his virtues won, they cling  
In fond affection to their king,  
And thee and me, O brave and true,  
And Bharat and Šatruघna too.  
I for my sire and mother feel  
Deep sorrow o'er my bosom steal,  
Lest mourning us, oppressed with fears,  
They blind their eyes with endless tears.  
Yet Bharat's duteous love will show  
Sweet comfort in their hours of woe,  
And with kind words their hearts sustain,  
Suggesting duty, bliss, and gain.  
I mourn my parents now no more:  
I count dear Bharat's virtues o'er,  
And his kind love and care dispel  
The doubts I had, and all is well.  
And thou thy duty wouldest not shun,  
And, following me, hast nobly done;  
Else, bravest, I should need a band  
Around my wife as guard to stand.  
On this first night, my thirst to slake,  
Some water only will I take:  
Thus, brother, thus my will decides,  
Though varied store the wood provides.”

Thus having said to Lakshmaṇ, he  
Addressed in turn Sumantra: “Be  
Most diligent to-night, my friend,  
And with due care thy horses tend.”  
The sun had set: Sumantra tied

His noble horses side by side,  
 Gave store of grass with liberal hand,  
 And rested near them on the strand.  
 Each paid the holy evening rite,  
 And when around them fell the night,  
 The charioteer, with Lakshmaṇ's aid,  
 A lowly bed for Ráma laid.  
 To Lakshmaṇ Ráma bade adieu,  
 And then by Sítá's side he threw  
 His limbs upon the leafy bed  
 Their care upon the bank had spread.  
 When Lakshmaṇ saw the couple slept,  
 Still on the strand his watch he kept,  
 Still with Sumantra there conversed,  
 And Ráma's varied gifts rehearsed.  
 All night he watched, nor sought repose,  
 Till on the earth the sun arose:  
 With him Sumantra stayed awake,  
 And still of Ráma's virtues spake.  
 Thus, near the river's grassy shore  
 Which herds unnumbered wandered o'er,  
 Repose, untroubled, Ráma found,  
 And all the people lay around.  
 The glorious hero left his bed,  
 Looked on the sleeping crowd, and said  
 To Lakshmaṇ, whom each lucky line  
 Marked out for bliss with surest sign:

“O brother Lakshmaṇ, look on these  
 Reclining at the roots of trees;  
 All care of house and home resigned,  
 Caring for us with heart and mind,  
 These people of the city yearn

To see us to our home return:  
 To quit their lives will they consent,  
 But never leave their firm intent.  
 Come, while they all unconscious sleep,  
 Let us upon the chariot leap,  
 And swiftly on our journey speed  
 Where naught our progress may impede,  
 That these fond citizens who roam  
 Far from Ikshváku's ancient home,  
 No more may sleep 'neath bush and tree,  
 Following still for love of me.  
 A prince with tender care should heal  
 The self-brought woes his people feel,  
 And never let his subjects share  
 The burthen he is forced to bear.”

Then Lakshman to the chief replied,  
 Who stood like Justice by his side:  
 “Thy rede, O sage, I well commend:  
 Without delay the car ascend.”  
 Then Ráma to Sumantra spoke:  
 “Thy rapid steeds, I pray thee, yoke.  
 Hence to the forest will I go:  
 Away, my lord, and be not slow.”

Sumantra, urged to utmost speed,  
 Yoked to the car each generous steed,  
 And then, with hand to hand applied,  
 He came before the chief and cried:  
 “Hail, Prince, whom mighty arms adorn,  
 Hail, bravest of the chariot-borne!  
 With Sítá and thy brother thou  
 Mayst mount: the car is ready now.”

The hero climb the car with haste:  
 His bow and gear within were placed,  
 And quick the eddying flood he passed  
 Of Tamasá whose waves run fast.  
 Soon as he touched the farther side,  
 That strong-armed hero, glorified,  
 He found a road both wide and clear,  
 Where e'en the timid naught could fear.  
 Then, that the crowd might be misled,  
 Thus Ráma to Sumantra said:  
 "Speed north a while, then hasten back,  
 Returning in thy former track,  
 That so the people may not learn  
 The course I follow: drive and turn."

Sumantra, at the chief's behest,  
 Quick to the task himself addressed;  
 Then near to Ráma came, and showed  
 The chariot ready for the road.  
 With Sítá, then, the princely two,  
 Who o'er the line of Raghu threw  
 A glory ever bright and new,  
 Upon the chariot stood.  
 Sumantra fast and faster drove  
 His horses, who in fleetness strove  
 Still onward to the distant grove,  
 The hermit-haunted wood.

The people, when the morn shone fair,  
Arose to find no Ráma there.  
Then fear and numbing grief subdued  
The senses of the multitude.  
The woe-born tears were running fast  
As all around their eyes they cast,  
And sadly looked, but found no trace  
Of Ráma, searching every place.  
Bereft of Ráma good and wise,  
With drooping cheer and weeping eyes,  
Each woe-distracted sage gave vent  
To sorrow in his wild lament:  
“Woe worth the sleep that stole our sense  
With its beguiling influence,  
That now we look in vain for him  
Of the broad chest and stalwart limb!  
How could the strong-armed hero, thus  
Deceiving all, abandon us?  
His people so devoted see,  
Yet to the woods, a hermit, flee?  
How can he, wont our hearts to cheer,  
As a fond sire his children dear,—  
How can the pride of Raghu's race  
Fly from us to some desert place!  
Here let us all for death prepare,  
Or on the last great journey fare;<sup>320</sup>  
Of Ráma our dear lord bereft,  
What profit in our lives is left?  
Huge trunks of trees around us lie,  
With roots and branches sere and dry,  
Come let us set these logs on fire  
And throw our bodies on the pyre.

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<sup>320</sup> The great pilgrimage to the Himálayas, in order to die there.

What shall we speak? How can we say  
 We followed Ráma on his way,  
 The mighty chief whose arm is strong,  
 Who sweetly speaks, who thinks no wrong?  
 Ayodhyá's town with sorrow dumb,  
 Without our lord will see us come,  
 And hopeless misery will strike  
 Elder, and child, and dame alike.  
 Forth with that peerless chief we came,  
 Whose mighty heart is aye the same:  
 How, reft of him we love, shall we  
 Returning dare that town to see?"

Complaining thus with varied cry  
 They tossed their aged arms on high,  
 And their sad hearts with grief were wrung,  
 Like cows who sorrow for their young.  
 A while they followed on the road  
 Which traces of his chariot showed,  
 But when at length those traces failed,  
 A deep despair their hearts assailed.  
 The chariot marks no more discerned,  
 The hopeless sages backward turned:  
 "Ah, what is this? What can we more?  
 Fate stops the way, and all is o'er."  
 With wearied hearts, in grief and shame  
 They took the road by which they came,  
 And reached Ayodhyá's city, where  
 From side to side was naught but care.  
 With troubled spirits quite cast down  
 They looked upon the royal town,  
 And from their eyes, oppressed with woe,  
 Their tears again began to flow.  
 Of Ráma reft, the city wore

No look of beauty as before,  
Like a dull river or a lake  
By Garud̄ robbed of every snake.  
Dark, dismal as the moonless sky,  
Or as a sea whose bed is dry,  
So sad, to every pleasure dead,  
They saw the town, disquieted.  
On to their houses, high and vast,  
Where stores of precious wealth were massed,  
The melancholy Bráhmans passed,  
    Their hearts with anguish cleft:  
Aloof from all, they came not near  
To stranger or to kinsman dear,  
Showing in faces blank and drear  
    That not one joy was left.

## Canto XLVIII. The Women's Lament.

When those who forth with Ráma went  
Back to the town their steps had bent,  
It seemed that death had touched and chilled  
Those hearts which piercing sorrow filled.  
Each to his several mansion came,  
And girt by children and his dame,  
From his sad eyes the water shed  
That o'er his cheek in torrents spread.  
All joy was fled: oppressed with cares  
No bustling trader showed his wares.  
Each shop had lost its brilliant look,  
Each householder forbore to cook.  
No hand with joy its earnings told,

None cared to win a wealth of gold,  
And scarce the youthful mother smiled  
To see her first, her new-born child.  
In every house a woman wailed,  
And her returning lord assailed  
With keen taunt piercing like the steel  
That bids the tusked monster kneel:  
“What now to them is wedded dame,  
What house and home and dearest aim,  
Or son, or bliss, or gathered store,  
Whose eyes on Ráma look no more!  
There is but one in all the earth,  
One man alone of real worth,  
Lakshman, who follows, true and good,  
Ráma, with Sítá, through the wood.  
Made holy for all time we deem  
Each pool and fountain, lake and stream,  
If great Kakutstha's son shall choose  
Their water for his bath to use.  
Each forest, dark with lovely trees,  
Shall yearn Kakutstha's son to please;  
Each mountain peak and woody hill,  
Each mighty flood and mazy rill,  
Each rocky height, each shady grove  
Where the blest feet of Ráma rove,  
Shall gladly welcome with the best  
Of all they have their honoured guest.  
The trees that clustering blossoms bear,  
And bright-hued buds to gem their hair,  
The heart of Ráma shall delight,  
And cheer him on the breezy height.  
For him the upland slopes will show  
The fairest roots and fruit that grow,  
And all their wealth before him fling

Ere the due hour of ripening.  
For him each earth-upholding hill  
Its crystal water shall distil,  
And all its floods shall be displayed  
In many a thousand-hued cascade.  
Where Ráma stands is naught to fear,  
No danger comes if he be near;  
For all who live on him depend,  
The world's support, and lord, and friend.  
Ere in too distant wilds he stray,  
Let us to Ráma speed away,  
For rich reward on those will wait  
Who serve a prince of soul so great.  
We will attend on Sítá there;  
Be Raghu's son your special care.”

The city dames, with grief distressed,  
Thus once again their lords addressed:  
“Ráma shall be your guard and guide,  
And Sítá will for us provide.  
For who would care to linger here,  
Where all is sad and dark and drear?  
Who, mid the mourners, hope for bliss  
In a poor soulless town like this?  
If Queen Kaikeyí's treacherous sin,  
Our lord expelled, the kingdom win,  
We heed not sons or golden store,  
Our life itself we prize no more.  
If she, seduced by lust of sway,  
Her lord and son could cast away,  
Whom would she leave unharmed, the base  
Defiler of her royal race?  
We swear it by our children dear,  
We will not dwell as servants here;

If Queen Kaikeyí live to reign,  
 We will not in her realm remain.  
 Bowed down by her oppressive hand,  
 The helpless, lordless, godless land,  
 Cursed for Kaikeyí's guilt will fall,  
 And swift destruction seize it all.

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For, Ráma forced from home to fly,  
 The king his sire will surely die,  
 And when the king has breathed his last  
 Ruin will doubtless follow fast.  
 Sad, robbed of merits, drug the cup  
 And drink the poisoned mixture up,  
 Or share the exiled Ráma's lot,  
 Or seek some land that knows her not.  
 No reason, but a false pretence  
 Drove Ráma, Sítá, Lakshman hence,  
 And we to Bharat have been given  
 Like cattle to the shambles driven."

While in each house the women, pained  
 At loss of Ráma, still complained,  
 Sank to his rest the Lord of Day,  
 And night through all the sky held sway.  
 The fires of worship all were cold,  
 No text was hummed, no tale was told,  
 And shades of midnight gloom came down  
 Enveloping the mournful town.  
 Still, sick at heart, the women shed,  
 As for a son or husband fled,  
 For Ráma tears, disquieted:  
     No child was loved as he.  
 And all Ayodhyá, where the feast,  
 Music, and song, and dance had ceased,  
     And merriment and glee,

Where every merchant's store was closed  
That erst its glittering wares exposed,  
Was like a dried up sea.

## Canto XLIX. The Crossing Of The Rivers.

Now Ráma, ere the night was fled,  
O'er many a league of road had sped,  
Till, as his course he onward held,  
The morn the shades of night dispelled.  
The rites of holy dawn he paid,  
And all the country round surveyed.  
He saw, as still he hurried through  
With steeds which swift as arrows flew,  
Hamlets and groves with blossoms fair,  
And fields which showed the tillers' care,  
While from the clustered dwellings near  
The words of peasants reached his ear:  
“Fie on our lord the king, whose soul  
Is yielded up to love's control!  
Fie on the vile Kaikeyí! Shame  
On that malicious sinful dame,  
Who, keenly bent on cruel deeds,  
No bounds of right and virtue heeds,  
But with her wicked art has sent  
So good a prince to banishment,  
Wise, tender-hearted, ruling well  
His senses, in the woods to dwell.  
Ah cruel king! his heart of steel  
For his own son no love could feel,  
Who with the sinless Ráma parts,

The darling of the people's hearts."

These words he heard the peasants say,  
 Who dwelt in hamlets by the way,  
 And, lord of all the realm by right,  
 Through Kośala pursued his flight.  
 Through the auspicious flood, at last,  
 Of Vedaśruti's stream he passed,  
 And onward to the place he sped  
 By Saint Agastya tenanted.  
 Still on for many an hour he hied,  
 And crossed the stream whose cooling tide  
 Rolls onward till she meets the sea,  
 The herd-frequented Gomati.<sup>321</sup>  
 Borne by his rapid horses o'er,  
 He reached that river's further shore.  
 And Syandiká's, whose swan-loved stream  
 Resounded with the peacock's scream.  
 Then as he journeyed on his road  
 To his Videhan bride he showed  
 The populous land which Manu old  
 To King Ikshváku gave to hold.  
 The glorious prince, the lord of men  
 Looked on the charioteer, and then  
 Voiced like a wild swan, loud and clear,  
 He spake these words and bade him hear:  
 "When shall I, with returning feet  
 My father and my mother meet?  
 When shall I lead the hunt once more  
 In bloomy woods on Sarjú's shore?  
 Most eagerly I long to ride  
 Urging the chase on Sarjú's side.  
 For royal saints have seen no blame

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<sup>321</sup> Known to Europeans as the Goomtee.

In this, the monarch's matchless game."

Thus speeding on,—no rest or stay,—  
Ikshváku's son pursued his way.  
Oft his sweet voice the silence broke,  
And thus on varied themes he spoke.

## Canto L. The Halt Under The Ingudí.<sup>322</sup>

So through the wide and fair extent  
Of Kośala the hero went.  
Then toward Ayodhyá back he gazed,  
And cried, with suppliant hands upraised:  
"Farewell, dear city, first in place,  
Protected by Kakutstha's race!  
And Gods, who in thy temples dwell,  
And keep thine ancient citadel!  
I from his debt my sire will free,  
Thy well-loved towers again will see,  
And, coming from my wild retreat,  
My mother and my father meet."

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Then burning grief inflamed his eye,  
As his right arm he raised on high,  
And, while hot tears his cheek bedewed,  
Addressed the mournful multitude:  
"By love and tender pity moved,  
Your love for me you well have proved;  
Now turn again with joy, and win  
Success in all your hands begin."

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<sup>322</sup> A tree, commonly called *Ingua*.

Before the high souled chief they bent,  
 With circling steps around him went,  
 And then with bitter wailing, they  
 Departed each his several way.  
 Like the great sun engulfed by night,  
 The hero sped beyond their sight,  
 While still the people mourned his fate  
 And wept aloud disconsolate.

The car-borne chieftain passed the bound  
 Of Kośala's delightful ground,  
 Where grain and riches bless the land,  
 And people give with liberal hand:  
 A lovely realm unvexed by fear,  
 Where countless shrines and stakes<sup>323</sup> appear:  
 Where mango-groves and gardens grow,  
 And streams of pleasant water flow:  
 Where dwells content a well-fed race,  
 And countless kine the meadows grace:  
 Filled with the voice of praise and prayer:  
 Each hamlet worth a monarch's care.

Before him three-pathed Gangá rolled  
 Her heavenly waters bright and cold;  
 O'er her pure breast no weeds were spread,  
 Her banks were hermit-visited.

The car-borne hero saw the tide  
 That ran with eddies multiplied,  
 And thus the charioteer addressed:  
 "Here on the bank to-day we rest.  
 Not distant from the river, see!  
 There grows a lofty Ingudí  
 With blossoms thick on every spray:  
 There rest we, charioteer, to-day."

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<sup>323</sup> Sacrificial posts to which the victims were tied.

I on the queen of floods will gaze,  
Whose holy stream has highest praise,  
Where deer, and bird, and glittering snake,  
God, Daitya, bard their pastime take."

Sumantra, Lakshmaṇ gave assent,  
And with the steeds they thither went.  
When Ráma reached the lovely tree,  
With Sítá and with Lakshmaṇ, he  
Alighted from the car: with speed  
Sumantra loosed each weary steed.  
And, hand to hand in reverence laid,  
Stood near to Ráma in the shade.  
Ráma's dear friend, renowned by fame,  
Who of Nisháda lineage came,  
Guha, the mighty chief, adored  
Through all the land as sovereign lord,  
Soon as he heard that prince renowned  
Was resting on Nisháda ground,  
Begirt by counsellor and peer  
And many an honoured friend drew near.  
Soon as the monarch came in view,  
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ toward him flew.  
Then Guha, at the sight distressed,  
His arms around the hero pressed,  
Laid both his hands upon his head  
Bowed to those lotus feet, and said:  
"O Ráma, make thy wishes known,  
And be this kingdom as thine own.  
Who, mighty-armed, will ever see  
A guest so dear as thou to me?"

He placed before him dainty fare  
 Of every flavour, rich and rare,  
 Brought forth the gift for honoured guest,  
 And thus again the chief addressed:  
 “Welcome, dear Prince, whose arms are strong;  
 These lands and all to thee belong.  
 Thy servants we, our lord art thou;  
 Begin, good king, thine empire now.  
 See, various food before thee placed,  
 And cups to drink and sweets to taste  
 For thee soft beds are hither borne,  
 And for thy horses grass and corn.”

To Guha as he pressed and prayed,  
 Thus Raghu's son his answer made:  
 “Twas aye thy care my heart to please  
 With honour, love, and courtesies,  
 And friendship brings thee now to greet  
 Thy guest thus humbly on thy feet.”

Again the hero spake, as round  
 The king his shapely arms he wound:  
 “Guha, I see that all is well  
 With thee and those who with thee dwell;  
 That health and bliss and wealth attend  
 Thy realm, thyself, and every friend.  
 But all these friendly gifts of thine,  
 Bound to refuse, I must decline.  
 Grass, bark, and hide my only wear,  
 And woodland roots and fruit my fare,  
 On duty all my heart is set;  
 I seek the woods, an anchororet.  
 A little grass and corn to feed  
 The horses—this is all I need.

So by this favour, King, alone  
 Shall honour due to me be shown.  
 For these good steeds who brought me here  
 Are to my sire supremely dear;  
 And kind attention paid to these  
 Will honour me and highly please.”

Then Guha quickly bade his train  
 Give water to the steeds, and grain.  
 And Ráma, ere the night grew dark,  
 Paid evening rites in dress of bark,  
 And tasted water, on the strand,  
 Drawn from the stream by Lakshmaṇ's hand.  
 And Lakshmaṇ with observance meet  
 Bathed his beloved brother's feet,  
 Who rested with his Maithil spouse:  
 Then sat him down 'neath distant boughs.  
 And Guha with his bow sat near  
 To Lakshmaṇ and the charioteer,  
 And with the prince conversing kept  
 His faithful watch while Ráma slept.  
 As Daśaratha's glorious heir,  
 Of lofty soul and wisdom rare,  
 Reclining with his Sítá there

Beside the river lay—  
 He who no troubles e'er had seen,  
 Whose life a life of bliss had been—  
 That night beneath the branches green  
 Passed pleasantly away.

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## Canto LI. Lakshman's Lament.

As Lakshmaṇ still his vigil held  
By unaffected love impelled,  
Guha, whose heart the sight distressed,  
With words like these the prince addressed:  
“Beloved youth, this pleasant bed  
Was brought for thee, for thee is spread;  
On this, my Prince, thine eyelids close,  
And heal fatigue with sweet repose.  
My men are all to labour trained,  
But hardship thou hast ne'er sustained.  
All we this night our watch will keep  
And guard Kakutstha's son asleep.  
In all the world there breathes not one  
More dear to me than Raghu's son.  
The words I speak, heroic youth,  
Are true: I swear it by my truth.  
Through his dear grace supreme renown  
Will, so I trust, my wishes crown.  
So shall my life rich store obtain  
Of merit, blest with joy and gain.  
While Raghu's son and Sítá lie  
Entranced in happy slumber, I  
Will, with my trusty bow in hand,  
Guard my dear friend with all my band.  
To me, who oft these forests range,  
Is naught therein or new or strange.  
We could with equal might oppose  
A four-fold army led by foes.”

Then royal Lakshmaṇ made reply:  
“With thee to stand as guardian nigh,  
Whose faithful soul regards the right,  
Fearless we well might rest to-night.  
But how, when Ráma lays his head  
With Sítá on his lowly bed,—  
How can I sleep? how can I care  
For life, or aught that's bright and fair?  
Behold the conquering chief, whose might  
Is match for Gods and fiends in fight;  
With Sítá now he rests his head  
Asleep on grass beneath him spread.  
Won by devotion, text, and prayer,  
And many a rite performed with care,  
Chief of our father's sons he shines  
Well marked, like him, with favouring signs.  
Brief, brief the monarch's life will be  
Now his dear son is forced to flee;  
And quickly will the widowed state  
Mourn for her lord disconsolate.  
Each mourner there has wept her fill;  
The cries of anguish now are still:  
In the king's hall each dame, o'ercome  
With weariness of woe is dumb.  
This first sad night of grief, I ween,  
Will do to death each sorrowing queen:  
Scarce is Kauśalyá left alive;  
My mother, too, can scarce survive.  
If when her heart is fain to break,  
She lingers for Śatrughna's sake,  
Kauśalyá, mother of the chief,  
Must sink beneath the chilling grief.  
That town which countless thousands fill,  
Whose hearts with love of Ráma thrill,—

The world's delight, so rich and fair,—  
 Grieved for the king, his death will share.  
 The hopes he fondly cherished, crossed  
 Ayodhyá's throne to Ráma lost,—  
 With mournful cries, Too late, too late!  
 The king my sire will meet his fate.  
 And when my sire has passed away,  
 Most happy in their lot are they,  
 Allowed, with every pious care,  
 Part in his funeral rites to bear.  
 And O, may we with joy at last,—  
 These years of forest exile past,—  
 Turn to Ayodhyá's town to dwell  
 With him who keeps his promise well!"

While thus the hero mighty-souled,  
 In wild lament his sorrow told,  
 Faint with the load that on him lay,  
 The hours of darkness passed away.  
 As thus the prince, impelled by zeal  
 For his loved brother, prompt to feel  
 Strong yearnings for the people's weal,  
 His words of truth outspake,  
 King Guha grieved to see his woe,  
 Heart-stricken, gave his tears to flow,  
 Tormented by the common blow,  
 Sad, as a wounded snake.

## Canto LII. The Crossing Of Gangá.

Soon as the shades of night had fled,  
 Uprising from his lowly bed,  
 Ráma the famous, broad of chest,  
 His brother Lakshmaṇ thus addressed:  
 “Now swift upsprings the Lord of Light,  
 And fled is venerable night.

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That dark-winged bird the Koīl now  
 Is calling from the topmost bough,  
 And sounding from the thicket nigh  
 Is heard the peacock's early cry.  
 Come, cross the flood that seeks the sea,  
 The swiftly flowing Jáhnaví.”<sup>324</sup>

King Guha heard his speech, agreed,  
 And called his minister with speed:  
 “A boat,” he cried, “swift, strong, and fair,  
 With rudder, oars, and men, prepare,  
 And place it ready by the shore  
 To bear the pilgrims quickly o'er.”  
 Thus Guha spake: his followers all  
 Bestirred them at their master's call;  
 Then told the king that ready manned  
 A gay boat waited near the strand.  
 Then Guha, hand to hand applied,  
 With reverence thus to Ráma cried:  
 “The boat is ready by the shore:  
 How, tell me, can I aid thee more?  
 O lord of men, it waits for thee  
 To cross the flood that seeks the sea.  
 O godlike keeper of thy vow,  
 Embark: the boat is ready now.”

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<sup>324</sup> Daughter of Jahnu, a name of the Ganges. See p. 55.

Then Ráma, lord of glory high,  
 Thus to King Guha made reply:  
 “Thanks for thy gracious care, my lord:  
 Now let the gear be placed on board.”  
 Each bow-armed chief, in mail encased,  
 Bound sword and quiver to his waist,  
 And then with Sítá near them hied  
 Down the broad river's shelving side.  
 Then with raised palms the charioteer,  
 In lowly reverence drawing near,  
 Cried thus to Ráma good and true:  
 “Now what remains for me to do?”

With his right hand, while answering  
 The hero touched his friend:  
 “Go back,” he said, “and on the king  
 With watchful care attend.  
 Thus far, Sumantra, thou wast guide;  
 Now to Ayodhyá turn,” he cried:  
 “Hence seek we leaving steeds and car,  
 On foot the wood that stretches far.”

Sumantra, when, with grieving heart,  
 He heard the hero bid him part,  
 Thus to the bravest of the brave,  
 Ikshváku's son, his answer gave:  
 “In all the world men tell of naught,  
 To match thy deed, by heroes wrought—  
 Thus with thy brother and thy wife  
 Thrall-like to lead a forest life.  
 No meet reward of fruit repays  
 Thy holy lore, thy saintlike days,  
 Thy tender soul, thy love of truth,  
 If woe like this afflicts thy youth.  
 Thou, roaming under forest boughs

With thy dear brother and thy spouse  
 Shalt richer meed of glory gain  
 Than if three worlds confessed thy reign.  
 Sad is our fate, O Ráma: we,  
 Abandoned and repelled by thee,  
 Must serve as thralls Kaikeyí's will,  
 Imperious, wicked, born to ill."

Thus cried the faithful charioteer,  
 As Raghu's son, in rede his peer,  
 Was fast departing on his road,—  
 And long his tears of anguish flowed.  
 But Ráma, when those tears were dried  
 His lips with water purified,  
 And in soft accents, sweet and clear,  
 Again addressed the charioteer:  
 "I find no heart, my friend, like thine,  
 So faithful to Ikshváku's line.  
 Still first in view this object keep,  
 That ne'er for me my sire may weep.  
 For he, the world's far-ruling king,  
 Is old, and wild with sorrow's sting;  
 With love's great burthen worn and weak:  
 Deem this the cause that thus I speak  
 Whate'er the high-souled king decrees  
 His loved Kaikeyí's heart to please,  
 Yea, be his order what it may,  
 Without demur thou must obey,  
 For this alone great monarchs reign,  
 That ne'er a wish be formed in vain.  
 Then, O Sumantra, well provide  
 That by no check the king be tried:  
 Nor let his heart in sorrow pine:  
 This care, my faithful friend, be thine.

The honoured king my father greet,  
 And thus for me my words repeat  
 To him whose senses are controlled,  
 Untired till now by grief, and old;  
 “I, Sítá, Lakshmaṇ sorrow not,  
 O Monarch, for our altered lot:  
 The same to us, if here we roam,  
 Or if Ayodhyá be our home,  
 The fourteen years will quickly fly,  
 The happy hour will soon be nigh  
 When thou, my lord, again shalt see  
 Lakshmaṇ, the Maithil dame, and me.”  
 Thus having soothed, O charioteer,  
 My father and my mother dear,  
 Let all the queens my message learn,  
 But to Kaikeyí chiefly turn.  
 With loving blessings from the three,  
 From Lakshmaṇ, Sítá, and from me,  
 My mother, Queen Kauśalyá, greet  
 With reverence to her sacred feet.  
 And add this prayer of mine: “O King;  
 Send quickly forth and Bharat bring,  
 And set him on the royal throne  
 Which thy decree has made his own.  
 When he upon the throne is placed,  
 When thy fond arms are round him laced,  
 Thine aged heart will cease to ache  
 With bitter pangs for Ráma's sake.”  
 And say to Bharat: “See thou treat  
 The queens with all observance meet:  
 What care the king receives, the same  
 Show thou alike to every dame.  
 Obedience to thy father's will  
 Who chooses thee the throne to fill,

Will earn for thee a store of bliss  
Both in the world to come and this.' "

Thus Ráma bade Sumantra go  
With thoughtful care instructed so.  
Sumantra all his message heard,  
And spake again, by passion stirred:  
"O, should deep feeling mar in aught  
The speech by fond devotion taught,  
Forgive whate'er I wildly speak:  
My love is strong, my tongue is weak.  
How shall I, if deprived of thee,  
Return that mournful town to see:  
Where sick at heart the people are  
Because their Ráma roams afar.  
Woe will be theirs too deep to brook  
When on the empty car they look,  
As when from hosts, whose chiefs are slain,  
One charioteer comes home again.  
This very day, I ween, is food  
Forsworn by all the multitude,  
Thinking that thou, with hosts to aid,  
Art dwelling in the wild wood's shade.  
The great despair, the shriek of woe  
They uttered when they saw thee go,  
Will, when I come with none beside,  
A hundred-fold be multiplied.  
How to Kauśalyá can I say:  
"O Queen, I took thy son away,  
And with thy brother left him well:  
Weep not for him; thy woe dispel?"  
So false a tale I cannot frame,  
Yet how speak truth and grieve the dame?  
How shall these horses, fleet and bold,

Whom not a hand but mine can hold,  
Bear others, wont to whirl the car  
Wherein Ikshváku's children are!  
Without thee, Prince, I cannot, no,  
I cannot to Ayodhyá go.  
Then deign, O Ráma, to relent,  
And let me share thy banishment.  
But if no prayers can move thy heart,  
If thou wilt quit me and depart,  
The flames shall end my car and me,  
Deserted thus and reft of thee.  
In the wild wood when foes are near,  
When dangers check thy vows austere,  
Borne in my car will I attend,  
All danger and all care to end.  
For thy dear sake I love the skill  
That guides the steed and curbs his will:  
And soon a forest life will be  
As pleasant, for my love of thee.  
And if these horses near thee dwell,  
And serve thee in the forest well,  
They, for their service, will not miss  
The due reward of highest bliss.  
Thine orders, as with thee I stray,  
Will I with heart and head obey,  
Prepared, for thee, without a sigh,  
To lose Ayodhyá or the sky.  
As one defiled with hideous sin,  
I never more can pass within  
Ayodhyá, city of our king,  
Unless beside me thee I bring.  
One wish is mine, I ask no more,  
That, when thy banishment is o'er  
I in my car may bear my lord,

Triumphant, to his home restored.  
The fourteen years, if spent with thee,  
Will swift as light-winged moments flee;  
But the same years, without thee told,  
Were magnified a hundred-fold.  
Do not, kind lord, thy servant leave,  
Who to his master's son would cleave,  
And the same path with him pursue,  
Devoted, tender, just and true.”

Again, again Sumantra made  
His varied plaint, and wept and prayed.  
Him Raghu's son, whose tender breast  
Felt for his servants, thus addressed:  
“O faithful servant, well my heart  
Knows how attached and true thou art.  
Hear thou the words I speak, and know  
Why to the town I bid thee go.  
Soon as Kaikeyí, youngest queen,  
Thy coming to the town has seen,  
No doubt will then her mind oppress  
That Ráma roams the wilderness.  
And so the dame, her heart content  
With proof of Ráma's banishment,  
Will doubt the virtuous king no more  
As faithless to the oath he swore.  
Chief of my cares is this, that she,  
Youngest amid the queens, may see  
Bharat her son securely reign  
O'er rich Ayodhyá's wide domain.  
For mine and for the monarch's sake  
Do thou thy journey homeward take,  
And, as I bade, repeat each word  
That from my lips thou here hast heard.”

Thus spake the prince, and strove to cheer  
 The sad heart of the charioteer,  
 And then to royal Guha said  
 These words most wise and spirited:  
 “Guha, dear friend, it is not meet  
 That people throng my calm retreat:  
 For I must live a strict recluse,  
 And mould my life by hermits' use.  
 I now the ancient rule accept  
 By good ascetics gladly kept.  
 I go: bring fig-tree juice that I  
 In matted coils my hair may tie.”

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Quick Guha hastened to produce,  
 For the king's son, that sacred juice.  
 Then Ráma of his long locks made,  
 And Lakshmaṇ's too, the hermit braid.  
 And the two royal brothers there  
 With coats of bark and matted hair,  
 Transformed in lovely likeness stood  
 To hermit saints who love the wood.  
 So Ráma, with his brother bold,  
 A pious anchorite enrolled,  
 Obeyed the vow which hermits take,  
 And to his friend, King Guha, spake:  
 “May people, treasure, army share,  
 And fenced forts, thy constant care:  
 Attend to all: supremely hard  
 The sovereign's task, to watch and guard.”

Ikshváku's son, the good and brave,  
This last farewell to Guha gave,  
And then, with Lakshmaṇ and his bride,  
Determined, on his way he hied.  
Soon as he viewed, upon the shore,  
The bark prepared to waft them o'er  
Impetuous Gangá's rolling tide,  
To Lakshmaṇ thus the chieftain cried:  
“Brother, embark; thy hand extend,  
Thy gentle aid to Sítá lend:  
With care her trembling footsteps guide,  
And place the lady by thy side.”  
When Lakshmaṇ heard, prepared to aid,  
His brother's words he swift obeyed.  
Within the bark he placed the dame,  
Then to her side the hero came.  
Next Lakshmaṇ's elder brother, lord  
Of brightest glory, when on board,  
Breathing a prayer for blessings, meet  
For priest or warrior to repeat,  
Then he and car-borne Lakshmaṇ bent,  
Well-pleased, their heads, most reverent,  
Their hands, with Sítá, having dipped,  
As Scripture bids, and water sipped,  
Farewell to wise Sumantra said,  
And Guha, with the train he led.  
So Ráma took, on board, his stand,  
And urged the vessel from the land.  
Then swift by vigorous arms impelled  
Her onward course the vessel held,  
And guided by the helmsman through  
The dashing waves of Gangá flew.  
Half way across the flood they came,  
When Sítá, free from spot and blame,

Her reverent hands together pressed,  
The Goddess of the stream addressed:  
“May the great chieftain here who springs  
From Daśaratha, best of kings,  
Protected by thy care, fulfil  
His prudent father's royal will.  
When in the forest he has spent  
His fourteen years of banishment,  
With his dear brother and with me  
His home again my lord shall see.  
Returning on that blissful day,  
I will to thee mine offerings pay,  
Dear Queen, whose waters gently flow,  
Who canst all blessed gifts bestow.  
For, three-pathed Queen, though wandering here,  
Thy waves descend from Brahmá's sphere,  
Spouse of the God o'er floods supreme,  
Though rolling here thy glorious stream.  
To thee, fair Queen, my head shall bend,  
To thee shall hymns of praise ascend,  
When my brave lord shall turn again,  
And, joyful, o'er his kingdom reign.  
To win thy grace, O Queen divine,  
A hundred thousand fairest kine,  
And precious robes and finest meal  
Among the Bráhmans will I deal.  
A hundred jars of wine shall flow,  
When to my home, O Queen, I go;  
With these, and flesh, and corn, and rice,  
Will I, delighted, sacrifice.  
Each hallowed spot, each holy shrine  
That stands on these fair shores of thine,  
Each fane and altar on thy banks  
Shall share my offerings and thanks.

With me and Lakshmaṇ, free from harm,  
May he the blameless, strong of arm,  
Reseek Ayodhyá from the wild,  
O blameless Lady undefiled!”

As, praying for her husband's sake,  
The faultless dame to Gangá spake,  
To the right bank the vessel flew  
With her whose heart was right and true.  
Soon as the bark had crossed the wave,  
The lion leader of the brave,  
Leaving the vessel on the strand,  
With wife and brother leapt to land.  
Then Ráma thus the prince addressed  
Who filled with joy Sumitrá's breast:  
“Be thine alike to guard and aid  
In peopled spot, in lonely shade.  
Do thou, Sumitrá's son, precede:  
Let Sítá walk where thou shalt lead.  
Behind you both my place shall be,  
To guard the Maithil dame and thee.  
For she, to woe a stranger yet,  
No toil or grief till now has met;  
The fair Videhan will assay  
The pains of forest life to-day.  
To-day her tender feet must tread  
Rough rocky wilds around her spread:  
No tilth is there, no gardens grow,  
No crowding people come and go.”

The hero ceased: and Lakshmaṇ led  
 Obedient to the words he said:  
 And Sítá followed him, and then  
 Came Raghu's pride, the lord of men.  
 With Sítá walking o'er the sand  
 They sought the forest, bow in hand,  
 But still their lingering glances threw  
 Where yet Sumantra stood in view.  
 Sumantra, when his watchful eye  
 The royal youths no more could spy,  
 Turned from the spot whereon he stood  
 Homeward with Guha from the wood.  
 [157] Still on the brothers forced their way  
 Where sweet birds sang on every spray,  
 Though scarce the eye a path could find  
 Mid flowering trees where creepers twined.  
 Far on the princely brothers pressed,  
 And stayed their feet at length to rest  
 Beneath a fig tree's mighty shade  
 With countless pendent shoots displayed.  
 Reclining there a while at ease,  
 They saw, not far, beneath fair trees  
 A lake with many a lotus bright  
 That bore the name of Lovely Sight.  
 Ráma his wife's attention drew,  
 And Lakshmaṇ's, to the charming view:  
 "Look, brother, look how fair the flood  
 Glows with the lotus, flower and bud!"

They drank the water fresh and clear,  
 And with their shafts they slew a deer.  
 A fire of boughs they made in haste,  
 And in the flame the meat they placed.  
 So Raghu's sons with Sítá shared

The hunter's meal their hands prepared,  
Then counselled that the spreading tree  
Their shelter and their home should be.

### Canto LIII. Ráma's Lament.

When evening rites were duly paid,  
Reclined beneath the leafy shade,  
To Lakshmaṇ thus spake Ráma, best  
Of those who glad a people's breast:  
“Now the first night has closed the day  
That saw us from our country stray,  
And parted from the charioteer;  
Yet grieve not thou, my brother dear.  
Henceforth by night, when others sleep,  
Must we our careful vigil keep,  
Watching for Sítá's welfare thus,  
For her dear life depends on us.  
Bring me the leaves that lie around,  
And spread them here upon the ground,  
That we on lowly beds may lie,  
And let in talk the night go by.”

So on the ground with leaves o'erspread,  
He who should press a royal bed,  
Ráma with Lakshmaṇ thus conversed,  
And many a pleasant tale rehearsed:  
“This night the king,” he cried, “alas!  
In broken sleep will sadly pass.  
Kaikeyí now content should be,  
For mistress of her wish is she.  
So fiercely she for empire yearns,  
That when her Bharat home returns,  
She in her greed, may even bring  
Destruction on our lord the king.  
What can he do, in feeble eld,  
Reft of all aid and me expelled,  
His soul enslaved by love, a thrall  
Obedient to Kaikeyí's call?  
As thus I muse upon his woe  
And all his wisdoms overthrow,  
Love is, methinks, of greater might  
To stir the heart than gain and right.  
For who, in wisdom's lore untaught,  
Could by a beauty's prayer be bought  
To quit his own obedient son,  
Who loves him, as my sire has done!  
Bharat, Kaikeyí's child, alone  
Will, with his wife, enjoy the throne,  
And blissfully his rule maintain  
O'er happy Kośala's domain.  
To Bharat's single lot will fall  
The kingdom and the power and all,  
When fails the king from length of days,  
And Ráma in the forest strays.  
Whoe'er, neglecting right and gain,  
Lets conquering love his soul enchain,

To him, like Daśaratha's lot,  
Comes woe with feet that tarry not.  
Methinks at last the royal dame,  
Dear Lakshmaṇ, has secured her aim,  
To see at once her husband dead,  
Her son enthroned, and Ráma fled.  
Ah me! I fear, lest borne away  
By frenzy of success, she slay  
Kauśalyá, through her wicked hate  
Of me, bereft, disconsolate;  
Or her who aye for me has striven  
Sumitrá, to devotion given.  
Hence, Lakshmaṇ, to Ayodhyá speed,  
Returning in the hour of need.  
With Sítá I my steps will bend  
Where Daṇḍak's mighty woods extend.  
No guardian has Kauśalyá now:  
O, be her friend and guardian thou.  
Strong hate may vile Kaikeyí lead  
To many a base unrighteous deed,  
Treading my mother 'neath her feet  
When Bharat holds the royal seat.  
Sure in some antenatal time  
Were children, by Kauśalyá's crime,  
Torn from their mothers' arms away,  
And hence she mourns this evil day.  
She for her child no toil would spare  
Tending me long with pain and care;  
Now in the hour of fruitage she  
Has lost that son, ah, woe is me.  
O Lakshmaṇ, may no matron e'er  
A son so doomed to sorrow bear  
As I, my mother's heart who rend  
With anguish that can never end.

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The Sáriká,<sup>325</sup> methinks, possessed  
 More love than glows in Ráma's breast.  
 Who, as the tale is told to us,  
 Addressed the stricken parrot thus:  
 "Parrot, the capturer's talons tear,  
 While yet alone thou flutterest there,  
 Before his mouth has closed on me."  
 So cried the bird, herself to free.  
 Reft of her son, in childless woe,  
 My mother's tears for ever flow:  
 Ill-fated, doomed with grief to strive,  
 What aid can she from me derive?  
 Pressed down by care, she cannot rise  
 From sorrow's flood wherein she lies.  
 In righteous wrath my single arm  
 Could, with my bow, protect from harm  
 Ayodhyá's town and all the earth:  
 But what is hero prowess worth?  
 Lest breaking duty's law I sin,  
 And lose the heaven I strive to win,  
 The forest life today I choose,  
 And kingly state and power refuse."

Thus mourning in that lonely spot  
 The troubled chief bewailed his lot,  
 And filled with tears, his eyes ran o'er;  
 Then silent sat, and spake no more.  
 To him, when ceased his loud lament,  
 Like fire whose brilliant might is spent,  
 Or the great sea when sleeps the wave,  
 Thus Lakshmaṇ consolation gave:  
 "Chief of the brave who bear the bow,  
 E'en now Ayodhyá, sunk in woe,

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<sup>325</sup> The *Mainá* or *Gracula religiosa*, a favourite cage-bird, easily taught to talk.

By thy departure reft of light  
 Is gloomy as the moonless night.  
 Unfit it seems that thou, O chief,  
 Shouldst so afflict thy soul with grief,  
 So with thou Sítá's heart consign  
 To deep despair as well as mine.  
 Not I, O Raghu's son, nor she  
 Could live one hour deprived of thee:  
 We were, without thine arm to save,  
 Like fish deserted by the wave.  
 Although my mother dear to meet,  
 Šatruघna, and the king, were sweet,  
 On them, or heaven, to feed mine eye  
 Were nothing, if thou wert not by."

Sitting at ease, their glances fell  
 Upon the beds, constructed well,  
 And there the sons of virtue laid  
 Their limbs beneath the fig tree's shade.

## Canto LIV. Bharadvája's Hermitage.

So there that night the heroes spent  
 Under the boughs that o'er them bent,  
 And when the sun his glory spread,  
 Upstarting, from the place they sped.  
 On to that spot they made their way,  
 Through the dense wood that round them lay,  
 Where Yamuná's<sup>326</sup> swift waters glide  
 To blend with Gangá's holy tide.

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<sup>326</sup> The Jumna.

Charmed with the prospect ever new  
 The glorious heroes wandered through  
 Full many a spot of pleasant ground,  
 Rejoicing as they gazed around,  
 With eager eye and heart at ease,  
 On countless sorts of flowery trees.  
 And now the day was half-way sped  
 When thus to Lakshmaṇ Ráma said:  
 “There, there, dear brother, turn thine eyes;  
 See near Prayág<sup>327</sup> that smoke arise:  
 The banner of our Lord of Flames  
 The dwelling of some saint proclaims.  
 Near to the place our steps we bend  
 Where Yamuná and Gangá blend.  
 I hear and mark the deafening roar  
 When chafing floods together pour.  
 See, near us on the ground are left  
 Dry logs, by labouring woodmen cleft,  
 And the tall trees, that blossom near  
 Saint Bharadvája's home, appear.”

The bow-armed princes onward passed,  
 And as the sun was sinking fast  
 They reached the hermit's dwelling, set  
 Near where the rushing waters met.  
 The presence of the warrior scared  
 The deer and birds as on he fared,  
 And struck them with unwonted awe:  
 Then Bharadvája's cot they saw.  
 The high-souled hermit soon they found  
 Girt by his dear disciples round:  
 Calm saint, whose vows had well been wrought,  
 Whose fervent rites keen sight had bought.

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<sup>327</sup> The Hindu name of Allahabad.

Duly had flames of worship blazed  
 When Ráma on the hermit gazed:  
 His suppliant hands the hero raised,  
 Drew nearer to the holy man  
 With his companions, and began,  
 Declaring both his name and race  
 And why they sought that distant place:  
 "Saint, Daśaratha's children we,  
 Ráma and Lakshmaṇ, come to thee.  
 This my good wife from Janak springs,  
 The best of fair Videha's kings;  
 Through lonely wilds, a faultless dame,  
 To this pure grove with me she came.  
 My younger brother follows still  
 Me banished by my father's will:  
 Sumitrá's son, bound by a vow,—  
 He roams the wood beside me now.  
 Sent by my father forth to rove,  
 We seek, O Saint, some holy grove,  
 Where lives of hermits we may lead,  
 And upon fruits and berries feed."

When Bharadvája, prudent-souled,  
 Had heard the prince his tale unfold,  
 Water he bade them bring, a bull,  
 And honour-gifts in dishes full,  
 And drink and food of varied taste,  
 Berries and roots, before him placed,  
 And then the great ascetic showed  
 A cottage for the guests' abode.  
 The saint these honours gladly paid  
 To Ráma who had thither strayed,  
 Then compassed sat by birds and deer  
 And many a hermit resting near.

The prince received the service kind,  
 And sat him down rejoiced in mind.  
 Then Bharadvája silence broke,  
 And thus the words of duty spoke:  
 “Kakutstha's royal son, that thou  
 Hadst sought this grove I knew ere now.  
 Mine ears have heard thy story, sent  
 Without a sin to banishment.  
 Behold, O Prince, this ample space  
 Near where the mingling floods embrace,  
 Holy, and beautiful, and clear:  
 Dwell with us, and be happy here.”

By Bharadvája thus addressed,  
 Ráma whose kind and tender breast  
 All living things would bless and save,  
 In gracious words his answer gave:

“My honoured lord, this tranquil spot,  
 Fair home of hermits, suits me not:  
 For all the neighbouring people here  
 Will seek us when they know me near:  
 With eager wish to look on me,  
 And the Videhan dame to see,  
 A crowd of rustics will intrude  
 Upon the holy solitude.  
 Provide, O gracious lord, I pray,  
 Some quiet home that lies away,  
 Where my Videhan spouse may dwell  
 Tasting the bliss deserved so well.”

The hermit heard the prayer he made:  
A while in earnest thought he stayed,  
And then in words like these expressed  
His answer to the chief's request:  
“Ten leagues away there stands a hill  
Where thou mayst live, if such thy will:  
A holy mount, exceeding fair;  
Great saints have made their dwelling there:  
There great Langúrs<sup>328</sup> in thousands play,  
And bears amid the thickets stray;  
Wide-known by Chitrakúṭa's name,  
It rivals Gandhamádan's<sup>329</sup> fame.  
Long as the man that hill who seeks  
Gazes upon its sacred peaks,  
To holy things his soul he gives  
And pure from thought of evil lives.  
There, while a hundred autumns fled,  
Has many a saint with hoary head  
Spent his pure life, and won the prize,  
By deep devotion, in the skies:  
Best home, I ween, if such retreat,  
Far from the ways of men, be sweet:  
Or let thy years of exile flee  
Here in this hermitage with me.”

Thus Bharadvája spake, and trained  
In lore of duty, entertained  
The princes and the dame, and pressed  
His friendly gifts on every guest.

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<sup>328</sup> The Langúr is a large monkey.

<sup>329</sup> A mountain said to lie to the east of Meru.

Thus to Prayág the hero went,  
 Thus saw the saint preëminent,  
 And varied speeches heard and said:  
 Then holy night o'er heaven was spread.  
 And Ráma took, by toil oppressed,  
 With Sítá and his brother, rest;  
 And so the night, with sweet content,  
 In Bharadvája's grove was spent.  
 But when the dawn dispelled the night,  
 Ráma approached the anchorite,  
 And thus addressed the holy sire  
 Whose glory shone like kindled fire:  
 "Well have we spent, O truthful Sage,  
 The night within thy hermitage:  
 Now let my lord his guests permit  
 For their new home his grove to quit."

Then, as he saw the morning break,  
 In answer Bharadvája spake:  
 "Go forth to Chitrakúṭha's hill,  
 Where berries grow, and sweets distil:  
 Full well, I deem, that home will suit  
 Thee, Ráma, strong and resolute.  
 Go forth, and Chitrakúṭha seek,  
 Famed mountain of the Varied Peak.  
 In the wild woods that gird him round  
 All creatures of the chase are found:  
 Thou in the glades shalt see appear  
 Vast herds of elephants and deer.  
 With Sítá there shalt thou delight  
 To gaze upon the woody height;  
 There with expanding heart to look  
 On river, table-land, and brook,  
 And see the foaming torrent rave

Impetuous from the mountain cave.  
 Auspicious hill! where all day long  
 The lapwing's cry, the Koil's song  
     Make all who listen gay:  
 Where all is fresh and fair to see,  
 Where elephants and deer roam free,  
     There, as a hermit, stay."

## Canto LV. The Passage Of Yamuná.

The princely tamers of their foes  
 Thus passed the night in calm repose,  
 Then to the hermit having bent  
 With reverence, on their way they went.  
 High favour Bharadvája showed,  
 And blessed them ready for the road.  
 With such fond looks as fathers throw  
 On their own sons, before they go.  
 Then spake the saint with glory bright  
 To Ráma peerless in his might:  
 "First, lords of men, direct your feet  
 Where Yamuná and Gangá meet;  
 Then to the swift Kálindi<sup>330</sup> go,  
 Whose westward waves to Gangá flow.  
 When thou shalt see her lovely shore  
 Worn by their feet who hasten o'er,  
 Then, Raghu's son, a raft prepare,  
 And cross the Sun born river there.  
 Upon her farther bank a tree,

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<sup>330</sup> Another name of the Jumna, daughter of the Sun.

Near to the landing wilt thou see.  
 The blessed source of varied gifts,  
 There her green boughs that Fig-tree lifts:  
 A tree where countless birds abide,  
 By Śyāma's name known far and wide.  
 Sítá, revere that holy shade:  
 There be thy prayers for blessing prayed.  
 Thence for a league your way pursue,  
 And a dark wood shall meet your view,  
 Where tall bamboos their foliage show,  
 The Gum-tree and the Jujube grow.  
 To Chitrakúṭha have I oft  
 Trodden that path so smooth and soft,  
 Where burning woods no traveller scare,  
 But all is pleasant, green, and fair.”

When thus the guests their road had learned,  
 Back to his cot the hermit turned,  
 And Ráma, Lakshmaṇ, Sítá paid  
 Their reverent thanks for courteous aid.  
 Thus Ráma spake to Lakshmaṇ, when  
 The saint had left the lords of men:  
 “Great store of bliss in sooth is ours  
 On whom his love the hermit showers.”  
 As each to other wisely talked,  
 The lion lords together walked  
 On to Kálindí's woody shore;  
 And gentle Sítá went before.  
 They reached that flood, whose waters flee  
 With rapid current to the sea;  
 Their minds a while to thought they gave  
 And counselled how to cross the wave.  
 At length, with logs together laid,  
 A mighty raft the brothers made.

Then dry bamboos across were tied,  
And grass was spread from side to side.  
And the great hero Lakshmaṇ brought  
Cane and Rose-Apple boughs and wrought,  
Trimming the branches smooth and neat,  
For Sítá's use a pleasant seat.  
And Rámá placed thereon his dame  
Touched with a momentary shame,  
Resembling in her glorious mien  
All-thought-surpassing Fortune's Queen.  
Then Rámá hastened to dispose,  
Each in its place, the skins and bows,  
And by the fair Videhan laid  
The coats, the ornaments, and spade.  
When Sítá thus was set on board,  
And all their gear was duly stored,  
The heroes each with vigorous hand,  
Pushed off the raft and left the land.  
When half its way the raft had made,  
Thus Sítá to Kálindí prayed:  
“Goddess, whose flood I traverse now,  
Grant that my lord may keep his vow.  
For thee shall bleed a thousand kine,  
A hundred jars shall pour their wine,  
When Rámá sees that town again  
Where old Ikshváku's children reign.”

Thus to Kálindí's stream she sued  
And prayed in suppliant attitude.  
Then to the river's bank the dame,  
Fervent in supplication, came.  
They left the raft that brought them o'er,  
And the thick wood that clothed the shore,  
And to the Fig-tree Śyáma made

Their way, so cool with verdant shade.  
 Then Sítá viewed that best of trees,  
 And reverent spake in words like these:  
 “Hail, hail, O mighty tree! Allow  
 My husband to complete his vow;  
 Let us returning, I entreat,  
 Kauśalyá and Sumitrá meet.”  
 Then with her hands together placed  
 Around the tree she duly paced.  
 When Ráma saw his blameless spouse  
 A suppliant under holy boughs,  
 The gentle darling of his heart,  
 He thus to Lakshmaṇ spake apart:  
 “Brother, by thee our way be led;  
 Let Sítá close behind thee tread:  
 I, best of men, will grasp my bow,  
 And hindmost of the three will go.  
 What fruits soe'er her fancy take,  
 Or flowers half hidden in the brake,  
 For Janak's child forget not thou  
 To gather from the brake or bough.”

Thus on they fared. The tender dame  
 Asked Ráma, as they walked, the name  
 Of every shrub that blossoms bore,  
 Creeper, and tree unseen before:  
 And Lakshmaṇ fetched, at Sítá's prayer,  
 Boughs of each tree with clusters fair.  
 Then Janak's daughter joyed to see  
 The sand-discoloured river flee,  
 Where the glad cry of many a bird,  
 The sáras and the swan, was heard.  
 A league the brothers travelled through  
 The forest noble game they slew:

Beneath the trees their meal they dressed  
And sat them down to eat and rest.  
A while in that delightful shade  
Where elephants unnumbered strayed,  
Where peacocks screamed and monkeys played,  
They wandered with delight.  
Then by the river's side they found  
A pleasant spot of level ground,  
Where all was smooth and fair around,  
Their lodging for the night.

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## Canto LVI. Chitrakúta

Then Ráma, when the morning rose,  
Called Lakshmaṇ gently from repose:  
“Awake, the pleasant voices hear  
Of forest birds that warble near.  
Scourge of thy foes, no longer stay;  
The hour is come to speed away.”

The slumbering prince unclosed his eyes  
 When thus his brother bade him rise,  
 Compelling, at the timely cry,  
 Fatigue, and sleep, and rest to fly.  
 The brothers rose and Sítá too;  
 Pure water from the stream they drew,  
 Paid morning rites, then followed still  
 The road to Chitrakúta's hill.  
 Then Rámá as he took the road  
 With Lakshmaṇ, while the morning, glowed,  
 To the Videhan lady cried,  
 Sítá the fair, the lotus-eyed:  
 "Look round thee, dear; each flowery tree  
 Touched with the fire of morning see:  
 The Kinśuk, now the Frosts are fled,—  
 How glorious with his wreaths of red!  
 The Bel-trees see, so loved of men,  
 Hanging their boughs in every glen.  
 O'erburthened with their fruit and flowers:  
 A plenteous store of food is ours.  
 See, Lakshmaṇ, in the leafy trees,  
 Where'er they make their home.  
 Down hangs, the work of labouring bees  
 The ponderous honeycomb.  
 In the fair wood before us spread  
 The startled wild-cock cries:  
 Hark, where the flowers are soft to tread,  
 The peacock's voice replies.  
 Where elephants are roaming free,  
 And sweet birds' songs are loud,  
 The glorious Chitrakúta see:  
 His peaks are in the cloud.  
 On fair smooth ground he stands displayed,  
 Begirt by many a tree:

O brother, in that holy shade  
 How happy shall we be!”<sup>331</sup>  
 Then Ráma, Lakshmaṇ, Sítá, each  
 Spoke raising suppliant hands this speech  
 To him, in woodland dwelling met,  
 Válmíki, ancient anchorēt:  
 “O Saint, this mountain takes the mind,  
 With creepers, trees of every kind,  
 With fruit and roots abounding thus,  
 A pleasant life it offers us:  
 Here for a while we fain would stay,  
 And pass a season blithe and gay.”

Then the great saint, in duty trained,  
 With honour gladly entertained:  
 He gave his guests a welcome fair,  
 And bade them sit and rest them there,  
 Ráma of mighty arm and chest  
 His faithful Lakshmaṇ then addressed:  
 “Brother, bring hither from the wood  
 Selected timber strong and good,  
 And build therewith a little cot;  
 My heart rejoices in the spot  
 That lies beneath the mountain's side,  
 Remote, with water well supplied.”

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<sup>331</sup> “We have often looked on that green hill: it is the holiest spot of that sect of the Hindu faith who devote themselves to this incarnation of Vishṇu. The whole neighbourhood is Ráma's country. Every headland has some legend, every cavern is connected with his name; some of the wild fruits are still called *Sítáphal*, being the reputed food of the exile. Thousands and thousands annually visit the spot, and round the hill is a raised foot-path, on which the devotee, with naked feet, treads full of pious awe.” *Calcutta Review*, Vol. XXIII.

Sumitrá's son his words obeyed,  
 Brought many a tree, and deftly made,  
 With branches in the forest cut,  
 As Ráma bade, a leafy hut.  
 Then Ráma, when the cottage stood  
 Fair, firmly built, and walled with wood,  
 To Lakshman spake, whose eager mind  
 To do his brother's will inclined:  
 "Now, Lakshmaṇ as our cot is made,  
 Must sacrifice be duly paid  
 By us, for lengthened life who hope,  
 With venison of the antelope.  
 Away, O bright-eyed Lakshmaṇ, speed:  
 Struck by thy bow a deer must bleed:  
 As Scripture bids, we must not slight  
 The duty that commands the rite."

Lakshmaṇ, the chief whose arrows laid  
 His foemen low, his word obeyed;  
 And Ráma thus again addressed  
 The swift performer of his hest:  
 "Prepare the venison thou hast shot,  
 To sacrifice for this our cot.  
 Haste, brother dear, for this the hour,  
 And this the day of certain power."  
 Then glorious Lakshmaṇ took the buck  
 His arrow in the wood had struck;  
 Bearing his mighty load he came,  
 And laid it in the kindled flame.  
 Soon as he saw the meat was done,  
 And that the juices ceased to run  
 From the broiled carcass, Lakshmaṇ then  
 Spoke thus to Ráma best of men:  
 "The carcass of the buck, entire,

Is ready dressed upon the fire.  
 Now be the sacred rites begun  
 To please the God, thou godlike one.”

Ráma the good, in ritual trained,  
 Pure from the bath, with thoughts restrained,  
 Hasted those verses to repeat  
 Which make the sacrifice complete.  
 The hosts celestial came in view,  
 And Ráma to the cot withdrew,  
 While a sweet sense of rapture stole  
 Through the unequalled hero's soul.  
 He paid the Viśvedevas<sup>332</sup> due.  
 And Rudra's right, and Vishṇu's too,  
 Nor wonted blessings, to protect  
 Their new-built home, did he neglect.  
 With voice repressed he breathed the prayer,  
 Bathed duly in the river fair,  
 And gave good offerings that remove  
 The stain of sin, as texts approve.  
 And many an altar there he made,  
 And shrines, to suit the holy shade,  
 All decked with woodland chaplets sweet,  
 And fruit and roots and roasted meat,  
 With muttered prayer, as texts require,  
 Water, and grass and wood and fire.  
 So Ráma, Lakshmaṇ, Sítá paid  
 Their offerings to each God and shade,  
 And entered then their pleasant cot  
 That bore fair signs of happy lot.  
 They entered, the illustrious three,

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<sup>332</sup> Deities of a particular class in which five or ten are enumerated. They are worshipped particularly at the funeral obsequies in honour of deceased progenitors.

The well-set cottage, fair to see,  
 Roofed with the leaves of many a tree,  
     And fenced from wind and rain:  
 So, at their Father Brahmá's call,  
 The Gods of heaven, assembling all,  
 To their own glorious council hall  
     Advance in shining train.  
 So, resting on that lovely hill,  
 Near the fair lily-covered rill,  
     The happy prince forgot,  
 Surrounded by the birds and deer,  
 The woe, the longing, and the fear  
     That gloom the exile's lot.

## Canto LVII. Sumantra's Return.

When Ráma reached the southern bank,  
 King Guha's heart with sorrow sank:  
 He with Sumantra talked, and spent  
 With his deep sorrow, homeward went.  
 Sumantra, as the king decreed,  
 Yoked to the car each noble steed,  
 And to Ayodhyá's city sped  
 With his sad heart disquieted.  
 On lake and brook and scented grove  
 His glances fell, as on he drove:  
 City and village came in view  
 As o'er the road his coursers flew.  
 On the third day the charioteer,  
 When now the hour of night was near,  
 Came to Ayodhyá's gate, and found

The city all in sorrow drowned.  
To him, in spirit quite cast down,  
Forsaken seemed the silent town,  
And by the rush of grief oppressed  
He pondered in his mournful breast:  
“Is all Ayodhyá burnt with grief,  
Steed, elephant, and man, and chief?  
Does her loved Ráma's exile so  
Afflict her with the fires of woe?”  
Thus as he mused, his steeds flew fast,  
And swiftly through the gate he passed.  
On drove the charioteer, and then  
In hundreds, yea in thousands, men  
Ran to the car from every side,  
And, “Ráma, where is Ráma?” cried.  
Sumantra said: “My chariot bore  
The duteous prince to Gangá's shore;  
I left him there at his behest,  
And homeward to Ayodhyá pressed.”  
Soon as the anxious people knew  
That he was o'er the flood they drew  
Deep sighs, and crying, Ráma! all  
Wailed, and big tears began to fall.  
He heard the mournful words prolonged,  
As here and there the people thronged:  
“Woe, woe for us, forlorn, undone,  
No more to look on Raghu's son!  
His like again we ne'er shall see,  
Of heart so true, of hand so free,  
In gifts, in gatherings for debate,  
When marriage pomps we celebrate,  
What should we do? What earthly thing  
Can rest, or hope, or pleasure bring?”

Thus the sad town, which Ráma kept  
 As a kind father, wailed and wept.  
 Each mansion, as the car went by,  
 Sent forth a loud and bitter cry,  
 As to the window every dame,  
 Mourning for banished Ráma, came.  
 As his sad eyes with tears o'erflowed,  
 He sped along the royal road  
 To Daśaratha's high abode.  
 There leaping down his car he stayed;  
 Within the gates his way he made;  
 Through seven broad courts he onward hied  
 Where people thronged on every side.  
 From each high terrace, wild with woe,  
 The royal ladies flocked below:  
 He heard them talk in gentle tone,  
 As each for Ráma made her moan:  
 “What will the charioteer reply  
 To Queen Kauśalyá's eager cry?  
 With Ráma from the gates he went;  
 Homeward alone, his steps are bent.  
 Hard is a life with woe distressed,  
 But difficult to win is rest,  
 If, when her son is banished, still  
 She lives beneath her load of ill.”

Such was the speech Sumantra heard  
 From them whom grief unfeigned had stirred.  
 As fires of anguish burnt him through,  
 Swift to the monarch's hall he drew,  
 Past the eighth court; there met his sight,  
 The sovereign in his palace bright,  
 Still weeping for his son, forlorn,  
 Pale, faint, and all with sorrow worn.

As there he sat, Sumantra bent  
And did obeisance reverent,  
And to the king repeated o'er  
The message he from Ráma bore.  
The monarch heard, and well-nigh brake  
His heart, but yet no word he spake:  
Fainting to earth he fell, and dumb,  
By grief for Ráma overcome.  
Rang through the hall a startling cry,  
And women's arms were tossed on high,  
When, with his senses all astray,  
Upon the ground the monarch lay.  
Kauśalyá, with Sumitrá's aid,  
Raised from the ground her lord dismayed:  
“Sire, of high fate,” she cried, “O, why  
Dost thou no single word reply  
To Ráma's messenger who brings  
News of his painful wanderings?  
The great injustice done, art thou  
Shame-stricken for thy conduct now?  
Rise up, and do thy part: bestow  
Comfort and help in this our woe.  
Speak freely, King; dismiss thy fear,  
For Queen Kaikeyí stands not near,  
Afraid of whom thou wouldest not seek  
Tidings of Ráma: freely speak.”

When the sad queen had ended so,  
She sank, insatiate in her woe,  
And prostrate lay upon the ground,  
While her faint voice by sobs was drowned.  
When all the ladies in despair  
Saw Queen Kauśalyá wailing there,  
And the poor king oppressed with pain,

They flocked around and wept again.

## Canto LVIII. Ráma's Message.

The king a while had senseless lain,  
When care brought memory back again.  
Then straight he called, the news to hear  
Of Ráma, for the charioteer,  
With reverent hand to hand applied  
He waited by the old man's side,  
Whose mind with anguish was distraught  
Like a great elephant newly caught.  
The king with bitter pain distressed  
The faithful charioteer addressed,  
Who, sad of mien, with flooded eye,  
And dust upon his limbs, stood by:  
“Where will be Ráma's dwelling now  
At some tree's foot, beneath the bough;  
Ah, what will be the exile's food,  
Bred up with kind solicitude?  
Can he, long lapped in pleasant rest,  
Unmeet for pain, by pain oppressed,  
Son of earth's king, his sad night spend  
Earth-couched, as one that has no friend?  
Behind him, when abroad he sped,  
Cars, elephant, and foot were led:  
Then how shall Ráma dwell afar  
In the wild woods where no men are?  
How, tell me, did the princes there,  
With Sítá good and soft and fair,  
Alighting from the chariot, tread

The forest wilds around them spread?  
 A happy lot is thine, I ween,  
 Whose eyes my two dear sons have seen  
 Seeking on foot the forest shade,  
 Like the bright Twins to view displayed,  
 The heavenly Aśvins, when they seek  
 The woods that hang 'neath Mandar's peak.  
 What words, Sumantra, quickly tell,  
 From Ráma, Lakshmaṇ, Sítá fell?  
 How in the wood did Ráma eat?  
 What was his bed, and what his seat?  
 Full answer to my questions give,  
 For I on thy replies shall live,  
 As with the saints Yayáti held  
 Sweet converse, from the skies expelled."

Urged by the lord of men to speak,  
 Whose sobbing voice came faint and weak,  
 Thus he, while tears his utterance broke,  
 In answer to the monarch spoke:  
 "Hear then the words that Ráma said,  
 Resolved in duty's path to tread.  
 Joining his hands, his head he bent,  
 And gave this message, reverent:  
 "Sumantra, to my father go,  
 Whose lofty mind all people know:  
 Bow down before him, as is meet,  
 And in my stead salute his feet.  
 Then to the queen my mother bend,  
 And give the greeting that I send:  
 Ne'er may her steps from duty err,  
 And may it still be well with her.  
 And add this word: "O Queen, pursue  
 Thy vows with faithful heart and true;

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And ever at due season turn  
 Where holy fires of worship burn.  
 And, lady, on our lord bestow  
 Such honour as to Gods we owe.  
 Be kind to every queen: let pride  
 And thought of self be cast aside.  
 In the king's fond opinion raise  
 Kaikeyí, by respect and praise.  
 Let the young Bharat ever be  
 Loved, honoured as the king by thee:  
 Thy king-ward duty ne'er forget:  
 High over all are monarchs set.”

And Bharat, too, for me address:  
 Pray that all health his life may bless.  
 Let every royal lady share,  
 As justice bids, his love and care.  
 Say to the strong-armed chief who brings  
 Joy to Iksváku's line of kings:  
 “As ruling prince thy care be shown  
 Of him, our sire, who holds the throne.  
 Stricken in years he feels their weight;  
 But leave him in his royal state.  
 As regent heir content thee still,  
 Submissive to thy father's will.’”  
 Ráma again his charge renewed,  
 As the hot flood his cheek bedewed:  
 “Hold as thine own my mother dear  
 Who drops for me the longing tear.”  
 Then Lakshmaṇ, with his soul on fire,  
 Spake breathing fast these words of ire:  
 “Say, for what sin, for what offence  
 Was royal Ráma banished thence?  
 He is the cause, the king: poor slave

To the light charge Kaikeyí gave.  
Let right or wrong the motive be,  
The author of our woe is he.  
Whether the exile were decreed  
Through foolish faith or guilty greed,  
For promises or empire, still  
The king has wrought a grievous ill.  
Grant that the Lord of all saw fit  
To prompt the deed and sanction it,  
In Ráma's life no cause I see  
For which the king should bid him flee.  
His blinded eyes refused to scan  
The guilt and folly of the plan,  
And from the weakness of the king  
Here and hereafter woe shall spring.  
No more my sire: the ties that used  
To bind me to the king are loosed.  
My brother Ráma, Raghu's son,  
To me is lord, friend, sire in one.  
The love of men how can he win,  
Deserting, by the cruel sin,  
Their joy, whose heart is swift to feel  
A pleasure in the people's weal?  
Shall he whose mandate could expel  
The virtuous Ráma, loved so well,  
To whom his subjects' fond hearts cling—  
Shall he in spite of them be king?"

But Janak's child, my lord, stood by,  
And oft the votaress heaved a sigh.  
She seemed with dull and wandering sense,  
Beneath a spirit's influence.  
The noble princess, pained with woe  
Which till that hour she ne'er could know,

Tears in her heavy trouble shed,  
 But not a word to me she said.  
 She raised her face which grief had dried  
 And tenderly her husband eyed,  
 Gazed on him as he turned to go  
 While tear chased tear in rapid flow.”

## Canto LIX. Dasaratha's Lament.

As thus Sumantra, best of peers,  
 Told his sad tale with many tears,  
 The monarch cried, “I pray thee, tell  
 At length again what there befell.”  
 Sumantra, at the king's behest,  
 Striving with sobs he scarce repressed,  
 His trembling voice at last controlled,  
 And thus his further tidings told:  
 “Their locks in votive coils they wound,  
 Their coats of bark upon them bound,  
 To Gangá's farther shore they went,  
 Thence to Prayág their steps were bent.  
 I saw that Lakshmaṇ walked ahead  
 To guard the path the two should tread.  
 So far I saw, no more could learn,  
 Forced by the hero to return.  
 Retracing slow my homeward course,  
 Scarce could I move each stubborn horse:  
 Shedding hot tears of grief he stood

When Ráma turned him to the wood.<sup>333</sup>  
 As the two princes parted thence  
 I raised my hands in reverence,  
 Mounted my ready car, and bore  
 The grief that stung me to the core.  
 With Guha all that day I stayed,  
 Still by the earnest hope delayed  
 That Ráma, ere the time should end,  
 Some message from the wood might send.  
 Thy realms, great Monarch, mourn the blow,  
 And sympathize with Ráma's woe.  
 Each withering tree hangs low his head,  
 And shoot, and bud, and flower are dead.  
 Dried are the floods that wont to fill  
 The lake, the river, and the rill.  
 Drear is each grove and garden now,  
 Dry every blossom on the bough.  
 Each beast is still, no serpents crawl:  
 A lethargy of woe on all.  
 The very wood is silent: crushed  
 With grief for Ráma, all is hushed.  
 Fair blossoms from the water born,  
 Gay garlands that the earth adorn,  
 And every fruit that gleams like gold,  
 Have lost the scent that charmed of old.  
 Empty is every grove I see,

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<sup>333</sup> "So in Homer the horses of Achilles lamented with many bitter tears the death of Patroclus slain by Hector:"

"Ἴπποι δ' Αἴακίδαο, μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐότες,  
 Κλαῖον, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα πυθέσθην ἡνιόχοιο  
 'Εν κονίντι πεσόντος ύψῃ" Ἔκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο"

ILIAS.{FNS XVII. 426.

"Ancient poesy frequently associated nature with the joys and sorrows of man." GORRESIO.{FNS

Or birds sit pensive on the tree.  
Where'er I look, its beauty o'er,  
The pleasance charms not as before.  
I drove through fair Ayodhyá's street:  
None flew with joy the car to meet.  
They saw that Ráma was not there,  
And turned them sighing in despair.  
The people in the royal way  
Wept tears of bitter grief, when they  
Beheld me coming, from afar,  
No Ráma with me in the car.  
From palace roof and turret high  
Each woman bent her eager eye;  
She looked for Ráma, but in vain;  
Gazed on the car and shrieked for pain.  
Their long clear eyes with sorrow drowned  
They, when this common grief was found,  
Looked each on other, friend and foe,  
In sympathy of levelling woe:  
No shade of difference between  
Foe, friend, or neutral, there was seen.  
Without a joy, her bosom rent  
With grief for Ráma's banishment,  
Ayodhyá like the queen appears  
Who mourns her son with many tears."

He ended: and the king, distressed.  
With sobbing voice that lord addressed:  
“Ah me, by false Kaikeyí led,  
Of evil race, to evil bred,  
I took no counsel of the sage,  
Nor sought advice from skill and age,  
I asked no lord his aid to lend,  
I called no citizen or friend.  
Rash was my deed, bereft of sense  
Slave to a woman's influence.  
Surely, my lord, a woe so great  
Falls on us by the will of Fate;  
It lays the house of Raghu low,  
For Destiny will have it so.  
I pray thee, if I e'er have done  
An act to please thee, yea, but one,  
Fly, fly, and Ráma homeward lead:  
My life, departing, counsels speed.  
Fly, ere the power to bid I lack,  
Fly to the wood: bring Ráma back.  
I cannot live for even one  
Short hour bereaved of my son.  
But ah, the prince, whose arms are strong,  
Has journeyed far: the way is long:  
Me, me upon the chariot place,  
And let me look on Ráma's face.  
Ah me, my son, mine eldest-born,  
Where roams he in the wood forlorn,  
The wielder of the mighty bow,  
Whose shoulders like the lion's show?  
O, ere the light of life be dim,  
Take me to Sítá and to him.  
O Ráma, Lakshman, and O thou  
Dear Sítá, constant to thy vow,

Beloved ones, you cannot know  
That I am dying of my woe."

The king to bitter grief a prey,  
That drove each wandering sense away,  
Sunk in affliction's sea, too wide  
To traverse, in his anguish cried:  
"Hard, hard to pass, my Queen, this sea  
Of sorrow raging over me:  
No Ráma near to soothe mine eye,  
Plunged in its lowest deeps I lie.  
Sorrow for Ráma swells the tide,  
And Sítá's absence makes it wide:  
My tears its foamy flood distain,  
Made billowy by my sighs of pain:  
My cries its roar, the arms I throw  
About me are the fish below,  
Kaikeyí is the fire that feeds  
Beneath: my hair the tangled weeds:  
Its source the tears for Ráma shed:  
The hump-back's words its monsters dread:  
The boon I gave the wretch its shore,  
Till Ráma's banishment be o'er.<sup>334</sup>

Ah me, that I should long to set  
    My eager eyes to-day  
On Raghu's son, and he be yet  
    With Lakshman far away!"  
Thus he of lofty glory wailed,  
    And sank upon the bed.  
Beneath the woe his spirit failed,  
    And all his senses fled.

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<sup>334</sup> The lines containing this heap of forced metaphors are marked as spurious by Schlegel.

## Canto LX. Kausalyá Consoled.

As Queen Kauśalyá, trembling much,  
 As blighted by a goblin's touch,  
 Still lying prostrate, half awoke  
 To consciousness, 'twas thus she spoke:  
 "Bear me away, Sumantra, far,  
 Where Ráma, Sítá, Lakshmaṇ are.  
 Bereft of them I have no power  
 To linger on a single hour.

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Again, I pray, thy steps retrace,  
 And me in Daṇḍak forest place,  
 For after them I needs must go,  
 Or sink to Yama's realms below."

His utterance choked by tears that rolled  
 Down from their fountains uncontrolled,  
 With suppliant hands the charioteer  
 Thus spake, the lady's heart to cheer:  
 "Dismiss thy grief, despair, and dread  
 That fills thy soul, of sorrow bred,  
 For pain and anguish thrown aside,  
 Will Ráma in the wood abide.  
 And Lakshmaṇ, with unfailing care  
 Will guard the feet of Ráma there,  
 Earning, with governed sense, the prize  
 That waits on duty in the skies.  
 And Sítá in the wild as well  
 As in her own dear home will dwell;  
 To Ráma all her heart she gives,  
 And free from doubt and terror lives.  
 No faintest sign of care or woe  
 The features of the lady show:  
 Methinks Videha's pride was made

For exile in the forest shade.  
E'en as of old she used to rove  
Delighted in the city's grove,  
Thus, even thus she joys to tread  
The woodlands uninhabited.  
Like a young child, her face as fair  
As the young moon, she wanders there.  
What though in lonely woods she stray  
Still Ráma is her joy and stay:  
All his the heart no sorrow bends,  
Her very life on him depends.  
For, if her lord she might not see,  
Ayodhyá like the wood would be.  
She bids him, as she roams, declare  
The names of towns and hamlets there,  
Marks various trees that meet her eye,  
And many a brook that hurries by,  
And Janak's daughter seems to roam  
One little league away from home  
When Ráma or his brother speaks  
And gives the answer that she seeks.  
This, Lady, I remember well,  
Nor angry words have I to tell:  
Reproaches at Kaikeyí shot,  
Such, Queen, my mind remembers not.”  
The speech when Sítá's wrath was high,  
Sumantra passed in silence by,  
That so his pleasant words might cheer  
With sweet report Kauśalyá's ear.  
“Her moonlike beauty suffers not  
Though winds be rude and suns be hot:  
The way, the danger, and the toil  
Her gentle lustre may not soil.  
Like the red lily's leafy crown

Or as the fair full moon looks down,  
So the Videhan lady's face  
Still shines with undiminished grace.  
What if the borrowed colours throw  
O'er her fine feet no rosy glow,  
Still with their natural tints they spread  
A lotus glory where they tread.  
In sportive grace she walks the ground  
And sweet her chiming anklets sound.  
No jewels clasp the faultless limb:  
She leaves them all for love of him.  
If in the woods her gentle eye  
A lion sees, or tiger nigh,  
Or elephant, she fears no ill  
For Ráma's arm supports her still.  
No longer be their fate deplored,  
Nor thine, nor that of Kośal's lord,  
For conduct such as theirs shall buy  
Wide glory that can never die.  
For casting grief and care away,  
Delighting in the forest, they  
With joyful spirits, blithe and gay,  
Set forward on the ancient way  
    Where mighty saints have led:  
Their highest aim, their dearest care  
To keep their father's honour fair,  
Observing still the oath he sware,  
    They roam, on wild fruit fed."  
Thus with persuasive art he tried  
To turn her from her grief aside,  
    By soothing fancies won.  
But still she gave her sorrow vent:  
"Ah Ráma," was her shrill lament,  
    "My love, my son, my son!"

## Canto LXI. Kausalyá's Lament.

When, best of all who give delight,  
 Her Ráma wandered far from sight,  
 Kauśalyá weeping, sore distressed,  
 The king her husband thus addressed:  
 “Thy name, O Monarch, far and wide  
 Through the three worlds is glorified:  
 Yet Ráma's is the pitying mind,  
 His speed is true, his heart is kind.  
 How will thy sons, good lord, sustain  
 With Sítá, all their care and pain?  
 How in the wild endure distress,  
 Nursed in the lap of tenderness?  
 How will the dear Videhan bear  
 The heat and cold when wandering there  
 Bred in the bliss of princely state,  
 So young and fair and delicate?  
 The large-eyed lady, wont to eat  
 The best of finely seasoned meat—  
 How will she now her life sustain  
 With woodland fare of self-sown grain?  
 Will she, with joys encompassed long,  
 Who loved the music and the song,  
 In the wild wood endure to hear  
 The ravening lion's voice of fear?  
 Where sleeps my strong-armed hero, where,  
 Like Lord Mahendra's standard, fair?  
 Where is, by Lakshman's side, his bed,  
 His club-like arm beneath his head?  
 When shall I see his flower-like eyes,  
 And face that with the lotus vies,  
 Feel his sweet lily breath, and view  
 His glorious hair and lotus hue?

The heart within my breast, I feel,  
Is adamant or hardest steel,  
Or, in a thousand fragments split,  
The loss of him had shattered it,  
When those I love, who should be blest,  
Are wandering in the wood distressed,  
Condemned their wretched lives to lead  
In exile, by thy ruthless deed.  
If, when the fourteen years are past,  
Ráma reseeks his home at last,  
I think not Bharat will consent  
To yield the wealth and government.  
At funeral feasts some mourners deal  
To kith and kin the solemn meal,  
And having duly fed them all  
Some Bráhmans to the banquet call.  
The best of Bráhmans, good and wise,  
The tardy summoning despise,  
And, equal to the Gods, disdain  
Cups, e'en of Amrit, thus to drain.  
Nay e'en when Bráhmans first have fed,  
They loathe the meal for others spread,  
And from the leavings turn with scorn,  
As bulls avoid a fractured horn.  
So Ráma, sovereign lord of men,  
Will spurn the sullied kingship then:  
He born the eldest and the best,  
His younger's leavings will detest,  
Turning from tasted food away,  
As tigers scorn another's prey.  
The sacred post is used not twice,  
Nor elements, in sacrifice.  
But once the sacred grass is spread,  
But once with oil the flame is fed:

So Ráma's pride will ne'er receive  
The royal power which others leave,  
Like wine when tasteless dregs are left,  
Or rites of Soma juice bereft.  
Be sure the pride of Raghu's race  
Will never stoop to such disgrace:  
The lordly lion will not bear  
That man should beard him in his lair.  
Were all the worlds against him ranged  
His dauntless soul were still unchanged:  
He, dutiful, in duty strong,  
Would purge the impious world from wrong.  
Could not the hero, brave and bold,  
The archer, with his shafts of gold,  
Burn up the very seas, as doom  
Will in the end all life consume?  
Of lion's might, eyed like a bull,  
A prince so brave and beautiful,  
Thou hast with wicked hate pursued,  
Like sea-born tribes who eat their brood.  
If thou, O Monarch, hadst but known  
The duty all the Twice-born own,  
If the good laws had touched thy mind,  
Which sages in the Scriptures find,  
Thou ne'er hadst driven forth to pine  
This brave, this duteous son of thine.  
First on her lord the wife depends,  
Next on her son and last on friends:  
These three supports in life has she,  
And not a fourth for her may be.  
Thy heart, O King, I have not won;  
In wild woods roams my banished son;  
Far are my friends: ah, hapless me,  
Quite ruined and destroyed by thee."

## Canto LXII. Dasaratha Consoled.

The queen's stern speech the monarch heard,  
As rage and grief her bosom stirred,  
And by his anguish sore oppressed  
Reflected in his secret breast.  
Fainting and sad, with woe distraught,  
He wandered in a maze of thought;  
At length the queller of the foe  
Grew conscious, rallying from his woe.  
When consciousness returned anew  
Long burning sighs the monarch drew,  
Again immersed in thought he eyed  
Kauśalyá standing by his side.  
Back to his pondering soul was brought  
The direful deed his hand had wrought,  
When, guiltless of the wrong intent,  
His arrow at a sound was sent.  
Distracted by his memory's sting,  
And mourning for his son, the king  
To two consuming griefs a prey,  
A miserable victim lay.  
The double woe devoured him fast,  
As on the ground his eyes he cast,  
Joined suppliant hands, her heart to touch,  
And spake in the answer, trembling much:  
“Kauśalyá, for thy grace I sue,  
Joining these hands as suppliants do.  
Thou e'en to foes hast ever been  
A gentle, good, and loving queen.  
Her lord, with noble virtues graced,  
Her lord, by lack of all debased,  
Is still a God in woman's eyes,  
If duty's law she hold and prize.

Thou, who the right hast aye pursued,  
Life's changes and its chances viewed,  
Shouldst never launch, though sorrow-stirred,  
At me distressed, one bitter word."

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She listened, as with sorrow faint  
He murmured forth his sad complaint:  
Her brimming eyes with tears ran o'er,  
As spouts the new fallen water pour;  
His suppliant hands, with fear dismayed  
She gently clasped in hers, and laid,  
Like a fair lotus, on her head,  
And faltering in her trouble said:  
"Forgive me; at thy feet I lie,  
With low bent head to thee I cry.  
By thee besought, thy guilty dame  
Pardon from thee can scarcely claim.  
She merits not the name of wife  
Who cherishes perpetual strife  
With her own husband good and wise,  
Her lord both here and in the skies.  
I know the claims of duty well,  
I know thy lips the truth must tell.  
All the wild words I rashly spoke,  
Forth from my heart, through anguish, broke;  
For sorrow bends the stoutest soul,  
And cancels Scripture's high control.  
Yea, sorrow's might all else o'erthrows  
The strongest and the worst of foes.  
'Tis thus with all: we keenly feel,  
Yet bear the blows our foemen deal,  
But when a slender woe assails  
The manliest spirit bends and quails.  
The fifth long night has now begun

Since the wild woods have lodged my son:  
To me whose joy is drowned in tears,  
Each day a dreary year appears.  
While all my thoughts on him are set  
Grief at my heart swells wilder yet:  
With doubled might thus Ocean raves  
When rushing floods increase his waves.”

As from Kauśalyá reasoning well  
The gentle words of wisdom fell,  
The sun went down with dying flame,  
And darkness o'er the landscape came.  
His lady's soothing words in part  
Relieved the monarch's aching heart,  
Who, wearied out by all his woes,  
Yielded to sleep and took repose.

## Canto LXIII. The Hermit's Son.

But soon by rankling grief oppressed  
The king awoke from troubled rest,  
And his sad heart was tried again  
With anxious thought where all was pain.  
Ráma and Lakshman's mournful fate  
On Daśaratha, good and great  
As Indra, pressed with crushing weight,  
As when the demon's might assails  
The Sun-God, and his glory pales.  
Ere yet the sixth long night was spent,  
Since Ráma to the woods was sent,  
The king at midnight sadly thought

Of the old crime his hand had wrought,  
And thus to Queen Kauśalyá cried  
Who still for Ráma moaned and sighed:  
“If thou art waking, give, I pray,  
Attention to the words I say.  
Whate'er the conduct men pursue,  
Be good or ill the acts they do,  
Be sure, dear Queen, they find the meed  
Of wicked or of virtuous deed.  
A heedless child we call the man  
Whose feeble judgment fails to scan  
The weight of what his hands may do,  
Its lightness, fault, and merit too.  
One lays the Mango garden low,  
And bids the gay Palásas grow:  
Longing for fruit their bloom he sees,  
But grieves when fruit should bend the trees.  
Cut by my hand, my fruit-trees fell,  
Palása trees I watered well.  
My hopes this foolish heart deceive,  
And for my banished son I grieve.  
Kauśalyá, in my youthful prime  
Armed with my bow I wrought the crime,  
Proud of my skill, my name renowned,  
An archer prince who shoots by sound.  
The deed this hand unwitting wrought  
This misery on my soul has brought,  
As children seize the deadly cup  
And blindly drink the poison up.  
As the unreasoning man may be  
Charmed with the gay Palása tree,  
I unaware have reaped the fruit  
Of joying at a sound to shoot.  
As regent prince I shared the throne,

Thou wast a maid to me unknown,  
The early Rain-time duly came,  
And strengthened love's delicious flame.  
The sun had drained the earth that lay  
All glowing 'neath the summer day,  
And to the gloomy clime had fled  
Where dwell the spirits of the dead.<sup>335</sup>  
The fervent heat that moment ceased,  
The darkening clouds each hour increased  
And frogs and deer and peacocks all  
Rejoiced to see the torrents fall.  
Their bright wings heavy from the shower,  
The birds, new-bathed, had scarce the power  
To reach the branches of the trees  
Whose high tops swayed beneath the breeze.  
The fallen rain, and falling still,  
Hung like a sheet on every hill,  
Till, with glad deer, each flooded steep  
Showed glorious as the mighty deep.  
The torrents down its wooded side  
Poured, some unstained, while others dyed  
Gold, ashy, silver, ochre, bore  
The tints of every mountain ore.  
In that sweet time, when all are pleased,  
My arrows and my bow I seized;  
Keen for the chase, in field or grove,  
Down Sarjú's bank my car I drove.  
I longed with all my lawless will  
Some elephant by night to kill,  
Some buffalo that came to drink,  
Or tiger, at the river's brink.  
When all around was dark and still,

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<sup>335</sup> The southern region is the abode of Yama the Indian Pluto, and of departed spirits.

I heard a pitcher slowly fill,  
And thought, obscured in deepest shade,  
An elephant the sound had made.  
I drew a shaft that glittered bright,  
Fell as a serpent's venomous bite;  
I longed to lay the monster dead,  
And to the mark my arrow sped.  
Then in the calm of morning, clear  
A hermit's wailing smote my ear:  
“Ah me, ah me,” he cried, and sank,  
Pierced by my arrow, on the bank.  
E'en as the weapon smote his side,  
I heard a human voice that cried:  
“Why lights this shaft on one like me,  
A poor and harmless devotee?  
I came by night to fill my jar  
From this lone stream where no men are.  
Ah, who this deadly shaft has shot?  
Whom have I wronged, and knew it not?  
Why should a boy so harmless feel  
The vengeance of the winged steel?  
Or who should slay the guiltless son  
Of hermit sire who injures none,  
Who dwells retired in woods, and there  
Supports his life on woodland fare?  
Ah me, ah me, why am I slain,  
What booty will the murderer gain?  
In hermit coils I bind my hair,  
Coats made of skin and bark I wear.  
Ah, who the cruel deed can praise  
Whose idle toil no fruit repays,  
As impious as the wretch's crime  
Who dares his master's bed to climb?  
Nor does my parting spirit grieve

But for the life which thus I leave:  
 Alas, my mother and my sire,—  
 I mourn for them when I expire.  
 Ah me, that aged, helpless pair,  
 Long cherished by my watchful care,  
 How will it be with them this day  
 When to the Five<sup>336</sup> I pass away?  
 Pierced by the self-same dart we die,  
 Mine aged mother, sire, and I.  
 Whose mighty hand, whose lawless mind  
 Has all the three to death consigned?"

When I, by love of duty stirred,  
 That touching lamentation heard,  
 Pierced to the heart by sudden woe,  
 I threw to earth my shafts and bow.  
 My heart was full of grief and dread  
 As swiftly to the place I sped,  
 Where, by my arrow wounded sore,  
 A hermit lay on Sarjú's shore.  
 His matted hair was all unbound,  
 His pitcher empty on the ground,  
 And by the fatal arrow pained,  
 He lay with dust and gore distained.  
 I stood confounded and amazed:  
 His dying eyes to mine he raised,  
 And spoke this speech in accents stern,  
 As though his light my soul would burn:  
 "How have I wronged thee, King, that I  
 Struck by thy mortal arrow die?  
 The wood my home, this jar I brought,  
 And water for my parents sought.  
 This one keen shaft that strikes me through

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<sup>336</sup> The five elements of which the body consists, and to which it returns.

Slays sire and aged mother too.  
Feeble and blind, in helpless pain,  
They wait for me and thirst in vain.  
They with parched lips their pangs must bear,  
And hope will end in blank despair.  
Ah me, there seems no fruit in store  
For holy zeal or Scripture lore,  
Or else ere now my sire would know  
That his dear son is lying low.  
Yet, if my mournful fate he knew,  
What could his arm so feeble do?  
The tree, firm-rooted, ne'er may be  
The guardian of a stricken tree.  
Haste to my father, and relate  
While time allows, my sudden fate,  
Lest he consume thee as the fire  
Burns up the forest, in his ire.  
This little path, O King, pursue:  
My father's cot thou soon wilt view.  
There sue for pardon to the sage,  
Lest he should curse thee in his rage.  
First from the wound extract the dart  
That kills me with its deadly smart,  
E'en as the flushed impetuous tide  
Eats through the river's yielding side.”

I feared to draw the arrow out,  
And pondered thus in painful doubt:  
“Now tortured by the shaft he lies,  
But if I draw it forth he dies.”  
Helpless I stood, faint, sorely grieved:  
The hermit's son my thought perceived;  
As one o'ercome by direst pain  
He scarce had strength to speak again.

With writhing limb and struggling breath,  
Nearer and ever nearer death  
“My senses undisturbed remain,  
And fortitude has conquered pain:  
Now from one tear thy soul be freed.  
Thy hand has made a Bráhman bleed.  
Let not this pang thy bosom wring:  
No twice-born youth am I, O King,  
For of a Vaiśya sire I came,  
Who wedded with a Śúdra dame.”

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These words the boy could scarcely say,  
As tortured by the shaft he lay,  
Twisting his helpless body round,  
Then trembling senseless on the ground.  
Then from his bleeding side I drew  
The rankling shaft that pierced him through.  
With death's last fear my face he eyed,  
And, rich in store of penance, died.”

## Canto LXIV. Dasaratha's Death.

The son of Raghu to his queen  
Thus far described the unequalled scene,  
And, as the hermit's death he rued,  
The mournful story thus renewed:  
“The deed my heedless hand had wrought  
Perplexed me with remorseful thought,  
And all alone I pondered still  
How kindly deed might salve the ill.  
The pitcher from the ground I took,

And filled it from that fairest brook,  
Then, by the path the hermit showed,  
I reached his sainted sire's abode.  
I came, I saw: the aged pair,  
Feeble and blind, were sitting there,  
Like birds with clipped wings, side by side,  
With none their helpless steps to guide.  
Their idle hours the twain beguiled  
With talk of their returning child,  
And still the cheering hope enjoyed,  
The hope, alas, by me destroyed.  
Then spoke the sage, as drawing near  
The sound of footsteps reached his ear:  
“Dear son, the water quickly bring;  
Why hast thou made this tarrying?  
Thy mother thirsts, and thou hast played,  
And bathing in the brook delayed.  
She weeps because thou camest not;  
Haste, O my son, within the cot.  
If she or I have ever done  
A thing to pain thee, dearest son,  
Dismiss the memory from thy mind:  
A hermit thou, be good and kind.  
On thee our lives, our all, depend:  
Thou art thy friendless parents' friend.  
The eyeless couple's eye art thou:  
Then why so cold and silent now?”

With sobbing voice and bosom wrung  
I scarce could move my faltering tongue,  
And with my spirit filled with dread  
I looked upon the sage, and said,  
While mind, and sense, and nerve I strung  
To fortify my trembling tongue,

And let the aged hermit know  
His son's sad fate, my fear and woe:  
“High-minded Saint, not I thy child,  
A warrior, Daśaratha styled.  
I bear a grievous sorrow's weight  
Born of a deed which good men hate.  
My lord, I came to Sarjú's shore,  
And in my hand my bow I bore  
For elephant or beast of chase  
That seeks by night his drinking place.  
There from the stream a sound I heard  
As if a jar the water stirred.  
An elephant, I thought, was nigh:  
I aimed, and let an arrow fly.  
Swift to the place I made my way,  
And there a wounded hermit lay  
Gasping for breath: the deadly dart  
Stood quivering in his youthful heart.  
I hastened near with pain oppressed;  
He faltered out his last behest.  
And quickly, as he bade me do,  
From his pierced side the shaft I drew.  
I drew the arrow from the rent,  
And up to heaven the hermit went,  
Lamenting, as from earth he passed,  
His aged parents to the last.  
Thus, unaware, the deed was done:  
My hand, unwitting, killed thy son.  
For what remains, O, let me win  
Thy pardon for my heedless sin.”

As the sad tale of sin I told  
The hermit's grief was uncontrolled.  
With flooded eyes, and sorrow-faint,

Thus spake the venerable saint:  
 I stood with hand to hand applied,  
 And listened as he spoke and sighed:  
 “If thou, O King, hadst left unsaid  
 By thine own tongue this tale of dread,  
 Thy head for hideous guilt accursed  
 Had in a thousand pieces burst.  
 A hermit's blood by warrior spilt,  
 In such a case, with purposed guilt,  
 Down from his high estate would bring  
 Even the thunder's mighty King.  
 And he a dart who conscious sends  
 Against the devotee who spends  
 His pure life by the law of Heaven—  
 That sinner's head will split in seven.  
 Thou livest, for thy heedless hand  
 Has wrought a deed thou hast not planned,  
 Else thou and all of Raghu's line  
 Had perished by this act of thine.  
 Now guide us,” thus the hermit said,  
 “Forth to the spot where he lies dead.  
 Guide us, this day, O Monarch, we  
 For the last time our son would see:  
 The hermit dress of skin he wore  
 Rent from his limbs distained with gore;  
 His senseless body lying slain,  
 His soul in Yama's dark domain.”

Alone the mourning pair I led,  
 Their souls with woe disquieted,  
 And let the dame and hermit lay  
 Their hands upon the breathless clay.  
 The father touched his son, and pressed  
 The body to his aged breast;

Then falling by the dead boy's side,  
He lifted up his voice, and cried:

“Hast thou no word, my child, to say?  
No greeting for thy sire to-day?  
Why art thou angry, darling? why  
Wilt thou upon the cold earth lie?  
If thou, my son, art wroth with me,  
Here, duteous child, thy mother see.  
What! no embrace for me, my son?  
No word of tender love—not one?  
Whose gentle voice, so soft and clear,  
Soothing my spirit, shall I hear  
When evening comes, with accents sweet  
Scripture or ancient lore repeat?  
Who, having fed the sacred fire,  
And duly bathed, as texts require,  
Will cheer, when evening rites are done,  
The father mourning for his son?  
Who will the daily meal provide  
For the poor wretch who lacks a guide,  
Feeding the helpless with the best  
Berries and roots, like some dear guest?  
How can these hands subsistence find  
For thy poor mother, old and blind?  
The wretched votaress how sustain,  
Who mourns her child in ceaseless pain?  
Stay yet a while, my darling, stay,  
Nor fly to Yama's realm to-day.  
To-morrow I thy sire and she  
Who bare thee, child, will go with, thee.<sup>337</sup>

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<sup>337</sup> So dying York cries over the body of Suffolk:

“Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Then when I look on Yama, I  
 To great Vivasvat's son will cry:  
 "Hear, King of justice, and restore  
 Our child to feed us, I implore.  
 Lord of the world, of mighty fame,  
 Faithful and just, admit my claim,  
 And grant this single boon to free  
 My soul from fear, to one like me."  
 Because, my son, untouched by stain,  
 By sinful hands thou fallest slain,  
 Win, through thy truth, the sphere where those  
 Who die by hostile darts repose.  
 Seek the blest home prepared for all  
 The valiant who in battle fall,  
 Who face the foe and scorn to yield,  
 In glory dying on the field.  
 Rise to the heaven where Dhundhumár  
 And Nahush, mighty heroes, are,  
 Where Janamejay and the blest  
 Dilípa, Sagar, Saivya, rest:  
 Home of all virtuous spirits, earned  
 By fervent rites and Scripture learned:  
 By those whose sacred fires have glowed,  
 Whose liberal hands have fields bestowed:  
 By givers of a thousand cows,  
 By lovers of one faithful spouse:  
 By those who serve their masters well,  
 And cast away this earthly shell.  
 None of my race can ever know  
 The bitter pain of lasting woe.  
 But doomed to that dire fate is he  
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast."

*King Henry V, Act IV, 6.*

Whose guilty hand has slaughtered thee."

Thus with wild tears the aged saint  
Made many a time his piteous plaint,  
Then with his wife began to shed  
The funeral water for the dead.  
But in a shape celestial clad,  
Won by the merits of the lad,  
The spirit from the body brake  
And to the mourning parents spake:  
"A glorious home in realms above  
Rewards my care and filial love.  
You, honoured parents, soon shall be  
Partakers of that home with me."

He spake, and swiftly mounting high,  
With Indra near him, to the sky  
On a bright car, with flame that glowed,  
Sublime the duteous hermit rode.

The father, with his consort's aid,  
The funeral rites with water paid,  
And thus his speech to me renewed  
Who stood in suppliant attitude:  
"Slay me this day, O, slay me, King,  
For death no longer has a sting.  
Childless am I: thy dart has done  
To death my dear, my only son.  
Because the boy I loved so well  
Slain by thy heedless arrow fell,  
My curse upon thy soul shall press  
With bitter woe and heaviness.  
I mourn a slaughtered child, and thou  
Shalt feel the pangs that kill me now.  
Bereft and suffering e'en as I,

So shalt thou mourn thy son, and die.  
 Thy hand unwitting dealt the blow  
 That laid a holy hermit low,  
 And distant, therefore, is the time  
 When thou shalt suffer for the crime.  
 The hour shall come when, crushed by woes  
 Like these I feel, thy life shall close:  
 A debt to pay in after days  
 Like his the priestly fee who pays.”

This curse on me the hermit laid,  
 Nor yet his tears and groans were stayed.  
 Then on the pyre their bodies cast  
 The pair; and straight to heaven they passed.  
 As in sad thought I pondered long  
 Back to my memory came the wrong  
 Done in wild youth, O lady dear,  
 When 'twas my boast to shoot by ear.  
 The deed has borne the fruit, which now  
 Hangs ripe upon the bending bough:  
 Thus dainty meats the palate please,  
 And lure the weak to swift disease.  
 Now on my soul return with dread  
 The words that noble hermit said,  
 That I for a dear son should grieve,  
 And of the woe my life should leave.”

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Thus spake the king with many a tear;  
 Then to his wife he cried in fear:  
 “I cannot see thee, love; but lay  
 Thy gentle hand in mine, I pray.  
 Ah me, if Ráma touched me thus,  
 If once, returning home to us,  
 He bade me wealth and lordship give,

Then, so I think, my soul would live.  
Unlike myself, unjust and mean  
Have been my ways with him, my Queen,  
But like himself is all that he,  
My noble son, has done to me.  
His son, though far from right he stray,  
What prudent sire would cast away?  
What banished son would check his ire,  
Nor speak reproaches of his sire?  
I see thee not: these eyes grow blind,  
And memory quits my troubled mind.  
Angels of Death are round me: they  
Summon my soul with speed away.  
What woe more grievous can there be,  
That, when from light and life I flee,  
I may not, ere I part, behold  
My virtuous Ráma, true and bold?  
Grief for my son, the brave and true,  
Whose joy it was my will to do,  
Dries up my breath, as summer dries  
The last drop in the pool that lies.  
Not men, but blessed Gods, are they  
Whose eyes shall see his face that day;  
See him, when fourteen years are past,  
With earrings decked return at last.  
My fainting mind forgets to think:  
Low and more low my spirits sink.  
Each from its seat, my senses steal:  
I cannot hear, or taste, or feel.  
This lethargy of soul o'ercomes  
Each organ, and its function numbs:  
So when the oil begins to fail,  
The torch's rays grow faint and pale.  
This flood of woe caused by this hand

Destroys me helpless and unmanned,  
 Resistless as the floods that bore  
 A passage through the river shore.  
 Ah Raghu's son, ah mighty-armed,  
 By whom my cares were soothed and charmed,  
 My son in whom I took delight,  
 Now vanished from thy father's sight!  
 Kauśalyá, ah, I cannot see;  
 Sumitrá, gentle devotee!  
 Alas, Kaikeyí, cruel dame,  
 My bitter foe, thy father's shame!"

Kauśalyá and Sumitrá kept  
 Their watch beside him as he wept.  
 And Daśaratha moaned and sighed,  
 And grieving for his darling died.

## Canto LXV. The Women's Lament.

And now the night had past away,  
 And brightly dawned another day;  
 The minstrels, trained to play and sing,  
 Flocked to the chamber of the king:  
 Bards, who their gayest raiment wore,  
 And heralds famed for ancient lore:  
 And singers, with their songs of praise,  
 Made music in their several ways.  
 There as they poured their blessings choice  
 And hailed their king with hand and voice,  
 Their praises with a swelling roar  
 Echoed through court and corridor.

Then as the bards his glory sang,  
From beaten palms loud answer rang,  
As glad applauders clapped their hands,  
And told his deeds in distant lands.  
The swelling concert woke a throng  
Of sleeping birds to life and song:  
Some in the branches of the trees,  
Some caged in halls and galleries.  
Nor was the soft string music mute;  
The gentle whisper of the lute,  
And blessings sung by singers skilled  
The palace of the monarch filled.  
Eunuchs and dames of life unstained,  
Each in the arts of waiting trained,  
Drew near attentive as before,  
And crowded to the chamber door:  
These skilful when and how to shed  
The lustral stream o'er limb and head,  
Others with golden ewers stood  
Of water stained with sandal wood.  
And many a maid, pure, young, and fair,  
Her load of early offerings bare,  
Cups of the flood which all revere,  
And sacred things, and toilet gear.  
Each several thing was duly brought  
As rule of old observance taught,  
And lucky signs on each impressed  
Stamped it the fairest and the best.  
There anxious, in their long array,  
All waited till the shine of day:  
But when the king nor rose nor spoke,  
Doubt and alarm within them woke.  
Forthwith the dames, by duty led,  
Attendants on the monarch's bed,

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Within the royal chamber pressed  
To wake their master from his rest.  
Skilled in the lore of dreaming, they  
First touched the bed on which he lay.  
But none replied; no sound was heard,  
Nor hand, nor head, nor body stirred.  
They trembled, and their dread increased,  
Fearing his breath of life had ceased,  
And bending low their heads, they shook  
Like the tall reeds that fringe the brook.  
In doubt and terror down they knelt,  
Looked on his face, his cold hand felt,  
And then the gloomy truth appeared  
Of all their hearts had darkly feared.  
Kauśalyá and Sumitrá, worn  
With weeping for their sons, forlorn,  
Woke not, but lay in slumber deep  
And still as death's unending sleep.  
Bowed down by grief, her colour fled,  
Her wonted lustre dull and dead,  
Kauśalyá shone not, like a star  
Obscured behind a cloudy bar.  
Beside the king's her couch was spread,  
And next was Queen Sumitrá's bed,  
Who shone no more with beauty's glow,  
Her face bedewed with tears of woe.  
There lapsed in sleep each wearied queen,  
There as in sleep, the king was seen;  
And swift the troubling thought came o'er  
Their spirits that he breathed no more.  
At once with wailing loud and high  
The matrons shrieked a bitter cry,  
As widowed elephants bewail  
Their dead lord in the woody vale.

At the loud shriek that round them rang,  
Kauśalyá and Sumitrá sprang  
Awakened from their beds, with eyes  
Wide open in their first surprise.  
Quick to the monarch's side they came,  
And saw and touched his lifeless frame;  
One cry, O husband! forth they sent,  
And prostrate to the ground they went.  
The king of Kośal's daughter<sup>338</sup> there  
Writhed, with the dust on limb and hair  
Lustreless, as a star might lie  
Hurled downward from the glorious sky.  
When the king's voice in death was stilled,  
The women who the chamber filled  
Saw, like a widow elephant slain,  
Kauśalyá prostrate in her pain.  
Then all the monarch's ladies led  
By Queen Kaikeyí at their head,  
Poured forth their tears, and weeping so,  
Sank on the ground, consumed by woe.  
The cry of grief so long and loud  
Went up from all the royal crowd,  
That, doubled by the matron train,  
It made the palace ring again.  
Filled with dark fear and eager eyes,  
Anxiety and wild surmise;  
Echoing with the cries of grief  
Of sorrowing friends who mourned their chief,  
Dejected, pale with deep distress,  
Hurled from their height of happiness:  
Such was the look the palace wore  
Where lay the king who breathed no more.

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<sup>338</sup> Kauśalyá, daughter of the king of another Kośal.

## Canto LXVI. The Embalming.

Kauśalyá's eyes with tears o'erflowed,  
Weighed down by varied sorrows' load;  
On her dead lord her gaze she bent,  
Who lay like fire whose might is spent,  
Like the great deep with waters dry,  
Or like the clouded sun on high.  
Then on her lap she laid his head.  
And on Kaikeyí looked and said:  
“Triumphant now enjoy thy reign  
Without a thorn thy side to pain.  
Thou hast pursued thy single aim,  
And killed the king, O wicked dame.  
Far from my sight my Ráma flies,  
My perished lord has sought the skies.  
No friend, no hope my life to cheer,  
I cannot tread the dark path here.  
Who would forsake her husband, who  
That God to whom her love is due,  
And wish to live one hour, but she  
Whose heart no duty owns, like thee?  
The ravenous sees no fault: his greed  
Will e'en on poison blindly feed.  
Kaikeyí, through a hump-back maid,  
This royal house in death has laid.  
King Janak, with his queen, will hear  
Heart rent like me the tidings drear  
Of Ráma banished by the king,  
Urged by her impious counselling.  
No son has he, his age is great,  
And sinking with the double weight,  
He for his darling child will pine,  
And pierced with woe his life resign.

Sprung from Videha's monarch, she  
A sad and lovely devotee,  
Roaming the wood, unmeet for woe,  
Will toil and trouble undergo.  
She in the gloomy night with fear  
The cries of beast and bird will hear,  
And trembling in her wild alarm  
Will cling to Ráma's sheltering arm.  
Ah, little knows my dutous son  
That I am widowed and undone—  
My Ráma of the lotus eye,  
Gone hence, gone hence, alas, to die.  
Now, as a living wife and true,  
I, e'en this day, will perish too:  
Around his form these arms will throw  
And to the fire with him will go."

Clasping her husband's lifeless clay  
A while the weeping votaress lay,  
Till chamberlains removed her thence  
O'ercome by sorrow's violence.  
Then in a cask of oil they laid  
Him who in life the world had swayed,  
And finished, as the lords desired,  
All rites for parted souls required.  
The lords, all-wise, refused to burn  
The monarch ere his son's return;  
So for a while the corpse they set  
Embalmed in oil, and waited yet.  
The women heard: no doubt remained,  
And wildly for the king they plained.  
With gushing tears that drowned each eye  
Wildly they waved their arms on high,  
And each her mangling nails impressed

Deep in her head and knee and breast:  
 “Of Ráma reft,—who ever spake  
 The sweetest words the heart to take,  
 Who firmly to the truth would cling,—  
 Why dost thou leave us, mighty King?  
 How can the consorts thou hast left  
 Widowed, of Raghu's son bereft,  
 Live with our foe Kaikeyí near,  
 The wicked queen we hate and fear?  
 She threw away the king, her spite  
 Drove Ráma forth and Lakshman's might,  
 And gentle Sítá: how will she  
 Spare any, whosoe'er it be?”

Oppressed with sorrow, tear-distained,  
 The royal women thus complained.  
 Like night when not a star appears,  
 Like a sad widow drowned in tears,  
 Ayodhyá's city, dark and dim,  
 Reft of her lord was sad for him.  
 When thus for woe the king to heaven had fled,  
 And still on earth his lovely wives remained.  
 With dying light the sun to rest had sped,  
 And night triumphant o'er the landscape reigned.

Canto LXVII. The Praise Of Kings.

That night of sorrow passed away,  
And rose again the God of Day.  
Then all the twice-born peers of state  
Together met for high debate.  
Jáválí, lord of mighty fame.  
And Gautam, and Kátyáyan came,  
And Márkandeya's reverend age,  
And Vámadeva, glorious sage:  
Sprung from Mudgalya's seed the one,  
The other ancient Kaśyap's son.  
With lesser lords these Bráhmans each  
Spoke in his turn his several speech,  
And turning to Vaśishṭha, best  
Of household priests him thus addressed:  
“The night of bitter woe has past,  
Which seemed a hundred years to last,  
Our king, in sorrow for his son,  
Reunion with the Five has won.  
His soul is where the blessed are,  
While Ráma roams in woods afar,  
And Lakshmaṇ, bright in glorious deeds,  
Goes where his well-loved brother leads.  
And Bharat and Śatrughna, they  
Who smite their foes in battle fray,  
Far in the realm of Kekaya stay,  
Where their maternal grandsire's care  
Keeps Rájagriha's city fair.  
Let one of old Ikshváku's race  
Obtain this day the sovereign's place,  
Or havoc and destruction straight  
Our kingless land will devastate.  
In kingless lands no thunder's voice,  
No lightning wreaths the heart rejoice,  
Nor does Parjanya's heavenly rain

Descend upon the burning plain.  
Where none is king, the sower's hand  
Casts not the seed upon the land;  
The son against the father strives.  
And husbands fail to rule their wives.  
In kingless realms no princes call  
Their friends to meet in crowded hall;  
No joyful citizens resort  
To garden trim or sacred court.  
In kingless realms no Twice-born care  
To sacrifice with text and prayer,  
Nor Bráhmans, who their vows maintain,  
The great solemnities ordain.  
The joys of happier days have ceased:  
No gathering, festival, or feast  
Together calls the merry throng  
Delighted with the play and song.  
In kingless lands it ne'er is well  
With sons of trade who buy and sell:  
No men who pleasant tales repeat  
Delight the crowd with stories sweet.  
In kingless realms we ne'er behold  
Young maidens decked with gems and gold,  
Flock to the gardens blithe and gay  
To spend their evening hours in play.  
No lover in the flying car  
Rides with his love to woods afar.  
In kingless lands no wealthy swain  
Who keeps the herd and reaps the grain,  
Lies sleeping, blest with ample store,  
Securely near his open door.  
Upon the royal roads we see  
No tusked elephant roaming free,  
Of three-score years, whose head and neck

Sweet tinkling bells of silver deck.  
We hear no more the glad applause  
When his strong bow each rival draws,  
No clap of hands, no eager cries  
That cheer each martial exercise.  
In kingless realms no merchant bands  
Who travel forth to distant lands,  
With precious wares their wagons load,  
And fear no danger on the road.  
No sage secure in self-control,  
Brooding on God with mind and soul,  
In lonely wanderings finds his home  
Where'er at eve his feet may roam.  
In kingless realms no man is sure  
He holds his life and wealth secure.  
In kingless lands no warriors smite  
The foeman's host in glorious fight.  
In kingless lands the wise no more,  
Well trained in Scripture's holy lore,  
In shady groves and gardens meet  
To argue in their calm retreat.  
No longer, in religious fear,  
Do they who pious vows revere,  
Bring dainty cates and wreaths of flowers  
As offerings to the heavenly powers.  
No longer, bright as trees in spring,  
Shine forth the children of the king  
Resplendent in the people's eyes  
With aloe wood and sandal dyes.  
A brook where water once has been,  
A grove where grass no more is green,  
Kine with no herdsman's guiding hand—  
So wretched is a kingless land.  
The car its waving banner rears,

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Banner of fire the smoke appears:  
Our king, the banner of our pride,  
A God with Gods is glorified.  
In kingless lands no law is known,  
And none may call his wealth his own,  
Each preys on each from hour to hour,  
As fish the weaker fish devour.  
Then fearless, atheists overleap  
The bounds of right the godly keep,  
And when no royal powers restrain,  
Preëminence and lordship gain.  
As in the frame of man the eye  
Keeps watch and ward, a careful spy,  
The monarch in his wide domains  
Protects the truth, the right maintains.  
He is the right, the truth is he,  
Their hopes in him the well-born see.  
On him his people's lives depend,  
Mother is he, and sire, and friend.  
The world were veiled in blinding night,  
And none could see or know aright,  
Ruled there no king in any state  
The good and ill to separate.  
We will obey thy word and will  
As if our king were living still:  
As keeps his bounds the faithful sea,  
So we observe thy high decree.  
O best of Bráhmans, first in place,  
    Our kingless land lies desolate:  
Some scion of Ikshváku's race  
    Do thou as monarch consecrate."

## Canto LXVIII. The Envoys.

Vaśishṭha heard their speech and prayer,  
 And thus addressed the concourse there,  
 Friends, Bráhmans, counsellors, and all  
 Assembled in the palace hall:  
 “Ye know that Bharat, free from care,  
 Still lives in Rájagriha<sup>339</sup> where  
 The father of his mother reigns:  
 Śatruघna by his side remains.  
 Let active envoys, good at need,  
 Thither on fleetest horses speed,  
 To bring the hero youths away:  
 Why waste the time in dull delay?”

Quick came from all the glad reply:  
 “Vaśishṭha, let the envoys fly!”  
 He heard their speech, and thus renewed  
 His charge before the multitude:  
 “Nandan, Aśok, Siddhárth, attend,  
 Your ears, Jayanta, Vijay, lend:  
 Be yours, what need requires, to do:  
 I speak these words to all of you.  
 With coursers of the fleetest breed  
 To Rájagriha's city speed.  
 Then rid your bosoms of distress,  
 And Bharat thus from me address:  
 “The household priest and peers by us  
 Send health to thee and greet thee thus:  
 Come to thy father's home with haste:  
 Thine absent time no longer waste.”

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<sup>339</sup> Rájagriha, or Girivraja was the capital of Aśvapati, Bharat's maternal grandfather.

But speak no word of Ráma fled,  
 Tell not the prince his sire is dead,  
 Nor to the royal youth the fate  
 That ruins Raghu's race relate.  
 Go quickly hence, and with you bear  
 Fine silken vestures rich and rare,  
 And gems and many a precious thing  
 As gifts to Bharat and the king."

With ample stores of food supplied,  
 Each to his home the envoys hied,  
 Prepared, with steeds of swiftest race,  
 To Kekaya's land<sup>340</sup> their way to trace.  
 They made all due provision there,  
 And every need arranged with care,  
 Then ordered by Vaśishṭha, they  
 Went forth with speed upon their way.  
 Then northward of Pralamba, west  
 Of Apartála, on they pressed,  
 Crossing the Máliní that flowed  
 With gentle stream athwart the road.  
 They traversed Gangá's holy waves  
 Where she Hástinapura<sup>341</sup> laves,  
 Thence to Panchálá<sup>342</sup> westward fast  
 Through Kurujángal's land<sup>343</sup> Note.

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<sup>340</sup> The Kekayas or Kaikayas in the Punjab appear amongst the chief nations in the war of the Mahábhárata; their king being a kinsman of Krishṇa.

<sup>341</sup> Hástinapura was the capital of the kingdom of Kuru, near the modern Delhi.

<sup>342</sup> The Panchálas occupied the upper part of the Doab.

<sup>343</sup> "Kurujángala and its inhabitants are frequently mentioned in the *Mahábhárata*, as in the *Ádi-parv.* 3789, 4337, *et al.*" WILSON'S{FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 176. DR. HALL'S{FNS

they passed.

On, on their course the envoys held  
 By urgency of task impelled.  
 Quick glancing at each lucid flood  
 And sweet lake gay with flower and bud.  
 Beyond, they passed unwearied o'er,  
 Where glad birds fill the flood and shore  
 Of Śaradaṇḍá racing fleet  
 With heavenly water clear and sweet,  
 Thereby a tree celestial grows  
 Which every boon on prayer bestows:  
 To its blest shade they humbly bent,  
 Then to Kulingá's town they went.  
 Then, having passed the Warrior's Wood,  
 In Abhikála next they stood,  
 O'er sacred Ikshumati<sup>344</sup> Edition. The Ikshumati was a river in  
 Kurukshetra.

came,

Their ancient kings' ancestral claim.  
 They saw the learned Bráhmans stand,  
 Each drinking from his hollowed hand,  
 And through Báhíka<sup>345</sup> journeying still  
 They reached at length Sudáman's hill:  
 There Vishṇu's footstep turned to see,  
 Vipásá<sup>346</sup> viewed, and Śálmalí,  
 And many a lake and river met,  
 Tank, pool, and pond, and rivulet.

<sup>344</sup> "The Ὀξύματις of Arrian. See *As. Res.* Vol. XV. p. 420, 421, also *Indische Alterthumskunde*, Vol. I. p. 602, first footnote." WILSON'S{FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. I. p. 421. DR. HALL'S{FNS

<sup>345</sup> "The Báhíkas are described in the Mahábhárata, Karṇa Parvan, with some detail, and comprehend the different nations of the Punjab from the Sutlej to the Indus." WILSON'S{FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. I. p. 167.

<sup>346</sup> The Beas, Hyphasis, or Bibasis.

And lions saw, and tigers near,  
 And elephants and herds of deer,  
 And still, by prompt obedience led,  
 Along the ample road they sped.  
 Then when their course so swift and long,  
 Had worn their steeds though fleet and strong,  
 To Girivraja's splendid town  
 They came by night, and lighted down.  
 To please their master, and to guard  
 The royal race, the lineal right,  
 The envoys, spent with riding hard,  
 To that fair city came by night.<sup>347</sup>

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<sup>347</sup> It would be lost labour to attempt to verify all the towns and streams mentioned in Cantos LXVIII and LXXII. Professor Wilson observes (*Vishṇu Purāṇa*, p. 139. Dr. Hall's Edition) "States, and tribes, and cities have disappeared, even from recollection; and some of the natural features of the country, especially the rivers, have undergone a total alteration.... Notwithstanding these impediments, however, we should be able to identify at least mountains and rivers, to a much greater extent than is now practicable, if our maps were not so miserably defective in their nomenclature. None of our surveyors or geographers have been oriental scholars. It may be doubted if any of them have been conversant with the spoken language of the country. They have, consequently, put down names at random, according to their own inaccurate appreciation of sounds carelessly, vulgarly, and corruptly uttered; and their maps of India are crowded with appellations which bear no similitude whatever either to past or present denominations. We need not wonder that we cannot discover Sanskrit names in English maps, when, in the immediate vicinity of Calcutta, Barnagore represents Baráhanagar, Dakshinéśwar is metamorphosed into Duckinsore, Ulubaría into Willoughbury.... There is scarcely a name in our Indian maps that does not afford proof of extreme indifference to accuracy in nomenclature, and of an incorrectness in estimating sounds, which is, in some degree, perhaps, a national defect."

For further information regarding the road from Ayodhyá to Rájagriha, see

## Canto LXIX. Bharat's Dream.

The night those messengers of state  
 Had past within the city's gate,  
 In dreams the slumbering Bharat saw  
 A sight that chilled his soul with awe.  
 The dream that dire events foretold  
 Left Bharat's heart with horror cold,  
 And with consuming woes distraught,  
 Upon his aged sire he thought.  
 His dear companions, swift to trace  
 The signs of anguish on his face,  
 Drew near, his sorrow to expel,  
 And pleasant tales began to tell.  
 Some woke sweet music's cheering sound,  
 And others danced in lively round.  
 With joke and jest they strove to raise  
 His spirits, quoting ancient plays;  
 But Bharat still, the lofty-souled,  
 Deaf to sweet tales his fellows told,  
 Unmoved by music, dance, and jest,  
 Sat silent, by his woe oppressed.  
 To him, begirt by comrades near,  
 Thus spoke the friend he held most dear:  
 "Why ringed around by friends, art thou  
 So silent and so mournful now?"  
 "Hear thou," thus Bharat made reply,  
 "What chills my heart and dims mine eye.  
 I dreamt I saw the king my sire  
 Sink headlong in a lake of mire  
 Down from a mountain high in air,  
 His body soiled, and loose his hair.

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Upon the miry lake he seemed  
To lie and welter, as I dreamed;  
With hollowed hands full many a draught  
Of oil he took, and loudly laughed.  
With head cast down I saw him make  
A meal on sesamum and cake;  
The oil from every member dripped,  
And in its clammy flood he dipped.  
The ocean's bed was bare and dry,  
The moon had fallen from the sky,  
And all the world lay still and dead,  
With whelming darkness overspread.  
The earth was rent and opened wide,  
The leafy trees were scorched, and died;  
I saw the seated mountains split,  
And wreaths of rising smoke emit.  
The stately beast the monarch rode  
His long tusks rent and splintered showed;  
And flames that quenched and cold had lain  
Blazed forth with kindled light again.  
I looked, and many a handsome dame,  
Arrayed in brown and sable came  
And bore about the monarch, dressed,  
On iron stool, in sable vest.  
And then the king, of virtuous mind,  
A blood-red wreath around him twined,  
Forth on an ass-drawn chariot sped,  
As southward still he bent his head.  
Then, crimson-clad, a dame appeared  
Who at the monarch laughed and jeered;  
And a she-monster, dire to view,  
Her hand upon his body threw.  
Such is the dream I dreamt by night,  
Which chills me yet with wild affright:

Either the king or Ráma, I  
Or Lakshman now must surely die.  
For when an ass-drawn chariot seems  
To bear away a man in dreams,  
Be sure above his funeral pyre  
The smoke soon rears its cloudy spire.  
This makes my spirit low and weak,  
My tongue is slow and loth to speak:  
My lips and throat are dry for dread,  
And all my soul disquieted.  
My lips, relaxed, can hardly speak,  
And chilling dread has changed my cheek  
I blame myself in aimless fears,  
And still no cause of blame appears.  
I dwell upon this dream of ill  
    Whose changing scenes I viewed,  
    And on the startling horror still  
        My troubled thoughts will brood.  
    Still to my soul these terrors cling,  
        Reluctant to depart,  
    And the strange vision of the king  
        Still weighs upon my heart.”

## Canto LXX. Bharat's Departure.

While thus he spoke, the envoys borne  
On horses faint and travel-worn  
Had gained the city fenced around  
With a deep moat's protecting bound.  
An audience of the king they gained,  
And honours from the prince obtained;

The monarch's feet they humbly pressed,  
 To Bharat next these words addressed:  
 “The household priest and peers by us  
 Send health to thee and greet thee thus:  
 “Come to thy father's house with haste:  
 Thine absent time no longer waste.”  
 Receive these vestures rich and rare,  
 These costly gems and jewels fair,  
 And to thy uncle here present  
 Each precious robe and ornament.  
 These for the king and him suffice—  
 Two hundred millions is their price—  
 These, worth a hundred millions, be  
 Reserved, O large-eyed Prince, for thee.”

Loving his friends with heart and soul,  
 The joyful prince received the whole,  
 Due honour to the envoys paid,  
 And thus in turn his answer made:  
 “Of Daśaratha tidings tell:  
 Is the old king my father well?  
 Is Ráma, and is Lakshmaṇ, he  
 Of the high-soul, from sickness free?  
 And she who walks where duty leads,  
 Kauśalyá, known for gracious deeds,  
 Mother of Ráma, loving spouse,  
 Bound to her lord by well kept vows?  
 And Lakshman's mother too, the dame  
 Sumitrá skilled in duty's claim,  
 Who brave Śatrughna also bare,  
 Second in age,—her health declare.  
 And she, in self-conceit most sage,  
 With selfish heart most prone to rage,  
 My mother, fares she well? has she

Sent message or command to me?"

Thus Bharat spake, the mighty-souled,  
And they in brief their tidings told:  
"All they of whom thou askest dwell,  
O lion lord, secure and well:  
Thine all the smiles of fortune are:  
Make ready; let them yoke the car."

Thus by the royal envoys pressed,  
Bharat again the band addressed:  
"I go with you: no long delay,  
A single hour I bid you stay."  
Thus Bharat, son of him who swayed  
Ayodhyás realm, his answer made,  
And then bespoke, his heart to please,  
His mother's sire in words like these:  
"I go to see my father, King,  
Urged by the envoys' summoning;  
And when thy soul desires to see  
Thy grandson, will return to thee."

The king his grandsire kissed his head,  
And in reply to Bharat said:  
"Go forth, dear child: how blest is she,  
The mother of a son like thee!  
Greet well thy sire, thy mother greet,  
O thou whose arms the foe defeat;  
The household priest, and all the rest  
Amid the Twice-born chief and best;  
And Ráma and brave Lakshman, who  
Shoot the long shaft with aim so true."

To him the king high honour showed,  
And store of wealth and gifts bestowed,  
The choicest elephants to ride,  
And skins and blankets deftly dyed,  
A thousand strings of golden beads,  
And sixteen hundred mettled steeds:  
And boundless wealth before him piled  
Gave Kekaya to Kaikeyi's child.  
And men of counsel, good and tried,  
On whose firm truth he aye relied,  
King Aśvapati gave with speed  
Prince Bharat on his way to lead.  
And noble elephants, strong and young,  
From sires of Indraśira sprung,  
And others tall and fair to view  
Of great Airávat's lineage true:  
And well yoked asses fleet of limb  
The prince his uncle gave to him.  
And dogs within the palace bred,  
Of body vast and massive head,  
With mighty fangs for battle, brave,  
The tiger's match in strength, he gave.  
Yet Bharat's bosom hardly glowed  
To see the wealth the king bestowed;  
For he would speed that hour away,  
Such care upon his bosom lay:  
Those eager envoys urged him thence,  
And that sad vision's influence.  
He left his court-yard, crowded then  
With elephants and steeds and men,  
And, peerless in immortal fame,  
To the great royal street he came.  
He saw, as farther still he went,  
The inner rooms most excellent,

And passed the doors, to him unclosed,  
 Where check nor bar his way oppos'd.  
 There Bharat stayed to bid adieu  
 To grandsire and to uncle too,  
 Then, with Śatrughna by his side,  
 Mounting his car, away he hied.  
 The strong-wheeled cars were yoked, and they  
 More than a hundred, rolled away:  
 Servants, with horses, asses, kine,  
 Followed their lord in endless line.  
 So, guarded by his own right hand,  
     Forth high-souled Bharat hied,  
 Surrounded by a lordly band  
     On whom the king relied.  
 Beside him sat Śatrughna dear,  
     The scourge of trembling foes:  
 Thus from the light of Indra's sphere  
     A saint made perfect goes.

## Canto LXXI. Bharat's Return.

Then Bharat's face was eastward bent  
 As from the royal town he went.  
 He reached Sudámá's farther side,  
 And glorious, gazed upon the tide;  
 Passed Hládiní, and saw her toss  
 Her westering billows hard to cross.  
 Then old Ikshváku's famous son  
 O'er Śatadrú<sup>348</sup> his passage won,

<sup>348</sup> “The Śatadrú, ‘the hundred-channeled’—the Zaradrus of Ptolemy, Hesydrus of Pliny—is the Sutlej.” WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. p. 130.

Near Ailadhána on the strand,  
 And came to Aparparyat's land.  
 O'er Šilá's flood he hurried fast,  
 Akurvati's fair stream he passed,  
 Crossed o'er Ágneya's rapid rill,  
 And Šalyakartan onward still.  
 Šilávahá's swift stream he eyed,  
 True to his vows and purified,  
 Then crossed the lofty hills, and stood  
 In Chaitraratha's mighty wood.  
 He reached the confluence where meet  
 Sarasvatí<sup>349</sup> and Gangá fleet,  
 And through Bhárundá forest, spread  
 Northward of Viramatsya, sped.  
 He sought Kálinda's child, who fills  
 The soul with joy, begirt by hills,  
 Reached Yamuná, and passing o'er,  
 Rested his army on the shore:  
 He gave his horses food and rest,  
 Bathed reeking limb and drooping crest.  
 They drank their fill and bathed them there,  
 And water for their journey bare.  
 Thence through a mighty wood he sped  
 All wild and uninhabited,  
 As in fair chariot through the skies,  
 Most fair in shape a Storm-God flies.  
 At Anśudhána Gangá, hard  
 To cross, his onward journey barred,  
 So turning quickly thence he came  
 To Prágvaṭ's city dear to fame.  
 There having gained the farther side  
 To Kuṭikoshtiká he hied:

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<sup>349</sup> The Sarasvatí or Sursooty is a tributary of the Caggar or Guggur in Sirhind.

The stream he crossed, and onward then  
To Dharmavardhan brought his men.  
Thence, leaving Toraṇ on the north,  
To Jambuprastha journeyed forth.  
Then onward to a pleasant grove  
By fair Varútha's town he drove,  
And when a while he there had stayed,  
Went eastward from the friendly shade.  
Eastward of Ujjiháná where  
The Priyak trees are tall and fair,  
He passed, and rested there each steed  
Exhausted with the journey's speed.  
There orders to his men addressed,  
With quickened pace he onward pressed,  
A while at Sarvatírtha spent,  
Then o'er Uttániká he went.  
O'er many a stream beside he sped  
With coursers on the mountains bred,  
And passing Hastiprishṭhak, took  
The road o'er Kuṭíká's fair brook.  
Then, at Lohitya's village, he  
Crossed o'er the swift Kapívatí,  
Then passed, where Ekaśála stands,  
The Stháñumati's flood and sands,  
And Gomatí of fair renown  
By Vinata's delightful town.  
When to Kalinga near he drew,  
A wood of Sal trees charmed the view;  
That passed, the sun began to rise,  
And Bharat saw with happy eyes,  
Ayodhyá's city, built and planned  
By ancient Manu's royal hand.  
Seven nights upon the road had passed,  
And when he saw the town at last

Before him in her beauty spread,  
Thus Bharat to the driver said:  
“This glorious city from afar,  
Wherein pure groves and gardens are,  
Seems to my eager eyes to-day  
A lifeless pile of yellow clay.  
Through all her streets where erst a throng  
Of men and women streamed along,  
Uprose the multitudinous roar:  
To-day I hear that sound no more.  
No longer do mine eyes behold  
The leading people, as of old,  
On elephants, cars, horses, go  
Abroad and homeward, to and fro.  
The brilliant gardens, where we heard  
The wild note of each rapturous bird,  
Where men and women loved to meet,  
In pleasant shades, for pastime sweet,—  
These to my eyes this day appear  
Joyless, and desolate, and drear:  
Each tree that graced the garden grieves,  
And every path is spread with leaves.  
The merry cry of bird and beast,  
That spake aloud their joy, has ceased:  
Still is the long melodious note  
That charmed us from each warbling throat.  
Why blows the blessed air no more,  
The incense-breathing air that bore  
Its sweet incomparable scent  
Of sandal and of aloe blent?  
Why are the drum and tabour mute?  
Why is the music of the lute  
That woke responsive to the quill,  
Loved by the happy, hushed and still?

My boding spirit gathers hence  
Dire sins of awful consequence,  
And omens, crowding on my sight,  
Weigh down my soul with wild affright.  
Scarce shall I find my friends who dwell  
Here in Ayodhyá safe and well:  
For surely not without a cause  
This crushing dread my soul o'erawes.”

Heart sick, dejected, every sense  
Confused by terror's influence,  
On to the town he quickly swept  
Which King Ikshváku's children kept.  
He passed through Vaijayanta's gate,  
With weary steeds, disconsolate,  
And all who near their station held,  
His escort, crying Victory, swelled,  
With heart distracted still he bowed  
Farewell to all the following crowd,  
Turned to the driver and began  
To question thus the weary man:  
“Why was I brought, O free from blame,  
So fast, unknown for what I came?  
Yet fear of ill my heart appals,  
And all my wonted courage falls.  
For I have heard in days gone by  
The changes seen when monarchs die;  
And all those signs, O charioteer,  
I see to-day surround me here:  
Each kinsman's house looks dark and grim,  
No hand delights to keep it trim:  
The beauty vanished, and the pride,  
The doors, unkept, stand open wide.  
No morning rites are offered there,

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No grateful incense loads the air,  
 And all therein, with brows o'er cast,  
 Sit joyless on the ground and fast.  
 Their lovely chaplets dry and dead,  
 Their courts unswept, with dust o'er spread,  
 The temples of the Gods to-day  
 No more look beautiful and gay.  
 Neglected stands each holy shrine,  
 Each image of a Lord divine.  
 No shop where flowery wreaths are sold  
 Is bright and busy as of old.  
 The women and the men I mark  
 Absorbed in fancies dull and dark,  
 Their gloomy eyes with tears bedewed,  
 A poor afflicted multitude.”

His mind oppressed with woe and dread,  
 Thus Bharat to his driver said,  
 Viewed the dire signs Ayodhyá showed,  
 And onward to the palace rode.

## Canto LXXII. Bharat's Inquiry.

He entered in, he looked around,  
 Nor in the house his father found;  
 Then to his mother's dwelling, bent  
 To see her face, he quickly went.  
 She saw her son, so long away,  
 Returning after many a day,  
 And from her golden seat in joy  
 Sprung forward to her darling boy.

Within the bower, no longer bright,  
Came Bharat lover of the right,  
And bending with observance sweet  
Clasped his dear mother's lovely feet.  
Long kisses on his brow she pressed,  
And held her hero to her breast,  
Then fondly drew him to her knees,  
And questioned him in words like these:  
“How many nights have fled, since thou  
Leftest thy grandsire's home, till now?  
By flying steeds so swiftly borne,  
Art thou not weak and travel-worn?  
How fares the king my father, tell:  
Is Yudhájít thine uncle well?  
And now, my son, at length declare  
The pleasure of the visit there.”

Thus to the offspring of the king  
She spake with tender questioning,  
And to his mother made reply  
Young Bharat of the lotus eye:  
“The seventh night has come and fled  
Since from my grandsire's home I sped:  
My mother's sire is well, and he,  
Yudhájít, from all trouble free.  
The gold and every precious thing  
Presented by the conqueror king,  
The slower guards behind convey:  
I left them weary on the way.  
Urged by the men my father sent,  
My hasty course I hither bent:  
Now, I implore, an answer deign,  
And all I wish to know, explain.  
Unoccupied I now behold

This couch of thine adorned with gold,  
 And each of King Ikshváku's race  
 Appears with dark and gloomy face.  
 The king is aye, my mother dear,  
 Most constant in his visits here.  
 To meet my sire I sought this spot:  
 How is it that I find him not?  
 I long to clasp my father's feet:  
 Say where he lingers, I entreat.  
 Perchance the monarch may be seen  
 Where dwells Kauśalyá, eldest queen.”

His father's fate, from him concealed,  
 Kaikeyí to her son revealed:  
 Told as glad news the story sad,  
 For lust of sway had made her mad:  
 “Thy father, O my darling, know,  
 Has gone the way all life must go:  
 Devout and famed, of lofty thought,  
 In whom the good their refuge sought.”

When Bharat pious, pure, and true,  
 Heard the sad words which pierced him through,  
 Grieved for the sire he loved so well  
 Prostrate upon the ground he fell:  
 Down fell the strong-armed hero, high  
 Tossing his arms, and a sad cry,  
 “Ah, woe is me, unhappy, slain!”  
 Burst from his lips again, again,  
 Afflicted for his father's fate  
 By grief's intolerable weight,  
 With every sense amazed and cowed  
 The splendid hero wailed aloud:  
 “Ah me, my royal father's bed

Of old a gentle radiance shed,  
Like the pure sky when clouds are past,  
And the moon's light is o'er it cast:  
Ah, of its wisest lord bereft,  
It shows to-day faint radiance left,  
As when the moon has left the sky.  
Or mighty Ocean's depths are dry."

With choking sobs, with many a tear,  
Pierced to the heart with grief sincere,  
The best of conquerors poured his sighs,  
And with his robe veiled face and eyes.  
Kaikeyí saw him fallen there,  
Godlike, afflicted, in despair,  
Used every art to move him thence,  
And tried him thus with eloquence:  
"Arise, arise, my dearest; why  
Wilt thou, famed Prince, so lowly lie?  
Not by such grief as this are moved  
Good men like thee, by all approved.  
The earth thy father nobly swayed,  
And rites to Heaven he duly paid.  
At length his race of life was run:  
Thou shouldst not mourn for him, my son."

Long on the ground he wept, and rolled  
From side to side, still unconsoled,  
And then, with bitter grief oppressed,  
His mother with these words addressed:

“This joyful hope my bosom fed  
When from my grandsire's halls I sped—  
“The king will throne his eldest son,  
And sacrifice, as should be done.”  
But all is changed, my hope was vain,  
And this sad heart is rent in twain,  
For my dear father's face I miss,  
Who ever sought his loved ones' bliss.  
But in my absence, mother, say,  
What sickness took my sire away?  
Ah, happy Ráma, happy they  
Allowed his funeral rites to pay!  
The glorious monarch has not learned  
That I his darling have returned,  
Or quickly had he hither sped,  
And pressed his kisses on my head.  
Where is that hand whose gentle touch,  
Most soft and kind I loved so much,  
The hand that loved to brush away  
The dust that on his darling lay?  
Quick, bear the news to Ráma's ear;  
Tell the great chief that I am here:  
Brother, and sire, and friend, and all  
Is he, and I his trusty thrall.  
For noble hearts, to virtue true,  
Their sires in elder brothers view.  
To clasp his feet I fain would bow:  
He is my hope and refuge now.  
What said my glorious sire, who knew  
Virtue and vice, so brave and true?  
Firm in his vows, dear lady, say,  
What said he ere he passed away?  
What was his rede to me? I crave  
To hear the last advice he gave.”

Thus closely questioned by the youth,  
 Kaikeyí spoke the mournful truth:  
 “The high-souled monarch wept and sighed,  
 For Ráma, Sítá, Lakshmaṇ, cried,  
 Then, best of all who go to bliss,  
 Passed to the world which follows this.  
 “Ah, blessed are the people who  
 Shall Ráma and his Sítá view,  
 And Lakshmaṇ of the mighty arm,  
 Returning free from scathe and harm.”  
 Such were the words, the last of all,  
 Thy father, ere he died, let fall,  
 By Fate and Death's dread coils enwound,  
 As some great elephant is bound.”

He heard, yet deeper in despair,  
 Her lips this double woe declare,  
 And with sad brow that showed his pain  
 Questioned his mother thus again:  
 “But where is he, of virtue tried,  
 Who fills Kauśalyá's heart with pride,  
 Where is the noble Ráma? where  
 Is Lakshmaṇ brave, and Sítá fair?”

Thus pressed, the queen began to tell  
 The story as each thing befell,  
 And gave her son in words like these,  
 The mournful news she meant to please:  
 “The prince is gone in hermit dress  
 To Daṇḍak's mighty wilderness,  
 And Lakshmaṇ brave and Sítá share  
 The wanderings of the exile there.”

Then Bharat's soul with fear was stirred  
 Lest Ráma from the right had erred,  
 And jealous for ancestral fame,  
 He put this question to the dame:  
 "Has Ráma grasped with lawless hold  
 A Bráhman's house, or land, or gold?  
 Has Ráma harmed with ill intent  
 Some poor or wealthy innocent?  
 Was Ráma, faithless to his vows,  
 Enamoured of another's spouse?  
 Why was he sent to Dandak's wild,  
 Like one who kills an unborn child?"

He questioned thus: and she began  
 To tell her deeds and crafty plan.  
 Deceitful-hearted, fond, and blind  
 As is the way of womankind:  
 "No Bráhman's wealth has Ráma seized,  
 No dame his wandering fancy pleased;  
 His very eyes he ne'er allows  
 To gaze upon a neighbour's spouse.  
 But when I heard the monarch planned  
 To give the realm to Ráma's hand,  
 I prayed that Ráma hence might flee,  
 And claimed the throne, my son, for thee.  
 The king maintained the name he bare,  
 And did according to my prayer,  
 And Ráma, with his brother, sent,  
 And Sítá, forth to banishment.  
 When his dear son was seen no more,  
 The lord of earth was troubled sore:  
 Too feeble with his grief to strive,  
 He joined the elemental Five.  
 Up then, most dutiful! maintain

The royal state, arise, and reign.  
 For thee, my darling son, for thee  
 All this was planned and wrought by me.  
 Come, cast thy grief and pain aside,  
 With manly courage fortified.  
 This town and realm are all thine own,  
 And fear and grief are here unknown.  
 Come, with Vaśishṭha's guiding aid,  
     And priests in ritual skilled  
 Let the king's funeral dues be paid,  
     And every claim fulfilled.  
 Perform his obsequies with all  
     That suits his rank and worth,  
 Then give the mandate to install  
     Thyself as lord of earth.”

## Canto LXXIII. Kaikeyí Reproached.

But when he heard the queen relate  
 His brothers' doom, his father's fate,  
 Thus Bharat to his mother said  
 With burning grief disquieted:  
 “Alas, what boots it now to reign,  
 Struck down by grief and well-nigh slain?  
 Ah, both are gone, my sire, and he  
 Who was a second sire to me.  
 Grief upon grief thy hand has made,  
 And salt upon gashes laid:  
 For my dear sire has died through thee,  
 And Ráma roams a devotee.  
 Thou camest like the night of Fate

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This royal house to devastate.  
Unwitting ill, my hapless sire  
Placed in his bosom coals of fire,  
And through thy crimes his death he met,  
O thou whose heart on sin is set.  
Shame of thy house! thy senseless deed  
Has reft all joy from Raghu's seed.  
The truthful monarch, dear to fame,  
Received thee as his wedded dame,  
And by thy act to misery doomed  
Has died by flames of grief consumed.  
Kauśalyá and Sumitrá too  
The coming of my mother rue,  
And if they live oppressed by woe,  
For their dear sons their sad tears flow.  
Was he not ever good and kind,—  
That hero of the duteous mind?  
Skilled in all filial duties, he  
As a dear mother treated thee.  
Kauśalyá too, the eldest queen,  
Who far foresees with insight keen,  
Did she not ever show thee all  
A sister's love at duty's call?  
And hast thou from the kingdom chased  
Her son, with bark around his waist,  
To the wild wood, to dwell therein,  
And dost not sorrow for thy sin?  
The love I bare to Raghu's son  
Thou knewest not, ambitious one,  
If thou hast wrought this impious deed  
For royal sway, in lawless greed.  
With him and Lakshmaṇ far away,  
What power have I the realm to sway?  
What hope will fire my bosom when

I see no more these lords of men?  
The holy king, who loved the right  
Relied on Ráma's power and might,  
His guardian and his glory, so  
Joys Meru in his woods below.  
How can I bear, a steer untrained,  
The load his mightier strength sustained?  
What power have I to brook alone  
This weight on feeble shoulders thrown?  
But if the needful power were bought  
By strength of mind and brooding thought,  
No triumph shall attend the dame  
Who dooms her son to lasting shame.  
Now should no doubt that son prevent  
From quitting thee on evil bent.  
But Ráma's love o'erpowers my will,  
Who holds thee as his mother still.  
Whence did the thought, O thou whose eyes  
Are turned to sinful deeds, arise—  
A plan our ancient sires would hate,  
O fallen from thy virtuous state?  
For in the line from which we spring  
The eldest is anointed king:  
No monarchs from the rule decline,  
And, least of all, Ikshváku's line.  
Our holy sires, to virtue true,  
Upon our race a lustre threw,  
But with subversive frenzy thou  
Hast marred our lineal honour now,  
Of lofty birth, a noble line  
Of previous kings is also thine:  
Then whence this hated folly? whence  
This sudden change that steals thy sense?  
Thou shalt not gain thine impious will,

O thou whose thoughts are bent on ill,  
 Thou from whose guilty hand descend  
 These sinful blows my life to end.  
 Now to the forest will I go,  
 Thy cherished plans to overthrow,  
 And bring my brother, free from stain,  
 His people's darling, home again.  
 And Ráma, when again he turns,  
 Whose glory like a beacon burns,  
 In me a faithful slave shall find  
 To serve him with contented mind."

## Canto LXXIV. Bharat's Lament.

When Bharat's anger-sharpened tongue  
 Reproaches on the queen had flung,  
 Again, with mighty rage possessed,  
 The guilty dame he thus addressed:  
 "Flee, cruel, wicked sinner, flee,  
 Let not this kingdom harbour thee.  
 Thou who hast thrown all right aside,  
 Weep thou for me when I have died.  
 Canst thou one charge against the king,  
 Or the most duteous Ráma bring?  
 The one thy sin to death has sent,  
 The other chased to banishment.  
 Our line's destroyer, sin defiled  
 Like one who kills an unborn child,  
 Ne'er with thy lord in heaven to dwell,  
 Thy portion shall be down in hell  
 Because thy hand, that stayed for naught,

This awful wickedness has wrought,  
 And ruined him whom all held dear,  
 My bosom too is stirred with fear.  
 My father by thy sin is dead,  
 And Ráma to the wood is fled;  
 And of thy deed I bear the stain,  
 And fameless in the world remain.  
 Ambitious, evil-souled, in show  
 My mother, yet my direst foe.  
 My throning ne'er thine eyes shall bless,  
 Thy husband's wicked murdereress.  
 Thou art not Aśvapati's child,  
 That righteous king most sage and mild,  
 But thou wast born a fiend, a foe  
 My father's house to overthrow.  
 Thou who hast made Kauśalyá, pure,  
 Gentle, affectionate, endure  
 The loss of him who was her bliss,—  
 What worlds await thee, Queen, for this?  
 Was it not patent to thy sense  
 That Ráma was his friends' defence,  
 Kauśalyá's own true child most dear,  
 The eldest and his father's peer?  
 Men in the son not only trace  
 The father's figure, form, and face,  
 But in his heart they also find  
 The offspring of the father's mind;  
 And hence, though dear their kinsmen are,  
 To mothers sons are dearer far.  
 There goes an ancient legend how  
 Good Surabhí, the God-loved cow,  
 Saw two of her dear children strain,  
 Drawing a plough and faint with pain.  
 She saw them on the earth outworn,

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Toiling till noon from early morn,  
 And as she viewed her children's woe,  
 A flood of tears began to flow.  
 As through the air beneath her swept  
 The Lord of Gods, the drops she wept,  
 Fine, laden with delicious smell,  
 Upon his heavenly body fell.  
 And Indra lifted up his eyes  
 And saw her standing in the skies,  
 Afflicted with her sorrow's weight,  
 Sad, weeping, all disconsolate.  
 The Lord of Gods in anxious mood  
 Thus spoke in suppliant attitude:  
 "No fear disturbs our rest, and how  
 Come this great dread upon thee now?  
 Whence can this woe upon thee fall,  
 Say, gentle one who lovest all?"

Thus spake the God who rules the skies,  
 Indra, the Lord supremely wise;  
 And gentle Surabhí, well learned  
 In eloquence, this speech returned:  
 "Not thine the fault, great God, not thine  
 And guiltless are the Lords divine:  
 I mourn two children faint with toil,  
 Labouring hard in stubborn soil.  
 Wasted and sad I see them now,  
 While the sun beats on neck and brow,  
 Still goaded by the cruel hind,—  
 No pity in his savage mind.  
 O Indra, from this body sprang  
 These children, worn with many a pang.  
 For this sad sight I mourn, for none  
 Is to the mother like her son."

He saw her weep whose offspring feed  
In thousands over hill and mead,  
And knew that in a mother's eye  
Naught with a son, for love, can vie.  
He deemed her, when the tears that came  
From her sad eyes bedewed his frame,  
Laden with their celestial scent,  
Of living things most excellent.  
If she these tears of sorrow shed  
Who many a thousand children bred,  
Think what a life of woe is left  
Kauśalyá, of her Ráma reft.  
An only son was hers and she  
Is rendered childless now by thee.  
Here and hereafter, for thy crime,  
Woe is thy lot through endless time.  
And now, O Queen, without delay,  
With all due honour will I pay  
Both to my brother and my sire  
The rites their several fates require.  
Back to Ayodhyá will I bring  
The long-armed chief, her lord and king,  
And to the wood myself betake  
Where hermit saints their dwelling make.  
For, sinner both in deed and thought!  
This hideous crime which thou hast wrought  
I cannot bear, or live to see  
The people's sad eyes bent on me.  
Begone, to Dandak wood retire,  
Or cast thy body to the fire,  
Or bind around thy neck the rope:  
No other refuge mayst thou hope.  
When Ráma, lord of valour true,  
Has gained the earth, his right and due,

Then, free from duty's binding debt,  
My vanished sin shall I forget."

Thus like an elephant forced to brook  
The goading of the driver's hook,  
Quick panting like a serpent maimed,  
He fell to earth with rage inflamed.

## Canto LXXV. The Abjuration.

A while he lay: he rose at length,  
And slowly gathering sense and strength,  
With angry eyes which tears bedewed,  
The miserable queen he viewed,  
And spake with keen reproach to her  
Before each lord and minister:  
"No lust have I for kingly sway,  
My mother I no more obey:  
Naught of this consecration knew  
Which Daśaratha kept in view.  
I with Śatruघna all the time  
Was dwelling in a distant clime:  
I knew of Ráma's exile naught,  
That hero of the noble thought:  
I knew not how fair Sítá went,  
And Lakshmaṇ, forth to banishment."

Thus high-souled Bharat, mid the crowd,  
Lifted his voice and cried aloud.  
Kauśalyá heard, she raised her head,  
And quickly to Sumitrá said:  
“Bharat, Kaikeyí's son is here,—  
Hers whose fell deeds I loathe and fear:  
That youth of foresight keen I fain  
Would meet and see his face again.”  
Thus to Sumitrá spake the dame,  
And straight to Bharat's presence came  
With altered mien, neglected dress,  
Trembling and faint with sore distress.  
Bharat, Śatrughna by his side,  
To meet her, toward her palace hied.  
And when the royal dame they viewed  
Distressed with dire solicitude,  
Sad, fallen senseless on the ground,  
About her neck their arms they wound.  
The noble matron prostrate there,  
Embraced, with tears, the weeping pair,  
And with her load of grief oppressed,  
To Bharat then these words addressed:  
“Now all is thine, without a foe,  
This realm for which thou longest so.  
Ah, soon Kaikeyí's ruthless hand  
Has won the empire of the land,  
And made my guiltless Ráma flee  
Dressed like some lonely devotee.  
Herein what profit has the queen,  
Whose eye delights in havoc, seen?  
Me also, me 'twere surely good  
To banish to the distant wood,  
To dwell amid the shades that hold  
My famous son with limbs like gold.

Nay, with the sacred fire to guide,  
 Will I, Sumitrá by my side,  
 Myself to the drear wood repair  
 And seek the son of Raghu there.  
 This land which rice and golden corn  
 And wealth of every kind adorn,  
 Car, elephant, and steed, and gem,—  
 She makes thee lord of it and them.”

With taunts like these her bitter tongue  
 The heart of blameless Bharat wrung  
 And direr pangs his bosom tore  
 Than when the lancet probes a sore.  
 With troubled senses all astray  
 Prone at her feet he fell and lay.  
 With loud lament a while he plained,  
 And slowly strength and sense regained.  
 With suppliant hand to hand applied  
 He turned to her who wept and sighed,  
 And thus bespake the queen, whose breast  
 With sundry woes was sore distressed:  
 “Why these reproaches, noble dame?  
 I, knowing naught, am free from blame.  
 Thou knowest well what love was mine  
 For Ráma, chief of Raghu's line.  
 O, never be his darkened mind  
 To Scripture's guiding lore inclined,  
 By whose consent the prince who led  
 The good, the truthful hero, fled.  
 May he obey the vilest lord,  
 Offend the sun with act abhorred,<sup>350</sup>  
 And strike a sleeping cow, who lent

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<sup>350</sup> *Súryamcha pratimehatu*, aduersus solem mingat. An offence expressly forbidden by the Laws of Manu.

His voice to Ráma's banishment.  
May the good king who all befriends,  
And, like his sons, the people tends,  
Be wronged by him who gave consent  
To noble Ráma's banishment.  
On him that king's injustice fall,  
Who takes, as lord, a sixth of all,  
Nor guards, neglectful of his trust,  
His people, as a ruler must.  
The crime of those who swear to fee,  
At holy rites, some devotee,  
And then the promised gift deny,  
Be his who willed the prince should fly.  
When weapons clash and heroes bleed,  
With elephant and harnessed steed,  
Ne'er, like the good, be his to fight  
Whose heart allowed the prince's flight.  
Though taught with care by one expert  
May he the Veda's text pervert,  
With impious mind on evil bent,  
Whose voice approved the banishment.  
May he with traitor lips reveal  
Whate'er he promised to conceal,  
And bruit abroad his friend's offence,  
Betrayed by generous confidence.  
No wife of equal lineage born  
The wretch's joyless home adorn:  
Ne'er may he do one virtuous deed,  
And dying see no child succeed.  
When in the battle's awful day  
Fierce warriors stand in dread array,  
Let the base coward turn and fly,  
And smitten by the foeman, die.  
Long may he wander, rags his wear,

Doomed in his hand a skull to bear,  
 And like an idiot beg his bread,  
 Who gave consent when Ráma fled.  
 His sin who holy rites forgets,  
 Asleep when shows the sun and sets,  
 A load upon his soul shall lie  
 Whose will allowed the prince to fly.  
 His sin who loves his Master's dame,  
 His, kindler of destructive flame,  
 His who betrays his trusting friend  
 Shall, mingled all, on him descend.  
 By him no reverence due be paid  
 To blessed God or parted shade:  
 May sire and mother's sacred name  
 In vain from him obedience claim.  
 Ne'er may he go where dwell the good,  
 Nor win their fame and neighbourhood,  
 But lose all hopes of bliss to-day,  
 Who willed the prince should flee away.  
 May he deceive the poor and weak  
 Who look to him and comfort seek,  
 Betray the suppliants who complain,  
 And make the hopeful hope in vain.  
 Long may his wife his kiss expect,  
 And pine away in cold neglect.  
 May he his lawful love despise,  
 And turn on other dames his eyes,  
 Fool, on forbidden joys intent,  
 Whose will allowed the banishment.  
 His sin who deadly poison throws  
 To spoil the water as it flows,  
 Lay on the wretch its burden dread  
 Who gave consent when Ráma fled.”<sup>351</sup>

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<sup>351</sup> Bharat does not intend these curses for any particular person: he merely

Thus with his words he undeceived  
 Kauśalyá's troubled heart, who grieved  
 For son and husband reft away;  
 Then prostrate on the ground he lay.  
 Him as he lay half-senseless there,  
 Freed by the mighty oaths he sware,  
 Kauśalyá, by her woe distressed,  
 With melancholy words addressed:  
 “Anew, my son, this sorrow springs  
 To rend my heart with keener stings:  
 These awful oaths which thou hast sworn  
 My breast with double grief have torn.  
 Thy soul, and faithful Lakshmaṇ's too,  
 Are still, thank Heaven! to virtue true.  
 True to thy promise, thou shalt gain  
 The mansions which the good obtain.”

Then to her breast that youth she drew,  
 Whose sweet fraternal love she knew,  
 And there in strict embraces held  
 The hero, as her tears outwelled.  
 And Bharat's heart grew sick and faint  
 With grief and oft-renewed complaint,  
 And all his senses were distraught  
 By the great woe that in him wrought.  
 Thus he lay and still bewailed  
 With sighs and loud lament  
 Till all his strength and reason failed,  
 The hours of night were spent.

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wishes to prove his own innocence by invoking them on his own head if he had any share in banishing Ráma.

## Canto LXXVI. The Funeral.

The saint Vaśishṭha, best of all  
 Whose words with moving wisdom fall,  
 Bharat, Kaikeyí's son, addressed,  
 Whom burning fires of grief distressed:  
 "O Prince, whose fame is widely spread,  
 Enough of grief: be comforted.  
 The time is come: arise, and lay  
 Upon the pyre the monarch's clay."

He heard the words Vaśishṭha spoke,  
 And slumbering resolution woke.  
 Then skilled in all the laws declare,  
 He bade his friends the rites prepare.  
 They raised the body from the oil,  
 And placed it, dripping, on the soil;  
 Then laid it on a bed, whereon  
 Wrought gold and precious jewels shone.  
 There, pallor o'er his features spread,  
 The monarch, as in sleep, lay dead.  
 Then Bharat sought his father's side,  
 And lifted up his voice and cried:  
 "O King, and has thy heart designed  
 To part and leave thy son behind?  
 Make Ráma flee, who loves the right,  
 And Lakshmaṇ of the arm of might?  
 Whither, great Monarch, wilt thou go  
 And leave this people in their woe,  
 Mourning their hero, wild with grief,  
 Of Ráma reft, their lion chief?  
 Ah, who will guard the people well  
 Who in Ayodhyá's city dwell,  
 When thou, my sire, hast sought the sky,

And Ráma has been forced to fly?  
In widowed woe, bereft of thee,  
The land no more is fair to see:  
The city, to my aching sight,  
Is gloomy as a moonless night.”

Thus, with o'erwhelming sorrow pained,  
Sad Bharat by the bed complained:  
And thus Vaśishṭha, holy sage,  
Spoke his deep anguish to assuage:  
“O Lord of men, no longer stay;  
The last remaining duties pay:  
Haste, mighty-armed, as I advise,  
The funeral rites to solemnize.”

And Bharat heard Vaśishṭha's rede  
With due attention and agreed.  
He summoned straight from every side  
Chaplain, and priest, and holy guide.  
The sacred fires he bade them bring  
Forth from the chapel of the king,  
Wherein the priests in order due,  
And ministers, the offerings threw.  
Distraught in mind, with sob and tear,  
They laid the body on a bier,  
And servants, while their eyes brimmed o'er  
The monarch from the palace bore.  
Another band of mourners led  
The long procession of the dead:  
Rich garments in the way they cast,  
And gold and silver, as they passed.  
Then other hands the corse bedewed  
With fragrant juices that exude  
From sandal, cedar, aloe, pine,

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And every perfume rare and fine.  
 Then priestly hands the mighty dead  
 Upon the pyre deposited.  
 The sacred fires they tended next,  
 And muttered low each funeral text;  
 And priestly singers who rehearse  
 The Śaman<sup>352</sup> sang their holy verse.  
 Forth from the town in litters came,  
 Or chariots, many a royal dame,  
 And honoured so the funeral ground,  
 With aged followers ringed around.  
 With steps in inverse order bent,<sup>353</sup>  
 The priests in sad procession went  
 Around the monarch's burning pyre  
 Who well had nursed each sacred fire:  
 With Queen Kauśalyá and the rest,  
 Their tender hearts with woe distressed.  
 The voice of women, shrill and clear  
 As screaming curlews, smote the ear,  
 As from a thousand voices rose  
 The shriek that tells of woman's woes.  
 Then weeping, faint, with loud lament,  
 Down Sarjú's shelving bank they went.  
 There standing on the river side  
     With Bharat, priest, and peer,  
 Their lips the women purified  
     With water fresh and clear.  
 Returning to the royal town,  
     Their eyes with tear-drops filled,  
 Ten days on earth they laid them down,  
     And wept till grief was stilled.

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<sup>352</sup> The Sáma-veda, the hymns of which are chanted aloud.

<sup>353</sup> Walking from right to left.

## Canto LXXVII. The Gathering Of The Ashes.

The tenth day passed: the prince again  
Was free from every legal stain.  
He bade them on the twelfth the great  
Remaining honour celebrate.  
Much gold he gave, and gems, and food,  
To all the Bráhman multitude,  
And goats whose hair was white and fine,  
And many a thousand head of kine:  
Slaves, men and damsels, he bestowed,  
And many a car and fair abode:  
Such gifts he gave the Bráhman race  
His father's obsequies to grace.  
Then when the morning's earliest ray  
Appeared upon the thirteenth day,  
Again the hero wept and sighed  
Distraught and sorrow-stupefied;  
Drew, sobbing in his anguish, near,  
The last remaining debt to clear,  
And at the bottom of the pyre,  
He thus bespake his royal sire:  
“O father, hast thou left me so,  
Deserted in my friendless woe,  
When he to whom the charge was given  
To keep me, to the wood is driven?  
Her only son is forced away  
Who was his helpless mother's stay:  
Ah, whither, father, art thou fled;  
Leaving the queen uncomforted?”

He looked upon the pile where lay  
The bones half-burnt and ashes grey,  
And uttering a piteous moan,  
Gave way, by anguish overthrown.  
Then as his tears began to well,  
Prostrate to earth the hero fell;  
So from its seat the staff they drag,  
And cast to earth some glorious flag.  
The ministers approached again  
The prince whom rites had freed from stain;  
So when Yayáti fell, each seer,  
In pity for his fate, drew near.  
Śatruघna saw him lying low  
O'erwhelmed beneath the crush of woe,  
And as upon the king he thought,  
He fell upon the earth distraught.  
When to his loving memory came  
Those noble gifts, that kingly frame,  
He sorrowed, by his woe distressed,  
As one by frenzied rage possessed:  
“Ah me, this surging sea of woe  
Has drowned us with its overflow:  
The source is Manthará, dire and dark,  
Kaikeyí is the ravening shark:  
And the great boons the monarch gave  
Lend conquering might to every wave.  
Ah, whither wilt thou go, and leave  
Thy Bharat in his woe to grieve,  
Whom ever 'twas thy greatest joy  
To fondle as a tender boy?  
Didst thou not give with thoughtful care  
Our food, our drink, our robes to wear?  
Whose love will now for us provide,  
When thou, our king and sire, hast died?

At such a time bereft, forlorn,  
 Why is not earth in sunder torn,  
 Missing her monarch's firm control,  
 His love of right, his lofty soul?  
 Ah me, for Ráma roams afar,  
 My sire is where the Blessed are;  
 How can I live deserted? I  
 Will pass into the fire and die.  
 Abandoned thus, I will not brook  
 Upon Ayodhyá's town to look,  
 Once guarded by Ikshváku's race:  
 The wood shall be my dwelling place.”

Then when the princes' mournful train  
 Heard the sad brothers thus complain,  
 And saw their misery, at the view  
 Their grief burst wilder out anew.  
 Faint with lamenting, sad and worn,  
 Each like a bull with broken horn,  
 The brothers in their wild despair  
 Lay rolling, mad with misery, there.  
 Then old Vaśishṭha good and true,  
 Their father's priest, all lore who knew,  
 Raised weeping Bharat on his feet,  
 And thus bespeak with counsel meet:  
 “Twelve days, my lord, have past away  
 Since flames consumed thy father's clay:  
 Delay no more: as rules ordain,  
 Gather what bones may yet remain.  
 Three constant pairs are ever found  
 To hem all mortal creatures round:<sup>354</sup>  
 Then mourn not thus, O Prince, for none  
 Their close companionship may shun.”

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<sup>354</sup> Birth and death, pleasure and pain, loss and gain.

Sumantra bade Śatruघna rise,  
 And soothed his soul with counsel wise,  
 And skilled in truth, his hearer taught  
 How all things are and come to naught.  
 When rose each hero from the ground,  
 A lion lord of men, renowned,  
 He showed like Indra's flag,<sup>355</sup> whereon  
 Fierce rains have dashed and suns have shone.  
 They wiped their red and weeping eyes,  
 And gently made their sad replies:  
 Then, urged to haste, the royal pair  
 Performed the rites that claimed their care.

## Canto LXXVIII. Manthará Punished.

Śatruघna thus to Bharat spake  
 Who longed the forest road to take:  
 “He who in woe was wont to give  
 Strength to himself and all that live—  
 Dear Ráma, true and pure in heart,  
 Is banished by a woman's art.  
 Yet here was Lakshmaṇ, brave and strong,  
 Could not his might prevent the wrong?  
 Could not his arm the king restrain,  
 Or make the banished free again?  
 One loving right and fearing crime  
 Had checked the monarch's sin in time,  
 When, vassal of a woman's will,  
 His feet approached the path of ill.”

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<sup>355</sup> Erected upon a tree or high staff in honour of Indra.

While Lakshmaṇ's younger brother, dread  
Śatruघna, thus to Bharat said,  
Came to the fronting door, arrayed  
In glittering robes, the hump-back maid.  
There she, with sandal-oil besmeared,  
In garments meet for queens appeared:  
And lustre to her form was lent  
By many a gem and ornament.  
She girdled with her broidered zone,  
And many a chain about her thrown,  
Showed like a female monkey round  
Whose body many a string is bound.  
When on that cause of evil fell  
The quick eye of the sentinel,  
He grasped her in his ruthless hold,  
And hastening in, Śatruघna told:  
“Here is the wicked pest,” he cried,  
“Through whom the king thy father died,  
And Ráma wanders in the wood:  
Do with her as thou deemest good.”  
The warder spoke: and every word  
Śatru�na's breast to fury stirred:  
He called the servants, all and each.  
And spake in wrath his hasty speech:  
“This is the wretch my sire who slew,  
And misery on my brothers drew:  
Let her this day obtain the meed,  
Vile sinner, of her cruel deed.”  
He spake; and moved by fury laid  
His mighty hand upon the maid,  
Who as her fellows ringed her round,  
Made with her cries the hall resound.  
Soon as the gathered women viewed  
Śatruघna in his angry mood,

Their hearts disturbed by sudden dread,  
 They turned and from his presence fled.  
 “His rage,” they cried, “on us will fall,  
 And ruthless, he will slay us all.  
 Come, to Kausalyá let us flee:  
 Our hope, our sure defence is she,  
 Approved by all, of virtuous mind,  
 Compassionate, and good, and kind.”

His eyes with burning wrath aglow,  
 Šatruघna, shatterer of the foe,  
 Dragged on the ground the hump-back maid  
 Who shrieked aloud and screamed for aid.  
 This way and that with no remorse  
 He dragged her with resistless force,  
 And chains and glittering trinkets burst  
 Lay here and there with gems dispersed,  
 Till like the sky of Autumn shone  
 The palace floor they sparkled on.  
 The lord of men, supremely strong,  
 Haled in his rage the wretch along:  
 Where Queen Kaikeyí dwelt he came,  
 And sternly then addressed the dame.  
 Deep in her heart Kaikeyí felt  
 The stabs his keen reproaches dealt,  
 And of Šatruघna's ire afraid,  
 To Bharat flew and cried for aid.  
 He looked and saw the prince inflamed  
 With burning rage, and thus exclaimed:  
 “Forgive! thine angry arm restrain:  
 A woman never may be slain.  
 My hand Kaikeyí's blood would spill,  
 The sinner ever bent on ill,  
 But Ráma, long in duty tried,

Would hate the impious matricide:  
 And if he knew thy vengeful blade  
 Had slaughtered e'en this hump-back maid,  
 Never again, be sure, would he  
 Speak friendly word to thee or me.”

When Bharat's speech Śatrughna heard  
 He calmed the rage his breast that stirred,  
 Releasing from her dire constraint

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The trembling wretch with terror faint.  
 Then to Kaikeyí's feet she crept,  
 And prostrate in her misery wept.  
 Kaikeyí on the hump-back gazed,

And saw her weep and gasp.  
 Still quivering, with her senses dazed,  
 From fierce Śatrughna's grasp.  
 With gentle words of pity she  
 Assuaged her wild despair,  
 E'en as a tender hand might free  
 A curlew from the snare.

## Canto LXXIX. Bharat's Commands.

Now when the sun's returning ray  
 Had ushered in the fourteenth day,  
 The gathered peers of state addressed  
 To Bharat's ear their new request:  
 “Our lord to heaven has parted hence,  
 Long served with deepest reverence;  
 Ráma, the eldest, far from home,  
 And Lakshmaṇ, in the forest roam.

O Prince, of mighty fame, be thou  
 Our guardian and our monarch now,  
 Lest secret plot or foeman's hate  
 Assail our unprotected state.  
 With longing eyes, O Lord of men,  
 To thee look friend and citizen,  
 And ready is each sacred thing  
 To consecrate our chosen king.  
 Come, Bharat, and accept thine own  
 Ancient hereditary throne.  
 Thee let the priests this day install  
 As monarch to preserve us all.”

Around the sacred gear he bent  
 His circling footsteps reverent,  
 And, firm to vows he would not break,  
 Thus to the gathered people spake:  
 “The eldest son is ever king:  
 So rules the house from which we spring:  
 Nor should ye, Lords, like men unwise,  
 With words like these to wrong advise.  
 Ráma is eldest born, and he  
 The ruler of the land shall be.  
 Now to the woods will I repair,  
 Five years and nine to lodge me there.  
 Assemble straight a mighty force,  
 Cars, elephants, and foot and horse,  
 For I will follow on his track  
 And bring my eldest brother back.  
 Whate'er the rites of throning need  
 Placed on a car the way shall lead:  
 The sacred vessels I will take  
 To the wild wood for Ráma's sake.  
 I o'er the lion prince's head

The sanctifying balm will shed,  
 And bring him, as the fire they bring  
 Forth from the shrine, with triumphing.  
 Nor will I let my mother's greed  
 In this her cherished aim succeed:  
 In pathless wilds will I remain,  
 And Ráma here as king shall reign.  
 To make the rough ways smooth and clear  
 Send workman out and pioneer:  
 Let skilful men attend beside  
 Our way through pathless spots to guide.”  
 As thus the royal Bharat spake,  
 Ordaining all for Ráma's sake,  
 The audience gave with one accord  
 Auspicious answer to their lord:  
 “Be royal Fortune aye benign  
 To thee for this good speech of thine,  
 Who wishest still thine elder's hand  
 To rule with kingly sway the land.”  
 Their glorious speech, their favouring cries  
 Made his proud bosom swell:  
 And from the prince's noble eyes  
 The tears of rapture fell.<sup>356</sup>

## Canto LXXX. The Way Prepared.

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<sup>356</sup> I follow in this stanza the Bombay edition in preference to Schlegel's which gives the tears of joy to the courtiers.

All they who knew the joiner's art,  
Or distant ground in every part;  
Each busied in his several trade,  
To work machines or ply the spade;  
Deft workmen skilled to frame the wheel,  
Or with the ponderous engine deal;  
Guides of the way, and craftsmen skilled,  
To sink the well, make bricks, and build;  
And those whose hands the tree could hew,  
And work with slips of cut bamboo,  
Went forward, and to guide them, they  
Whose eyes before had seen the way.  
Then onward in triumphant mood  
Went all the mighty multitude.  
Like the great sea whose waves leap high  
When the full moon is in the sky.  
Then, in his proper duty skilled,  
Each joined him to his several guild,  
And onward in advance they went  
With every tool and implement.  
Where bush and tangled creeper lay  
With trenchant steel they made the way;  
They felled each stump, removed each stone,  
And many a tree was overthrown.  
In other spots, on desert lands,  
Tall trees were reared by busy hands.  
Where'er the line of road they took,  
They plied the hatchet, axe, and hook.  
Others, with all their strength applied,  
Cast vigorous plants and shrubs aside,  
In shelving valleys rooted deep,  
And levelled every dale and steep.  
Each pit and hole that stopped the way  
They filled with stones, and mud, and clay,

And all the ground that rose and fell  
With busy care was levelled well.  
They bridged ravines with ceaseless toil,  
And pounded fine the flinty soil.  
Now here, now there, to right and left,  
A passage through the ground they cleft,  
And soon the rushing flood was led  
Abundant through the new-cut bed,  
Which by the running stream supplied  
With ocean's boundless waters vied.  
In dry and thirsty spots they sank  
Full many a well and ample tank,  
And altars round about them placed  
To deck the station in the waste.  
With well-wrought plaster smoothly spread,  
With bloomy trees that rose o'erhead,  
With banners waving in the air,  
And wild birds singing here and there,  
With fragrant sandal-water wet,  
With many a flower beside it set,  
Like the Gods' heavenly pathway showed  
That mighty host's imperial road.  
Deft workmen, chosen for their skill  
To do the high-souled Bharat's will,  
In every pleasant spot where grew  
Trees of sweet fruit and fair to view,  
As he commanded, toiled to grace  
With all delights his camping-place.  
And they who read the stars, and well  
Each lucky sign and hour could tell,  
Raised carefully the tented shade  
Wherein high-minded Bharat stayed.  
With ample space of level ground,  
With broad deep moat encompassed round;

Like Mandar in his towering pride,  
 With streets that ran from side to side;  
 Enwreathed with many a palace tall  
 Surrounded by its noble wall;  
 With roads by skilful workmen made,  
 Where many a glorious banner played;  
 With stately mansions, where the dove  
 Sat nestling in her cote above.  
 Rising aloft supremely fair  
 Like heavenly cars that float in air,  
 Each camp in beauty and in bliss  
 Matched Indra's own metropolis.

As shines the heaven on some fair night,  
 With moon and constellations filled,  
 The prince's royal road was bright,  
 Adorned by art of workmen skilled.

## Canto LXXXI. The Assembly.

Ere yet the dawn had ushered in  
 The day should see the march begin,  
 Herald and bard who rightly knew  
 Each nice degree of honour due,  
 Their loud auspicious voices raised,  
 And royal Bharat blessed and praised.  
 With sticks of gold the drum they smote,  
 Which thundered out its deafening note,  
 Blew loud the sounding shell, and blent  
 Each high and low-toned instrument.  
 The mingled sound of drum and horn  
 Through all the air was quickly borne,

And as in Bharat's ear it rang,  
Gave the sad prince another pang.

Then Bharat, starting from repose,  
Stilled the glad sounds that round him rose,  
“I am not king; no more mistake.”  
Then to Śatrughna thus he spake:  
“O see what general wrongs succeed  
Sprung from Kaikeyī’s evil deed!  
The king my sire has died and thrown  
Fresh miseries on me alone.  
The royal bliss, on duty based,  
Which our just high-souled father graced,  
Wanders in doubt and sore distress  
Like a tossed vessel rudderless.  
And he who was our lordly stay  
Roams in the forest far away,  
Expelled by this my mother, who  
To duty’s law is most untrue.”

As royal Bharat thus gave vent  
To bitter grief in wild lament,  
Gazing upon his face the crowd  
Of pitying women wept aloud.  
His lamentation scarce was o'er,  
When Saint Vaśishṭha, skilled in lore  
Of royal duty, dear to fame,  
To join the great assembly came.  
Girt by disciples ever true  
Still nearer to that hall he drew,  
Resplendent, heavenly to behold,  
Adorned with wealth of gems and gold:  
E'en so a man in duty tried  
Draws near to meet his virtuous bride.

He reached his golden seat o'erlaid  
 With coverlet of rich brocade,  
 There sat, in all the Vedas read,  
 And called the messengers, and said:  
 “Go forth, let Bráhman, Warrior, peer,  
 And every captain gather here:  
 Let all attentive hither throng:  
 Go, hasten: we delay too long.  
 Šatruघna, glorious Bharat bring,  
 The noble children of the king,<sup>357</sup>  
 Yudhájít<sup>358</sup> and Sumantra, all  
 The truthful and the virtuous call.”

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He ended: soon a mighty sound  
 Of thickening tumult rose around,  
 As to the hall they bent their course  
 With car, and elephant, and horse,  
 The people all with glad acclaim  
 Welcomed Prince Bharat as he came:  
 E'en as they loved their king to greet,  
 Or as the Gods Lord Indra<sup>359</sup> meet.

The vast assembly shone as fair  
 With Bharat's kingly face  
 As Daśaratha's self were there  
 To glorify the place.  
 It gleamed like some unruffled lake  
 Where monsters huge of mould  
 With many a snake their pastime take  
 O'er shells, sand, gems, and gold.

<sup>357</sup> The commentator says “Šatruघna accompanied by the other sons of the king.”

<sup>358</sup> Not Bharat's uncle, but some councillor.

<sup>359</sup> Šatkratu, Lord of a hundred sacrifices, the performance of a hundred Aśvamedhas or sacrifices of a horse entitling the sacrificer to this exalted dignity.

## Canto LXXXII. The Departure.

The prudent prince the assembly viewed  
Thronged with its noble multitude,  
Resplendent as a cloudless night  
When the full moon is in his height;  
While robes of every varied hue  
A glory o'er the synod threw.  
The priest in lore of duty skilled  
Looked on the crowd the hall that filled,  
And then in accents soft and grave  
To Bharat thus his counsel gave:  
“The king, dear son, so good and wise,  
Has gone from earth and gained the skies,  
Leaving to thee, her rightful lord,  
This rich wide land with foison stored.  
And still has faithful Ráma stood  
Firm to the duty of the good,  
And kept his father's hest aright,  
As the moon keeps its own dear light.  
Thus sire and brother yield to thee  
This realm from all annoyance free:  
Rejoice thy lords: enjoy thine own:  
Anointed king, ascend the throne.  
Let vassal Princes hasten forth  
From distant lands, west, south, and north,  
From Kerala,<sup>360</sup> from every sea,  
And bring ten million gems to thee.”  
As thus the sage Vaśishṭha spoke,  
A storm of grief o'er Bharat broke.  
And longing to be just and true,  
His thoughts to duteous Ráma flew.

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<sup>360</sup> The modern Malabar.

With sobs and sighs and broken tones,  
 E'en as a wounded mallard moans,  
 He mourned with deepest sorrow moved,  
 And thus the holy priest reproved:  
 "O, how can such as Bharat dare  
 The power and sway from him to tear,  
 Wise, and devout, and true, and chaste,  
 With Scripture lore and virtue graced?  
 Can one of Daśaratha's seed  
 Be guilty of so vile a deed?  
 The realm and I are Ráma's: thou,  
 Shouldst speak the words of justice now.  
 For he, to claims of virtue true,  
 Is eldest born and noblest too:  
 Nahush, Dilípa could not be  
 More famous in their lives than he.  
 As Daśaratha ruled of right,  
 So Ráma's is the power and right.  
 If I should do this sinful deed  
 And forfeit hope of heavenly meed,  
 My guilty act would dim the shine  
 Of old Ikshváku's glorious line.  
 Nay, as the sin my mother wrought  
 Is grievous to my inmost thought,  
 I here, my hands together laid,  
 Will greet him in the pathless shade.  
 To Ráma shall my steps be bent,  
 My King, of men most excellent,  
 Raghu's illustrious son, whose sway  
 Might hell, and earth, and heaven obey."

That righteous speech, whose every word  
 Bore virtue's stamp, the audience heard;  
 On Ráma every thought was set,

And with glad tears each eye was wet.  
“Then, if the power I still should lack  
To bring my noble brother back,  
I in the wood will dwell, and share  
His banishment with Lakshman there.  
By every art persuasive I  
To bring him from the wood will try,  
And show him to your loving eyes,  
O Bráhmans noble, good, and wise.  
E'en now, the road to make and clear,  
Each labourer pressed, and pioneer  
Have I sent forward to precede  
The army I resolve to lead.”

Thus, by fraternal love possessed,  
His firm resolve the prince expressed,  
Then to Sumantra, deeply read  
In holy texts, he turned and said:  
“Sumantra, rise without delay,  
And as I bid my words obey.  
Give orders for the march with speed,  
And all the army hither lead.”

The wise Sumantra, thus addressed,  
Obeyed the high-souled chief's behest.  
He hurried forth with joy inspired  
And gave the orders he desired.  
Delight each soldier's bosom filled,  
And through each chief and captain thrilled,

To hear that march proclaimed, to bring  
Dear Ráma back from wandering.  
From house to house the tidings flew:  
Each soldier's wife the order knew,  
And as she listened blithe and gay  
Her husband urged to speed away.  
Captain and soldier soon declared  
The host equipped and all prepared  
With chariots matching thought for speed,  
And wagons drawn by ox and steed.  
When Bharat by Vaśishtha's side,  
His ready host of warriors eyed,  
Thus in Sumantra's ear he spoke:  
“My car and horses quickly yoke.”  
Sumantra hastened to fulfil  
With ready joy his master's will,  
And quickly with the chariot sped  
Drawn by fleet horses nobly bred.  
Then glorious Bharat, true, devout,  
Whose genuine valour none could doubt,  
Gave in fit words his order out;  
For he would seek the shade  
Of the great distant wood, and there  
Win his dear brother with his prayer:  
“Sumantra, haste! my will declare  
    The host be all arrayed.  
I to the wood my way will take,  
    To Ráma supplication make,  
And for the world's advantage sake,  
    Will lead him home again.”  
Then, ordered thus, the charioteer  
Who listened with delighted ear,  
Went forth and gave his orders clear  
    To captains of the train.

He gave the popular chiefs the word,  
And with the news his friends he stirred,  
And not a single man deferred  
Preparing for the road.

Then Bráhman, Warrior, Merchant, thrall,  
Obedient to Sumantra's call,  
Each in his house arose, and all  
Yoked elephant or camel tall,  
Or ass or noble steed in stall,  
And full appointed showed.

## Canto LXXXIII. The Journey Begun.

Then Bharat rose at early morn,  
And in his noble chariot borne  
Drove forward at a rapid pace  
Eager to look on Ráma's face.  
The priests and lords, a fair array,  
In sun-bright chariots led the way.  
Behind, a well appointed throng,  
Nine thousand elephants streamed along.  
Then sixty thousand cars, and then,  
With various arms, came fighting men.  
A hundred thousand archers showed  
In lengthened line the steeds they rode—  
A mighty host, the march to grace  
Of Bharat, pride of Raghu's race.  
Kaikeyí and Sumitrá came,  
And good Kauśalyá, dear to fame:  
By hopes of Ráma's coming cheered  
They in a radiant car appeared.

On fared the noble host to see  
Ráma and Lakshman, wild with glee,  
And still each other's ear to please,  
Of Ráma spoke in words like these:  
“When shall our happy eyes behold  
Our hero true, and pure, and bold,  
So lustrous dark, so strong of arm,  
Who keeps the world from woe and harm?  
The tears that now our eyeballs dim  
Will vanish at the sight of him,  
As the whole world's black shadows fly  
When the bright sun ascends the sky.”

Conversing thus their way pursued  
The city's joyous multitude,  
And each in mutual rapture pressed  
A friend or neighbour to his breast.  
Thus every man of high renown,  
And every merchant of the town,  
And leading subjects, joyous went  
Toward Ráma in his banishment.  
And those who worked the potter's wheel,  
And artists skilled in gems to deal;  
And masters of the weaver's art,  
And those who shaped the sword and dart;  
And they who golden trinkets made,  
And those who plied the fuller's trade;  
And servants trained the bath to heat,  
And they who dealt in incense sweet;  
Physicians in their business skilled,  
And those who wine and mead distilled;  
And workmen deft in glass who wrought,  
And those whose snares the peacock caught;  
With them who bored the ear for rings,

Or sawed, or fashioned ivory things;  
 And those who knew to mix cement,  
 Or lived by sale of precious scent;  
 And men who washed, and men who sewed,  
 And thralls who mid the herds abode;  
 And fishers of the flood, and they  
 Who played and sang, and women gay;  
 And virtuous Bráhmans, Scripture-wise,  
 Of life approved in all men's eyes;  
 These swelled the prince's lengthened train,  
 Borne each in car or bullock wain.  
 Fair were the robes they wore upon  
 Their limbs where red-hued unguents shone.  
 These all in various modes conveyed  
 Their journey after Bharat made;  
 The soldiers' hearts with rapture glowed,  
 Following Bharat on his road,  
 Their chief whose tender love would fain  
 Bring his dear brother home again.  
 With elephant, and horse, and car,  
 The vast procession travelled far,  
 And came where Gangá's waves below  
 The town of Śringavera<sup>361</sup> flow.  
 There, with his friends and kinsmen nigh,  
 Dwelt Guha, Ráma's dear ally,  
 Heroic guardian of the land  
 With dauntless heart and ready hand.  
 There for a while the mighty force  
 That followed Bharat stayed its course,  
 Gazing on Gangá's bosom stirred  
 By many a graceful water-bird.  
 When Bharat viewed his followers there,

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<sup>361</sup> Now Sungroor, in the Allahabad district.

And Gangá's water, blest and fair,  
The prince, who lore of words possessed,  
His councillors and lords addressed:  
“The captains of the army call:  
Proclaim this day a halt for all,  
That so to-morrow, rested, we  
May cross this flood that seeks the sea.  
Meanwhile, descending to the shore,  
The funeral stream I fain would pour  
From Gangá's fair auspicious tide  
To him, my father glorified.”

Thus Bharat spoke: each peer and lord  
Approved his words with one accord,  
And bade the weary troops repose  
In separate spots where'er they chose.  
There by the mighty stream that day,  
Most glorious in its vast array  
The prince's wearied army lay  
    In various groups reclined.  
There Bharat's hours of night were spent,  
While every eager thought he bent  
On bringing home from banishment  
    His brother, great of mind.

Canto LXXXIV. Guha's Anger.

King Guha saw the host spread o'er  
The wide expanse of Gangá's shore,  
With waving flag and pennon graced,  
And to his followers spoke in haste:  
“A mighty army meets my eyes,  
That rivals Ocean's self in size:  
Where'er I look my very mind  
No limit to the host can find.  
Sure Bharat with some evil thought  
His army to our land has brought.  
See, huge of form, his flag he rears,  
That like an Ebony-tree appears.  
He comes with bonds to take and chain,  
Or triumph o'er our people slain:  
And after, Ráma will he slay,—  
Him whom his father drove away:  
The power complete he longs to gain,  
And—task too hard—usurp the reign.  
So Bharat comes with wicked will  
His brother Ráma's blood to spill.  
But Ráma's slave and friend am I;  
He is my lord and dear ally.  
Keep here your watch in arms arrayed  
Near Gangá's flood to lend him aid,  
And let my gathered servants stand  
And line with troops the river strand.  
Here let the river keepers meet,  
Who flesh and roots and berries eat;  
A hundred fishers man each boat  
Of the five hundred here afloat,  
And let the youthful and the strong  
Assemble in defensive throng.  
But yet, if, free from guilty thought  
'Gainst Ráma, he this land have sought,

The prince's happy host to-day  
Across the flood shall make its way."

He spoke: then bearing in a dish  
A gift of honey, meat, and fish,  
The king of the Nishádas drew  
Toward Bharat for an interview.  
When Bharat's noble charioteer  
Observed the monarch hastening near,  
He duly, skilled in courteous lore,  
The tidings to his master bore:  
"This aged prince who hither bends  
His footsteps with a thousand friends,  
Knows, firm ally of Ráma, all  
That may in Dañḍak wood befall:  
Therefore, Kakutstha's son, admit  
The monarch, as is right and fit:  
For doubtless he can clearly tell  
Where Ráma now and Lakshmaṇ dwell."

When Bharat heard Sumantra's rede,  
To his fair words the prince agreed:  
"Go quickly forth," he cried, "and bring  
Before my face the aged king."  
King Guha, with his kinsmen near,  
Rejoiced the summoning to hear:  
He nearer drew, bowed low his head,  
And thus to royal Bharat said:  
"No mansions can our country boast,  
And unexpected comes thy host:  
But what we have I give thee all:  
Rest in the lodging of thy thrall.  
See, the Nishádas here have brought  
The fruit and roots their hands have sought:

And we have woodland fare beside,  
And store of meat both fresh and dried.  
To rest their weary limbs, I pray  
This night at least thy host may stay:  
Then cheered with all we can bestow  
To-morrow thou with it mayst go.”

## Canto LXXXV. Guha And Bharat.

Thus the Nishádas' king besought:  
The prince with spirit wisdom-fraught  
Replied in seemly words that blent  
Deep matter with the argument:  
“Thou, friend of him whom I revere,  
With honours high hast met me here,  
For thou alone wouldest entertain  
And feed to-day so vast a train.”  
In such fair words the prince replied,  
Then, pointing to the path he cried:  
“Which way aright will lead my feet  
To Bharadvája's calm retreat;  
For all this land near Gangá's streams  
Pathless and hard to traverse seems?”

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Thus spoke the prince: King Guha heard  
 Delighted every prudent word,  
 And gazing on that forest wide,  
 Raised suppliant hands, and thus replied:  
 “My servants, all the ground who know,  
 O glorious Prince, with thee shall go  
 With constant care thy way to guide,  
 And I will journey by thy side.  
 But this thy host so wide disspread  
 Wakes in my heart one doubt and dread,  
 Lest, threatening Ráma good and great,  
 Ill thoughts thy journey stimulate.”

But when King Guha, ill at ease,  
 Declared his fear in words like these,  
 As pure as is the cloudless sky  
 With soft voice Bharat made reply:  
 “Suspect me not: ne'er come the time  
 For me to plot so foul a crime!  
 He is my eldest brother, he  
 Is like a father dear to me.  
 I go to lead my brother thence  
 Who makes the wood his residence.  
 No thought but this thy heart should frame:  
 This simple truth my lips proclaim.”

Then with glad cheer King Guha cried,  
 With Bharat's answer gratified:  
 “Blessed art thou: on earth I see  
 None who may vie, O Prince, with thee,  
 Who canst of thy free will resign  
 The kingdom which unsought is thine.  
 For this, a name that ne'er shall die,  
 Thy glory through the worlds shall fly,

Who fain wouldst balm thy brother's pain  
And lead the exile home again."

As Guha thus, and Bharat, each  
To other spoke in friendly speech,  
The Day-God sank with glory dead,  
And night o'er all the sky was spread.  
Soon as King Guha's thoughtful care  
Had quartered all the army there,  
Well honoured, Bharat laid his head  
Beside Śatruघna on a bed.  
But grief for Ráma yet oppressed  
High-minded Bharat's faithful breast—  
Such torment little was deserved  
By him who ne'er from duty swerved.  
The fever raged through every vein  
And burnt him with its inward pain:  
So when in woods the flames leap free  
The fire within consumes the tree.  
From heat of burning anguish sprung  
The sweat upon his body hung,  
As when the sun with fervid glow  
On high Himálaya melts the snow.  
As, banished from the herd, a bull  
Wanders alone and sorrowful.  
Thus sighing and distressed,  
In misery and bitter grief,  
With fevered heart that mocked relief,  
Distracted in his mind, the chief  
Still mourned and found no rest.

## Canto LXXXVI. Guha's Speech.

Guha the king, acquainted well  
 With all that in the wood befell,  
 To Bharat the unequalled told  
 The tale of Lakshmaṇ mighty-souled:  
 “With many an earnest word I spake  
 To Lakshmaṇ as he stayed awake,  
 And with his bow and shaft in hand  
 To guard his brother kept his stand:  
 “Now sleep a little, Lakshmaṇ, see  
 This pleasant bed is strewn for thee:  
 Hereon thy weary body lay,  
 And strengthen thee with rest, I pray,  
 Inured to toil are men like these,  
 But thou hast aye been nursed in ease.  
 Rest, duteous-minded! I will keep  
 My watch while Ráma lies asleep:  
 For in the whole wide world is none  
 Dearer to me than Raghu's son.  
 Harbour no doubt or jealous fear:  
 I speak the truth with heart sincere:  
 For from the grace which he has shown  
 Will glory on my name be thrown:  
 Great store of merit shall I gain,  
 And duteous, form no wish in vain.  
 Let me enforced by many a row  
 Of followers, armed with shaft and bow  
 For well-loved Ráma's weal provide  
 Who lies asleep by Sítá's side.  
 For through this wood I often go,  
 And all its shades conceal I know:  
 And we with conquering arms can meet  
 A four-fold host arrayed complete.”

“With words like these I spoke, designed  
 To move the high-souled Bharat's mind,  
 But he upon his duty bent,  
 Plied his persuasive argument:  
 “O, how can slumber close mine eyes  
 When lowly couched with Sítá lies  
 The royal Ráma? can I give  
 My heart to joy, or even live?  
 He whom no mighty demon, no,  
 Nor heavenly God can overthrow,  
 See, Guha, how he lies, alas,  
 With Sítá couched on gathered grass.  
 By varied labours, long, severe,  
 By many a prayer and rite austere,  
 He, Daśaratha's cherished son,  
 By Fortune stamped, from Heaven was won.  
 Now as his son is forced to fly,  
 The king ere long will surely die:  
 Reft of his guardian hand, forlorn  
 In widowed grief this land will mourn.  
 E'en now perhaps, with toil o'erspent,  
 The women cease their loud lament,  
 And cries of woe no longer ring  
 Throughout the palace of the king.  
 But ah for sad Kauśalyá! how  
 Fare she and mine own mother now?  
 How fares the king? this night, I think,  
 Some of the three in death will sink.  
 With hopes upon Śatrughna set  
 My mother may survive as yet,  
 But the sad queen will die who bore  
 The hero, for her grief is sore.  
 His cherished wish that would have made  
 Dear Ráma king, so long delayed,

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“Too late! too late!” the king will cry,  
And conquered by his misery die.  
When Fate has brought the mournful day  
Which sees my father pass away,  
How happy in their lives are they  
Allowed his funeral rites to pay.  
Our exile o'er, with him who ne'er  
Turns from the oath his lips may swear,  
May we returning safe and well  
gain in fair Ayodhyá dwell.”  
Thus Bharat stood with many a sigh  
Lamenting, and the night went by.  
Soon as the morning light shone fair  
In votive coils both bound their hair.  
And then I sent them safely o'er  
And left them on the farther shore.  
With Sítá then they onward passed,  
Their coats of bark about them cast,  
    Their locks like hermits' bound,  
The mighty tamers of the foe,  
Each with his arrows and his bow,  
    Went over the rugged ground,  
Proud in their strength and undeterred  
Like elephants that lead the herd,  
    And gazing oft around.”

## Canto LXXXVII. Guha's Story.

That speech of Guha Bharat heard  
With grief and tender pity stirred,  
And as his ears the story drank,  
Deep in his thoughtful heart it sank.  
His large full eyes in anguish rolled,  
His trembling limbs grew stiff and cold;  
Then fell he, like a tree upturn,  
In woe too grievous to be borne.  
When Guha saw the long-armed chief  
Whose eye was like a lotus leaf,  
With lion shoulders strong and fair,  
High-mettled, prostrate in despair,—  
Pale, bitterly afflicted, he  
Reeled as in earthquake reels a tree.  
But when Śatrughna standing nigh  
Saw his dear brother helpless lie,  
Distraught with woe his head he bowed,  
Embraced him oft and wept aloud.  
Then Bharat's mothers came, forlorn  
Of their dear king, with fasting worn,  
And stood with weeping eyes around  
The hero prostrate on the ground.  
Kauśalyá, by her woe oppressed,  
The senseless Bharat's limbs caressed,  
As a fond cow in love and fear  
Caresses oft her youngling dear:  
Then yielding to her woe she said,  
Weeping and sore disquieted:  
“What torments, O my son, are these  
Of sudden pain or swift disease?  
The lives of us and all the line  
Depend, dear child, on only thine.  
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ forced to flee,  
I live by naught but seeing thee:

For as the king has past away  
 Thou art my only help to-day.  
 Hast thou, perchance, heard evil news  
 Of Lakshmaṇ, which thy soul subdues,  
 Or Ráma dwelling with his spouse—  
 My all is he—neath forest boughs?"

Then slowly gathering sense and strength  
 The weeping hero rose at length,  
 And words like these to Guha spake,  
 That bade Kauśalyá comfort take:  
 "Where lodged the prince that night? and where  
 Lakshmaṇ the brave, and Sítá fair?  
 Show me the couch whereon he lay,  
 Tell me the food he ate, I pray."

Then Guha the Nishádas' king  
 Replied to Bharat's questioning:  
 "Of all I had I brought the best  
 To serve my good and honoured guest  
 Food of each varied kind I chose,  
 And every fairest fruit that grows.  
 Ráma the hero truly brave  
 Declined the gift I humbly gave:  
 His Warrior part he ne'er forgot,  
 And what I brought accepted not:  
 "No gifts, my friend, may we accept:  
 Our law is, Give, and must be kept."  
 The high-souled chief, O Monarch, thus  
 With gracious words persuaded us.  
 Then calm and still, absorbed in thought,  
 He drank the water Lakshmaṇ brought,  
 And then, obedient to his vows,  
 He fasted with his gentle spouse.  
 So Lakshmaṇ too from food abstained,

And sipped the water that remained:  
 Then with ruled lips, devoutly staid,  
 The three<sup>362</sup> their evening worship paid.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ with unwearied care  
 Brought heaps of sacred grass, and there  
 With his own hands he quickly spread,  
 For Ráma's rest, a pleasant bed,  
 And faithful Sítá's too, where they  
 Reclining each by other lay.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ bathed their feet, and drew  
 A little distance from the two.  
 Here stands the tree which lent them shade,  
 Here is the grass beneath it laid,  
 Where Ráma and his consort spent  
 The night together ere they went.  
 Lakshmaṇ, whose arms the foeman quell,  
 Watched all the night as sentinel,  
 And kept his great bow strung:  
 His hand was gloved, his arm was braced,  
 Two well-filled quivers at his waist,  
 With deadly arrows, hung.  
 I took my shafts and trusty bow,  
 And with that tamer of the foe  
 Stood ever wakeful near,  
 And with my followers, bow in hand,  
 Behind me ranged, a ready band,  
 Kept watch o'er Indra's peer."

## Canto LXXXVIII. The Ingudí Tree.

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<sup>362</sup> Ráma, Lakshmaṇ, and Sumantra.

When Bharat with each friend and peer  
Had heard that tale so full and clear,  
They went together to the tree  
The bed which Ráma pressed to see.  
Then Bharat to his mothers said:  
“Behold the high-souled hero's bed:  
These tumbled heaps of grass betray  
Where he that night with Sítá lay:  
Unmeet, the heir of fortune high  
Thus on the cold bare earth should lie,  
The monarch's son, in counsel sage,  
Of old imperial lineage.  
That lion-lord whose noble bed  
With finest skins of deer was spread,—  
How can he now endure to press  
The bare earth, cold and comfortless!  
This sudden fall from bliss to grief  
Appears untrue, beyond belief:  
My senses are distraught: I seem  
To view the fancies of a dream.  
There is no deity so great,  
No power in heaven can master Fate,  
If Ráma, Daśaratha's heir,  
Lay on the ground and slumbered there;  
And lovely Sítá, she who springs  
From fair Videha's ancient kings,  
Ráma's dear wife, by all adored,  
Lay on the earth beside her lord.  
Here was his couch, upon this heap  
He tossed and turned in restless sleep:  
On the hard soil each manly limb  
Has stamped the grass with signs of him.  
That night, it seems, fair Sítá spent  
Arrayed in every ornament,

For here and there my eyes behold  
Small particles of glistering gold.  
She laid her outer garment here,  
For still some silken threads appear,  
How dear in her devoted eyes  
Must be the bed where Ráma lies,  
Where she so tender could repose  
And by his side forget her woes.  
Alas, unhappy, guilty me!  
For whom the prince was forced to flee,  
And chief of Raghu's sons and best,  
A bed like this with Sítá pressed.  
Son of a royal sire whose hand  
Ruled paramount o'er every land,  
Could he who every joy bestows,  
Whose body like the lotus shows,  
The friend of all, who charms the sight,  
Whose flashing eyes are darkly bright,  
Leave the dear kingdom, his by right,  
Unmeet for woe, the heir of bliss,  
And lie upon a bed like this?  
Great joy and happy fate are thine,  
O Lakshman, marked with each fair sign,  
Whose faithful footsteps follow still  
Thy brother in his hour of ill.  
And blest is Sítá, nobly good,  
Who dwells with Ráma in the wood.  
Ours is, alas, a doubtful fate  
Of Ráma reft and desolate.  
My royal sire has gained the skies,  
In woods the high-souled hero lies;  
The state is wrecked and tempest-tossed,  
A vessel with her rudder lost.  
Yet none in secret thought has planned

With hostile might to seize the land:  
Though forced in distant wilds to dwell,  
The hero's arm protects it well.  
Unguarded, with deserted wall,  
No elephant or steed in stall,  
My father's royal city shows  
Her portals open to her foes,  
Of bold protectors reft and bare,  
Defenceless in her dark despair:  
But still her foes the wish restrain,  
As men from poisoned cates refrain.  
I from this hour my nights will pass  
Couched on the earth or gathered grass,  
Eat only fruit and roots, and wear  
A coat of bark, and matted hair.  
I in the woods will pass, content,  
For him the term of banishment;  
So shall I still unbroken save  
The promise which the hero gave.  
While I remain for Ráma there,  
Śatruघna will my exile share,  
And Ráma in his home again,  
With Lakshmaṇ, o'er Ayodhyá reign,  
for him, to rule and guard the state,  
The twice-born men shall consecrate.  
O, may the Gods I serve incline  
To grant this earnest wish of mine!  
If when I bow before his feet  
And with all moving arts entreat,  
    He still deny my prayer,  
Then with my brother will I live:  
He must, he must permission give,  
    Roaming in forests there."

## Canto LXXXIX. The Passage Of Gangá.

That night the son of Raghu lay  
 On Gangá's bank till break of day:  
 Then with the earliest light he woke  
 And thus to brave Śatruघna spoke.  
 “Rise up, Śatruघna, from thy bed:  
 Why sleepest thou the night is fled.  
 See how the sun who chases night  
 Wakes every lotus with his light.  
 Arise, arise, and first of all  
 The lord of Śringavera call,  
 For he his friendly aid will lend  
 Our army o'er the flood to send.”

Thus urged, Śatruघna answered: “I,  
 Remembering Ráma, sleepless lie.”  
 As thus the brothers, each to each,  
 The lion-mettled, ended speech,  
 Came Guha, the Nishádas' king,  
 And spoke with kindly questioning:  
 “Hast thou in comfort passed,” he cried,  
 “The night upon the river side?  
 With thee how fares it? and are these,  
 Thy soldiers, healthy and at ease?”  
 Thus the Nishádas' lord inquired  
 In gentle words which love inspired,  
 And Bharat, Ráma's faithful slave,  
 Thus to the king his answer gave:  
 “The night has sweetly passed, and we  
 Are highly honoured, King, by thee.  
 Now let thy servants boats prepare,  
 Our army o'er the stream to bear.”

The speech of Bharat Guha heard,  
 And swift to do his bidding stirred.  
 Within the town the monarch sped  
 And to his ready kinsmen said:  
 “Awake, each kinsman, rise, each friend!  
 May every joy your lives attend.  
 Gather each boat upon the shore  
 And ferry all the army o'er.”  
 Thus Guha spoke: nor they delayed,  
 But, rising quick, their lord obeyed,  
 And soon, from every side secured,  
 Five hundred boats were ready moored.  
 Some reared aloft the mystic sign,<sup>363</sup>  
 And mighty bells were hung in line:  
 Of firmest build, gay flags they bore,  
 And sailors for the helm and oar.  
 One such King Guha chose, whereon,  
 Of fair white cloth, an awning shone,  
 And sweet musicians charmed the ear,—  
 And bade his servants urge it near.  
 Then Bharat swiftly sprang on board,  
 And then Śatrughna, famous lord,  
 To whom, with many a royal dame,  
 Kauśalyá and Sumitrá came.  
 The household priest went first in place,  
 The elders, and the Bráhman race,  
 And after them the monarch's train  
 Of women borne in many a wain.  
 Then high to heaven the shouts of those  
 Who fired the army's huts,<sup>364</sup> arose,  
 With theirs who bathed along the shore,

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<sup>363</sup> The *svastika*, a little cross with a transverse line at each extremity.

<sup>364</sup> When an army marched it was customary to burn the huts in which it had spent the night.

Or to the boats the baggage bore.  
Full freighted with that mighty force  
The boats sped swiftly on their course,  
By royal Guha's servants manned,  
And gentle gales the banners fanned.  
Some boats a crowd of dames conveyed,  
In others noble coursers neighed;  
Some chariots and their cattle bore,  
Some precious wealth and golden store.  
Across the stream each boat was rowed,  
There duly disembarked its load,  
And then returning on its way,  
Sped here and there in merry play.  
Then swimming elephants appeared  
With flying pennons high upreared.  
And as the drivers urged them o'er,  
The look of winged mountains wore.  
Some men in barges reached the strand,  
Others on rafts came safe to land:  
Some buoyed with pitchers crossed the tide,  
And others on their arms relied.  
Thus with the help the monarch gave  
The army crossed pure Gangá's wave:  
Then in auspicious hour it stood  
Within Prayága's famous wood.  
The prince with cheering words addressed  
His weary men, and bade them rest  
    Where'er they chose and he,  
With priest and deacon by his side,  
To Bharadvája's dwelling hied  
    That best of saints to see.

## Canto XC. The Hermitage.

The prince of men a league away  
Saw where the hermit's dwelling lay,  
Then with his lords his path pursued,  
And left his warrior multitude.  
On foot, as duty taught his mind,  
He left his warlike gear behind;  
Two robes of linen cloth he wore,  
And bade Vaśishṭha walk before.  
Then Bharat from his lords withdrew  
When Bharadvája came in view,  
And toward the holy hermit went  
Behind Vaśishṭha, reverent.  
When Bharadvája, saint austere,  
Saw good Vaśishṭha drawing near,  
He cried, upspringing from his seat,  
“The grace-gift bring, my friend to greet.”  
When Saint Vaśishṭha near him drew,  
And Bharat paid the reverence due,  
The glorious hermit was aware  
That Daśaratha's son was there.  
The grace-gift, water for their feet  
He gave, and offered fruit to eat;  
Then, duty-skilled, with friendly speech  
In seemly order questioned each:  
“How fares it in Ayodhyá now  
With treasury and army? how  
With kith and kin and friends most dear,  
With councillor, and prince, and peer?”  
But, for he knew the king was dead,  
Of Daśaratha naught he said.  
Vaśishṭha and the prince in turn  
Would of the hermit's welfare learn:

Of holy fires they fain would hear,  
Of pupils, trees, and birds, and deer.  
The glorious saint his answer made  
That all was well in holy shade:  
Then love of Ráma moved his breast,  
And thus he questioned of his guest:  
“Why art thou here, O Prince, whose band  
With kingly sway protects the land?  
Declare the cause, explain the whole,  
For yet some doubt disturbs my soul.  
He whom Kauśalyá bare, whose might  
The foemen slays, his line's delight,  
He who with wife and brother sent  
Afar now roam in banishment,  
Famed prince, to whom his father spake  
This order for a woman's sake:  
“Away! and in the forest spend  
Thy life till fourteen years shall end”—  
Has thou the wish to harm him, bent  
On sin against the innocent?  
Wouldst thou thine elder's realm enjoy  
Without a thorn that can annoy?”

With sobbing voice and tearful eye  
Thus Bharat sadly made reply:  
“Ah lost am I, if thou, O Saint,  
Canst thus in thought my heart attaint:  
No warning charge from thee I need;  
Ne'er could such crime from me proceed.  
The words my guilty mother spake  
When fondly jealous for my sake—  
Think not that I, to triumph moved,  
Those words approve or e'er approved.  
O Hermit, I have sought this place

To win the lordly hero's grace,  
 To throw me at my brother's feet  
 And lead him to his royal seat.  
 To this, my journey's aim and end,  
 Thou shouldst, O Saint, thy favour lend:  
 Where is the lord of earth? do thou,  
 Most holy, say, where roams he now?"

Then, by the saint Vaśishṭha pressed,  
 And all the gathered priests beside,  
 To Bharat's dutiful request  
 The hermit graciously replied:  
 "Worthy of thee, O Prince, this deed,  
 True son of Raghu's ancient seed.  
 I know thee reverent, well-controlled,  
 The glory of the good of old.  
 I grant thy prayer: in this pursuit  
 I know thy heart is resolute.  
 'Tis for thy sake those words I said  
 That wider still thy fame may spread.  
 I know where Ráma, duty-tried,  
 His brother, and his wife abide.  
 Where Chitrakúṭa's heights arise  
 Thy brother Ráma's dwelling lies.  
 Go thither with the morning's light,  
 And stay with all thy lords tonight:  
 For I would show thee honour high,  
 And do not thou my wish deny."

Canto XCI. Bharadvája's Feast.

Soon as he saw the prince's mind  
 To rest that day was well inclined,  
 He sought Kaikeyí's son to please  
 With hospitable courtesies.

Then Bharat to the saint replied:  
 "Our wants are more than satisfied.

The gifts which honoured strangers greet,  
 And water for our weary feet  
 Hast thou bestowed with friendly care,  
 And every choice of woodland fare."

Then Bharadvája spoke, a smile  
 Playing upon his lips the while:  
 "I know, dear Prince, thy friendly mind  
 Will any fare sufficient find,  
 But gladly would I entertain  
 And banquet all thine armed train:  
 Such is my earnest wish: do thou  
 This longing of my heart allow,  
 Why hast thou hither bent thy way,  
 And made thy troops behind thee stay?  
 Why unattended? couldst thou not  
 With friends and army seek this spot?"

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Bharat, with reverent hands raised high,  
 To that great hermit made reply:  
 "My troops, for awe of thee, O Sage,  
 I brought not to thy hermitage:  
 Troops of a king or monarch's son  
 A hermit's home should ever shun.  
 Behind me comes a mighty train  
 Wide spreading o'er the ample plain,  
 Where every chief and captain leads  
 Men, elephants, and mettled steeds.

I feared, O reverend Sage, lest these  
 Might harm the holy ground and trees,  
 Springs might be marred and cots o'erthrown,  
 So with the priests I came alone."

"Bring all thy host," the hermit cried,  
 And Bharat, to his joy, complied.  
 Then to the chapel went the sire,  
 Where ever burnt the sacred fire,  
 And first, in order due, with sips  
 Of water purified his lips:  
 To Viśvakarmá, then he prayed,  
 His hospitable feast to aid:  
 "Let Viśvakarmá hear my call,  
 The God who forms and fashions all:  
 A mighty banquet I provide,  
 Be all my wants this day supplied.  
 Lord Indra at their head, the three<sup>365</sup>  
 Who guard the worlds I call to me:  
 A mighty host this day I feed,  
 Be now supplied my every need.  
 Let all the streams that eastward go,  
 And those whose waters westering flow,  
 Both on the earth and in the sky,  
 Flow hither and my wants supply.  
 Be some with ardent liquor filled,  
 And some with wine from flowers distilled,  
 While some their fresh cool streams retain  
 Sweet as the juice of sugar-cane.  
 I call the Gods, I call the band  
 Of minstrels that around them stand:  
 I call the Háhá and Huhú,  
 I call the sweet Viśvávasu,

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<sup>365</sup> Yáma, Varuṇa, and Kuvera.

I call the heavenly wives of these  
 With all the bright Apsarases,  
 Alambúshá of beauty rare,  
 The charmer of the tangled hair,  
 Ghritáchí and Viśváchi fair,  
 Hemá and Bhímá sweet to view,  
 And lovely Nágadantá too,  
 And all the sweetest nymphs who stand  
 By Indra or by Brahmá's hand—  
 I summon these with all their train  
 And Tumburu to lead the strain.  
 Here let Kuvera's garden rise  
 Which far in Northern Kuru<sup>366</sup> lies:  
 For leaves let cloth and gems entwine,  
 And let its fruit be nymphs divine.  
 Let Soma<sup>367</sup> give the noblest food  
 To feed the mighty multitude,  
 Of every kind, for tooth and lip,  
 To chew, to lick, to suck, and sip.  
 Let wreaths, where fairest flowers abound,  
 Spring from the trees that bloom around.  
 Each sort of wine to woo the taste,  
 And meats of every kind be placed.”

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<sup>366</sup> “A happy land in the remote north where the inhabitants enjoy a natural perfection attended with complete happiness obtained without exertion. There is there no vicissitude, nor decrepitude, nor death, nor fear: no distinction of virtue and vice, none of the inequalities denoted by the words best, worst, and intermediate, nor any change resulting from the succession of the four Yugas.” See MUIR'S {FNS *Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. I. p. 492.

<sup>367</sup> The Moon.

Thus spake the hermit self-restrained,  
With proper tone by rules ordained,  
On deepest meditation bent,  
In holy might preëminent.  
Then as with hands in reverence raised  
Absorbed in thought he eastward gazed,  
The deities he thus addressed  
Came each in semblance manifest.  
Delicious gales that cooled the frame  
From Malaya and Dardar came,  
That kissed those scented hills and threw  
Auspicious fragrance where they blew.  
Then falling fast in sweetest showers  
Came from the sky immortal flowers,  
And all the airy region round  
With heavenly drums was made to sound.  
Then breathed a soft celestial breeze,  
Then danced the bright Apsarases,  
The minstrels and the Gods advanced,  
And warbling lutes the soul entranced.  
The earth and sky that music filled,  
And through each ear it softly thrilled,  
As from the heavenly quills it fell  
With time and tune attempered well.  
Soon as the minstrels ceased to play  
And airs celestial died away,  
The troops of Bharat saw amazed  
What Viśvakarmá's art had raised.  
On every side, five leagues around,  
All smooth and level lay the ground,  
With fresh green grass that charmed the sight  
Like sapphires blent with lazulite.  
There the Wood-apple hung its load,  
The Mango and the Citron glowed,

The Bel and scented Jak were there,  
And Apelá with fruitage fair.  
There, brought from Northern Kuru, stood  
Rich in delights, the glorious wood,  
And many a stream was seen to glide  
With flowering trees along its side.  
There mansions rose with four wide halls,  
And elephants and chargers' stalls,  
And many a house of royal state,  
Triumphal arc and bannered gate.  
With noble doorways, sought the sky,  
Like a pale cloud, a palace high,  
Which far and wide rare fragrance shed,  
With wreaths of white engarlanded.  
Square was its shape, its halls were wide,  
With many a seat and couch supplied,  
Drink of all kinds, and every meat  
Such as celestial Gods might eat.  
Then at the bidding of the seer  
Kaikeyí's strong-armed son drew near,  
And passed within that fair abode  
Which with the noblest jewels glowed.  
Then, as Vaśishṭha led the way,  
The councillors, in due array,  
Followed delighted and amazed  
And on the glorious structure gazed.  
Then Bharat, Raghu's son, drew near  
The kingly throne, with prince and peer,  
Whereby the chouri in the shade  
Of the white canopy was laid.  
Before the throne he humbly bent  
And honoured Ráma, reverent,  
Then in his hand the chouri bore,  
And sat where sits a councillor.

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His ministers and household priest  
Sat by degrees from chief to least,  
Then sat the captain of the host  
And all the men he honoured most.  
Then when the saint his order gave,  
Each river with enchanted wave  
Rolled milk and curds divinely sweet  
Before the princely Bharat's feet;  
And dwellings fair on either side,  
With gay white plaster beautified,  
Their heavenly roofs were seen to lift,  
The Bráhman Bharadvája's gift.  
Then straight by Lord Kuvera sent,  
Gay with celestial ornament  
Of bright attire and jewels' shine,  
Came twenty thousand nymphs divine:  
The man on whom those beauties glanced  
That moment felt his soul entranced.  
With them from Nandan's blissful shades  
Came twenty thousand heavenly maids.  
Tumburu, Nárad, Gopa came,  
And Sutanu, like radiant flame,  
The kings of the Gandharva throng,  
And ravished Bharat with their song.  
Then spoke the saint, and swift obeyed  
Alambúshá, the fairest maid,  
And Miśrakeší bright to view,  
Ramaṇá, Puṇḍriká too,  
And danced to him with graceful ease  
The dances of Apsarases.  
All chaplets that by Gods are worn,  
Or Chaitraratha's graves adorn,  
Bloomed by the saint's command arrayed  
On branches in Prayága's shade.

When at the saint's command the breeze  
Made music with the Vilva trees,  
To wave in rhythmic beat began  
The boughs of each Myrobolan,  
And holy fig-trees wore the look  
Of dancers, as their leaflets shook.  
The fair Tamála, palm, and pine,  
With trees that tower and plants that twine,  
The sweetly varying forms displayed  
Of stately dame or bending maid.  
Here men the foaming winecup quaffed,  
Here drank of milk full many a draught,  
And tasted meats of every kind,  
Well dressed, whatever pleased their mind.  
Then beauteous women, seven or eight,  
Stood ready by each man to wait:  
Beside the stream his limbs they stripped  
And in the cooling water dipped.  
And then the fair ones, sparkling eyed,  
With soft hands rubbed his limbs and dried,  
And sitting on the lovely bank  
Held up the winecup as he drank.  
Nor did the grooms forget to feed  
Camel and mule and ox and steed,  
For there were stores of roasted grain,  
Of honey and of sugar-cane.  
So fast the wild excitement spread  
Among the warriors Bharat led,  
That all the mighty army through  
The groom no more his charger knew,  
And he who drove might seek in vain  
To tell his elephant again.  
With every joy and rapture fired,  
Entranced with all the heart desired,

The myriads of the host that night  
Revelled delirious with delight.  
Urged by the damsels at their side  
In wild delight the warriors cried:  
“Ne'er will we seek Ayodhyá, no,  
Nor yet to Dañdak forest go:  
Here will we stay: may happy fate  
On Bharat and on Ráma wait.”  
Thus cried the army gay and free  
Exulting in their lawless glee,  
Both infantry and those who rode  
On elephants, or steeds bestrode,  
Ten thousand voices shouting, “This  
Is heaven indeed for perfect bliss.”  
With garlands decked they idly strayed,  
And danced and laughed and sang and played.  
At length as every soldier eyed,  
With food like Amrit satisfied,  
Each dainty cate and tempting meat,  
No longer had he care to eat.  
Thus soldier, servant, dame, and slave  
Received whate'er the wish might crave.  
As each in new-wrought clothes arrayed  
Enjoyed the feast before him laid.  
Each man was seen in white attire  
Unstained by spot or speck of mire:  
None was athirst or hungry there,  
And none had dust upon his hair.  
On every side in woody dells  
Was milky food in bubbling wells,  
And there were all-supplying cows  
And honey dropping from the boughs.  
Nor wanted lakes of flower-made drink  
With piles of meat upon the brink,

Boiled, stewed, and roasted, varied cheer,  
Peachick and jungle-fowl and deer,  
There was the flesh of kid and boar,  
And dainty sauce in endless store,  
With juice of flowers concocted well,  
And soup that charmed the taste and smell,  
And pounded fruits of bitter taste,  
And many a bath was ready placed  
Down by each river's shelving side  
There stood great basins well supplied,  
And laid therein, of dazzling sheen,  
White brushes for the teeth were seen,  
And many a covered box wherein  
Was sandal powdered for the skin.  
And mirrors bright with constant care,  
And piles of new attire were there,  
And store of sandals and of shoes,  
Thousands of pairs, for all to choose:  
Eye-unguents, combs for hair and beard,  
Umbrellas fair and bows appeared.  
Lakes gleamed, that lent digestive aid,<sup>368</sup>  
And some for pleasant bathing made,  
With waters fair, and smooth incline  
For camels, horses, mules, and kine.  
There saw they barley heaped on high  
The countless cattle to supply:  
The golden grain shone fair and bright  
As sapphires or the lazulite.  
To all the gathered host it seemed  
As if that magic scene they dreamed,  
And wonder, as they gazed, increased  
At Bharadvája's glorious feast.

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<sup>368</sup> The poet does not tell us what these lakes contained.

Thus in the hermit's grove they spent  
That night in joy and merriment,  
Blest as the Gods who take their ease  
Under the shade of Nandan's trees.  
Each minstrel bade the saint adieu,  
And to his blissful mansion flew,  
And every stream and heavenly dame  
Returned as swiftly as she came.

## Canto XCII. Bharat's Farewell.

So Bharat with his army spent  
The watches of the night content,  
And gladly, with the morning's light  
Drew near his host the anchorite.  
When Bharadvája saw him stand  
With hand in reverence joined to hand,  
When fires of worship had been fed,  
He looked upon the prince and said:  
“O blameless son, I pray thee tell,  
Did the past night content thee well?  
Say if the feast my care supplied  
Thy host of followers gratified.”

His hands he joined, his head he bent  
 And spoke in answer reverent  
 To the most high and radiant sage  
 Who issued from his hermitage:  
 "Well have I passed the night: thy feast  
 Gave joy to every man and beast;  
 And I, great lord, and every peer  
 Were satisfied with sumptuous cheer,  
 Thy banquet has delighted all  
 From highest chief to meanest thrall,  
 And rich attire and drink and meat  
 Banished the thought of toil and heat.  
 And now, O Hermit good and great,  
 A boon of thee I supplicate.  
 To Ráma's side my steps I bend:  
 Do thou with friendly eye command.  
 O tell me how to guide my feet  
 To virtuous Ráma's lone retreat:  
 Great Hermit, I entreat thee, say  
 How far from here and which the way."

Thus by fraternal love inspired  
 The chieftain of the saint inquired:  
 Then thus replied the glorious seer  
 Of matchless might, of vows austere:  
 "Ere the fourth league from here be passed,  
 Amid a forest wild and vast,  
 Stands Chitrakúṭa's mountain tall,  
 Lovely with wood and waterfall.  
 North of the mountain thou wilt see  
 The beauteous stream Mandákiní,  
 Where swarm the waterfowl below,  
 And gay trees on the margin grow.  
 Then will a leafy cot between

The river and the hill be seen:  
 'Tis Ráma's, and the princely pair  
 Of brothers live for certain there.  
 Hence to the south thine army lead,  
 And then more southward still proceed,  
 So shalt thou find his lone retreat,  
 And there the son of Raghu meet."

Soon as the ordered march they knew,  
 The widows of the monarch flew,  
 Leaving their cars, most meet to ride,  
 And flocked to Bharadvája's side.  
 There with the good Sumitrá Queen  
 Kauśalyá, sad and worn, was seen,  
 Caressing, still with sorrow faint,  
 The feet of that illustrious saint,  
 Kaikeyí too, her longings crossed,  
 Reproached of all, her object lost,  
 Before the famous hermit came,  
 And clasped his feet, o'erwhelmed with shame.  
 With circling steps she humbly went  
 Around the saint preëminent,  
 And stood not far from Bharat's side  
 With heart oppressed, and heavy-eyed.  
 Then the great seer, who never broke  
 One holy vow, to Bharat spoke:  
 "Speak, Raghu's son: I fain would learn  
 The story of each queen in turn."

Obedient to the high request  
 By Bharadvája thus addressed,  
 His reverent hands together laid,  
 He, skilled in speech, his answer made:  
 “She whom, O Saint, thou seest here  
 A Goddess in her form appear,  
 Was the chief consort of the king,  
 Now worn with fast and sorrowing.  
 As Aditi in days of yore  
 The all-preserving Vishṇu bore,  
 Kauśalyá bore with happy fate  
 Lord Ráma of the lion's gait.  
 She who, transfixed with torturing pangs,  
 On her left arm so fondly hangs,  
 As when her withering leaves decay  
 Droops by the wood the Cassia spray,  
 Sumitrá, pained with woe, is she,  
 The consort second of the three:  
 Two princely sons the lady bare,  
 Fair as the Gods in heaven are fair.  
 And she, the wicked dame through whom  
 My brothers' lives are wrapped in gloom,  
 And mourning for his offspring dear,  
 The king has sought his heavenly sphere,—  
 Proud, foolish-hearted, swift to ire,  
 Self-fancied darling of my sire,  
 Kaikeyí, most ambitious queen,  
 Unlovely with her lovely mien,  
 My mother she, whose impious will  
 Is ever bent on deeds of ill,  
 In whom the root and spring I see  
 Of all this woe which crushes me.”

Quick breathing like a furious snake,  
With tears and sobs the hero spake,  
With reddened eyes aglow with rage.  
And Bharadvája, mighty sage,  
Supreme in wisdom, calm and grave,  
In words like these good counsel gave:  
“O Bharat, hear the words I say;  
On her the fault thou must not lay:  
For many a blessing yet will spring  
From banished Ráma's wandering.”  
And Bharat, with that promise cheered,  
Went circling round that saint revered,  
He humbly bade farewell, and then  
Gave orders to collect his men.  
Prompt at the summons thousands flew  
To cars which noble coursers drew,  
Bright-gleaming, glorious to behold,  
Adorned with wealth of burnished gold.  
Then female elephants and male,  
Gold-girted, with flags that wooed the gale,  
Marched with their bright bells' tinkling chime  
Like clouds when ends the summer time:  
Some cars were huge and some were light,  
For heavy draught or rapid flight,  
Of costly price, of every kind,  
With clouds of infantry behind.  
The dames, Kauśalyá at their head,  
Were in the noblest chariots led,  
And every gentle bosom beat  
With hope the banished prince to meet.  
The royal Bharat, glory-crowned,  
With all his retinue around,  
Borne in a beauteous litter rode,  
Like the young moon and sun that glowed.

The army as it streamed along,  
Cars, elephants, in endless throng,  
Showed, marching on its southward way,  
Like autumn clouds in long array.

## Canto XCIII. Chitrakúta In Sight.

As through the woods its way pursued  
That mighty bannered multitude,  
Wild elephants in terror fled  
With all the startled herds they led,  
And bears and deer were seen on hill,  
In forest glade, by every rill.  
Wide as the sea from coast to coast,  
The high-souled Bharat's mighty host  
Covered the earth as cloudy trains  
Obscure the sky when fall the rains.  
The stately elephants he led,  
And countless steeds the land o'erspread,  
So closely crowded that between  
Their serried ranks no ground was seen.  
Then when the host had travelled far,  
And steeds were worn who drew the car,  
The glorious Bharat thus addressed  
Vaśishṭha, of his lords the best:  
“The spot, methinks, we now behold  
Of which the holy hermit told,  
For, as his words described, I trace  
Each several feature of the place:  
Before us Chitrakúta shows,  
Mandákiní beside us flows:

Afar umbrageous woods arise  
Like darksome clouds that veil the skies.  
Now tread these mountain-beasts of mine  
On Chitrakúta's fair incline.  
The trees their rain of blossoms shed  
On table-lands beneath them spread,  
As from black clouds the floods descend  
When the hot days of summer end.  
Śatruघna, look, the mountain see  
Where heavenly minstrels wander free,  
And horses browse beneath the steep,  
Countless as monsters in the deep.  
Scared by my host the mountain deer  
Starting with tempest speed appear  
Like the long lines of cloud that fly  
In autumn through the windy sky.  
See, every warrior shows his head  
With fragrant blooms engarlanded;  
All look like southern soldiers who  
Lift up their shields of azure hue.  
This lonely wood beneath the hill,  
That was so dark and drear and still,  
Covered with men in endless streams  
Now like Ayodhyá's city seems.  
The dust which countless hoofs excite  
Obscures the sky and veils the light;  
But see, swift winds those clouds dispel  
As if they strove to please me well.  
See, guided in their swift career  
By many a skilful charioteer,  
Those cars by fleetest coursers drawn  
Race onward over glade and lawn.  
Look, startled as the host comes near  
The lovely peacocks fly in fear,

Gorgeous as if the fairest blooms  
 Of earth had glorified their plumes.  
 Look where the sheltering covert shows  
 The trooping deer, both bucks and does,  
 That occupy in countless herds  
 This mountain populous with birds.  
 Most lovely to my mind appears  
 This place which every charm endears:  
 Fair as the road where tread the Blest;  
 Here holy hermits take their rest.  
 Then let the army onward press  
 And duly search each green recess  
 For the two lion-lords, till we  
 Ráma once more and Lakshman see.”

Thus Bharat spoke: and hero bands  
 Of men with weapons in their hands  
 Entered the tangled forest: then  
 A spire of smoke appeared in ken.  
 Soon as they saw the rising smoke  
 To Bharat they returned and spoke:  
 “No fire where men are not: 'tis clear  
 That Raghu's sons are dwelling here.  
 Or if not here those heroes dwell  
 Whose mighty arms their foeman quell,  
 Still other hermits here must be  
 Like Ráma, true and good as he.”

His ears attentive Bharat lent  
 To their resistless argument,  
 Then to his troops the chief who broke  
 His foe's embattled armies spoke:  
 “Here let the troops in silence stay;  
 One step beyond they must not stray.

Come Dhrishtि and Sumantra, you  
 With me alone the path pursue.”  
 Their leader's speech the warriors heard,  
 And from his place no soldier stirred,  
 And Bharat bent his eager eyes  
 Where curling smoke was seen to rise.

The host his order well obeyed,  
 And halting there in silence stayed  
 Watching where from the thicket's shade  
 They saw the smoke appear.  
 And joy through all the army ran,  
 “Soon shall we meet,” thought every man,  
 “The prince we hold so dear.”

## Canto XCIV. Chitrakúta.

There long the son of Raghu dwelt  
 And love for hill and wood he felt.  
 Then his Videhan spouse to please  
 And his own heart of woe to ease,  
 Like some Immortal—Indra so  
 Might Swarga's charms to Šachí show—  
 Drew her sweet eyes to each delight  
 Of Chitrakúta's lovely height:  
 “Though reft of power and kingly sway,  
 Though friends and home are far away,  
 I cannot mourn my altered lot,  
 Enamoured of this charming spot.  
 Look, darling, on this noble hill  
 Which sweet birds with their music fill,

Bright with a thousand metal dyes  
 His lofty summits cleave the skies.  
 See, there a silvery sheen is spread,  
 And there like blood the rocks are red.  
 There shows a streak of emerald green,  
 And pink and yellow glow between.  
 There where the higher peaks ascend,  
 Crystal and flowers and topaz blend,  
 And others flash their light afar  
 Like mercury or some fair star:  
 With such a store of metals dyed  
 The king of hills is glorified.  
 There through the wild birds' populous home  
 The harmless bear and tiger roam:  
 Hyænas range the woody slopes  
 With herds of deer and antelopes.  
 See, love, the trees that clothe his side  
 All lovely in their summer pride,  
 In richest wealth of leaves arrayed,  
 With flower and fruit and light and shade,  
 Look where the young Rose-apple glows;  
 What loaded boughs the Mango shows;  
 See, waving in the western wind  
 The light leaves of the Tamarind,  
 And mark that giant Peepul through  
 The feathery clump of tall bamboo.<sup>369</sup>  
 Look, on the level lands above,  
 Delighting in successful love

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<sup>369</sup> These ten lines are a substitution for, and not a translation of the text which Carey and Marshman thus render: "This mountain adorned with mango, jumboo, usuna, lodhra, piala, punusa, dhava, unkotha, bhuvya, tinisha, vilwa, tindooka, bamboo, kashmaree, urista, uruna, madhooka, tilaka, vuduree, am-luka, nipa, vetra, dhunwuna, veejaka, and other trees affording flowers, and fruits, and the most delightful shade, how charming does it appear!"

In sweet enjoyment many a pair  
 Of heavenly minstrels revels there,  
 While overhanging boughs support  
 Their swords and mantles as they sport:  
 Then see that pleasant shelter where  
 Play the bright Daughters of the Air.<sup>370</sup>  
 The mountain seems with bright cascade  
 And sweet rill bursting from the shade,  
 Like some majestic elephant o'er  
 Whose burning head the torrents pour.  
 Where breathes the man who would not feel  
 Delicious languor o'er him steal,  
 As the young morning breeze that springs  
 From the cool cave with balmy wings,  
 Breathes round him laden with the scent  
 Of bud and blossom dew-besprent?  
 If many autumns here I spent  
 With thee, my darling innocent,  
 And Lakshmaṇ, I should never know  
 The torture of the fires of woe,  
 This varied scene so charms my sight,  
 This mount so fills me with delight,  
 Where flowers in wild profusion spring,  
 And ripe fruits glow and sweet birds sing.  
 My beauteous one, a double good  
 Springs from my dwelling in the wood:  
 Loosed is the bond my sire that tied,  
 And Bharat too is gratified.  
 My darling, dost thou feel with me  
 Delight from every charm we see,  
 Of which the mind and every sense  
 Feel the enchanting influence?

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<sup>370</sup> *Vidyadharis*, Spirits of Air, sylphs.

My fathers who have passed away,  
 The royal saints, were wont to say,  
 That life in woodland shades like this  
 Secures a king immortal bliss.  
 See, round the hill at random thrown,  
 Huge masses lie of rugged stone  
 Of every shape and many a hue,  
 Yellow and white and red and blue.  
 But all is fairer still by night:  
 Each rock reflects a softer light,  
 When the whole mount from foot to crest  
 In robes of lambent flame is dressed;  
 When from a million herbs a blaze  
 Of their own luminous glory plays,  
 And clothed in fire each deep ravine,  
 Each pinnacle and crag is seen.  
 Some parts the look of mansions wear,  
 And others are as gardens fair,  
 While others seem a massive block  
 Of solid undivided rock.  
 Behold those pleasant beds o'erlaid  
 With lotus leaves, for lovers made,  
 Where mountain birch and costus throw  
 Cool shadows on the pair below.  
 See where the lovers in their play  
 Have cast their flowery wreaths away,  
 And fruit and lotus buds that crowned  
 Their brows lie trodden on the ground.  
 North Kuru's realm is fair to see,  
 Vasvaukasárá,<sup>371</sup> Naliní,<sup>372</sup>  
 But rich in fruit and blossom still

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<sup>371</sup> A lake attached either to Amarávatí the residence of Indra, or Alaká that of Kuvera.

<sup>372</sup> The Ganges of heaven.

More fair is Chitrakúṭa's hill.  
 Here shall the years appointed glide  
 With thee, my beauty, by my side,  
     And Lakshmaṇ ever near;  
 Here shall I live in all delight,  
 Make my ancestral fame more bright,  
 Tread in their path who walk aright,  
     And to my oath adhere."

## Canto XCV. Mandákiní.

Then Ráma, like the lotus eyed,  
 Descended from the mountain side,  
 And to the Maithil lady showed  
 The lovely stream that softly flowed.  
 And thus Ayodhyá's lord addressed  
 His bride, of dames the loveliest,  
 Child of Videha's king, her face  
 Bright with the fair moon's tender grace:  
 "How sweetly glides, O darling, look,  
 Mandákiní's delightful brook,  
 Adorned with islets, blossoms gay,  
 And sárases and swans at play!  
 The trees with which her banks are lined  
 Show flowers and fruit of every kind:  
 The match in radiant sheen is she  
 Of King Kuvera's Nalini.<sup>373</sup>  
 My heart exults with pleasure new  
 The shelving band and ford to view,

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<sup>373</sup> Nalini, as here, may be the name of any lake covered with lotuses.

Where gathering herds of thirsty deer  
Disturb the wave that ran so clear.  
Now look, those holy hermits mark  
In skins of deer and coats of bark;  
With twisted coils of matted hair,  
The reverend men are bathing there,  
And as they lift their arms on high  
The Lord of Day they glorify:  
These best of saints, my large-eyed spouse,  
Are constant to their sacred vows.  
The mountain dances while the trees  
Bend their proud summits to the breeze,  
And scatter many a flower and bud  
From branches that o'erhang the flood.  
There flows the stream like lucid pearl,  
Round islets here the currents whirl,  
And perfect saints from middle air  
Are flocking to the waters there.  
See, there lie flowers in many a heap  
From boughs the whistling breezes sweep,  
And others wafted by the gale  
Down the swift current dance and sail.  
Now see that pair of wild-fowl rise,  
Exulting with their joyful cries:  
Hark, darling, wafted from afar  
How soft their pleasant voices are.  
To gaze on Chitrakúṭa's hill,  
To look upon this lovely rill,  
To bend mine eyes on thee, dear wife,  
Is sweeter than my city life.  
Come, bathe we in the pleasant rill  
Whose dancing waves are never still,  
Stirred by those beings pure from sin,  
The sanctities who bathe therein:

Come, dearest, to the stream descend,  
 Approach her as a darling friend,  
 And dip thee in the silver flood  
 Which lotuses and lilies stud.  
 Let this fair hill Ayodhyá seem,  
 Its silvan things her people deem,  
 And let these waters as they flow  
 Our own beloved Sarjú show.  
 How blest, mine own dear love, am I;  
 Thou, fond and true, art ever nigh,  
 And duteous, faithful Lakshmaṇ stays  
 Beside me, and my word obeys.  
 Here every day I bathe me thrice,  
 Fruit, honey, roots for food suffice,  
 And ne'er my thoughts with longing stray  
 To distant home or royal sway.  
 For who this charming brook can see  
 Where herds of roedeer wander free,  
 And on the flowery-wooded brink  
 Apes, elephants, and lions drink,  
 Nor feel all sorrow fly?"  
 Thus eloquently spoke the pride  
 Of Raghu's children to his bride,  
 And wandered happy by her side  
 Where Chitrakúṭa azure-dyed  
 Upears his peaks on high.

## Canto XCVI. The Magic Shaft.<sup>374</sup>

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<sup>374</sup> This canto is allowed, by Indian commentators, to be an interpolation. It cannot be the work of Válmíki.

Thus Ráma showed to Janak's child  
The varied beauties of the wild,  
The hill, the brook and each fair spot,  
Then turned to seek their leafy cot.  
North of the mountain Ráma found  
A cavern in the sloping ground,  
Charming to view, its floor was strown  
With many a mass of ore and stone,  
In secret shadow far retired  
Where gay birds sang with joy inspired,  
And trees their graceful branches swayed  
With loads of blossom downward weighed.  
Soon as he saw the cave which took  
Each living heart and chained the look,  
Thus Ráma spoke to Sítá who  
Gazed wondering on the silvan view:  
“Does this fair cave beneath the height,  
Videhan lady, charm thy sight?  
Then let us resting here a while  
The languor of the way beguile.  
That block of stone so smooth and square  
Was set for thee to rest on there,  
And like a thriving Keśar tree  
This flowery shrub o'ershadows thee.”  
Thus Ráma spoke, and Janak's child,  
By nature ever soft and mild,  
In tender words which love betrayed  
Her answer to the hero made:  
“O pride of Raghu's children, still  
My pleasure is to do thy will.  
Enough for me thy wish to know:  
Far hast thou wandered to and fro.”

Thus Sítá spake in gentle tone,  
 And went obedient to the stone,  
 Of perfect face and faultless limb  
 Prepared to rest a while with him.  
 And Rámá, as she thus replied,  
 Turned to his spouse again and cried:  
 “Thou seest, love, this flowery shade  
 For silvan creatures' pleasure made,  
 How the gum streams from trees and plants  
 Torn by the tusks of elephants!  
 [205] Through all the forest clear and high  
 Resounds the shrill cicala's cry.  
 Hark how the kite above us moans,  
 And calls her young in piteous tones;  
 So may my hapless mother be  
 Still mourning in her home for me.  
 There mounted on that lofty Sál  
 The loud Bhringráj<sup>375</sup> repeats his call:  
 How sweetly now he tunes his throat  
 Responsive to the Koil's note.  
 Or else the bird that now has sung  
 May be himself the Koil's young,  
 Linked with such winning sweetness are  
 The notes he pours irregular.  
 See, round the blooming Mango clings  
 That creeper with her tender rings,  
 So in thy love, when none is near,  
 Thine arms are thrown round me, my dear.”

Thus in his joy he cried; and she,  
 Sweet speaker, on her lover's knee,  
 Of faultless limb and perfect face,  
 Grew closer to her lord's embrace.

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<sup>375</sup> A fine bird with a strong, sweet note, and great imitative powers.

Reclining in her husband's arms,  
A goddess in her wealth of charms,  
She filled his loving breast anew  
With mighty joy that thrilled him through.  
His finger on the rock he laid,  
Which veins of sanguine ore displayed,  
And painted o'er his darling's eyes  
The holy sign in mineral dyes.  
Bright on her brow the metal lay  
Like the young sun's first gleaming ray,  
And showed her in her beauty fair  
As the soft light of morning's air.  
Then from the Keśar's laden tree  
He picked fair blossoms in his glee,  
And as he decked each lovely tress,  
His heart o'erflowed with happiness.  
So resting on that rocky seat  
A while they spent in pastime sweet,  
Then onward neath the shady boughs  
Went Ráma with his Maithil spouse.  
She roaming in the forest shade  
Where every kind of creature strayed  
Observed a monkey wandering near,  
And clung to Ráma's arm in fear.  
The hero Ráma fondly laced  
His mighty arms around her waist,  
Consoled his beauty in her dread,  
And scared the Monkey till he fled.  
That holy mark of sanguine ore  
That gleamed on Sítá's brow before,  
Shone by that close embrace impressed  
Upon the hero's ample chest.  
Then Sítá, when the beast who led  
The monkey troop, afar had fled,

Laughed loudly in light-hearted glee  
That mark on Ráma's chest to see.  
A clump of bright Aśokas fired  
The forest in their bloom attired:  
The restless blossoms as they gleamed  
A host of threatening monkeys seemed.  
Then Sítá thus to Ráma cried,  
As longingly the flowers she eyed:  
“Pride of thy race, now let us go  
Where those Aśoka blossoms grow.”  
He on his darling's pleasure bent  
With his fair goddess thither went  
And roamed delighted through the wood  
Where blossoming Aśokas stood,  
As Śiva with Queen Umá roves  
Through Himaván's majestic groves.  
Bright with purpureal glow the pair  
Of happy lovers sported there,  
And each upon the other set  
A flower-inwoven coronet.  
There many a crown and chain they wove  
Of blooms from that Aśoka grove,  
And in their graceful sport the two  
Fresh beauty o'er the mountain threw.  
The lover let his love survey  
Each pleasant spot that round them lay,  
Then turned they to their green retreat  
Where all was garnished, gay, and neat.  
By brotherly affection led,  
Sumitrá's son to meet them sped,  
And showed the labours of the day  
Done while his brother was away.  
There lay ten black-deer duly slain  
With arrows pure of poison stain,

Piled in a mighty heap to dry,  
With many another carcass nigh.  
And Lakshmaṇ's brother saw, o'erjoyed,  
The work that had his hands employed,  
Then to his consort thus he cried:  
“Now be the general gifts supplied.”  
Then Sítá, fairest beauty, placed  
The food for living things to taste,  
And set before the brothers meat  
And honey that the pair might eat.  
They ate the meal her hands supplied,  
Their lips with water purified:  
Then Janak's daughter sat at last  
And duly made her own repast.  
The other venison, to be dried,  
Piled up in heaps was set aside,  
And Rámá told his wife to stay  
And drive the flocking crows away.  
Her husband saw her much distressed  
By one more bold than all the rest,  
Whose wings where'er he chose could fly,  
Now pierce the earth, now roam the sky.  
Then Rámá laughed to see her stirred  
To anger by the plaguing bird:  
Proud of his love the beauteous dame  
With burning rage was all aflame.  
Now here, now there, again, again  
She chased the crow, but all in vain,  
Enraging her, so quick to strike  
With beak and wing and claw alike:  
Then how the proud lip quivered, how  
The dark frown marked her angry brow!  
When Rámá saw her cheek aglow  
With passion, he rebuked the crow.

But bold in impudence the bird,  
With no respect for Ráma's word,  
Fearless again at Sítá flew:  
Then Ráma's wrath to fury grew.  
The hero of the mighty arm  
Spoke o'er a shaft the mystic charm,  
Laid the dire weapon on his bow  
And launched it at the shameless crow.  
The bird, empowered by Gods to spring  
Through earth itself on rapid wing,  
Through the three worlds in terror fled  
Still followed by that arrow dread.  
Where'er he flew, now here now there,  
A cloud of weapons filled the air.  
Back to the high-souled prince he fled  
And bent at Ráma's feet his head,  
And then, as Sítá looked, began  
His speech in accents of a man:  
“O pardon, and for pity's sake  
Spare, Ráma, spare my life to take!  
Where'er I turn, where'er I flee,  
No shelter from this shaft I see.”

The chieftain heard the crow entreat  
Helpless and prostrate at his feet,  
And while soft pity moved his breast,  
With wisest speech the bird addressed:  
“I took the troubled Sítá's part,  
And furious anger filled my heart.  
Then on the string my arrow lay  
Charmed with a spell thy life to slay.  
Thou seekest now my feet, to crave  
Forgiveness and thy life to save.  
So shall thy prayer have due respect:

The suppliant I must still protect.  
But ne'er in vain this dart may flee;  
Yield for thy life a part of thee,  
What portion of thy body, say,  
Shall this mine arrow rend away?  
Thus far, O bird, thus far alone  
On thee my pity may be shown.  
Forfeit a part thy life to buy:  
'Tis better so to live than die."  
Thus Ráma spoke: the bird of air  
Pondered his speech with anxious care,  
And wisely deemed it good to give  
One of his eyes that he might live.  
To Raghu's son he made reply:  
"O Ráma, I will yield an eye.  
So let me in thy grace confide  
And live hereafter single-eyed."  
Then Ráma charged the shaft, and lo,  
Full in the eye it smote the crow.  
And the Videhan lady gazed  
Upon the ruined eye amazed.  
The crow to Ráma humbly bent,  
Then where his fancy led he went.  
Ráma with Lakshmaṇ by his side  
With needful work was occupied.

Thus Ráma showed his love the rill  
Whose waters ran beneath the hill,  
Then resting on his mountain seat  
Refreshed her with the choicest meat.  
So there reposèd the happy two:  
Then Bharat's army nearer drew:  
Rose to the skies a dusty cloud,  
The sound of trampling feet was loud.  
The swelling roar of marching men  
Drove the roused tiger from his den,  
And scared amain the serpent race  
Flying to hole and hiding-place.  
The herds of deer in terror fled,  
The air was filled with birds o'erhead,  
The bear began to leave his tree,  
The monkey to the cave to flee.  
Wild elephants were all amazed  
As though the wood around them blazed.  
The lion oped his ponderous jaw,  
The buffalo looked round in awe.  
The prince, who heard the deafening sound,  
And saw the silvan creatures round  
Fly wildly startled from their rest,  
The glorious Lakshmaṇ thus addressed:  
“Sumitrá's noble son most dear,  
Hark, Lakshmaṇ, what a roar I hear,  
The tumult of a coming crowd,  
Appalling, deafening, deep, and loud!  
The din that yet more fearful grows  
Scares elephants and buffaloes,  
Or frightened by the lions, deer  
Are flying through the wood in fear.  
I fain would know who seeks this place  
Comes prince or monarch for the chase?

Or does some mighty beast of prey  
 Frighten the silvan herds away?  
 'Tis hard to reach this mountain height,  
 Yea, e'en for birds in airy flight.  
 Then fain, O Lakshmaṇ, would I know  
 What cause disturbs the forest so."

Lakshmaṇ in haste, the wood to view,  
 Climbed a high Sál that near him grew,  
 The forest all around he eyed,  
 First gazing on the eastern side.  
 Then northward when his eyes he bent  
 He saw a mighty armament  
 Of elephants, and cars, and horse,  
 And men on foot, a mingled force,  
 And banners waving in the breeze,  
 And spoke to Ráma words like these:  
 "Quick, quick, my lord, put out the fire,  
 Let Sítá to the cave retire.  
 Thy coat of mail around thee throw,  
 Prepare thine arrows and thy bow."

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In eager haste thus Lakshmaṇ cried,  
 And Ráma, lion lord, replied:  
 "Still closer be the army scanned,  
 And say who leads the warlike band."  
 Lakshmaṇ his answer thus returned,  
 As furious rage within him burned,  
 Exciting him like kindled fire  
 To scorch the army in his ire:  
 "Tis Bharat: he has made the throne  
 By consecrating rites his own:  
 To gain the whole dominion thus  
 He comes in arms to slaughter us.

I mark tree-high upon his car  
 His flagstaff of the Kovidár,<sup>376</sup>  
 I see his glittering banner glance,  
 I see his chivalry advance:  
 I see his eager warriors shine  
 On elephants in lengthened line.  
 Now grasp we each the shafts and bow,  
 And higher up the mountain go.  
 Or in this place, O hero, stand  
 With weapons in each ready hand.  
 Perhaps beneath our might may fall  
 This leader of the standard tall,  
 And Bharat I this day may see  
 Who brought this mighty woe on thee,  
 Sítá, and me, who drove away  
 My brother from the royal sway.  
 Bharat our foe at length is nigh,  
 And by this hand shall surely die:  
 Brother, I see no sin at all  
 If Bharat by my weapon fall.  
 No fault is his who slays the foe  
 Whose hand was first to strike the blow:  
 With Bharat now the crime begins  
 Who against thee and duty sins.  
 The queen athirst for royal sway  
 Will see her darling son to-day  
 Fall by this hand, like some fair tree  
 Struck by an elephant, slain by me.  
 Kaikeyí's self shall perish too  
 With kith and kin and retinue,  
 And earth by my avenging deed  
 Shall from this mass of sin be freed.

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<sup>376</sup> Bauhinia variegata, a species of ebony.

This day my wrath, too long restrained,  
Shall fall upon the foe, unchained,  
Mad as the kindled flame that speeds  
Destroying through the grass and reeds.  
This day mine arrows keen and fierce  
The bodies of the foe shall pierce:  
The woods on Chitrakúṭa's side  
Shall run with torrents crimson-dyed.  
The wandering beasts of prey shall feed  
On heart-cleft elephant and steed,  
And drag to mountain caves away  
The bodies that my arrows slay.  
Doubt not that Bharat and his train  
Shall in this mighty wood be slain:  
So shall I pay the debt my bow  
And these my deadly arrows owe.”

## Canto XCVIII. Lakshman Calmed.

Then Ráma nobly calm allayed  
The wrath that Lakshmaṇ's bosom swayed:  
“What need have we the sword to wield,  
To bend the bow or lift the shield,  
If Bharat brave, and wise, and good,  
Himself has sought this sheltering wood?  
I sware my father's will to do,  
And if I now my brother slew  
What gain in kingship should I find,  
Despised and scorned by all mankind?  
Believe me, e'en as I would shrink  
From poisoned meat or deadly drink,

No power or treasure would I win  
By fall of friend or kith or kin.  
Brother, believe the words I speak:  
For your dear sakes alone I seek  
Duty and pleasure, wealth and gain:  
A holy life, a happy reign.  
If royal sway my heart desires,  
My brothers' weal the wish inspires:  
Their bliss and safety is my care,  
By this uplifted bow I swear.  
'Twere not so hard for me to gain  
This broad land girdled by the main,  
But even Indra's royal might  
Should ne'er be mine in duty's spite.  
If any bliss my soul can see  
Deprived of dear Śatruघnha, thee,  
And Bharat, may the flame destroy  
With ashy gloom the selfish joy.  
Far dearer than this life of mine,  
Knowing the custom of our line,  
His heart with fond affection fraught,  
Bharat Ayodhyā's town resought  
And hearing when he came that I,  
With thee and Sítá, forced to fly  
With matted hair and hermit dress  
Am wandering in the wilderness.  
While grief his troubled senses storms,  
And tender love his bosom warms,  
From every thought of evil clear,  
Is come to meet his brother here.  
Some grievous words perchance he spoke  
Kaikeyí's anger to provoke,  
Then won the king, and comes to lay  
Before my feet the royal sway.

Hither, methinks, in season due  
 Comes Bharat for an interview,  
 Nor in his secret heart has he  
 One evil thought 'gainst thee or me.  
 What has he done ere now, reflect!  
 How failed in love or due respect  
 To make thee doubt his faith and lay  
 This evil to his charge to-day?  
 Thou shouldst not join with Bharat's name  
 So harsh a speech and idle blame.  
 The blows thy tongue at Bharat deals,  
 My sympathizing bosom feels.  
 How, urged by stress of any ill,  
 Should sons their father's life-blood spill,  
 Or brother slay in impious strife  
 A brother dearer than his life?  
 If thou these cruel words hast said  
 By strong desire of empire led,  
 My brother Bharat will I pray  
 To give to thee the kingly sway.  
 "Give him the realm," my speech shall be,  
 And Bharat will, methinks, agree."

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Thus spoke the prince whose chief delight  
 Was duty, and to aid the right:  
 And Lakshmaṇ keenly felt the blame,  
 And shrank within himself for shame:  
 And then his answer thus returned,  
 With downcast eye and cheek that burned:  
 "Brother, I ween, to see thy face  
 Our sire himself has sought this place."  
 Thus Lakshmaṇ spoke and stood ashamed,  
 And Ráma saw and thus exclaimed:  
 "It is the strong-armed monarch: he

Is come, methinks, his sons to see,  
 To bid us both the forest quit  
 For joys for which he deems us fit:  
 He thinks on all our care and pain,  
 And now would lead us home again.  
 My glorious father hence will bear  
 Sítá who claims all tender care.  
 I see two coursers fleet as storms,  
 Of noble breed and lovely forms.  
 I see the beast of mountain size  
 Who bears the king our father wise,  
 The aged Victor, march this way  
 In front of all the armed array.  
 But doubt and fear within me rise,  
 For when I look with eager eyes  
 I see no white umbrella spread,  
 World-famous, o'er the royal head.  
 Now, Lakshmaṇ, from the tree descend,  
 And to my words attention lend."

Thus spoke the pious prince: and he  
 Descended from the lofty tree,  
 And reverent hand to hand applied,  
 Stood humbly by his brother's side.

The host, compelled by Bharat's care,  
 The wood from trampling feet to spare,  
 Dense crowding half a league each way  
 Encamped around the mountain lay.  
 Below the tall hill's shelving side  
 Gleamed the bright army far and wide  
 Spread o'er the ample space,  
 By Bharat led who firmly true  
 In duty from his bosom threw

All pride, and near his brother drew  
To win the hero's grace.

## Canto XCIX. Bharat's Approach.

Soon as the warriors took their rest  
Obeying Bharat's high behest,  
Thus Bharat to Śatrughna spake:  
“A band of soldiers with thee take,  
And with these hunters o'er and o'er  
The thickets of the wood explore.  
With bow, sword, arrows in their hands  
Let Guha with his kindred bands  
Within this grove remaining trace  
The children of Kakutstha's race.  
And I meanwhile on foot will through  
This neighbouring wood my way pursue,  
With elders and the twice-born men,  
And every lord and citizen.  
There is, I feel, no rest for me  
Till Ráma's face again I see,  
Lakshmaṇ, in arms and glory great,  
And Sítá born to happy fate:  
No rest, until his cheek as bright  
As the fair moon rejoice my sight,  
No rest until I see the eye  
With which the lotus petals vie;  
Till on my head those dear feet rest  
With signs of royal rank impressed;  
None, till my kingly brother gain  
His old hereditary reign,

Till o'er his limbs and noble head  
 The consecrating drops be shed.  
 How blest is Janak's daughter, true  
 To every wifely duty, who  
 Cleaves faithful to her husband's side  
 Whose realm is girt by Ocean's tide!  
 This mountain too above the rest  
 E'en as the King of Hills is blest,—  
 Whose shades Kakutstha's scion hold  
 As Nandan charms the Lord of Gold.  
 Yea, happy is this tangled grove  
 Where savage beasts unnumbered rove,  
 Where, glory of the Warrior race,  
 King Ráma finds a dwelling-place.”

Thus Bharat, strong-armed hero spake,  
 And walked within the pathless brake.  
 O'er plains where gay trees bloomed he went,  
 Through boughs in tangled net-work bent,  
 And then from Ráma's cot appeared  
 The banner which the flame upreared.  
 And Bharat joyed with every friend  
 To mark those smoky wreaths ascend:  
 “Here Ráma dwells,” he thought; “at last  
 The ocean of our toil is passed.”  
 Then sure that Ráma's hermit cot  
 Was on the mountain's side  
 He stayed his army on the spot,  
 And on with Guha hied.

## Canto C. The Meeting.

Then Bharat to Śatruघna showed  
The spot, and eager onward strode,  
First bidding Saint Vaśishṭha bring  
The widowed consorts of the king.  
As by fraternal love impelled  
His onward course the hero held,  
Sumantra followed close behind  
Śatruघna with an anxious mind:  
Not Bharat's self more fain could be  
To look on Ráma's face than he.  
As, speeding on, the spot he neared,  
Amid the hermits' homes appeared  
His brother's cot with leaves o'erspread,  
And by its side a lowly shed.  
Before the shed great heaps were left  
Of gathered flowers and billets cleft,  
And on the trees hung grass and bark  
Ráma and Lakshman's path to mark:  
And heaps of fuel to provide  
Against the cold stood ready dried.  
The long-armed chief, as on he went  
In glory's light preëminent,  
With joyous words like these addressed  
The brave Śatru�na and the rest:  
“This is the place, I little doubt,  
Which Bharadvája pointed out,  
Not far from where we stand must be  
The woodland stream, Mandákiní.  
Here on the mountain's woody side  
Roam elephants in tusked pride,  
And ever with a roar and cry  
Each other, as they meet, defy.

And see those smoke-wreaths thick and dark:  
 The presence of the flame they mark,  
 Which hermits in the forest strive  
 By every art to keep alive.  
 O happy me! my task is done,  
 And I shall look on Raghu's son,  
 Like some great saint, who loves to treat  
 His elders with all reverence meet."

Thus Bharat reached that forest rill,  
 Thus roamed on Chitrakúṭha's hill;  
 Then pity in his breast awoke,  
 And to his friends the hero spoke:  
 "Woe, woe upon my life and birth!  
 The prince of men, the lord of earth  
 Has sought the lonely wood to dwell  
 Sequestered in a hermit's cell.  
 Through me, through me these sorrows fall  
 On him the splendid lord of all:  
 Through me resigning earthly bliss  
 He hides him in a home like this.  
 Now will I, by the world abhorred,  
 Fall at the dear feet of my lord,  
 And at fair Sítá's too, to win  
 His pardon for my heinous sin."

As thus he sadly mourned and sighed,  
 The son of Daśaratha spied  
 A bower of leafy branches made,  
 Sacred and lovely in the shade,  
 Of fair proportions large and tall,  
 Well roofed with boughs of palm, and Sál,  
 Arranged in order due o'erhead  
 Like grass upon an altar spread.

Two glorious bows were gleaming there,  
 Like Indra's<sup>377</sup> in the rainy air,  
 Terror of foemen, backed with gold,  
 Meet for the mightiest hand to hold:  
 And quivered arrows cast a blaze  
 Bright gleaming like the Day-God's rays:  
 Thus serpents with their eyes aglow  
 Adorn their capital below.<sup>378</sup>  
 Great swords adorned the cottage, laid  
 Each in a case of gold brocade;  
 There hung the trusty shields, whereon  
 With purest gold the bosses shone.  
 The brace to bind the Bowman's arm,  
 The glove to shield his hand from harm,  
 A lustre to the cottage lent  
 From many a golden ornament:  
 Safe was the cot from fear of men  
 As from wild beasts the lion's den.  
 The fire upon the altar burned,  
 That to the north and east was turned.  
 Bharat his eager glances bent  
 And gazed within the cot intent;  
 In deerskin dress, with matted hair,  
 Ráma his chief was sitting there:  
 With lion-shoulders broad and strong,  
 With lotus eyes, arms thick and long.  
 The righteous sovereign, who should be  
 Lord paramount from sea to sea,  
 High-minded, born to lofty fate,  
 Like Brahmá's self supremely great;  
 With Lakshman by his side, and her,  
 Fair Sítá, for his minister.

<sup>377</sup> The rainbow is called the bow of Indra.

<sup>378</sup> Bhogavatí, the abode of the Nágas or Serpent race.

And Bharat gazing, overcome  
 By sorrow for a while was dumb,  
 Then, yielding to his woe, he ran  
 To Ráma and with sobs began:  
 “He who a royal seat should fill  
 With subjects round to do his will,  
 My elder brother,—see him here,  
 With silvan creatures waiting near.  
 The high-souled hero, wont to wear  
 The costliest robes exceeding fair,  
 Now banished, in a deerskin dress,  
 Here keeps the path of righteousness.  
 How brooks the son of Raghu now  
 The matted locks which load his brow,  
 Around whose princely head were twined  
 Sweet blossoms of the rarest kind?  
 The prince whose merits grew, acquired  
 By rites performed as he desired,  
 Would now a store of merit gain  
 Bought by his body's toil and pain.  
 Those limbs to which pure sandal lent  
 The freshness of its fragrant scent,  
 Exposed to sun, and dust, and rain,  
 Are now defiled with many a stain.  
 And I the wretched cause why this  
 Falls on the prince whose right is bliss!  
 Ah me, that ever I was born  
 To be the people's hate and scorn!”

Thus Bharat cried: of anguish sprung,  
 Great drops upon his forehead hung.  
 He fell o'erpowered—his grief was such—  
 Ere he his brother's feet could touch.  
 As on the glorious prince he gazed

In vain his broken voice he raised:  
 “Dear lord”—through tears and sobbing came,  
 The only words his lips could frame.  
 And brave Śatruघna wept aloud,  
 As low at Ráma's feet he bowed.  
 Then Ráma, while his tears ran fast,  
 His arms around his brothers cast.  
 Guha, Sumantra came to meet  
 The princes in their wild retreat.

Vrihaspati and Šukra bright  
 Their greeting thus rejoice to pay  
 To the dear Lord who brings the night,  
 And the great God who rules the day.  
 Then wept the dwellers of the shade,  
 Whose eyes the princes, meet to ride  
 On mighty elephants, surveyed;  
 And cast all thought of joy aside.

## Canto CI. Bharata Questioned.

Then Ráma gazed, and scarcely knew  
 Bharat so worn and changed in hue.  
 He raised him, kissed him on the head,  
 Embraced him, and thus kindly said:  
 “Where was thy father, brother dear,  
 That thou art come to seek me here?  
 Unmeet, if he be living yet,  
 Thy feet within the wood to set.  
 I pray thee now the cause declare  
 Why thou hast left the kingdom there,  
 With matted locks and deerskin dress  
 To roam the distant wilderness.”

Thus questioned by the prince, at length  
Kaikeyí's son regained his strength,  
And hand to hand in reverence laid,  
To Ráma thus his answer made:  
“The great-armed monarch, O my lord,  
Has dared to do a thing abhorred,  
Left us, and grieving for his son,  
A home among the Gods has won.  
My mother Queen Kaikeyí gave  
The order to the king her slave,  
And at the bidding of the dame  
He wrought the sin which mars his fame.  
Athirst for sway, her hopes are crossed,  
She mourns her son, her husband lost,  
And through her impious crime will go  
For punishment to hell below.  
Now O my lord, forgive me all;  
Be gracious to thy lowly thrall:  
Anointed king, accept to-day  
Like Indra's self, the royal sway.  
Be gracious, Prince, to lord and peer,  
And widowed queens who seek thee here  
Accept the kingdom thine by right,  
And so thy faithful friends delight.  
Let the broad land no longer be  
All widowed and forlorn of thee:  
Let the full moon of autumn reign  
Triumphant o'er the night again.  
These lords and I before thee bend:  
O Ráma, to our prayer attend.  
O do not thou this grace deny:  
Thy brother, pupil, slave am I.  
Look on this venerable ring,  
Advisers of our sire the king,

From age to age so honoured: thou  
Shouldst grant their supplication now.”

As weeping thus the hero prayed,  
His head at Ráma's feet he laid.  
Like a mad elephant he sighed:  
And Ráma gazed and thus replied:  
“How, brother, can a man of worth,  
True to his vows, of noble birth—  
A man like me, commit a sin  
The lordship of the land to win?  
No slightest shade of fault I see,  
O tamer of thy foes, in thee.  
But ne'er shouldst thou in childish thought  
The queen thy mother blame in aught.  
O brother wise and sinless, know  
The sacred laws would have it so,  
That from good wife and son require  
Obedience to their lord and sire.  
And we are all the king's, for thus  
The virtuous ever reckon us:  
Yea brother, be it known to thee,  
His wives, and sons, and pupils we.  
His is the right, if he deem fit,  
To bid me, throned as monarch, sit,  
Or in a coat of bark expel,  
And deerskin, in the wood to dwell.  
And O remember, best of all  
Who act as claims of duty call,  
As to a virtuous sire is due,  
Such honour claims a mother too.  
So they whose lives have ever been  
By duty led, the king and queen,  
Said, “Ráma, seek the forest shade:”

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And I (what could I else?) obeyed.  
 Thou must the royal power retain,  
 And o'er the famed Ayodhyá reign:  
 I dressed in bark my days will spend  
 Where Dāṇḍak's forest wilds extend.  
 So Daśaratha spoke, our king,  
 His share to each apportioning  
 Before his honoured servants' eyes:  
 Then, heir of bliss, he sought the skies.  
 The righteous monarch's honoured will,  
 Whom all revered, must guide thee still,  
 And thou must still enjoy the share  
 Assigned thee by our father's care.  
 So I till twice seven years are spent  
 Will roam this wood in banishment,  
 Contented with the lot which he,  
 My high-souled sire, has given me.  
 The charge the monarch gave, endeared  
 To all mankind, by all revered,  
 Peer of the Lord Supreme,  
 Far better, richer far in gain  
 Of every blessing than to reign  
 O'er all the worlds I deem.”

## Canto CII. Bharat's Tidings.

He spoke: and Bharat thus replied:  
 “If, false to every claim beside,  
 I ne'er in kingly duties fail,  
 What will my royal life avail?  
 Still should the custom be observed,

From which our line has never swerved,  
Which to the younger son ne'er gives  
The kingdom while the elder lives.  
Now to Ayodhyá rich and fair  
With me, O Raghu's son, repair,  
And to protect and gladden all  
Our house, thyself as king install.  
A king the world's opinion deems  
A man: to me a God he seems,  
Whose life in virtuous thoughts and deeds  
The lives of other men exceeds.  
When I in distant Kekaya stayed,  
And thou hadst sought the forest shade,  
Our father died, the saints' delight,  
So constant in each holy rite.  
Scarce with thy wife and Lakshmaṇ thou  
Hadst journeyed forth to keep the vow,  
When mourning for his son, forspent,  
To heavenly rest the monarch went.  
Then up, O lord of men, away!  
His funeral rites of water pay:  
I and Śatruघna, ere we came,  
Neglected not the sacred claim.  
But in the spirit-world, they say,  
That gift alone is fresh for aye  
Which best beloved hands have poured;  
And thou his dearest art, my lord.  
For thee he longed, for thee he grieved,  
    His every thought on thee was bent,  
And crushed by woe, of thee bereaved,  
    He thought of thee as hence he went."

## Canto CIII. The Funeral Libation.

When Ráma heard from Bharat each  
 Dark sorrow of his mournful speech,  
 And tidings of his father dead,  
 His spirits fell, his senses fled.  
 For the sad words his brother spoke  
 Struck on him like a thunder stroke,  
 Fierce as the bolt which Indra throws,  
 The victor of his Daitya foes.  
 Raising his arms in anguish, he,  
 As when the woodman hews a tree  
 With its fair flowery branches crowned,  
 Fainted and fell upon the ground.  
 Lord of the earth to earth he sank,  
 Helpless, as when a towering bank  
 With sudden ruin buries deep  
 An elephant who lay asleep.  
 Then swift his wife and brothers flew,  
 And water, weeping, o'er him threw.  
 As slowly sense and strength he gained,  
 Fast from his eyes the tears he rained,  
 And then in accents sad and weak  
 Kakutstha's son began to speak,  
 And mourning for the monarch dead,  
 With righteous words to Bharat said:  
 "What calls me home, when he, alas,  
 Has gone the way which all must pass?  
 Of him, the best of kings bereft  
 What guardian has Ayodhyá left?  
 How may I please his spirit? how  
 Delight the high-souled monarch now,  
 Who wept for me and went above  
 By me ungraced with mourning love?

Ah, happy brothers! you have paid  
 Due offerings to his parting shade.  
 E'en when my banishment is o'er,  
 Back to my home I go no more,  
 To look upon the widowed state  
 Reft of her king, disconsolate.  
 E'en then, O tamer of the foe,  
 If to Ayodhyá's town I go,  
 Who will direct me as of old,  
 Now other worlds our father hold?  
 From whom, my brother, shall I hear  
 Those words which ever charmed mine ear  
 And filled my bosom with delight  
 Whene'er he saw me act aright?"

Thus Ráma spoke: then nearer came  
 And looking on his moonbright dame,  
 "Sítá, the king is gone," he said:  
 "And Lakshmaṇ, know thy sire is dead,  
 And with the Gods on high enrolled:  
 This mournful news has Bharat told."  
 He spoke: the noble youths with sighs  
 Rained down the torrents from their eyes.  
 And then the brothers of the chief  
 With words of comfort soothed his grief:  
 "Now to the king our sire who swayed  
 The earth be due libations paid."  
 Soon as the monarch's fate she knew,  
 Sharp pangs of grief smote Sítá through:  
 Nor could she look upon her lord  
 With eyes from which the torrents poured.  
 And Ráma strove with tender care  
 To soothe the weeping dame's despair,  
 And then, with piercing woe distressed,

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The mournful Lakshmaṇ thus addressed:  
 “Brother, I pray thee bring for me  
 The pressed fruit of the Ingudí,  
 And a bark mantle fresh and new,  
 That I may pay this offering due.  
 First of the three shall Sítá go,  
 Next thou, and I the last: for so  
 Moves the funereal pomp of woe.”<sup>379</sup>

Sumantra of the noble mind,  
 Gentle and modest, meek and kind,  
 Who, follower of each princely youth,  
 To Ráma clung with constant truth,  
 Now with the royal brothers' aid  
 The grief of Ráma soothed and stayed,  
 And lent his arm his lord to guide  
 Down to the river's holy side.  
 That lovely stream the heroes found,  
 With woods that ever blossomed crowned,  
 And there in bitter sorrow bent  
 Their footsteps down the fair descent.  
 Then where the stream that swiftly flowed  
 A pure pellucid shallow showed,  
 The funeral drops they duly shed,  
 And “Father, this be thine,” they said.  
 But he, the lord who ruled the land,  
 Filled from the stream his hollowed hand,  
 And turning to the southern side  
 Stretched out his arm and weeping cried:  
 “This sacred water clear and pure,

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<sup>379</sup> “The order of the procession on these occasions is that the children precede according to age, then the women and after that the men according to age, the youngest first and the eldest last: when they descend into the water this is reversed and resumed when they come out of it.” CAREY AND MARSHMAN.{FNS}

An offering which shall aye endure  
To thee, O lord of kings, I give:  
Accept it where the spirits live!"

Then, when the solemn rite was o'er,  
Came Ráma to the river shore,  
And offered, with his brothers' aid,  
Fresh tribute to his father's shade.  
With jujube fruit he mixed the seed  
Of Ingudís from moisture freed,  
And placed it on a spot o'erspread  
With sacred grass, and weeping said:  
"Enjoy, great King, the cake which we  
Thy children eat and offer thee!  
For ne'er do blessed Gods refuse  
To share the food which mortals use."

Then Ráma turned him to retrace  
The path that brought him to the place,  
And up the mountain's pleasant side  
Where lovely lawns lay fair, he hied.  
Soon as his cottage door he gained  
His brothers to his breast he strained.  
From them and Sítá in their woes  
So loud the cry of weeping rose,  
That like the roar of lions round  
The mountain rolled the echoing sound.  
And Bharat's army shook with fear  
The weeping of the chiefs to hear.  
"Bharat," the soldiers cried, "tis plain,  
His brother Ráma meets again,  
And with these cries that round us ring  
They sorrow for their sire the king."  
Then leaving car and wain behind,

One eager thought in every mind,  
Swift toward the weeping, every man,  
As each could find a passage, ran.  
Some thither bent their eager course  
With car, and elephant, and horse,  
And youthful captains on their feet  
With longing sped their lord to meet,  
As though the new-come prince had been  
An exile for long years unseen.  
Earth beaten in their frantic zeal  
By clattering hoof and rumbling wheel,  
Sent forth a deafening noise as loud  
As heaven when black with many a cloud.  
Then, with their consorts gathered near,  
Wild elephants in sudden fear  
Rushed to a distant wood, and shed  
An odour round them as they fled.  
And every silvan thing that dwelt  
Within those shades the terror felt,  
Deer, lion, tiger, boar and roe,  
Bison, wild-cow, and buffalo.  
And when the tumult wild they heard,  
With trembling pinions flew each bird,  
From tree, from thicket, and from lake,  
Swan, koil, curlew, crane, and drake.  
With men the ground was overspread,  
With startled birds the sky o'erhead.  
Then on his sacrificial ground  
The sinless, glorious chief was found.  
Loading with curses deep and loud  
The hump-back and the queen, the crowd  
Whose cheeks were wet, whose eyes were dim,  
In fond affection ran to him.  
While the big tears their eyes bedewed,

He looked upon the multitude,  
And then as sire and mother do,  
His arms about his loved ones threw.

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Some to his feet with reverence pressed,  
Some in his arms he strained:  
Each friend, with kindly words addressed,  
Due share of honour gained.  
Then, by their mighty woe o'ercome,  
The weeping heroes' cry  
Filled, like the roar of many a drum,  
Hill, cavern, earth, and sky.

## Canto CIV. The Meeting With The Queens.

Vaśishṭha with his soul athirst  
To look again on Ráma, first  
In line the royal widows placed,  
And then the way behind them traced.  
The ladies moving, faint and slow,  
Saw the fair stream before them flow,  
And by the bank their steps were led  
Which the two brothers visited.  
Kauśalyá with her faded cheek  
And weeping eyes began to speak,  
And thus in mournful tones addressed  
The queen Sumitrá and the rest:  
“See in the wood the bank's descent,  
Which the two orphan youths frequent,  
Whose noble spirits never fall,  
Though woes surround them, reft of all.  
Thy son with love that never tires

Draws water hence which mine requires.  
 This day, for lowly toil unfit,  
 His pious task thy son should quit."

As on the long-eyed lady strayed,  
 On holy grass, whose points were laid  
 Directed to the southern sky,  
 The funeral offering met her eye.  
 When Ráma's humble gift she spied  
 Thus to the queens Kauśalyá cried:  
 "The gift of Ráma's hand behold,  
 His tribute to the king high-souled,  
 Offered to him, as texts require,  
 Lord of Ikshváku's line, his sire!  
 Not such I deem the funeral food  
 Of kings with godlike might endued.  
 Can he who knew all pleasures, he  
 Who ruled the earth from sea to sea,  
 The mighty lord of monarchs, feed  
 On Ingudi's extracted seed?  
 In all the world there cannot be  
 A woe, I ween, more sad to see,  
 Than that my glorious son should make  
 His funeral gift of such a cake.  
 The ancient text I oft have heard  
 This day is true in every word:  
 "Ne'er do the blessed Gods refuse  
 To eat the food their children use.' "

The ladies soothed the weeping dame:  
 To Ráma's hermitage they came,  
 And there the hero met their eyes  
 Like a God fallen from the skies.  
 Him joyless, reft of all, they viewed,

And tears their mournful eyes bedewed.  
The truthful hero left his seat,  
And clasped the ladies' lotus feet,  
And they with soft hands brushed away  
The dust that on his shoulders lay.  
Then Lakshmaṇ, when he saw each queen  
With weeping eyes and troubled mien,  
Near to the royal ladies drew  
And paid them gentle reverence too.  
He, Daśaratha's offspring, signed  
The heir of bliss by Fortune kind,  
Received from every dame no less  
Each mark of love and tenderness.  
And Sítá came and bent before  
The widows, while her eyes ran o'er,  
And pressed their feet with many a tear.  
They when they saw the lady dear  
Pale, worn with dwelling in the wild,  
Embraced her as a darling child:  
“Daughter of royal Janak, bride  
Of Daśaratha's son,” they cried,  
“How couldst thou, offspring of a king,  
Endure this woe and suffering  
In the wild forest? When I trace  
Each sign of trouble on thy face—  
That lotus which the sun has dried,  
That lily by the tempest tried,  
That gold whereon the dust is spread,  
That moon whence all the light is fled—  
Sorrow assails my heart, alas!  
As fire consumes the wood and grass.”

Then Ráma, as she spoke distressed,  
The feet of Saint Vaśishtha pressed,

Touched them with reverential love,  
 Then near him took his seat:  
 Thus Indra clasps in realms above  
     The Heavenly Teacher's<sup>380</sup> feet.  
 Then with each counsellor and peer,  
     Bharat of duteous mind,  
 With citizens and captains near,  
     Sat humbly down behind.  
 When with his hands to him upraised,  
     In devotee's attire,  
 Bharat upon his brother gazed  
     Whose glory shone like fire,  
 As when the pure Mahendra bends  
     To the great Lord of Life,  
 Among his noble crowd of friends  
     This anxious thought was rife:  
 “What words to Raghu's son to-day  
     Will royal Bharat speak,  
 Whose heart has been so prompt to pay  
     Obeisance fond and meek?”  
 Then steadfast Ráma, Lakshmaṇ wise,  
     Bharat for truth renowned,  
 Shone like three fires that heavenward rise  
     With holy priests around.

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## Canto CV. Ráma's Speech.

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<sup>380</sup> Vṛihaspati, the preceptor of the Gods.

A while they sat, each lip compressed,  
 Then Bharat thus his chief addressed:  
 "My mother here was made content;  
 To me was given the government.  
 This now, my lord, I yield to thee:  
 Enjoy it, from all trouble free.  
 Like a great bridge the floods have rent,  
 Impetuous in their wild descent,  
 All other hands but thine in vain  
 Would strive the burthen to maintain.  
 In vain the ass with steeds would vie,  
 With Tárkshya,<sup>381</sup> birds that wing the sky;  
 So, lord of men, my power is slight  
 To rival thine imperial might.  
 Great joys his happy days attend  
 On whom the hopes of men depend,  
 But wretched is the life he leads  
 Who still the aid of others needs.  
 And if the seed a man has sown,  
 With care and kindly nurture grown,  
 Rear its huge trunk and spring in time  
 Too bulky for a dwarf to climb,  
 Yet, with perpetual blossom gay,  
 No fruit upon its boughs display,  
 Ne'er can that tree, thus nursed in vain,  
 Approval of the virtuous gain.  
 The simile is meant to be  
 Applied, O mighty-armed, to thee,  
 Because, our lord and leader, thou  
 Protectest not thy people now.  
 O, be the longing wish fulfilled  
 Of every chief of house and guild,

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<sup>381</sup> Garuḍ, the king of birds.

To see again their sun-bright lord  
 Victorious to his realm restored!  
 As thou returnest through the crowd  
 Let roars of elephants be loud.  
 And each fair woman lift her voice  
 And in her new-found king rejoice.”

The people all with longing moved,  
 The words that Bharat spoke approved,  
 And crowding near to Ráma pressed  
 The hero with the same request.  
 The steadfast Ráma, when he viewed  
 His glorious brother's mournful mood,  
 With each ambitious thought controlled,  
 Thus the lamenting prince consoled:  
 “I cannot do the things I will,  
 For Ráma is but mortal still.  
 Fate with supreme, resistless law  
 This way and that its slave will draw,  
 All gathered heaps must waste away,  
 All lofty lore and powers decay.  
 Death is the end of life, and all,  
 Now firmly joined, apart must fall.  
 One fear the ripened fruit must know,  
 To fall upon the earth below;  
 So every man who draws his breath  
 Must fear inevitable death.  
 The pillared mansion, high, compact,  
 Must fall by Time's strong hand attacked;  
 So mortal men, the gradual prey  
 Of old and ruthless death, decay.  
 The night that flies no more returns:  
 Yamuná for the Ocean yearns:  
 Swift her impetuous waters flee,

But roll not backward from the sea.  
The days and nights pass swiftly by  
And steal our moments as they fly,  
E'en as the sun's unpitying rays  
Drink up the floods in summer blaze.  
Then for thyself lament and leave  
For death of other men to grieve,  
For if thou go or if thou stay,  
Thy life is shorter day by day.  
Death travels with us; death attends  
Our steps until our journey ends,  
Death, when the traveller wins the goal,  
Returns with the returning soul.  
The flowing hair grows white and thin,  
And wrinkles mark the altered skin.  
The ills of age man's strength assail:  
Ah, what can mortal power avail?  
Men joy to see the sun arise,  
They watch him set with joyful eyes:  
But ne'er reflect, too blind to see,  
How fast their own brief moments flee.  
With lovely change for ever new  
The seasons' sweet return they view,  
Nor think with heedless hearts the while  
That lives decay as seasons smile.  
As haply on the boundless main  
Meet drifting logs and part again,  
So wives and children, friends and gold,  
Ours for a little time we hold:  
Soon by resistless laws of fate  
To meet no more we separate.  
In all this changing world not one  
The common lot of all can shun:  
Then why with useless tears deplore

The dead whom tears can bring no more?  
 As one might stand upon the way  
 And to a troop of travellers say:  
 “If ye allow it, sirs, I too  
 Will travel on the road with you:”  
 So why should mortal man lament  
 When on that path his feet are bent  
 Which all men living needs must tread,  
 Where sire and ancestors have led?  
 Life flies as torrents downward fall  
 Speeding away without recall,  
 So virtue should our thoughts engage,  
 For bliss<sup>382</sup> is mortals' heritage.  
 [215] By ceaseless care and earnest zeal  
 For servants and for people's weal,  
 By gifts, by duty nobly done,  
 Our glorious sire the skies has won.  
 Our lord the king, o'er earth who reigned,  
 A blissful home in heaven has gained  
 By wealth in ample largess spent,  
 And many a rite magnificent:  
 With constant joy from first to last  
 A long and noble life he passed,  
 Praised by the good, no tears should dim  
 Our eyes, O brother dear, for him.  
 His human body, worn and tried  
 By length of days, he cast aside,  
 And gained the godlike bliss to stray  
 In Brahmá's heavenly home for aye.  
 For such the wise as we are, deep  
 In Veda lore, should never weep.  
 Those who are firm and ever wise

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<sup>382</sup> To be won by virtue.

Spurn vain lament and idle sighs.  
 Be self-possessed: thy grief restrain:  
 Go, in that city dwell again.  
 Return, O best of men, and be  
 Obedient to our sire's decree,  
 While I with every care fulfil  
 Our holy father's righteous will,  
 Observing in the lonely wood  
 His charge approved by all the good."

Thus Ráma of the lofty mind  
 To Bharat spoke his righteous speech,  
 By every argument designed  
 Obedience to his sire to teach.

## Canto CVI. Bharat's Speech.

Good Bharat, by the river side,  
 To virtuous Ráma's speech replied,  
 And thus with varied lore addressed  
 The prince, while nobles round him pressed:  
 "In all this world whom e'er can we  
 Find equal, scourge of foes, to thee?  
 No ill upon thy bosom weighs,  
 No thoughts of joy thy spirit raise.  
 Approved art thou of sages old,  
 To whom thy doubts are ever told.  
 Alike in death and life, to thee  
 The same to be and not to be.  
 The man who such a soul can gain  
 Can ne'er be crushed by woe or pain.  
 Pure as the Gods, high-minded, wise,

Concealed from thee no secret lies.  
Such glorious gifts are all thine own,  
And birth and death to thee are known,  
That ill can ne'er thy soul depress  
With all-subduing bitterness.  
O let my prayer, dear brother, win  
Thy pardon for my mother's sin.  
Wrought for my sake who willed it not  
When absent in a distant spot.  
Duty alone with binding chains  
The vengeance due to crime restrains,  
Or on the sinner I should lift  
My hand in retribution swift.  
Can I who know the right, and spring  
From Daśaratha, purest king—  
Can I commit a heinous crime,  
Abhorred by all through endless time?  
The aged king I dare not blame,  
Who died so rich in holy fame,  
My honoured sire, my parted lord,  
E'en as a present God adored.  
Yet who in lore of duty skilled  
So foul a crime has ever willed,  
And dared defy both gain and right  
To gratify a woman's spite?  
When death draws near, so people say,  
The sense of creatures dies away;  
And he has proved the ancient saw  
By acting thus in spite of law.  
But O my honoured lord, be kind,  
Dismiss the trespass from thy mind,  
The sin the king committed, led  
By haste, his consort's wrath, and dread.  
For he who veils his sire's offence

With tender care and reverence—  
 His sons approved by all shall live:  
 Not so their fate who ne'er forgive.  
 Be thou, my lord, the noble son,  
 And the vile deed my sire has done,  
 Abhorred by all the virtuous, ne'er  
 Resent, lest thou the guilt too share.  
 Preserve us, for on thee we call,  
 Our sire, Kaikeyí, me and all  
 Thy citizens, thy kith and kin;  
 Preserve us and reverse the sin.  
 To live in woods a devotee  
 Can scarce with royal tasks agree,  
 Nor can the hermit's matted hair  
 Suit fitly with a ruler's care.  
 Do not, my brother, do not still  
 Pursue this life that suits thee ill.  
 Mid duties of a king we count  
 His consecration paramount,  
 That he with ready heart and hand  
 May keep his people and his land.  
 What Warrior born to royal sway  
 From certain good would turn away,  
 A doubtful duty to pursue,  
 That mocks him with the distant view?  
 Thou wouldest to duty cleave, and gain  
 The meed that follows toil and pain.  
 In thy great task no labour spare:  
 Rule the four castes with justest care.  
 Mid all the four, the wise prefer  
 The order of the householder.<sup>383</sup>  
 Canst thou, whose thoughts to duty cleave,

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<sup>383</sup> The four religious orders, referable to different times of life are, that of the student, that of the householder, that of the anchorite, and that of the mendicant.

The best of all the orders leave?  
 My better thou in lore divine,  
 My birth, my sense must yield to thine:  
 While thou, my lord, art here to reign,  
 How shall my hands the rule maintain?  
 O faithful lover of the right,  
 Take with thy friends the royal might,  
 Let thy sires' realm, from trouble free,  
 Obey her rightful king in thee.  
 Here let the priests and lords of state  
 Our monarch duly consecrate,  
 With prayer and holy verses blessed  
 By saint Vaśishṭha and the rest.  
 Anointed king by us, again  
 Seek fair Ayodhyā, there to reign,  
 And like imperial Indra girt  
 By Gods of Storm, thy might assert.  
 From the three debts<sup>384</sup> acquittance earn,  
 And with thy wrath the wicked burn,  
 O'er all of us thy rule extend,  
 And cheer with boons each faithful friend.  
 Let thine enthronement, lord, this day  
 Make all thy lovers glad and gay,  
 And let all those who hate thee flee  
 To the ten winds for fear of thee.  
 Dear lord, my mother's words of hate  
 With thy sweet virtues expiate,  
 And from the stain of folly clear  
 The father whom we both revere.  
 Brother, to me compassion show,  
 I pray thee with my head bent low,  
 And to these friends who on thee call,—

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<sup>384</sup> To Gods, men, and Manes.

As the Great Father pities all.  
But if my tears and prayers be vain,  
And thou in woods wilt still remain,  
I will with thee my path pursue  
And make my home in forests too.”

Thus Bharat strove to bend his will  
With suppliant head, but he,  
Earth's lord, inexorable still  
Would keep his sire's decree.  
The firmness of the noble chief  
The wondering people moved,  
And rapture mingling with their grief,  
All wept and all approved.  
“How firm his steadfast will,” they cried,  
“Who Keeps his promise thus!  
Ah, to Ayodhyá's town,” they sighed,  
“He comes not back with us.”  
The holy priest, the swains who tilled  
The earth, the sons of trade,  
And e'en the mournful queens were filled  
With joy as Bharat prayed,  
And bent their heads, then weeping stilled  
A while, his prayer to aid.

Thus, by his friends encompassed round,  
He spoke, and Ráma, far renowned,  
To his dear brother thus replied,  
Whom holy rites had purified:  
“O thou whom Queen Kaikeyí bare  
The best of kings, thy words are fair,  
Our royal father, when of yore  
He wed her, to her father swore  
The best of kingdoms to confer,  
A noble dowry meet for her;  
Then, grateful, on the deadly day  
Of heavenly Gods' and demons' fray,  
A future boon on her bestowed  
To whose sweet care his life he owed.  
She to his mind that promise brought,  
And then the best of kings besought  
To bid me to the forest flee,  
And give the rule, O Prince, to thee.  
Thus bound by oath, the king our lord  
Gave her those boons of free accord,  
And bade me, O thou chief of men,  
Live in the woods four years and ten.  
I to this lonely wood have hied  
With faithful Lakshmaṇ by my side,  
And Sítá by no tears deterred,  
Resolved to keep my father's word.  
And thou, my noble brother, too  
Shouldst keep our father's promise true:  
Anointed ruler of the state  
Maintain his word inviolate.  
From his great debt, dear brother, free  
Our lord the king for love of me,  
Thy mother's breast with joy inspire,  
And from all woe preserve thy sire.

'Tis said, near Gayá's holy town<sup>385</sup>  
 Gayá, great saint of high renown,  
 This text recited when he paid  
 Due rites to each ancestral shade:

“A son is born his sire to free  
 From Put's infernal pains:  
 Hence, saviour of his father, he  
 The name of Putra gains.”<sup>386</sup>

Thus numerous sons are sought by prayer,

In Scripture trained with graces fair,

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That of the number one some day

May funeral rites at Gayá pay.

The mighty saints who lived of old

This holy doctrine ever hold.

Then, best of men, our sire release

From pains of hell, and give him peace.

Now Bharat, to Ayodhyá speed,

The brave Śatrughna with thee lead,

Take with thee all the twice-born men,

And please each lord and citizen.

I now, O King, without delay

To Dāṇḍak wood will bend my way,

And Lakshmaṇ and the Maithil dame

Will follow still, our path the same.

Now, Bharat, lord of men be thou,

And o'er Ayodhyá reign:

The silvan world to me shall bow,

King of the wild domain.

<sup>385</sup> Gayá is a very holy city in Behar. Every good Hindu ought once in his life to make funeral offerings in Gayá in honour of his ancestors.

<sup>386</sup> *Put* is the name of that region of hell to which men are doomed who leave no son to perform the funeral rites which are necessary to assure the happiness of the departed. *Putra*, the common word for a son is said by the highest authority to be derived from *Put* and *tra* deliverer.

Yea, let thy joyful steps be bent  
     To that fair town to-day,  
 And I as happy and content,  
     To Dāṇḍak wood will stray.  
 The white umbrella o'er thy brow  
     Its cooling shade shall throw:  
 I to the shadow of the bough  
     And leafy trees will go.  
 Śatruघna, for wise plans renowned,  
     Shall still on thee attend;  
 And Lakshman, ever faithful found,  
     Be my familiar friend.  
 Let us his sons, O brother dear,  
     The path of right pursue,  
 And keep the king we all revere  
     Still to his promise true."

## Canto CVIII. Jáváli's Speech.

Thus Ráma soothed his brother's grief:  
 Then virtuous Jáváli, chief  
 Of twice-born sages, thus replied  
 In words that virtue's law defied:  
 "Hail, Raghu's princely son, dismiss  
 A thought so weak and vain as this.  
 Canst thou, with lofty heart endowed,  
 Think with the dull ignoble crowd?  
 For what are ties of kindred? can  
 One profit by a brother man?  
 Alone the babe first opes his eyes,  
 And all alone at last he dies.

The man, I ween, has little sense  
 Who looks with foolish reverence  
 On father's or on mother's name:  
 In others, none a right may claim.  
 E'en as a man may leave his home  
 And to a distant village roam,  
 Then from his lodging turn away  
 And journey on the following day,  
 Such brief possession mortals hold  
 In sire and mother, house and gold,  
 And never will the good and wise  
 The brief uncertain lodging prize.  
 Nor, best of men, shouldst thou disown  
 Thy sire's hereditary throne,  
 And tread the rough and stony ground  
 Where hardship, danger, woes abound.  
 Come, let Ayodhyá rich and bright  
 See thee enthroned with every rite:  
 Her tresses bound in single braid<sup>387</sup>  
 She waits thy coming long delayed.  
 O come, thou royal Prince, and share  
 The kingly joys that wait thee there,  
 And live in bliss transcending price  
 As Indra lives in Paradise.  
 The parted king is naught to thee,  
 Nor right in living man has he:  
 The king is one, thou, Prince of men,  
 Another art: be counselled then.  
 Thy royal sire, O chief, has sped  
 On the long path we all must tread.  
 The common lot of all is this,

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<sup>387</sup> It was the custom of Indian women when mourning for their absent husbands to bind their hair in a long single braid.

Carey and Marshman translate, "the one-tailed city."

And thou in vain art robbed of bliss.  
 For those—and only those—I weep  
 Who to the path of duty keep;  
 For here they suffer ceaseless woe,  
 And dying to destruction go.  
 With pious care, each solemn day,  
 Will men their funeral offerings pay:  
 See, how the useful food they waste:  
 He who is dead no more can taste.  
 If one is fed, his strength renewed  
 Whene'er his brother takes his food,  
 Then offerings to the parted pay:  
 Scarce will they serve him on his way.  
 By crafty knaves these rules were framed,  
 And to enforce men's gifts proclaimed:  
 “Give, worship, lead a life austere,  
 Keep lustral rites, quit pleasures here.”  
 There is no future life: be wise,  
 And do, O Prince, as I advise.  
 Enjoy, my lord, the present bliss,  
 And things unseen from thought dismiss.  
 Let this advice thy bosom move,  
 The counsel sage which all approve;  
 To Bharat's earnest prayer incline,  
 And take the rule so justly thine.”

## Canto CIX. The Praises Of Truth.

By sage Javáli thus addressed,  
 Ráma of truthful hearts the best,

With perfect skill and wisdom high  
Thus to his speech made fit reply:  
“Thy words that tempt to bliss are fair,  
But virtue's garb they falsely wear.  
For he from duty's path who strays  
To wander in forbidden ways,  
Allured by doctrine false and vain,  
Praise from the good can never gain.  
Their lives the true and boaster show,  
Pure and impure, and high and low,  
Else were no mark to judge between  
Stainless and stained and high and mean;  
They to whose lot fair signs may fall  
Were but as they who lack them all,  
And those to virtuous thoughts inclined  
Were but as men of evil mind.  
If in the sacred name of right  
I do this wrong in duty's spite;  
The path of virtue meanly quit,  
And this polluting sin commit,  
What man who marks the bounds between  
Virtue and vice with insight keen,  
Would rank me high in after time  
Stained with this soul destroying crime?  
Whither could I, the sinner, turn,  
How hope a seat in heaven to earn,  
If I my plighted promise break,  
And thus the righteous path forsake?  
This world of ours is ever led  
To walk the ways which others tread,  
And as their princes they behold,  
The subjects too their lives will mould.  
That truth and mercy still must be  
Beloved of kings, is Heaven's decree.

Upheld by truth the monarch reigns,  
And truth the very world sustains.  
Truth evermore has been the love  
Of holy saints and Gods above,  
And he whose lips are truthful here  
Wins after death the highest sphere.  
As from a serpent's deadly tooth,  
We shrink from him who scorns the truth.  
For holy truth is root and spring  
Of justice and each holy thing,  
A might that every power transcends,  
Linked to high bliss that never ends.  
Truth is all virtue's surest base,  
Supreme in worth and first in place.  
Oblations, gifts men offer here,  
Vows, sacrifice, and rites austere,  
And Holy Writ, on truth depend:  
So men must still that truth defend.  
Truth, only truth protects the land,  
By truth unharmed our houses stand;  
Neglect of truth makes men distressed,  
And truth in highest heaven is blessed.  
Then how can I, rebellious, break  
Commandments which my father spake—  
I ever true and faithful found,  
And by my word of honour bound?  
My father's bridge of truth shall stand  
Unharmed by my destructive hand:  
Not folly, ignorance, or greed  
My darkened soul shall thus mislead.  
Have we not heard that God and shade  
Turn from the hated offerings paid  
By him whose false and fickle mind  
No pledge can hold, no promise bind?

Truth is all duty: as the soul,  
It quickens and supports the whole.  
The good respect this duty: hence  
Its sacred claims I reverence.  
The Warrior's duty I despise  
That seeks the wrong in virtue's guise:  
Those claims I shrink from, which the base,  
Cruel, and covetous embrace.  
The heart conceives the guilty thought,  
Then by the hand the sin is wrought,  
And with the pair is leagued a third,  
The tongue that speaks the lying word.  
Fortune and land and name and fame  
To man's best care have right and claim;  
The good will aye to truth adhere,  
And its high laws must men revere.  
Base were the deed thy lips would teach,  
Approved as best by subtle speech.  
Shall I my plighted promise break,  
That I these woods my home would make?  
Shall I, as Bharat's words advise,  
My father's solemn charge despise?  
Firm stands the oath which then before  
My father's face I soothly swore,  
Which Queen Kaikeyi's anxious ear  
Rejoiced with highest joy to hear.  
Still in the wood will I remain,  
With food prescribed my life sustain,  
And please with fruit and roots and flowers  
Ancestral shades and heavenly powers.  
Here every sense contented, still  
Heeding the bounds of good and ill,  
My settled course will I pursue,  
Firm in my faith and ever true.

Here in this wild and far retreat  
 Will I my noble task complete;  
 And Fire and Wind and Moon shall be  
 Partakers of its fruit with me.  
 A hundred offerings duly wrought  
 His rank o'er Gods for Indra bought,  
 And mighty saints their heaven secured  
 By torturing years on earth endured.”  
 That scoffing plea the hero spurned,

And thus he spake once more,  
 Chiding, the while his bosom burned,  
 Jáváli's impious lore:  
 “Justice, and courage ne'er dismayed,  
 Pity for all distressed,  
 Truth, loving honour duly paid  
 To Bráhman, God, and guest—  
 In these, the true and virtuous say,  
 Should lives of men be passed:  
 They form the right and happy way  
 That leads to heaven at last.

[219] My father's thoughtless act I chide  
 That gave thee honoured place,  
 Whose soul, from virtue turned aside,  
 Is faithless, dark, and base.  
 We rank the Buddhist with the thief,<sup>388</sup>  
 And all the impious crew  
 Who share his sinful disbelief,  
 And hate the right and true.  
 Hence never should wise kings who seek  
 To rule their people well,  
 Admit, before their face to speak,

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<sup>388</sup> The verses in a different metre with which some cantos end are all to be regarded with suspicion. Schlegel regrets that he did not exclude them all from his edition. These lines are manifestly spurious. See *Additional Notes*.

The cursed infidel.  
But twice-born men in days gone by,  
    Of other sort than thou,  
Have wrought good deeds, whose glories high  
    Are fresh among us now:  
This world they conquered, nor in vain  
    They strove to win the skies:  
The twice-born hence pure lives maintain,  
    And fires of worship rise.  
Those who in virtue's path delight,  
    And with the virtuous live,—  
Whose flames of holy zeal are bright,  
    Whose hands are swift to give,  
Who injure none, and good and mild  
    In every grace excel,  
Whose lives by sin are undefiled,  
    We love and honour well.”  
Thus Ráma spoke in righteous rage  
    Jáváli's speech to chide,  
When thus again the virtuous sage  
    In truthful words replied:  
“The atheist's lore I use no more,  
    Not mine his impious creed:  
His words and doctrine I abhor,  
    Assumed at time of need.  
E'en as I rose to speak with thee,  
    The fit occasion came  
That bade me use the atheist's plea  
    To turn thee from thine aim.  
The atheist creed I disavow,  
    Unsay the words of sin,  
And use the faithful's language now  
    Thy favour, Prince, to win.”

## Canto CX. The Sons Of Ikshváku.<sup>389</sup>

Then spake Vaśishṭha who perceived  
 That Ráma's soul was wroth and grieved:  
 "Well knows the sage Jáláli all  
 The changes that the world befall;  
 And but to lead thee to revoke  
 Thy purpose were the words he spoke.  
 Lord of the world, now hear from me  
 How first this world began to be.  
 First water was, and naught beside;  
 There earth was formed that stretches wide.  
 Then with the Gods from out the same  
 The Self-existent Brahmá came.  
 Then Brahmá<sup>390</sup> in a boar's disguise  
 Bade from the deep this earth arise;  
 Then, with his sons of tranquil soul,  
 He made the world and framed the whole.  
 From subtlest ether Brahmá rose:  
 No end, no loss, no change he knows.  
 A son had he, Maríchi styled,  
 And Kaśyap was Maríchi's child.  
 From him Vivasvat sprang: from him  
 Manu, whose fame shall ne'er be dim.  
 Manu, who life to mortals gave,  
 Begot Ikshváku good and brave:  
 First of Ayodhyá's kings was he,  
 Pride of her famous dynasty.  
 From him the glorious Kukshti sprang,

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<sup>389</sup> This genealogy is a repetition with slight variation of that given in Book I, Canto LXX.

<sup>390</sup> In Gorresio's recension identified with Vishṇu. See Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. IV. pp 29, 30.

Whose fame through all the regions rang.  
 Rival of Kukshi's ancient fame,  
 His heir the great Vikukshi came.  
 His son was Váṇa, lord of might,  
 His Anaraṇya, strong in fight.  
 No famine marred his blissful reign,  
 No drought destroyed the kindly grain;  
 Amid the sons of virtue chief,  
 His happy realm ne'er held a thief,  
 His son was Prithu, glorious name,  
 From him the wise Triśanku came:  
 Embodied to the skies he went  
 For love of truth preëminent.  
 He left a son renowned afar,  
 Known by the name of Dhundhumár.  
 His son succeeding bore the name  
 Of Yuvanáśva dear to fame.  
 He passed away. Him followed then  
 His son Mándhátá, king of men.  
 His son was blest in high emprise,  
 Susandhi, fortunate and wise.  
 Two noble sons had he, to wit  
 Dhruvasandhi and Prasenajit.  
 Bharat was Dhruvasandhi's son:  
 His glorious arm the conquest won,  
 Against his son King Asit, rose  
 In fierce array his royal foes,  
 Haihayas, Tálajanghas styled,  
 And Śaśivindhus fierce and wild.  
 Long time he strove, but forced to yield  
 Fled from his kingdom and the field.  
 The wives he left had both conceived—  
 So is the ancient tale believed:—  
 One, of her rival's hopes afraid,

Fell poison in the viands laid.  
 It chanced that Chyavan, Bhrigu's child,  
 Had wandered to the pathless wild  
 Where proud Himálaya's lovely height  
 Detained him with a strange delight.  
 Then came the other widowed queen  
 With lotus eyes and beauteous mien,  
 Longing a noble son to bear,  
 And wooed the saint with earnest prayer.  
 When thus Kálindí, fairest dame  
 With reverent supplication came,  
 To her the holy sage replied:  
 "O royal lady, from thy side  
 A glorious son shall spring ere long,  
 Righteous and true and brave and strong;  
 He, scourge of foes and lofty-souled,  
 His ancient race shall still uphold."

Then round the sage the lady went,  
 And bade farewell, most reverent.  
 Back to her home she turned once more,  
 And there her promised son she bore.  
 Because her rival mixed the bane  
 To render her conception vain,  
 And her unripened fruit destroy,  
 Sagar she called her rescued boy.<sup>391</sup>  
 He, when he paid that solemn rite,<sup>392</sup>  
 Filled living creatures with affright:  
 Obedient to his high decree  
 His countless sons dug out the sea.  
 Prince Asamanj was Sagar's child:  
 But him with cruel sin defiled

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<sup>391</sup> From *sa* with, and *gara* poison.

<sup>392</sup> See Book I. Canto XL.

And loaded with the people's hate  
His father banished from the state.  
To Asamanj his consort bare  
Bright Anśumán his valiant heir.  
Anśumán's son, Dilípa famed,  
Begot a son Bhagírath named.  
From him renowned Kakutstha came:  
Thou bearest still the lineal name.  
Kakutstha's son was Raghu: thou  
Art styled the son of Raghu now.  
From him came Purushádak bold,  
Fierce hero of gigantic mould:  
Kalmáshapáda's name he bore,  
Because his feet were spotted o'er.  
Śankhan his son, to manhood grown,  
Died sadly with his host o'erthrown,  
But ere he perished sprang from him  
Sudarśan fair in face and limb.  
From beautiful Sudarśan came  
Prince Agnivarna, bright as flame.  
His son was Śíghraga, for speed  
Unmatched; and Maru was his seed.  
Prasusruka was Maru's child:  
His son was Ambarísha styled.  
Nahush was Ambarísha's heir  
With hand to strike and heart to dare.  
His son was good Nábhág, from youth  
Renowned for piety and truth.  
From great Nábhág sprang children two  
Aja and Suvrat pure and true.  
From Aja Daśaratha came,  
Whose virtuous life was free from blame.  
His eldest son art thou: his throne,  
O famous Ráma, is thine own.

Accept the sway so justly thine,  
 And view the world with eyes benign.  
 For ever in Ikshváku's race  
 The eldest takes his father's place,  
 And while he lives no son beside  
 As lord and king is sanctified.

The rule by Raghu's children kept  
 Thou must not spurn to-day.  
 This realm of peerless wealth accept,  
 And like thy father sway."

## Canto CXI. Counsel To Bharat.

Thus said Vaśishṭha, and again  
 To Ráma spake in duteous strain:  
 "All men the light of life who see  
 With high respect should look on three:  
 High honour ne'er must be denied  
 To father, mother, holy guide.  
 First to their sires their birth they owe,  
 Nursed with maternal love they grow:  
 Their holy guides fair knowledge teach:  
 So men should love and honour each.  
 Thy sire and thou have learned of me,  
 The sacred guide of him and thee,  
 And if my word thou wilt obey  
 Thou still wilt keep the virtuous way.  
 See, with the chiefs of every guild  
 And all thy friends, this place is filled:  
 All these, as duty bids, protect;  
 So still the righteous path respect.

O, for thine aged mother feel,  
 Nor spurn the virtuous dame's appeal:  
 Obey, O Prince, thy mother dear,  
 And still to virtue's path adhere.  
 Yield thou to Bharat's fond request,  
 With earnest supplication pressed,  
 So wilt thou to thyself be true,  
 And faith and duty still pursue."

Thus by his saintly guide addressed  
 With pleas in sweetest tones expressed,  
 The lord of men in turn replied  
 To wise Vaśishṭha by his side:  
 "The fondest son's observance ne'er  
 Repays the sire and mother's care:  
 The constant love that food provides,  
 And dress, and every need besides:  
 Their pleasant words still soft and mild,  
 Their nurture of the helpless child:  
 The words which Daśaratha spake,  
 My king and sire, I ne'er will break."

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Then Bharat of the ample chest  
 The wise Sumantra thus addressed;  
 "Bring sacred grass, O charioteer,  
 And strew it on the level here.  
 For I will sit and watch his face  
 Until I win my brother's grace.  
 Like a robbed Bráhmaṇ will I lie,<sup>393</sup>  
 Nor taste of food nor turn my eye,  
 In front of Ráma's leafy cot,  
 And till he yield will leave him not."

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<sup>393</sup> A practice which has frequently been described, under the name of *dherna*, by European travellers in India.

When Bharat saw Sumantra's eye  
 Looked up to Ráma for reply,  
 The Prince himself in eager haste  
 The sacred grass in order placed.  
 Him great and mighty Ráma, best  
 Of royal saints, in turn addressed:  
 “What, Bharat, have I done, that thou  
 Besiegest me,<sup>394</sup> a suppliant now?  
 Thus streched, to force redress for wrongs  
 To men of Bráhman birth belongs,  
 Not those upon whose kingly head  
 The consecrating drops are shed.  
 Up, lord of men! arise, and quit  
 This fearful vow for thee unfit.  
 Go, brother, seek Ayodhyá's town,  
 Fair city of supreme renown.”

But Bharat, as his seat he took,  
 Cast all around an eager look:  
 “O people, join your prayers with mine,  
 And so his stubborn heart incline.”

And all the people answered thus:  
 “Full well is Ráma known to us.  
 Right is the word he speaks and he  
 Is faithful to his sire's decree:  
 Nor can we rashly venture now  
 To turn him from his purposed vow.”

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<sup>394</sup> Compare Milton's “*beseeching or besieging.*”

Then Ráma spoke: “O Bharat, heed  
 Thy virtuous friends, and mark their rede.  
 Mark well what I and these advise,  
 And duty view with clearer eyes.  
 Thy hand on mine, O hero, place,  
 Touch water, and thy sin efface.”

Then Bharat rose: his hand he dipped,  
 And purifying water sipped:  
 “Each citizen,” he cried, “give ear,  
 Attend, each counsellor and peer.  
 My mother planned, by me untaught,  
 To win the sway I never sought:  
 Ne'er Raghu's son could I despise,  
 In duty's lore supremely wise.  
 Now if obedience to our sire  
 This dwelling in the woods require,  
 I, till the destined years be spent,  
 Will dwell alone in banishment.”

The virtuous Ráma, wonder-stirred,  
 The faithful speech of Bharat heard,  
 And thus the hero's feelings found  
 Due utterance, as he gazed around:

“Still to my father's word I hold,  
 Whate'er he bought, or pledged, or sold:  
 Ne'er shall his living promise be  
 Annulled by Bharat or by me.  
 Not thus my task will I evade,  
 My exile on another laid:  
 Most wise was Queen Kaikeyí's rede,  
 And just and good my father's deed.  
 Dear Bharat's patient soul I know,  
 How reverence due he loves to show;

In him, high-souled and faithful found,  
 Must each auspicious grace abound.  
 When from the woods I turn again  
 I with his aid shall nobly reign,  
 With one so good, of peerless worth,  
 A glorious lord of happy earth.  
 Her boon Kaikeyí sought and won.  
 I, as my father swore, have done:  
 And O, do thou, my brother dear,  
 The monarch's name from falsehood clear.

## Canto CXII. The Sandals.

High wonder mingled with delight  
 Took the great sages at the sight,  
 Thrilling their breasts who came to view  
 The meeting of the peerless two.  
 The saints and sages' holy train  
 Departed to their home again.  
 And high each holy voice was raised,  
 And thus the glorious brothers praised.

“High fate is his, the sire of two  
 Most virtuous souls, so brave and true:  
 With wonder and with joy intense  
 Our ears have heard their conference.”  
 Then the great sages, longing all  
 To see the ten-necked tyrant<sup>395</sup> fall,  
 To Bharat, bravest of the brave,  
 Their salutary counsel gave:

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<sup>395</sup> Ten-headed, ten-necked, ten faced, are common epithets of Rávaṇ the giant king of Lanká.

“O thou of lofty lineage born,  
 Whom wisdom, conduct, fame adorn,  
 Thou for thy honoured father's sake  
 Shouldst Ráma's righteous counsel take.  
 All debts to Queen Kaikeyí paid,  
 Thy sire his home in heaven has made,  
 So virtuous Ráma we would see  
 From filial obligation free.”  
 Thus gave each royal sage advice,  
 High saint, and bard of Paradise;  
 Then quickly vanishing from view  
 Each to his proper home withdrew.  
 Then Ráma's face his rapture showed,  
 And his full heart with joy o'erflowed,  
 While, as the sages parted thence,  
 He paid his humble reverence.

[222]

Then Bharat shook in every limb  
 As suppliant thus he spake to him:  
 “The duty of a king respect,  
 Held by our race in high respect:  
 And O, thy gracious ear incline  
 To heed my mother's prayer and mine.  
 The mighty realm to rule and guard  
 For me alone is task too hard.  
 No power have I the love to gain  
 Of noble, citizen, and swain.  
 All those who know thee, warrior, friend,  
 On thee their eager glances bend,  
 As labouring hinds who till the plain  
 Look fondly for the Lord of Rain.  
 O wisest Prince, thy realm secure,  
 And make its firm foundations sure.  
 Kakutstha's son, thy mighty arm

Can keep the nation free from harm.”  
 He spoke, and fell in sorrow drowned  
 At Ráma's feet upon the ground,  
 And there the hero sued and sighed,  
 And “Hear me, Raghu's son,” he cried.

Then Ráma raised him up, and pressed  
 His brother to his loving breast,  
 And sweetly as a wild swan cried  
 To Bharat dark and lotus-eyed:  
 “So just and true thy generous soul,  
 Thy hand may well this earth control:  
 But many a sage his aid will lend,  
 With counsellor, and peer, and friend:  
 With these advise: their counsel ask,  
 And so perform thy arduous task.  
 The moon his beauty may forgo,  
 The cold forsake the Hills of Snow,  
 And Ocean o'er his banks may sweep,  
 But I my father's word will keep.  
 Now whether love of thee or greed  
 Thy mother led to plan the deed,  
 Forth from thy breast the memory throw,  
 And filial love and reverence show.”

Thus spake Kauśalyá's son: again  
 Bharat replied in humble strain  
 To him who matched the sun in might  
 And lovely as the young moon's light:  
 “Put, noble brother, I entreat,  
 These sandals on thy blessed feet:  
 These, lord of men, with gold bedecked,  
 The realm and people will protect.”

Then Ráma, as his brother prayed  
 Beneath his feet the sandals laid,  
 And these with fond affection gave  
 To Bharat's hand, the good and brave.  
 Then Bharat bowed his reverent head  
 And thus again to Ráma said:  
 "Through fourteen seasons will I wear  
 The hermit's dress and matted hair:  
 With fruit and roots my life sustain,  
 And still beyond the realm remain,  
 Longing for thee to come again.  
 The rule and all affairs of state  
 I to these shoes will delegate.  
 And if, O tamer of thy foes,  
 When fourteen years have reached their close,  
 I see thee not that day return,  
 The kindled fire my frame shall burn."

Then Ráma to his bosom drew  
 Dear Bharat and Śatrughna too:  
 "Be never wroth," he cried, "with her,  
 Kaikeyí's guardian minister:  
 This, glory of Ikshváku's line,  
 Is Sítá's earnest prayer and mine."  
 He spoke, and as the big tears fell,  
 To his dear brother bade farewell.

Round Ráma, Bharat strong and bold  
 In humble reverence paced,  
 When the bright sandals wrought with gold  
 Above his brows were placed.  
 The royal elephant who led  
 The glorious pomp he found,  
 And on the monster's mighty head  
 Those sandals duly bound.

Then noble Ráma, born to swell  
 The glories of his race,  
 To all in order bade farewell  
 With love and tender grace—  
 To brothers, counsellers, and peers,—  
 Still firm, in duty proved,  
 Firm, as the Lord of Snow uprears  
 His mountains unremoved.  
 No queen, for choking sobs and sighs,  
 Could say her last adieu:  
 Then Ráma bowed, with flooded eyes,  
 And to his cot withdrew.

### Canto CXIII. Bharat's Return.

Bearing the sandals on his head  
 Away triumphant Bharat sped,  
 And clomb, Śatrughna by his side,  
 The car wherein he wont to ride.  
 Before the mighty army went  
 The lords for counsel eminent,  
 Vaśishṭha, Vámadeva next,  
 Játáli, pure with prayer and text.  
 Then from that lovely river they  
 Turned eastward on their homeward way:  
 With reverent steps from left to right  
 They circled Chitrakúṭa's height,  
 And viewed his peaks on every side  
 With stains of thousand metals dyed.  
 Then Bharat saw, not far away,  
 Where Bharadvája's dwelling lay,

And when the chieftain bold and sage  
 Had reached that holy hermitage,  
 Down from the car he sprang to greet  
 The saint, and bowed before his feet.  
 High rapture filled the hermit's breast,  
 Who thus the royal prince addressed:  
 "Say, Bharat, is thy duty done?  
 Hast thou with Ráma met, my son?"

The chief whose soul to virtue clave  
 This answer to the hermit gave:  
 "I prayed him with our holy guide:  
 But Raghu's son our prayer denied,  
 And long besought by both of us  
 He answered Saint Vaśishṭha thus:  
 "True to my vow, I still will be  
 Observant of my sire's decree:  
 Till fourteen years complete their course  
 That promise shall remain in force."  
 The saint in highest wisdom taught,  
 These solemn words with wisdom fraught,  
 To him in lore of language learned  
 Most eloquent himself returned:  
 "Obey my rede: let Bharat hold  
 This pair of sandals decked with gold:  
 They in Ayodhyá shall ensure  
 Our welfare, and our bliss secure."  
 When Ráma heard the royal priest  
 He rose, and looking to the east  
 Consigned the sandals to my hand  
 That they for him might guard the land.  
 Then from the high-souled chief's abode  
 I turned upon my homeward road,  
 Dismissed by him, and now this pair

Of sandals to Ayodhyá bear.”

To him the hermit thus replied,  
 By Bharat's tidings gratified:  
 “No marvel thoughts so just and true,  
 Thou best of all who right pursue,  
 Should dwell in thee, O Prince of men,  
 As waters gather in the glen.  
 He is not dead, we mourn in vain:  
 Thy blessed father lives again,  
 Whose noble son we thus behold  
 Like Virtue's self in human mould.”

He ceased: before him Bharat fell  
 To clasp his feet, and said farewell:  
 His reverent steps around him bent,  
 And onward to Ayodhyá went.  
 His host of followers stretching far  
 With many an elephant and car,  
 Waggon and steed, and mighty train,  
 Traversed their homeward way again.  
 O'er holy Yamuná they sped,  
 Fair stream, with waves engarlanded,  
 And then once more the rivers' queen,  
 The blessed Gangá's self was seen.  
 Then making o'er that flood his way,  
 Where crocodiles and monsters lay,  
 The king to Śringavera drew  
 His host and royal retinue.  
 His onward way he thence pursued,  
 And soon renowned Ayodhyá viewed.  
 Then burnt by woe and sad of cheer  
 Bharat addressed the charioteer:  
 “Ah, see, Ayodhyá dark and sad,

Her glory gone, once bright and glad:  
 Of joy and beauty reft, forlorn,  
 In silent grief she seems to mourn."

## Canto CXIV. Bharat's Departure.

Deep, pleasant was the chariot's sound  
 As royal Bharat, far renowned,  
 Whirled by his mettled coursers fast  
 Within Ayodhyá's city passed.  
 There dark and drear was every home  
 Where cats and owls had space to roam,  
 As when the shades of midnight fall  
 With blackest gloom, and cover all:  
 As Rohiní, dear spouse of him  
 Whom Ráhu hates,<sup>396</sup> grows faint and dim,  
 When, as she shines on high alone  
 The demon's shade is o'er her thrown:  
 As burnt by summer's heat a rill  
 Scarce trickling from her parent hill,  
 With dying fish in pools half dried,  
 And fainting birds upon her side:  
 As sacrificial flames arise  
 When holy oil their food supplies,  
 But when no more the fire is fed  
 Sink lustreless and cold and dead:  
 Like some brave host that filled the plain,  
 With harness rent and captains slain,  
 When warrior, elephant, and steed

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<sup>396</sup> The spouse of Rohiní is the Moon: Ráhu is the demon who causes eclipses.

Mingled in wild confusion bleed:  
 As when, all spent her store of worth,  
 Rocks from her base the loosened earth:  
 Like a sad fallen star no more  
 Wearing the lovely light it wore:  
 So mournful in her lost estate  
 Was that sad town disconsolate.  
 Then car-borne Bharat, good and brave,  
 Thus spake to him the steeds who drove:  
 "Why are Ayodhyá's streets so mute?  
 Where is the voice of lyre and lute?  
 Why sounds not, as of old, to-day  
 The music of the minstrel's lay?  
 Where are the wreaths they used to twine?  
 Where are the blossoms and the wine?  
 Where is the cool refreshing scent  
 Of sandal dust with aloe blent?  
 The elephant's impatient roar,  
 The din of cars, I hear no more:  
 No more the horse's pleasant neigh  
 Rings out to meet me on my way.  
 Ayodhyá's youths, since Ráma's flight,  
 Have lost their relish for delight:  
 Her men roam forth no more, nor care  
 Bright garlands round their necks to wear.  
 All grieve for banished Ráma: feast,  
 And revelry and song have ceased:  
 Like a black night when floods pour down,  
 So dark and gloomy is the town.  
 When will he come to make them gay  
 Like some auspicious holiday?  
 When will my brother, like a cloud  
 At summer's close, make glad the crowd?"

Then through the streets the hero rode,  
 And passed within his sire's abode,  
 Like some deserted lion's den,  
 Forsaken by the lord of men.  
 Then to the inner bowers he came,  
 Once happy home of many a dame,  
 Now gloomy, sad, and drear,  
 Dark as of old that sunless day  
 When wept the Gods in wild dismay;<sup>397</sup>  
 There poured he many a tear.

## Canto CXV. Nandigrám.<sup>398</sup>

Then when the pious chief had seen  
 Lodged in her home each widowed queen,  
 Still with his burning grief oppressed  
 His holy guides he thus addressed:  
 "I go to Nandigrám: adieu,  
 This day, my lords to all of you:  
 I go, my load of grief to bear,  
 Reft of the son of Raghu, there.  
 The king my sire, alas, is dead,  
 And Ráma to the forest fled;  
 There will I wait till he, restored,  
 Shall rule the realm, its rightful lord."

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<sup>397</sup> "Once," says the Commentator Tírtha, "in the battle between the Gods and demons the Gods were vanquished, and the sun was overthrown by Ráhu. At the request of the Gods Atri undertook the management of the sun for a week."

<sup>398</sup> Now Nundgaon, in Oudh.

They heard the high-souled prince's speech,  
 And thus with ready answer each  
 Of those great lords their chief addressed,  
 With saint Vaśishṭha and the rest:  
 "Good are the words which thou hast said,  
 By brotherly affection led,  
 Like thine own self, a faithful friend,  
 True to thy brother to the end:  
 A heart like thine must all approve,  
 Which naught from virtue's path can move."

Soon as the words he loved to hear  
 Fell upon Bharat's joyful ear,  
 Thus to the charioteer he spoke:  
 "My car with speed, Sumantra, yoke."  
 Then Bharat with delighted mien  
 Obeisance paid to every queen,  
 And with Śatruघna by his side  
 Mounting the car away he hied.  
 With lords, and priests in long array  
 The brothers hastened on their way.  
 And the great pomp the Brāhmans led  
 With Saint Vaśishṭha at their head.  
 Then every face was eastward bent  
 As on to Nandigrám they went.  
 Behind the army followed, all  
 Unsummoned by their leader's call,  
 And steeds and elephants and men  
 Streamed forth with every citizen.  
 As Bharat in his chariot rode  
 His heart with love fraternal glowed,  
 And with the sandals on his head  
 To Nandigrám he quickly sped.  
 Within the town he swiftly pressed,

Alighted, and his guides addressed:  
“To me in trust my brother's hand  
Consigned the lordship of the land,  
When he these gold-wrought sandals gave  
As emblems to protect and save.”  
Then Bharat bowed, and from his head  
The sacred pledge deposited,  
And thus to all the people cried  
Who ringed him round on every side:  
“Haste, for these sandals quickly bring  
The canopy that shades the king.  
Pay ye to them all reverence meet  
As to my elder brother's feet,  
For they will right and law maintain  
Until King Ráma come again.  
My brother with a loving mind  
These sandals to my charge consigned:  
I till he come will guard with care  
The sacred trust for Raghu's heir.  
My watchful task will soon be done,  
The pledge restored to Raghu's son;  
Then shall I see, his wanderings o'er,  
These sandals on his feet once more.  
My brother I shall meet at last,  
The burthen from my shoulders cast,  
To Ráma's hand the realm restore  
And serve my elder as before.  
When Ráma takes again this pair  
Of sandals kept with pious care,  
And here his glorious reign begins,  
I shall be cleansed from all my sins,  
When the glad people's voices ring  
With welcome to the new-made king,  
Joy will be mine four-fold as great

As if supreme I ruled the state."

Thus humbly spoke in sad lament  
 The chief in fame preëminent:  
 Thus, by his reverent lords obeyed,  
 At Nandigrám the kingdom swayed.  
 With hermit's dress and matted hair  
 He dwelt with all his army there.  
 The sandals of his brother's feet  
 Installed upon the royal seat,  
 He, all his powers to them referred,  
 Affairs of state administered.

In every care, in every task,  
 When golden store was brought,  
 He first, as though their rede to ask,  
 Those royal sandals sought.

## Canto CXVI. The Hermit's Speech.

When Bharat took his homeward road  
 Still Ráma in the wood abode:  
 But soon he marked the fear and care  
 That darkened all the hermits there.  
 For all who dwelt before the hill  
 Were sad with dread of coming ill:  
 Each holy brow was lined by thought,  
 And Ráma's side they often sought.  
 With gathering frowns the prince they eyed,  
 And then withdrew and talked aside.

Then Raghu's son with anxious breast  
 The leader of the saints addressed:  
 "Can aught that I have done displease,  
 O reverend Sage, the devotees?  
 Why are their loving looks, O say,  
 Thus sadly changed or turned away?  
 Has Lakshman through his want of heed  
 Offended with unseemly deed?  
 Or is the gentle Sítá, she  
 Who loved to honour you and me—  
 Is she the cause of this offence,  
 Failing in lowly reverence?"

One sage, o'er whom, exceeding old,  
 Had many a year of penance rolled,  
 Trembling in every aged limb  
 Thus for the rest replied to him:  
 "How could we, O beloved, blame  
 Thy lofty-souled Videhan dame,  
 Who in the good of all delights,  
 And more than all of anchorites?  
 But yet through thee a numbing dread  
 Of fiends among our band has spread;  
 Obstructed by the demons' art  
 The trembling hermits talk apart.  
 For Rávan's brother, overbold,  
 Named Khara, of gigantic mould,  
 Vexes with fury fierce and fell  
 All those in Janasthán<sup>399</sup> who dwell.  
 Resistless in his cruel deeds,  
 On flesh of men the monster feeds:  
 Sinful and arrogant is he,  
 And looks with special hate on thee.

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<sup>399</sup> A part of the great Dāṇḍak forest.

Since thou, beloved son, hast made  
Thy home within this holy shade,  
The fiends have vexed with wilder rage  
The dwellers of the hermitage.  
In many a wild and dreadful form  
Around the trembling saints they swarm,  
With hideous shape and foul disguise  
They terrify our holy eyes.  
They make our loathing souls endure  
Insult and scorn and sights impure,  
And flocking round the altars stay  
The holy rites we love to pay.  
In every spot throughout the grove  
With evil thoughts the monsters rove,  
Assailing with their secret might  
Each unsuspecting anchorite.  
Ladle and dish away they fling,  
Our fires with floods extinguishing,  
And when the sacred flame should burn  
They trample on each water-urn.  
Now when they see their sacred wood  
Plagued by this impious brotherhood,  
The troubled saints away would roam  
And seek in other shades a home:  
Hence will we fly, O Ráma, ere  
The cruel fiends our bodies tear.  
Not far away a forest lies  
Rich in the roots and fruit we prize,  
To this will I and all repair  
And join the holy hermits there;  
Be wise, and with us thither flee  
Before this Khara injure thee.  
Mighty art thou, O Ráma, yet  
Each day with peril is beset.

If with thy consort by thy side  
Thou in this wood wilt still abide."

He ceased: the words the hero spake  
The hermit's purpose failed to break:  
To Raghu's son farewell he said,  
And blessed the chief and comforted;  
Then with the rest the holy sage  
Departed from the hermitage.

So from the wood the saints withdrew,  
And Ráma bidding all adieu  
In lowly reverence bent:  
Instructed by their friendly speech,  
Blest with the gracious love of each,  
To his pure home he went.  
Nor would the son of Raghu stray  
A moment from that grove away  
From which the saints had fled.  
And many a hermit thither came  
Attracted by his saintly fame  
And the pure life he led.

But dwelling in that lonely spot  
Left by the hermits pleased him not.  
“I met the faithful Bharat here,  
The townsmen, and my mother dear:  
The painful memory lingers yet,  
And stings me with a vain regret.  
And here the host of Bharat camped,  
And many a courser here has stamped,  
And elephants with ponderous feet  
Have trampled through the calm retreat.”  
So forth to seek a home he hied,  
His spouse and Lakshmaṇ by his side.  
He came to Atri's pure retreat,  
Paid reverence to his holy feet,  
And from the saint such welcome won  
As a fond father gives his son.  
The noble prince with joy unfeigned  
As a dear guest he entertained,  
And cheered the glorious Lakshmaṇ too  
And Sítá with observance due.  
Then Anasúyá at the call  
Of him who sought the good of all,  
His blameless venerable spouse,  
Delighting in her holy vows,  
Came from her chamber to his side:  
To her the virtuous hermit cried:  
“Receive, I pray, with friendly grace  
This dame of Maithil monarchs' race:”  
To Ráma next made known his wife,  
The devotee of saintliest life:  
“Ten thousand years this votaress bent  
On sternest rites of penance spent;  
She when the clouds withheld their rain,  
And drought ten years consumed the plain,

Caused grateful roots and fruit to grow  
 And ordered Gangá here to flow:  
 So from their cares the saints she freed,  
 Nor let these checks their rites impede,  
 She wrought in Heaven's behalf, and made  
 Ten nights of one, the Gods to aid:<sup>400</sup>  
 Let holy Anasúyá be  
 An honoured mother, Prince, to thee.  
 Let thy Videhan spouse draw near  
 To her whom all that live revere,  
 Stricken in years, whose loving mind  
 Is slow to wrath and ever kind.”

He ceased: and Ráma gave assent,  
 And said, with eyes on Sítá bent:  
 “O Princess, thou hast heard with me  
 This counsel of the devotee:  
 Now that her touch thy soul may bless,  
 Approach the saintly votaress:  
 Come to the venerable dame,  
 Far known by Anasúyá's name:  
 The mighty things that she has done  
 High glory in the world have won.”

Thus spoke the son of Raghu: she  
 Approached the saintly devotee,  
 Who with her white locks, old and frail,  
 Shook like a plantain in the gale.  
 To that true spouse she bowed her head,  
 And “Lady, I am Sítá,” said:  
 Raised suppliant hands and prayed her tell  
 That all was prosperous and well.

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<sup>400</sup> When the saint Mánḍavya had doomed some saint's wife, who was Anasúyá's friend, to become a widow on the morrow.

The aged matron, when she saw  
Fair Sítá true to duty's law,  
Addressed her thus: "High fate is thine  
Whose thoughts to virtue still incline.  
Thou, lady of the noble mind,  
Hast kin and state and wealth resigned  
To follow Ráma forced to tread  
Where solitary woods are spread.  
Those women gain high spheres above  
Who still unchanged their husbands love,  
Whether they dwell in town or wood,  
Whether their hearts be ill or good.  
Though wicked, poor, or led away  
In love's forbidden paths to stray,  
The noble matron still will deem  
Her lord a deity supreme.  
Regarding kin and friendship, I  
Can see no better, holier tie,  
And every penance-rite is dim  
Beside the joy of serving him.  
But dark is this to her whose mind  
Promptings of idle fancy blind,  
Who led by evil thoughts away  
Makes him who should command obey.  
Such women, O dear Maithil dame,  
Their virtue lose and honest fame,  
Enslaved by sin and folly, led  
In these unholly paths to tread.  
But they who good and true like thee  
The present and the future see,  
Like men by holy deeds will rise  
To mansions in the blissful skies.  
So keep thee pure from taint of sin,  
Still to thy lord be true,

And fame and merit shalt thou win,  
To thy devotion due."

## Canto CXVIII. Anasúyá's Gifts.

Thus by the holy dame addressed  
Who banished envy from her breast,  
Her lowly reverence Sítá paid,  
And softly thus her answer made:  
"No marvel, best of dames, thy speech  
The duties of a wife should teach;  
Yet I, O lady, also know  
Due reverence to my lord to show.  
Were he the meanest of the base,  
Unhonoured with a single grace,  
My husband still I ne'er would leave,  
But firm through all to him would cleave:  
Still rather to a lord like mine  
Whose virtues high-exalted shine,  
Compassionate, of lofty soul,  
With every sense in due control,  
True in his love, of righteous mind,  
Like a dear sire and mother kind.  
E'en as he ever loves to treat  
Kauśalyá with observance meet,  
Has his behaviour ever been  
To every other honoured queen.  
Nay, more, a sonlike reverence shows  
The noble Ráma e'en to those  
On whom the king his father set  
His eyes one moment, to forget.

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Deep in my heart the words are stored,  
 Said by the mother of my lord,  
 When from my home I turned away  
 In the lone fearful woods to stray.  
 The counsel of my mother deep  
 Impressed upon my soul I keep,  
 When by the fire I took my stand,  
 And Ráma clasped in his my hand.  
 And in my bosom cherished yet,  
 My friends' advice I ne'er forget:  
 Woman her holiest offering pays  
 When she her husband's will obeys.  
 Good Sávitri her lord obeyed,  
 And a high saint in heaven was made,  
 And for the self-same virtue thou  
 Hast heaven in thy possession now.  
 And she with whom no dame could vie,  
 Now a bright Goddess in the sky,  
 Sweet Rohiní the Moon's dear Queen,  
 Without her lord is never seen:  
 And many a faithful wife beside  
 For her pure love is glorified."

Thus Sítá spake: soft rapture stole  
 Through Anasúyá's saintly soul:  
 Kisses on Sítá's head she pressed,  
 And thus the Maithil dame addressed:  
 "I by long rites and toils endured  
 Rich store of merit have secured:  
 From this my wealth will I bestow  
 A blessing ere I let thee go.  
 So right and wise and true each word  
 That from thy lips mine ears have heard,  
 I love thee: be my pleasing task

To grant the boon that thou shalt ask."

Then Sítá marvelled much, and while  
Played o'er her lips a gentle smile,  
"All has been done, O Saint," she cried,  
"And naught remains to wish beside."

She spake; the lady's meek reply  
Swelled Anasúyá's rapture high.  
"Sítá," she said, "my gift to-day  
Thy sweet contentment shall repay.  
Accept this precious robe to wear,  
Of heavenly fabric, rich and rare,  
These gems thy limbs to ornament,  
This precious balsam sweet of scent.  
O Maithil dame, this gift of mine  
Shall make thy limbs with beauty shine,  
And breathing o'er thy frame dispense  
Its pure and lasting influence.  
This balsam on thy fair limbs spread  
New radiance on thy lord shall shed,  
As Lakshmí's beauty lends a grace  
To Vishṇu's own celestial face."

Then Sítá took the gift the dame  
Bestowed on her in friendship's name,  
The balsam, gems, and robe divine,  
And garlands wreathed of bloomy twine;  
Then sat her down, with reverence meet,  
At saintly Anasúyá's feet.  
The matron rich in rites and vows  
Turned her to Rámá's Maithil spouse,  
And questioned thus in turn to hear  
A pleasant tale to charm her ear:  
"Sítá, 'tis said that Raghu's son

Thy hand, mid gathered suitors, won.  
I fain would hear thee, lady, tell  
The story as it all befell:  
Do thou repeat each thing that passed,  
Reviewing all from first to last.”

Thus spake the dame to Sítá: she  
Replying to the devotee,  
“Then, lady, thy attention lend,”  
Rehearsed the story to the end:

“King Janak, just and brave and strong,  
Who loves the right and hates the wrong,  
Well skilled in what the law ordains  
For Warriors, o'er Videha reigns.  
Guiding one morn the plough, his hand  
Marked out, for rites the sacred land,  
When, as the ploughshare cleft the earth,  
Child of the king I leapt to birth.  
Then as the ground he smoothed and cleared,  
He saw me all with dust besmeared,  
And on the new-found babe, amazed  
The ruler of Videha gazed.  
In childless love the monarch pressed  
The welcome infant to his breast:  
“My daughter,” thus he cried, “is she:”  
And as his child he cared for me.  
Forth from the sky was heard o'erhead  
As 'twere a human voice that said:  
“Yea, even so: great King, this child  
Henceforth thine own be justly styled.”  
Videha's monarch, virtuous souled,  
Rejoiced o'er me with joy untold,  
Delighting in his new-won prize,

The darling of his heart and eyes.  
To his chief queen of saintly mind  
The precious treasure he consigned,  
And by her side she saw me grow,  
Nursed with the love which mothers know.

Then as he saw the seasons fly,  
And knew my marriage-time was nigh,  
My sire was vexed with care, as sad  
As one who mourns the wealth he had:  
“Scorn on the maiden's sire must wait  
From men of high and low estate:  
The virgin's father all despise,  
Though Indra's peer, who rules the skies.”

More near he saw, and still more near,  
The scorn that filled his soul with fear,  
On trouble's billowy ocean tossed,  
Like one whose shattered bark is lost.  
My father knowing how I came,  
No daughter of a mortal dame,  
In all the regions failed to see  
A bridegroom meet to match with me.  
Each way with anxious thought he scanned,  
And thus at length the monarch planned:  
“The Bride's Election will I hold,  
With every rite prescribed of old.”

It pleased King Varun to bestow  
Quiver and shafts and heavenly bow  
Upon my father's sire who reigned,  
When Daksha his great rite ordained.  
Where was the man might bend or lift  
With utmost toil that wondrous gift?  
Not e'en in dreams could mortal king  
Strain the great bow or draw the string.  
Of this tremendous bow possessed,

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My truthful father thus addressed  
 The lords of many a region, all  
 Assembled at the monarch's call:  
 "Whoe'er this bow can manage, he  
 The husband of my child shall be."  
 The suitors viewed with hopeless eyes  
 That wondrous bow of mountain size,  
 Then to my sire they bade adieu,  
 And all with humbled hearts withdrew.  
 At length with Viśvámitra came  
 This son of Raghu, dear to fame,  
 The royal sacrifice to view.  
 Near to my father's home he drew,  
 His brother Lakshmaṇ by his side,  
 Ráma, in deeds heroic tried.  
 My sire with honour entertained  
 The saint in lore of duty trained,  
 Who thus in turn addressed the king:  
 "Ráma and Lakshmaṇ here who spring  
 From royal Daśaratha, long  
 To see thy bow so passing strong."

Before the prince's eyes was laid  
 That marvel, as the Bráhmaṇ prayed.  
 One moment on the bow he gazed,  
 Quick to the notch the string he raised,  
 Then, in the wandering people's view,  
 The cord with mighty force he drew.  
 Then with an awful crash as loud  
 As thunderbolts that cleave the cloud,  
 The bow beneath the matchless strain  
 Of arms heroic snapped in twain.  
 Thus, giving purest water, he,  
 My sire, to Ráma offered me.

The prince the offered gift declined  
Till he should learn his father's mind;  
So horsemen swift Ayodhyá sought  
And back her aged monarch brought.  
Me then my sire to Ráma gave,  
Self-ruled, the bravest of the brave.  
And Urmilá, the next to me,  
Graced with all gifts, most fair to see,  
My sire with Raghu's house allied,  
And gave her to be Lakshmaṇ's bride.  
Thus from the princes of the land  
Lord Ráma won my maiden hand,  
And him exalted high above  
Heroic chiefs I truly love.”

## Canto CXIX. The Forest.

When Anasúyá, virtuous-souled,  
Had heard the tale by Sítá told,  
She kissed the lady's brow and laced  
Her loving arms around her waist.  
“With sweet-toned words distinct and clear  
Thy pleasant tale has charmed mine ear,  
How the great king thy father held  
That Maiden's Choice unparalleled.  
But now the sun has sunk from sight,  
And left the world to holy Night.  
Hark! how the leafy thickets sound  
With gathering birds that twitter round:  
They sought their food by day, and all  
Flock homeward when the shadows fall.

See, hither comes the hermit band,  
Each with his pitcher in his hand:  
Fresh from the bath, their locks are wet,  
Their coats of bark are dripping yet.  
Here saints their fires of worship tend,  
And curling wreaths of smoke ascend:  
Borne on the flames they mount above,  
Dark as the brown wings of the dove.  
The distant trees, though well-nigh bare,  
Gloom thickened by the evening air,  
And in the faint uncertain light  
Shut the horizon from our sight.  
The beasts that prowl in darkness rove  
On every side about the grove,  
And the tame deer, at ease reclined  
Their shelter near the altars find.  
The night o'er all the sky is spread,  
With lunar stars engarlanded,  
And risen in his robes of light  
The moon is beautifully bright.  
Now to thy lord I bid thee go:  
Thy pleasant tale has charmed me so:  
One thing alone I needs must pray,  
Before me first thyself array:  
Here in thy heavenly raiment shine,  
And glad, dear love, these eyes of mine.”  
Then like a heavenly Goddess shone  
Fair Sítá with that raiment on.  
She bowed her to the matron's feet,  
Then turned away her lord to meet.  
The hero prince with joy surveyed  
His Sítá in her robes arrayed,  
As glorious to his arms she came  
With love-gifts of the saintly dame.

She told him how the saint to show  
Her fond affection would bestow  
That garland of celestial twine,  
Those ornaments and robes divine.  
Then Ráma's heart, nor Lakshman's less,  
Was filled with pride and happiness,  
For honours high had Sítá gained,  
Which mortal dames have scarce obtained.  
There honoured by each pious sage  
Who dwelt within the hermitage,  
Beside his darling well content  
That sacred night the hero spent.

The princes, when the night had fled,  
Farewell to all the hermits said,  
Who gazed upon the distant shade,  
Their lustral rites and offerings paid.  
The saints who made their dwelling there  
In words like these addressed the pair:  
“O Princes, monsters fierce and fell  
Around that distant forest dwell:  
On blood from human veins they feed,  
And various forms assume at need,  
With savage beasts of fearful power  
That human flesh and blood devour.  
Our holy saints they rend and tear  
When met alone or unaware,  
And eat them in their cruel joy:  
These chase, O Ráma, or destroy.  
By this one path our hermits go  
To fetch the fruits that yonder grow:  
By this, O Prince, thy feet should stray  
Through pathless forests far away.”

Thus by the reverent saints addressed,  
And by their prayers auspicious blessed,  
He left the holy crowd:  
His wife and brother by his side,  
Within the mighty wood he hied.  
So sinks the Day-God in his pride  
Beneath a bank of cloud.

## BOOK III.

### Canto I. The Hermitage.

When Ráma, valiant hero, stood  
In the vast shade of Dandak wood,  
His eyes on every side he bent  
And saw a hermit settlement,  
Where coats of bark were hung around,  
And holy grass bestrewed the ground.  
Bright with Bráhmanic lustre glowed  
That circle where the saints abode:  
Like the hot sun in heaven it shone,  
Too dazzling to be looked upon.  
Wild creatures found a refuge where  
The court, well-swept, was bright and fair,  
And countless birds and roedeer made  
Their dwelling in the friendly shade.  
Beneath the boughs of well-loved trees  
Oft danced the gay Apsarases.<sup>401</sup>  
Around was many an ample shed  
Wherein the holy fire was fed;  
With sacred grass and skins of deer,  
Ladles and sacrificial gear,  
And roots and fruit, and wood to burn,

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<sup>401</sup> Heavenly nymphs.

And many a brimming water-urn.  
 Tall trees their hallowed branches spread,  
 Laden with pleasant fruit, o'erhead;  
 And gifts which holy laws require,<sup>402</sup>  
 And solemn offerings burnt with fire,<sup>403</sup>  
 And Veda chants on every side  
 That home of hermits sanctified.  
 There many a flower its odour shed,  
 And lotus blooms the lake o'erspred.  
 There, clad in coats of bark and hide,—  
 Their food by roots and fruit supplied,—  
 Dwelt many an old and reverend sire  
 Bright as the sun or Lord of Fire,  
 All with each worldly sense subdued,  
 A pure and saintly multitude.  
 The Veda chants, the saints who trod  
 The sacred ground and mused on God,  
 Made that delightful grove appear  
 Like Brahmá's own most glorious sphere.  
 As Raghu's splendid son surveyed  
 That hermit home and tranquil shade,  
 He loosed his mighty bow-string, then  
 Drew nearer to the holy men.  
 With keen celestial sight endued  
 Those mighty saints the chieftain viewed,  
 With joy to meet the prince they came,  
 And gentle Sítá dear to fame.  
 They looked on virtuous Ráma, fair  
 As Soma<sup>404</sup> in the evening air,  
 And Lakshmaṇ by his brother's side,

<sup>402</sup> The *ball* or present of food to all created beings.

<sup>403</sup> The clarified butter &c. cast into the sacred fire.

<sup>404</sup> The Moon-God: “he is,” says the commentator, “the special deity of Bráhmans.”

And Sítá long in duty tried,  
And with glad blessings every sage  
Received them in the hermitage.  
Then Rámá's form and stature tall  
Entranced the wondering eyes of all,—  
His youthful grace, his strength of limb,  
And garb that nobly sat on him.  
To Lakshmaṇ too their looks they raised,  
And upon Sítá's beauty gazed  
With eyes that closed not lest their sight  
Should miss the vision of delight.  
Then the pure hermits of the wood,  
Rejoicing in all creatures' good,  
Their guest, the glorious Rámá, led  
Within a cot with leaves o'erhead.  
With highest honour all the best  
Of radiant saints received their guest,  
With kind observance, as is meet,  
And gave him water for his feet.  
To highest pitch of rapture wrought  
Their stores of roots and fruit they brought.  
They poured their blessings on his head,  
And "All we have is thine," they said.  
Then, reverent hand to hand applied,<sup>405</sup>  
Each duty-loving hermit cried:  
"The king is our protector, bright  
In fame, maintainer of the right.  
He bears the awful sword, and hence  
Deserves an elder's reverence.  
One fourth of Indra's essence, he  
Preserves his realm from danger free,

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<sup>405</sup> "Because he was an incarnation of the deity," says the commentator, "otherwise such honour paid by men of the sacerdotal caste to one of the military would be improper."

Hence honoured by the world of right  
 The king enjoys each choice delight.  
 Thou shouldst to us protection give,  
 For in thy realm, dear lord, we live:  
 Whether in town or wood thou be,  
 Thou art our king, thy people we.  
 Our wordly aims are laid aside,  
 Our hearts are tamed and purified.  
 To thee our guardian, we who earn  
 Our only wealth by penance turn.”

Then the pure dwellers in the shade  
 To Raghu's son due honour paid,  
 And Lakshman, bringing store of roots,  
 And many a flower, and woodland fruits.  
 And others strove the prince to please  
 With all attentive courtesies.

## Canto II. Virádha.

Thus entertained he passed the night,  
 Then, with the morning's early light,  
 To all the hermits bade adieu  
 And sought his onward way anew.  
 He pierced the mighty forest where  
 Roamed many a deer and pard and bear:  
 Its ruined pools he scarce could see.  
 For creeper rent and prostrate tree,  
 Where shrill cicada's cries were heard,  
 And plaintive notes of many a bird.  
 Deep in the thickets of the wood

With Lakshmaṇ and his spouse he stood,  
There in the horrid shade he saw  
A giant passing nature's law:  
Vast as some mountain-peak in size,  
With mighty voice and sunken eyes,  
Huge, hideous, tall, with monstrous face,  
Most ghastly of his giant race.  
A tiger's hide the Rákshas wore  
Still reeking with the fat and gore:  
Huge-faced, like Him who rules the dead,  
All living things he struck with dread.  
Three lions, tigers four, ten deer  
He carried on his iron spear,  
Two wolves, an elephant's head beside  
With mighty tusks which blood-drops dyed.  
When on the three his fierce eye fell,  
He charged them with a roar and yell  
As furious as the grisly King  
When stricken worlds are perishing.  
Then with a mighty roar that shook  
The earth beneath their feet, he took  
The trembling Sítá to his side.  
Withdrew a little space, and cried:  
“Ha, short lived wretches, ye who dare,  
In hermit dress with matted hair,  
Armed each with arrows, sword, and bow,  
Through Daṇḍak's pathless wood to go:  
How with one dame, I bid you tell,  
Can you among ascetics dwell?  
Who are ye, sinners, who despise  
The right, in holy men's disguise?  
The great Virádha, day by day  
Through this deep-tangled wood I stray,  
And ever, armed with trusty steel,

I seize a saint to make my meal.  
 This woman young and fair of frame  
 Shall be the conquering giant's dame:  
 Your blood, ye things of evil life,  
 My lips shall quaff in battle strife."

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He spoke: and Janak's hapless child,  
 Scared by his speech so fierce and wild,  
 Trembled for terror, as a frail  
 Young plantain shivers in the gale.  
 When Ráma saw Virádha clasp  
 Fair Sítá in his mighty grasp,  
 Thus with pale lips that terror dried  
 The hero to his brother cried:  
 "O see Virádha's arm enfold  
 My darling in its cursed hold,—  
 The child of Janak best of kings,  
 My spouse whose soul to virtue clings,  
 Sweet princess, with pure glory bright,  
 Nursed in the lap of soft delight.  
 Now falls the blow Kaikeyí meant,  
 Successful in her dark intent:  
 This day her cruel soul will be  
 Triumphant over thee and me.  
 Though Bharat on the throne is set,  
 Her greedy eyes look farther yet:  
 Me from my home she dared expel,  
 Me whom all creatures loved so well.  
 This fatal day at length, I ween,  
 Brings triumph to the younger queen.  
 I see with bitterest grief and shame  
 Another touch the Maithil dame.  
 Not loss of sire and royal power  
 So grieves me as this mournful hour."

Thus in his anguish cried the chief:  
 Then drowned in tears, o'erwhelmed by grief,  
 Thus Lakshmaṇ in his anger spake,  
 Quick panting like a spell-bound snake:

“Canst thou, my brother, Indra's peer,  
 When I thy minister am near,  
 Thus grieve like some forsaken thing,  
 Thou, every creature's lord and king?  
 My vengeful shaft the fiend shall slay,  
 And earth shall drink his blood to-day.  
 The fury which my soul at first  
 Upon usurping Bharat nursed,  
 On this Virádha will I wreak  
 As Indra splits the mountain peak.  
 Winged by this arm's impetuous might  
 My shaft with deadly force  
 The monster in the chest shall smite,  
 And fell his shattered corse.”

### Canto III. Virádha Attacked.

Virádha with a fearful shout  
 That echoed through the wood, cried out:

“What men are ye, I bid you say,  
 And whither would ye bend your way?”

To him whose mouth shot fiery flame  
 The hero told his race and name:  
 “Two Warriors, nobly bred, are we,  
 And through this wood we wander free.  
 But who art thou, how born and styled,  
 Who roamest here in Dançak's wild?”

To Ráma, bravest of the brave,  
 His answer thus Virádha gave:  
 “Hear, Raghu's son, and mark me well,  
 And I my name and race will tell.  
 Of Śatahradá born, I spring  
 From Java as my sire, O King:  
 Me, of this lofty lineage, all  
 Giants on earth Virádha call.  
 The rites austere I long maintained  
 From Brahmá's grace the boon have gained  
 To bear a charmed frame which ne'er  
 Weapon or shaft may pierce or tear.  
 Go as ye came, untouched by fear,  
 And leave with me this woman here:  
 Go, swiftly from my presence fly,  
 Or by this hand ye both shall die.”

Then Ráma with his fierce eyes red  
 With fury to the giant said:  
 “Woe to thee, sinner, fond and weak,  
 Who madly thus thy death wilt seek!  
 Stand, for it waits thee in the fray:  
 With life thou ne'er shalt flee away.”

He spoke, and raised the cord whereon  
 A pointed arrow flashed and shone,  
 Then, wild with anger, from his bow,  
 He launched the weapon on the foe.  
 Seven times the fatal cord he drew,  
 And forth seven rapid arrows flew,  
 Shafts winged with gold that left the wind  
 And e'en Suparṇa's<sup>406</sup> self behind.  
 Full on the giant's breast they smote,  
 And purpled like the peacock's throat,  
 Passed through his mighty bulk and came  
 To earth again like flakes of flame.  
 The fiend the Maithil dame unclasped;  
 In his fierce hand his spear he grasped,  
 And wild with rage, pierced through and through,  
 At Ráma and his brother flew.  
 So loud the roar which chilled with fear,  
 So massy was the monster's spear,  
 He seemed, like Indra's flagstaff, dread  
 As the dark God who rules the dead.  
 On huge Virádha fierce as He<sup>407</sup>  
 Who smites, and worlds have ceased to be,  
 The princely brothers poured amain  
 Their fiery flood of arrowy rain.  
 Unmoved he stood, and opening wide  
 His dire mouth laughed unterrified,  
 And ever as the monster gaped  
 Those arrows from his jaws escaped.  
 Preserving still his life unharmed,  
 By Brahmá's saving promise charmed,  
 His mighty spear aloft in air  
 He raised, and rushed upon the pair.

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<sup>406</sup> The king of birds.

<sup>407</sup> *Kálántakayamopamam*, resembling Yáma the destroyer.

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From Ráma's bow two arrows flew  
 And cleft that massive spear in two,  
 Dire as the flaming levin sent  
 From out the cloudy firmament.  
 Cut by the shafts he guided well  
 To earth the giant's weapon fell:  
 As when from Meru's summit, riven  
 By fiery bolts, a rock is driven.  
 Then swift his sword each warrior drew,  
 Like a dread serpent black of hue,  
 And gathering fury for the blow  
 Rushed fiercely on the giant foe.  
 Around each prince an arm he cast,  
 And held the dauntless heroes fast:  
 Then, though his gashes gaped and bled,  
 Bearing the twain he turned and fled.

Then Ráma saw the giant's plan,  
 And to his brother thus began:  
 "O Lakshman, let Virádha still  
 Hurry us onward as he will,  
 For look, Sumitrá's son, he goes  
 Along the path we freely chose."

He spoke: the rover of the night  
 Uptraised them with terrific might,  
 Till, to his lofty shoulders swung,  
 Like children to his neck they clung.  
 Then sending far his fearful roar,  
 The princes through the wood he bore,—  
 A wood like some vast cloud to view,  
 Where birds of every plumage flew,  
 And mighty trees o'erarching threw  
 Dark shadows on the ground;

Where snakes and silvan creatures made  
Their dwelling, and the jackal strayed  
Through tangled brakes around.

## Canto IV. Virádha's Death.

But Sítá viewed with wild affright  
The heroes hurried from her sight.  
She tossed her shapely arms on high,  
And shrieked aloud her bitter cry:  
“Ah, the dread giant bears away  
The princely Ráma as his prey,  
Truthful and pure, and good and great,  
And Lakshmaṇ shares his brother's fate.  
The brindled tiger and the bear  
My mangled limbs for food will tear.  
Take me, O best of giants, me,  
And leave the sons of Raghu free.”

Then, by avenging fury spurred,  
Her mournful cry the heroes heard,  
And hastened, for the lady's sake,  
The wicked monster's life to take.  
Then Lakshman with resistless stroke  
The foe's left arm that held him broke,  
And Ráma too, as swift to smite,  
Smashed with his heavy hand the right.  
With broken arms and tortured frame  
To earth the fainting giant came,  
Like a huge cloud, or mighty rock  
Rent, sundered by the levin's shock.  
Then rushed they on, and crushed and beat  
Their foe with arms and fists and feet,  
And nerved each mighty limb to pound  
And bray him on the level ground.  
Keen arrows and each biting blade  
Wide rents in breast and side had made;  
But crushed and torn and mangled, still  
The monster lived they could not kill.  
When Ráma saw no arms might slay  
The fiend who like a mountain lay,  
The glorious hero, swift to save  
In danger, thus his counsel gave:  
“O Prince of men, his charmed life  
No arms may take in battle strife:  
Now dig we in this grove a pit  
His elephantine bulk to fit,  
And let the hollowed earth enfold  
The monster of gigantic mould.”

This said, the son of Raghu pressed  
His foot upon the giant's breast.  
With joy the prostrate monster heard

Victorious Ráma's welcome word,  
 And straight Kakutstha's son, the best  
 Of men, in words like these addressed:  
 "I yield, O chieftain, overthrown  
 By might that vies with Indra's own.  
 Till now my folly-blinded eyes  
 Thee, hero, failed to recognize.  
 Happy Kauśalyá! blest to be  
 The mother of a son like thee!  
 I know thee well, O chieftain, now:  
 Ráma, the prince of men, art thou.  
 There stands the high-born Maithil dame,  
 There Lakshmaṇ, lord of mighty fame.  
 My name was Tumburu,<sup>408</sup> for song  
 Renowned among the minstrel throng:  
 Cursed by Kuvera's stern decree  
 I wear the hideous shape you see.  
 But when I sued, his grace to crave,  
 The glorious God this answer gave:  
 "When Ráma, Daśaratha's son,  
 Destroys thee and the fight is won,  
 Thy proper shape once more assume,  
 And heaven again shall give thee room."  
 When thus the angry God replied,  
 No prayers could turn his wrath aside,  
 And thus on me his fury fell  
 For loving Rambhá's<sup>409</sup> charms too well.  
 Now through thy favour am I freed  
 From the stern fate the God decreed,  
 And saved, O tamer of the foe,

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<sup>408</sup> Somewhat inconsistently with this part of the story Tumburu is mentioned in Book II, Canto XII as one of the Gandharvas or heavenly minstrels summoned to perform at Bharadvája's feast.

<sup>409</sup> Rambhá appears in Book I Canto LXIV as the temptress of Viśvámitra.

By thee, to heaven again shall go.  
A league, O Prince, beyond this spot  
Stands holy Śarabhanga's cot:  
The very sun is not more bright  
Than that most glorious anchorite:  
To him, O Ráma, quickly turn,  
And blessings from the hermit earn.  
First under earth my body throw,  
Then on thy way rejoicing go.  
Such is the law ordained of old  
For giants when their days are told:  
Their bodies laid in earth, they rise  
To homes eternal in the skies."

Thus, by the rankling dart oppressed,  
Kakutstha's offspring he addressed:  
In earth his mighty body lay,  
His spirit fled to heaven away.

Thus spake Virádha ere he died;  
And Ráma to his brother cried:  
"Now dig we in this grove a pit  
His elephantine bulk to fit.  
And let the hollowed earth enfold  
This mighty giant fierce and bold."

This said, the valiant hero put  
Upon the giant's neck his foot.  
His spade obedient Lakshmaṇ plied,  
And dug a pit both deep and wide  
By lofty souled Virádha's side.  
Then Raghu's son his foot withdrew,  
And down the mighty form they threw;  
One awful shout of joy he gave  
And sank into the open grave.  
The heroes, to their purpose true,  
In fight the cruel demon slew,  
    And radiant with delight  
Deep in the hollowed earth they cast  
The monster roaring to the last,  
    In their resistless might.  
Thus when they saw the warrior's steel  
No life-destroying blow might deal,  
    The pair, for lore renowned,  
Deep in the pit their hands had made  
The unresisting giant laid,  
    And killed him neathe the ground.  
Upon himself the monster brought  
From Ráma's hand the death he sought  
    With strong desire to gain:  
And thus the rover of the night  
Told Ráma, as they strove in fight,  
That swords might rend and arrows smite  
    Upon his breast in vain.  
Thus Ráma, when his speech he heard,  
The giant's mighty form interred,  
    Which mortal arms defied.  
With thundering crash the giant fell,  
And rock and cave and forest dell  
    With echoing roar replied.

The princes, when their task was done  
 And freedom from the peril won,  
 Rejoiced to see him die.  
 Then in the boundless wood they strayed,  
 Like the great sun and moon displayed  
 Triumphant in the sky.<sup>410</sup>

## Canto V. Sarabhangā.

Then Ráma, having slain in fight  
 Virádha of terrific might,  
 With gentle words his spouse consoled,  
 And clasped her in his loving hold.  
 Then to his brother nobly brave  
 The valiant prince his counsel gave:  
 “Wild are these woods around us spread;  
 And hard and rough the ground to tread:  
 We, O my brother, ne'er have viewed  
 So dark and drear a solitude:  
 To Šarabhangā let us haste,  
 Whom wealth of holy works has graced.”

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<sup>410</sup> The conclusion of this Canto is all a vain repetition: it is manifestly spurious and a very feeble imitation of Válmíki's style. See *Additional Notes*.

Thus Ráma spoke, and took the road  
 To Sarabhanga's pure abode.  
 But near that saint whose lustre vied  
 With Gods, by penance purified,  
 With startled eyes the prince beheld  
 A wondrous sight unparalleled.  
 In splendour like the fire and sun  
 He saw a great and glorious one.  
 Upon a noble car he rode,  
 And many a God behind him glowed:  
 And earth beneath his feet unpressed<sup>411</sup>  
 The monarch of the skies confessed.  
 Ablaze with gems, no dust might dim  
 The bright attire that covered him.  
 Arrayed like him, on every side  
 High saints their master glorified.  
 Near, borne in air, appeared in view  
 His car which tawny coursers drew,  
 Like silver cloud, the moon, or sun  
 Ere yet the day is well begun.  
 Wreathed with gay garlands, o'er his head  
 A pure white canopy was spread,  
 And lovely nymphs stood nigh to hold  
 Fair chouris with their sticks of gold,  
 Which, waving in each gentle hand,  
 The forehead of their monarch fanned.  
 God, saint, and bard, a radiant ring,  
 Sang glory to their heavenly King:  
 Forth into joyful lauds they burst  
 As Indra with the sage conversed.  
 Then Ráma, when his wondering eyes  
 Beheld the monarch of the skies,

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<sup>411</sup> "Even when he had alighted," says the commentator: The feet of Gods do not touch the ground.

To Lakshmaṇ quickly called, and showed  
 The car wherein Lord Indra rode:  
 “See, brother, see that air-borne car,  
 Whose wondrous glory shines afar:  
 Wherefrom so bright a lustre streams  
 That like a falling sun it seems:  
 These are the steeds whose fame we know,  
 Of heavenly race through heaven they go:  
 These are the steeds who bear the yoke  
 Of Śakra,<sup>412</sup> Him whom all invoke.  
 Behold these youths, a glorious band,  
 Toward every wind a hundred stand:  
 A sword in each right hand is borne,  
 And rings of gold their arms adorn.  
 What might in every broad deep chest  
 And club-like arm is manifest!  
 Clothed in attire of crimson hue  
 They show like tigers fierce to view.  
 Great chains of gold each warder deck,  
 Gleaming like fire beneath his neck.  
 The age of each fair youth appears  
 Some score and five of human years:  
 The ever-blooming prime which they  
 Who live in heaven retain for aye:  
 Such mien these lordly beings wear,  
 Heroic youths, most bright and fair.  
 Now, brother, in this spot, I pray,  
 With the Videhan lady stay,  
 Till I have certain knowledge who  
 This being is, so bright to view.”

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<sup>412</sup> A name of Indra.

He spoke, and turning from the spot  
 Sought Śarabhanga's hermit cot.  
 But when the lord of Śachi<sup>413</sup> saw  
 The son of Raghu near him draw,  
 He hastened of the sage to take  
 His leave, and to his followers spake:

“See, Ráma bends his steps this way,  
 But ere he yet a word can say,  
 Come, fly to our celestial sphere;  
 It is not meet he see me here.  
 Soon victor and triumphant he  
 In fitter time shall look on me.  
 Before him still a great emprise,  
 A task too hard for others, lies.”

Then with all marks of honour high  
 The Thunderer bade the saint good-bye,  
 And in his car which coursers drew  
 Away to heaven the conqueror flew.  
 Then Ráma, Lakshman, and the dame,  
 To Śarabhanga nearer came,  
 Who sat beside the holy flame.  
 Before the ancient sage they bent,  
 And clasped his feet most reverent;  
 Then at his invitation found  
 A seat beside him on the ground.  
 Then Ráma prayed the sage would deign  
 Lord Indra's visit to explain;  
 And thus at length the holy man  
 In answer to his prayer began:

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<sup>413</sup> Śachí is the consort of Indra.

“This Lord of boons has sought me here  
 To waft me hence to Brahmá's sphere,  
 Won by my penance long and stern,—  
 A home the lawless ne'er can earn.  
 But when I knew that thou wast nigh,  
 To Brahmá's world I could not fly  
 Until these longing eyes were blest  
 With seeing thee, mine honoured guest.  
 Since thou, O Prince, hast cheered my sight,  
 Great-hearted lover of the right,  
 To heavenly spheres will I repair  
 And bliss supreme that waits me there.  
 For I have won, dear Prince, my way  
 To those fair worlds which ne'er decay,  
 Celestial seat of Brahmá's reign:  
 Be thine, with me, those worlds to gain.”

Then master of all sacred lore,  
 Spake Ráma to the saint once more:

“I, even I, illustrious sage,  
 Will make those worlds mine heritage:  
 But now, I pray, some home assign  
 Within this holy grove of thine.”

Thus Ráma, Indra's peer in might,  
 Addressed the aged anchorite:  
 And he, with wisdom well endued,  
 To Raghu's son his speech renewed:

“Sutíkshṇa's woodland home is near,  
 A glorious saint of life austere,  
 True to the path of duty; he  
 With highest bliss will prosper thee.  
 Against the stream thy course must be  
 Of this fair brook Mandákiní,  
 Whereon light rafts like blossoms glide;  
 Then to his cottage turn aside.  
 There lies thy path: but ere thou go,  
 Look on me, dear one, till I throw  
 Aside this mould that girds me in,  
 As casts the snake his withered skin.”

He spoke, the fire in order laid  
 With holy oil due offerings made,  
 And Śarabhanga, glorious sire,  
 Laid down his body in the fire.  
 Then rose the flame above his head,  
 On skin, blood, flesh, and bones it fed,  
 Till forth, transformed, with radiant hue  
 Of tender youth, he rose anew,  
 Far-shining in his bright attire  
 Came Śarabhanga from the pyre:  
 Above the home of saints, and those  
 Who feed the quenchless flame,<sup>414</sup> he rose:  
 Beyond the seat of Gods he passed,  
 And Brahmá's sphere was gained at last.  
 The noblest of the twice-born race,  
 For holy works supreme in place,  
 The Mighty Father there beheld  
 Girt round by hosts unparalleled;

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<sup>414</sup> The spheres or mansions gained by those who have duly performed the sacrifices required of them. Different situations are assigned to these spheres, some placing them near the sun, others near the moon.

And Brahmá joying at the sight  
Welcomed the glorious anchorite.

## Canto VI. Ráma's Promise.

When he his heavenly home had found,  
The holy men who dwelt around  
To Ráma flocked, whose martial fame  
Shone glorious as the kindled flame:  
Vaikhánasas<sup>415</sup> who love the wild,  
Pure hermits Bálakhilyas<sup>416</sup> styled,  
Good Samprakshálas,<sup>417</sup> saints who live  
On rays which moon and daystar give:  
Those who with leaves their lives sustain  
And those who pound with stones their grain:  
And they who lie in pools, and those  
Whose corn, save teeth, no winnow knows:  
Those who for beds the cold earth use,  
And those who every couch refuse:  
And those condemned to ceaseless pains,  
Whose single foot their weight sustains:  
And those who sleep neath open skies,  
Whose food the wave or air supplies,  
And hermits pure who spend their nights

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<sup>415</sup> Hermits who live upon roots which they dig out of the earth: literally *diggers*, derived from the prefix *vi* and *khan* to dig.

<sup>416</sup> Generally, divine personages of the height of a man's thumb, produced from Brahmá's hair: here, according to the commentator followed by Gorresio, hermits who when they have obtained fresh food throw away what they had laid up before.

<sup>417</sup> Sprung from the washings of Vishṇuu's feet.

On ground prepared for sacred rites;  
 Those who on hills their vigil hold,  
 Or dripping clothes around them fold:  
 The devotees who live for prayer,  
 Or the five fires<sup>418</sup> unflinching bear.  
 On contemplation all intent,  
 With light that heavenly knowledge lent,  
 They came to Ráma, saint and sage,  
 In Šarabhang'a hermitage.  
 The hermit crowd around him pressed,  
 And thus the virtuous chief addressed:  
 "The lordship of the earth is thine,  
 O Prince of old Ikshváku's line.  
 Lord of the Gods is Indra, so  
 Thou art our lord and guide below.  
 Thy name, the glory of thy might,  
 Throughout the triple world are bright:  
 Thy filial love so nobly shown,  
 Thy truth and virtue well are known.  
 To thee, O lord, for help we fly,  
 And on thy love of right rely:  
 With kindly patience hear us speak,  
 And grant the boon we humbly seek.  
 That lord of earth were most unjust,  
 Foul traitor to his solemn trust,  
 Who should a sixth of all<sup>419</sup> require,  
 Nor guard his people like a sire.  
 But he who ever watchful strives  
 To guard his subjects' wealth and lives,  
 Dear as himself or, dearer still,  
 His sons, with earnest heart and will,—  
 That king, O Raghu's son, secures

<sup>418</sup> Four fires burning round them, and the sun above.

<sup>419</sup> The tax allowed to the king by the Laws of Manu.

High fame that endless years endures,  
And he to Brahmá's world shall rise,  
Made glorious in the eternal skies.  
Whate'er, by duty won, the meed  
Of saints whom roots and berries feed,  
One fourth thereof, for tender care  
Of subjects, is the monarch's share.  
These, mostly of the Bráhman race,  
Who make the wood their dwelling-place,  
Although a friend in thee they view,  
Fall friendless neath the giant crew.  
Come, Ráma, come, and see hard by  
The holy hermits' corpses lie,  
Where many a tangled pathway shows  
The murderous work of cruel foes.  
These wicked fiends the hermits kill—  
Who live on Chitrakúṭa's hill,  
And blood of slaughtered saints has dyed  
Mandákiní and Pampá's side.  
No longer can we bear to see  
The death of saint and devotee  
Whom through the forest day by day  
These Rákshasas unpitying slay.  
To thee, O Prince, we flee, and crave  
Thy guardian help our lives to save.  
From these fierce rovers of the night  
Defend each stricken anchorite.  
Throughout the world 'twere vain to seek  
An arm like thine to aid the weak.  
O Prince, we pray thee hear our call,  
And from these fiends preserve us all."

The son of Raghu heard the plaint  
Of penance-loving sage and saint,

And the good prince his speech renewed  
To all the hermit multitude:

“To me, O saints, ye need not sue:  
I wait the hests of all of you.  
I by mine own occasion led  
This mighty forest needs must tread,  
And while I keep my sire's decree  
Your lives from threatening foes will free.  
I hither came of free accord  
To lend the aid by you implored,  
And richest meed my toil shall pay,  
While here in forest shades I stay.  
I long in battle strife to close.  
And slay these fiends, the hermits' foes,  
That saint and sage may learn aright  
My prowess and my brother's might.”

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Thus to the saints his promise gave  
That prince who still to virtue clave  
With never-wandering thought:  
And then with Lakshmaṇ by his side,  
With penance-wealthy men to guide,  
Sutíkshna's home he sought.

So Raghu's son, his foemen's dread,  
 With Sítá and his brother sped,  
 Girt round by many a twice-born sage,  
 To good Sutíkshṇa's hermitage.<sup>420</sup>  
 Through woods for many a league he passed,  
 O'er rushing rivers full and fast,  
 Until a mountain fair and bright  
 As lofty Meru rose in sight.  
 Within its belt of varied wood  
 Ikshváku's sons and Sítá stood,  
 Where trees of every foliage bore  
 Blossom and fruit in endless store.  
 There coats of bark, like garlands strung,  
 Before a lonely cottage hung,  
 And there a hermit, dust-besmeared,  
 A lotus on his breast, appeared.  
 Then Ráma with obeisance due  
 Addressed the sage, as near he drew:  
 "My name is Ráma, lord; I seek  
 Thy presence, saint, with thee to speak.  
 O sage, whose merits ne'er decay,  
 Some word unto thy servant say."

The sage his eyes on Ráma bent,  
 Of virtue's friends preëminent;  
 Then words like these he spoke, and pressed  
 The son of Raghu to his breast:  
 "Welcome to thee, illustrious youth,  
 Best champion of the rights of truth!  
 By thine approach this holy ground  
 A worthy lord this day has found.  
 I could not quit this mortal frame

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<sup>420</sup> Near the celebrated Rámágiri or Ráma's Hill, now Rám-ṭek, near Nag-pore—the scene of the Yaksha's exile in the *Messenger Cloud*.

Till thou shouldst come, O dear to fame:  
 To heavenly spheres I would not rise,  
 Expecting thee with eager eyes.  
 I knew that thou, unkinged, hadst made  
 Thy home in Chitrakúṭha's shade.  
 E'en now, O Ráma, Indra, lord  
 Supreme by all the Gods adored,  
 King of the Hundred Offerings,<sup>421</sup> said,  
 When he my dwelling visited,  
 That the good works that I have done  
 My choice of all the worlds have won.  
 Accept this meed of holy vows,  
 And with thy brother and thy spouse,  
 Roam, through my favour, in the sky  
 Which saints celestial glorify.”

To that bright sage, of penance stern,  
 The high-souled Ráma spake in turn,  
 As Vásava<sup>422</sup> who rules the skies  
 To Brahmá's gracious speech replies:  
 “I of myself those worlds will win,  
 O mighty hermit pure from sin:  
 But now, O saint, I pray thee tell  
 Where I within this wood may dwell:  
 For I by Śarabhangha old,  
 The son of Gautama, was told  
 That thou in every lore art wise,  
 And seest all with loving eyes.”

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<sup>421</sup> A hundred *Aśvamedhas* or sacrifices of a horse raise the sacrificer to the dignity of Indra.

<sup>422</sup> Indra.

Thus to the saint, whose glories high  
 Filled all the world, he made reply:  
 And thus again the holy man  
 His pleasant speech with joy began:  
 "This calm retreat, O Prince, is blest  
 With many a charm: here take thy rest.  
 Here roots and kindly fruits abound,  
 And hermits love the holy ground.  
 Fair silvan beasts and gentle deer  
 In herds unnumbered wander here:  
 And as they roam, secure from harm,  
 Our eyes with grace and beauty charm:  
 Except the beasts in thickets bred,  
 This grove of ours has naught to dread."

The hermit's speech when Ráma heard,—  
 The hero ne'er by terror stirred,—  
 On his great bow his hand he laid,  
 And thus in turn his answer made:  
 "O saint, my darts of keenest steel,  
 Armed with their murderous barbs, would deal  
 Destruction mid the silvan race  
 That flocks around thy dwelling-place.  
 Most wretched then my fate would be  
 For such dishonour shown to thee:  
 And only for the briefest stay  
 Would I within this grove delay."

He spoke and ceased. With pious care  
 He turned him to his evening prayer,  
 Performed each customary rite,  
 And sought his lodging for the night,  
 With Sítá and his brother laid

Beneath the grove's delightful shade,  
First good Sutíkshṇa, as elsewhere, when he saw  
The shades of night around them draw,  
With hospitable care  
The princely chieftains entertained  
With store of choicest food ordained  
For holy hermit's fare.

## Canto VIII. The Hermitage.

So Ráma and Sumitrá's son,  
When every honour due was done,  
Slept through the night. When morning broke,  
The heroes from their rest awoke.  
Betimes the son of Raghu rose,  
With gentle Sítá, from repose,  
And sipped the cool delicious wave  
Sweet with the scent the lotus gave,  
Then to the Gods and sacred flame  
The heroes and the lady came,  
And bent their heads in honour meet  
Within the hermit's pure retreat.  
When every stain was purged away,  
They saw the rising Lord of Day:  
Then to Sutíkshṇa's side they went,  
And softly spoke, most reverent:

“Well have we slept, O holy lord,  
Honoured of thee by all adored:  
Now leave to journey forth we pray:  
These hermits urge us on our way.  
We haste to visit, wandering by,  
The ascetics' homes that round you lie,  
And roaming Daṇḍak's mighty wood  
To view each saintly brotherhood,  
For thy permission now we sue,  
With these high saints to duty true,  
By penance taught each sense to tame,—  
In lustre like the smokeless flame.  
Ere on our brows the sun can beat  
With fierce intolerable heat.  
Like some unworthy lord who wins  
His power by tyranny and sins,  
O saint, we fain would part.” The three  
Bent humbly to the devotee.  
He raised the princes as they pressed  
His feet, and strained them to his breast;  
And then the chief of devotees  
Bespoke them both in words like these:  
“Go with thy brother, Ráma, go,  
Pursue thy path untouched by woe:  
Go with thy faithful Sítá, she  
Still like a shadow follows thee.  
Roam Daṇḍak wood observing well  
The pleasant homes where hermits dwell,—  
Pure saints whose ordered souls adhere  
To penance rites and vows austere.  
There plenteous roots and berries grow,  
And noble trees their blossoms show,  
And gentle deer and birds of air  
In peaceful troops are gathered there.

There see the full-blown lotus stud  
The bosom of the lucid flood,  
And watch the joyous mallard shake  
The reeds that fringe the pool and lake.  
See with delighted eye the rill  
Leap sparkling from her parent hill,  
And hear the woods that round thee lie  
Reécho to the peacock's cry.  
And as I bid thy brother, so,  
Sumitrá's child, I bid thee go.  
Go forth, these varied beauties see,  
And then once more return to me.”

Thus spake the sage Sutíkshṇa: both  
The chiefs assented, nothing loth,  
Round him with circling steps they paced,  
Then for the road prepared with haste.  
There Sítá stood, the dame long-eyed,  
Fair quivers round their waists she tied,  
And gave each prince his trusty bow,  
And sword which ne'er a spot might know.  
Each took his quiver from her hand.  
And clang ing bow and gleaming brand:  
Then from the hermits' home the two  
Went forth each woodland scene to view.  
Each beauteous in the bloom of age,  
Dismissed by that illustrious sage,  
With bow and sword accoutred, hied  
Away, and Sítá by their side.

## Canto IX. Sítá's Speech.

Blest by the sage, when Raghu's son  
His onward journey had begun,  
Thus in her soft tone Sítá, meek  
With modest fear, began to speak:  
“One little slip the great may lead  
To shame that follows lawless deed:  
Such shame, my lord, as still must cling  
To faults from low desire that spring.  
Three several sins defile the soul,  
Born of desire that spurns control:  
First, utterance of a lying word,  
Then, viler both, the next, and third:  
The lawless love of other's wife,  
The thirst of blood uncaused by strife.  
The first, O Raghu's son, in thee  
None yet has found, none e'er shall see.  
Love of another's dame destroys  
All merit, lost for guilty joys:  
Ráma, such crime in thee, I ween,  
Has ne'er been found, shall ne'er be seen:  
The very thought, my princely lord,  
Is in thy secret soul abhorred.  
For thou hast ever been the same  
Fond lover of thine own dear dame,  
Content with faithful heart to do  
Thy father's will, most just and true:  
Justice, and faith, and many a grace  
In thee have found a resting-place.  
Such virtues, Prince, the good may gain  
Who empire o'er each sense retain;  
And well canst thou, with loving view  
Regarding all, each sense subdue.

But for the third, the lust that strives,  
Insatiate still, for others' lives,—  
Fond thirst of blood where hate is none,—  
This, O my lord, thou wilt not shun.  
Thou hast but now a promise made,  
The saints of Daṇḍak wood to aid:  
And to protect their lives from ill  
The giants' blood in tight wilt spill:  
And from thy promise lasting fame  
Will glorify the forest's name.  
Armed with thy bow and arrows thou  
Forth with thy brother journeyest now,  
While as I think how true thou art  
Fears for thy bliss assail my heart,  
And all my spirit at the sight  
Is troubled with a strange affright.  
I like it not—it seems not good—  
Thy going thus to Daṇḍak wood:  
And I, if thou wilt mark me well,  
The reason of my fear will tell.  
Thou with thy brother, bow in hand,  
Beneath those ancient trees wilt stand,  
And thy keen arrows will not spare  
Wood-rovers who will meet thee there.  
For as the fuel food supplies  
That bids the dormant flame arise,  
Thus when the warrior grasps his bow  
He feels his breast with ardour glow.  
Deep in a holy grove, of yore,  
Where bird and beast from strife forbore,  
Śuchi beneath the sheltering boughs,  
A truthful hermit kept his vows.  
Then Indra, Śachi's heavenly lord,  
Armed like a warrior with a sword,

Came to his tranquil home to spoil  
The hermit of his holy toil,  
And left the glorious weapon there  
Entrusted to the hermit's care,  
A pledge for him to keep, whose mind  
To fervent zeal was all resigned.  
He took the brand: with utmost heed  
He kept it for the warrior's need:  
To keep his trust he fondly strove  
When roaming in the neighbouring grove:  
Whene'er for roots and fruit he strayed  
Still by his side he bore the blade:  
Still on his sacred charge intent,  
He took his treasure when he went.  
As day by day that brand he wore,  
The hermit, rich in merit's store  
From penance rites each thought withdrew,  
And fierce and wild his spirit grew.  
With heedless soul he spurned the right,  
And found in cruel deeds delight.  
So, living with the sword, he fell,  
A ruined hermit, down to hell.  
This tale applies to those who deal  
Too closely with the warrior's steel:  
The steel to warriors is the same  
As fuel to the smouldering flame.  
Sincere affection prompts my speech:  
I honour where I fain would teach.  
Mayst thou, thus armed with shaft and bow,  
So dire a longing never know  
As, when no hatred prompts the fray,  
These giants of the wood to slay:  
For he who kills without offence  
Shall win but little glory thence.

The bow the warrior joys to bend  
Is lent him for a nobler end,  
That he may save and succour those  
Who watch in woods when pressed by foes.  
What, matched with woods, is bow or steel?  
What, warrior's arm with hermit's zeal?  
We with such might have naught to do:  
The forest rule should guide us too.  
But when Ayodhyá hails thee lord,  
Be then thy warrior life restored:  
So shall thy sire<sup>423</sup> and mother joy  
In bliss that naught may e'er destroy.  
And if, resigning empire, thou  
Submit thee to the hermit's vow,  
The noblest gain from virtue springs,  
And virtue joy unending brings.  
All earthly blessings virtue sends:  
On virtue all the world depends.  
Those who with vow and fasting tame  
To due restraint the mind and frame,  
Win by their labour, nobly wise,  
The highest virtue for their prize.  
Pure in the hermit's grove remain,  
True to thy duty, free from stain.  
But the three worlds are open thrown  
To thee, by whom all things are known.  
Who gave me power that I should dare  
His duty to my lord declare?  
'Tis woman's fancy, light as air,  
That moves my foolish breast.

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<sup>423</sup> Gorresio observes that Daśaratha was dead and that Sítá had been informed of his death. In his translation he substitutes for the words of the text "thy relations and mine." This is quite superfluous. Daśaratha though in heaven still took a loving interest in the fortunes of his son.

Now with thy brother counsel take,  
Reflect, thy choice with judgment make,  
And do what seems the best."

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## Canto X. Ráma's Reply.

The words that Sítá uttered, spurred  
By truest love, the hero heard:  
Then he who ne'er from virtue strayed  
To Janak's child his answer made:  
"In thy wise speech, sweet love, I find  
True impress of thy gentle mind,  
Well skilled the warrior's path to trace,  
Thou pride of Janak's ancient race.  
What fitting answer shall I frame  
To thy good words, my honoured dame?  
Thou sayst the warrior bears the bow  
That misery's tears may cease to flow;  
And those pure saints who love the shade  
Of Dañdak wood are sore dismayed.  
They sought me of their own accord,  
With suppliant prayers my aid implored:  
They, fed on roots and fruit, who spend  
Their lives where bosky wilds extend,  
My timid love, enjoy no rest  
By these malignant fiends distressed.  
These make the flesh of man their meat:  
The helpless saints they kill and eat.  
The hermits sought my side, the chief

Of Bráhma race declared their grief.  
I heard, and from my lips there fell  
The words which thou rememberest well:  
I listened as the hermits cried,  
And to their prayers I thus replied:

“Your favour, gracious lords, I claim,  
O'erwhelmed with this enormous shame  
That Bráhmans, great and pure as you,  
Who should be sought, to me should sue.”  
And then before the saintly crowd,  
“What can I do?” I cried aloud.  
Then from the trembling hermits broke  
One long sad cry, and thus they spoke:  
“Fiends of the wood, who wear at will  
Each varied shape, afflict us still.  
To thee in our distress we fly:  
O help us, Ráma, or we die.  
When sacred rites of fire are due,  
When changing moons are full or new,  
These fiends who bleeding flesh devour  
Assail us with resistless power.  
They with their cruel might torment  
The hermits on their vows intent:  
We look around for help and see  
Our surest refuge, Prince, in thee.  
We, armed with powers of penance, might  
Destroy the rovers of the night:  
But loth were we to bring to naught  
The merit years of toil have bought.  
Our penance rites are grown too hard,  
By many a check and trouble barred,  
But though our saints for food are slain  
The withering curse we yet restrain.

Thus many a weary day distressed  
 By giants who this wood infest,  
 We see at length deliverance, thou  
 With Lakshmaṇ art our guardian now.”

As thus the troubled hermits prayed,  
 I promised, dame, my ready aid,  
 And now—for truth I hold most dear—  
 Still to my word must I adhere.  
 My love, I might endure to be  
 Deprived of Lakshmaṇ, life, and thee,  
 But ne'er deny my promise, ne'er  
 To Bráhmans break the oath I sware.  
 I must, enforced by high constraint,  
 Protect them all. Each suffering saint  
 In me, unasked, his help had found;  
 Still more in one by promise bound.  
 I know thy words, mine own dear dame,  
 From thy sweet heart's affection came:  
 I thank thee for thy gentle speech,  
 For those we love are those we teach.  
 'Tis like thyself, O fair of face,  
 'Tis worthy of thy noble race:  
 Dearer than life, thy feet are set  
 In righteous paths they ne'er forget.”

Thus to the Maithil monarch's child,  
 His own dear wife, in accents mild  
 The high-souled hero said:  
 Then to the holy groves which lay  
 Beyond them fair to see, their way  
 The bow-armed chieftain led.

## Canto XI. Agastya.

Ráma went foremost of the three,  
Next Sítá, followed, fair to see,  
And Lakshmaṇ with his bow in hand  
Walked hindmost of the little band.  
As onward through the wood they went,  
With great delight their eyes were bent  
On rocky heights beside the way  
And lofty trees with blossoms gay;  
And streamlets running fair and fast  
The royal youths with Sítá passed.  
They watched the sáras and the drake  
On islets of the stream and lake,  
And gazed delighted on the floods  
Bright with gay birds and lotus buds.  
They saw in startled herds the roes,  
The passion-frenzied buffaloes,  
Wild elephants who fiercely tore  
The tender trees, and many a boar.  
A length of woodland way they passed,  
And when the sun was low at last  
A lovely stream-fed lake they spied,  
Two leagues across from side to side.  
Tall elephants fresh beauty gave  
To grassy bank and lilyed wave,  
By many a swan and sáras stirred,  
Mallard, and gay-winged water-bird.  
From those sweet waters, loud and long,  
Though none was seen to wake the song,  
Swelled high the singer's music blent  
With each melodious instrument.  
Ráma and car-borne Lakshmaṇ heard  
The charming strain, with wonder stirred,

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Turned on the margent of the lake  
To Dharmabhrit<sup>424</sup> the sage, and spake:

“Our longing souls, O hermit, burn  
This music of the lake to learn:  
We pray thee, noblest sage, explain  
The cause of the mysterious strain.”  
He, as the son of Raghu prayed,  
With swift accord his answer made,  
And thus the hermit, virtuous-souled,  
The story of the fair lake told:

“Through every age 'tis known to fame,  
Panchápsaras<sup>425</sup> its glorious name,  
By holy Mánḍakarṇi wrought  
With power his rites austere had bought.  
For he, great votarist, intent  
On strictest rule his stern life spent.  
Ten thousand years the stream his bed,  
Ten thousand years on air he fed.  
Then on the blessed Gods who dwell  
In heavenly homes great terror fell:  
They gathered all, by Agni led,  
And counselled thus disquieted:  
“The hermit by ascetic pain  
The seat of one of us would gain.”  
Thus with their hearts by fear oppressed  
In full assembly spoke the Blest,  
And bade five loveliest nymphs, as fair  
As lightning in the evening air,  
Armed with their winning wiles, seduce  
From his stern vows the great recluse.

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<sup>424</sup> One of the hermits who had followed Ráma.

<sup>425</sup> The lake of the five nymphs.

Though lore of earth and heaven he knew,  
The hermit from his task they drew,  
And made the great ascetic slave  
To conquering love, the Gods to save.  
Each of the heavenly five became,  
Bound to the sage, his wedded dame;  
And he, for his beloved's sake,  
Formed a fair palace neath the lake.  
Under the flood the ladies live,  
To joy and ease their days they give,  
And lap in bliss the hermit wooed  
From penance rites to youth renewed.  
So when the sportive nymphs within  
Those secret bowers their play begin,  
You hear the singers' dulcet tones  
Blend sweetly with their tinkling zones.”

“How wondrous are these words of thine!”  
Cried the famed chiefs of Raghu's line,  
As thus they heard the sage unfold  
The marvels of the tale he told.

As Ráma spake, his eyes were bent  
Upon a hermit settlement  
With light of heavenly lore endued,  
With sacred grass and vesture strewed.  
His wife and brother by his side,  
Within the holy bounds he hied,  
And there, with honour entertained  
By all the saints, a while remained.  
In time, by due succession led,  
Each votary's cot he visited,  
And then the lord of martial lore,  
Returned where he had lodged before.

Here for the months, content, he stayed,  
 There for a year his visit paid:  
 Here for four months his home would fix,  
 There, as it chanced, for five or six.  
 Here for eight months and there for three  
 The son of Raghu's stay would be:  
 Here weeks, there fortnights, more or less,  
 He spent in tranquil happiness.  
 As there the hero dwelt at ease  
 Among those holy devotees,  
 In days untroubled o'er his head  
 Ten circling years of pleasure fled.  
 So Raghu's son in duty trained  
 A while in every cot remained,  
 Then with his dame retraced the road  
 To good Sutíkshṇa's calm abode.  
 Hailed by the saints with honours due  
 Near to the hermit's home he drew,  
 And there the tamer of his foes  
 Dwelt for a time in sweet repose.  
 One day within that holy wood  
 By saint Sutíkshṇa Ráma stood,  
 And thus the prince with reverence meek  
 To that high sage began to speak:

“In the wide woodlands that extend  
 Around us, lord most reverend,  
 As frequent voice of rumour tells,  
 Agastya, saintliest hermit, dwells.  
 So vast the wood, I cannot trace  
 The path to reach his dwelling place,  
 Nor, searching unassisted, find  
 That hermit of the thoughtful mind.  
 I with my wife and brother fain

Would go, his favour to obtain,  
 Would seek him in his lone retreat  
 And the great saint with reverence greet.  
 This one desire, O Master, long  
 Cherished within my heart, is strong,  
 That I may pay of free accord  
 My duty to that hermit lord.”

As thus the prince whose heart was bent  
 On virtue told his firm intent,  
 The good Sutíkshna's joy rose high,  
 And thus in turn he made reply:  
 “The very thing, O Prince, which thou  
 Hast sought, I wished to urge but now,  
 Bid thee with wife and brother see  
 Agastya, glorious devotee.  
 I count this thing an omen fair  
 That thou shouldst thus thy wish declare,  
 And I, my Prince, will gladly teach  
 The way Agastya's home to reach.  
 Southward, dear son, direct thy feet  
 Eight leagues beyond this still retreat:  
 Agastya's hermit brother there  
 Dwells in a home most bright and fair.  
 'Tis on a knoll of woody ground,  
 With many a branching Pippal<sup>426</sup> crowned:  
 There sweet birds' voices ne'er are mute,  
 And trees are gay with flower and fruit.  
 There many a lake gleams bright and cool,  
 And lilies deck each pleasant pool,  
 While swan, and crane, and mallard's wings  
 Are lovely in the water-springs.  
 There for one night, O Ráma, stay,

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<sup>426</sup> The holy fig-tree.

And with the dawn pursue thy way.  
 Still farther, bending southward, by  
 The thicket's edge the course must lie,  
 And thou wilt see, two leagues from thence  
 Agastya's lovely residence,  
 Set in the woodland's fairest spot,  
 All varied foliage decks the cot:  
 There Sítá, Lakshmaṇ thou, at ease  
 May spend sweet hours neath shady trees,  
 For all of noblest growth are found  
 Luxuriant on that bosky ground.  
 If it be still thy firm intent  
 To see that saint preëminent,  
 O mighty counsellor, this day  
 Depart upon thine onward way.”

The hermit spake, and Ráma bent  
 His head, with Lakshmaṇ, reverent,  
 And then with him and Janak's child  
 Set out to trace the forest wild.  
 He saw dark woods that fringed the road,  
 And distant hills like clouds that showed,  
 And, as the way he followed, met  
 With many a lake and rivulet.  
 So passing on with ease where led  
 The path Sutíkshṇa bade him tread,  
 The hero with exulting breast  
 His brother in these words addressed:

“Here, surely, is the home, in sight,  
 Of that illustrious anchorite:  
 Here great Agastya's brother leads  
 A life intent on holy deeds.  
 Warned of each guiding mark and sign,

I see them all herein combine:  
I see the branches bending low  
Beneath the flowers and fruit they show.  
A soft air from the forest springs,  
Fresh from the odorous grass, and brings  
A spicy fragrance as it flees  
O'er the ripe fruit of Pippal trees.  
See, here and there around us high  
Piled up in heaps cleft billets lie,  
And holy grass is gathered, bright  
As strips of shining lazulite.  
Full in the centre of the shade  
The hermits' holy fire is laid:  
I see its smoke the pure heaven streak  
Dense as a big cloud's dusky peak.  
The twice-born men their steps retrace  
From each sequestered bathing-place,  
And each his sacred gift has brought  
Of blossoms which his hands have sought.  
Of all these signs, dear brother, each  
Agrees with good Sutíkshṇa's speech,  
And doubtless in this holy bound  
Agastya's brother will be found.  
Agastya once, the worlds who viewed  
With love, a Deathlike fiend subdued,  
And armed with mighty power, obtained  
By holy works, this grove ordained  
To be a refuge and defence  
From all oppressors' violence.  
In days of yore within this place  
Two brothers fierce of demon race,  
Vátápi dire and Ilval, dwelt,  
And slaughter mid the Bráhmans dealt.  
A Bráhman's form, the fiend to cloak,

Fierce Ilval wore, and Sanskrit spoke,  
And twice-born sages would invite  
To solemnize some funeral rite.  
His brother's flesh, concealed within  
A ram's false shape and borrowed skin,—  
As men are wont at funeral feasts,—  
He dressed and fed those gathered priests.  
The holy men, unweeting ill,  
Took of the food and ate their fill.  
Then Ilval with a mighty shout  
Exclaimed “Vátápi, issue out.”  
Soon as his brother's voice he heard,  
The fiend with ram-like bleating stirred:  
Rending in pieces every frame,  
Forth from the dying priests he came.  
So they who changed their forms at will  
Thousands of Bráhmans dared to kill,—  
Fierce fiends who loved each cruel deed,  
And joyed on bleeding flesh to feed.  
Agastya, mighty hermit, pressed  
To funeral banquet like the rest,  
Obedient to the Gods' appeal  
Ate up the monster at a meal.  
“Tis done, 'tis done,” fierce Ilval cried,  
And water for his hands supplied:  
Then lifting up his voice he spake:  
“Forth, brother, from thy prison break.”  
Then him who called the fiend, who long  
Had wrought the suffering Bráhmans wrong,  
Thus thoughtful-souled Agastya, best  
Of hermits, with a smile addressed:  
“How, Rákshas, is the fiend empowered  
To issue forth whom I devoured?  
Thy brother in a ram's disguise

Is gone where Yáma's kingdom lies.” [242]  
 When from the words Agastya said  
 He knew his brother fiend was dead,  
 His soul on fire with vengeful rage,  
 Rushed the night-rover at the sage.  
 One lightning glance of fury, hot  
 As fire, the glorious hermit shot,  
 As the fiend neared him in his stride,  
 And straight, consumed to dust, he died.  
 In pity for the Bráhmans' plight  
 Agastya wrought this deed of might:  
 This grove which lakes and fair trees grace  
 In his great brother's dwelling place.”

As Ráma thus the tale rehearsed,  
 And with Sumitrá's son conversed,  
 The setting sun his last rays shed,  
 And evening o'er the land was spread.  
 A while the princely brothers stayed  
 And even rites in order paid,  
 Then to the holy grove they drew  
 And hailed the saint with honour due.  
 With courtesy was Ráma met  
 By that illustrious anchoret,  
 And for one night he rested there  
 Regaled with fruit and hermit fare.  
 But when the night had reached its close,  
 And the sun's glorious circle rose,  
 The son of Raghu left his bed  
 And to the hermit's brother said:  
 “Well rested in thy hermit cell,  
 I stand, O saint, to bid farewell;  
 For with thy leave I journey hence  
 Thy brother saint to reverence.”

“Go, Ráma go,” the sage replied:  
 Then from the cot the chieftain hied.  
 And while the pleasant grove he viewed,  
 The path the hermit showed, pursued.  
 Of every leaf, of changing hue.  
 Plants, trees by hundreds round him grew,  
 With joyous eyes he looked on all,  
 Then Jak,<sup>427</sup> the wild rice, and Sál;<sup>428</sup>  
 He saw the red Hibiscus glow,  
 He saw the flower-tipped creeper throw  
 The glory of her clusters o'er  
 Tall trees that loads of blossom bore.  
 Some, elephants had prostrate laid,  
 In some the monkeys leapt and played,  
 And through the whole wide forest rang  
 The charm of gay birds as they sang.  
 Then Ráma of the lotus eye  
 To Lakshmaṇ turned who followed nigh,  
 And thus the hero youth impressed  
 With Fortune's favouring signs, addressed:

“How soft the leaves of every tree,  
 How tame each bird and beast we see!  
 Soon the fair home shall we behold  
 Of that great hermit tranquil-souled.  
 The deed the good Agastya wrought  
 High fame throughout the world has bought:  
 I see, I see his calm retreat  
 That balms the pain of weary feet.  
 Where white clouds rise from flames beneath,  
 Where bark-coats lie with many a wreath,  
 Where silvan things, made gentle, throng,

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<sup>427</sup> The bread-fruit tree, *Artocarpus integrifolia*.

<sup>428</sup> A fine timber tree, *Shorea robusta*.

And every bird is loud in song.  
With ruth for suffering creatures filled,  
A deathlike fiend with might he killed,  
And gave this southern realm to be  
A refuge, from oppression free.  
There stands his home, whose dreaded might  
Has put the giant crew to flight,  
Who view with envious eyes afar  
The peaceful shades they cannot mar.  
Since that most holy saint has made  
His dwelling in this lovely shade,  
Checked by his might the giant brood  
Have dwelt in peace with souls subdued.  
And all this southern realm, within  
Whose bounds no fiend may entrance win,  
Now bears a name which naught may dim,  
Made glorious through the worlds by him.  
When Vindhya, best of hills, would stay  
The journey of the Lord of Day,  
Obedient to the saint's behest  
He bowed for aye his humbled crest.  
That hoary hermit, world-renowned  
For holy deeds, within this ground  
Has set his pure and blessed home,  
Where gentle silvan creatures roam.  
Agastya, whom the worlds revere,  
Pure saint to whom the good are dear,  
To us his guests all grace will show,  
Enriched with blessings ere we go.  
I to this aim each thought will turn,  
The favour of the saint to earn,  
That here in comfort may be spent  
The last years of our banishment.  
Here sanctities and high saints stand,

Gods, minstrels of the heavenly band;  
 Upon Agastya's will they wait,  
 And serve him, pure and temperate.  
 The liar's tongue, the tyrant's mind  
 Within these bounds no home may find:  
 No cheat, no sinner here can be:  
 So holy and so good is he.  
 Here birds and lords of serpent race,  
 Spirits and Gods who haunt the place,  
 Content with scanty fare remain,  
 As merit's meed they strive to gain.  
 Made perfect here, the saints supreme,  
 On cars that mock the Day-God's gleam,—  
 Their mortal bodies cast aside,—  
 Sought heaven transformed and glorified,  
 Here Gods to living things, who win  
 Their favour, pure from cruel sin,  
 Give royal rule and many a good,  
 Immortal life and spirithood.  
 Now, Lakshman, we are near the place:  
 Do thou precede a little space,  
 And tell the mighty saint that I  
 With Sítá at my side am nigh.”

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## Canto XII. The Heavenly Bow.

He spoke: the younger prince obeyed:  
 Within the bounds his way he made,  
 And thus addressed, whom first he met,  
 A pupil of the anchoret:

“Brave Ráma, eldest born, who springs,  
From Daśaratha, hither brings  
His wife the lady Sítá: he  
Would fain the holy hermit see.  
Lakshmaṇ am I—if happy fame—  
E'er to thine ears has brought the name—  
His younger brother, prompt to do  
His will, devoted, fond, and true.  
We, through our royal sire's decree,  
To the dread woods were forced to flee.  
Tell the great Master, I entreat,  
Our earnest wish our lord to greet.”

He spoke: the hermit rich in store  
Of fervid zeal and sacred lore,  
Sought the pure shrine which held the fire,  
To bear his message to the sire.  
Soon as he reached the saint most bright  
In sanctity's surpassing might,  
He cried, uplifting reverent hands:  
“Lord Ráma near thy cottage stands.”  
Then spoke Agastya's pupil dear  
The message for his lord to hear:  
“Ráma and Lakshmaṇ, chiefs who spring  
From Daśaratha, glorious king,  
Thy hermitage e'en now have sought,  
And lady Sítá with them brought.  
The tamers of the foe are here  
To see thee, Master, and revere.  
‘Tis thine thy further will to say:  
Deign to command, and we obey.”

When from his pupil's lips he knew  
 The presence of the princely two,  
 And Sítá born to fortune high.  
 The glorious hermit made reply:  
 "Great joy at last is mine this day  
 That Rámá hither finds his way,  
 For long my soul has yearned to see  
 The prince who comes to visit me.  
 Go forth, go forth, and hither bring  
 The royal three with welcoming:  
 Lead Rámá in and place him near:  
 Why stands he not already here?"

Thus ordered by the hermit, who,  
 Lord of his thought, all duty knew,  
 His reverent hands together laid,  
 The pupil answered and obeyed.  
 Forth from the place with speed he ran,  
 To Lakshmaṇ came and thus began:  
 "Where is he? let not Rámá wait,  
 But speed, the sage to venerate."

Then with the pupil Lakshmaṇ went  
 Across the hermit settlement,  
 And showed him Rámá where he stood  
 With Janak's daughter in the wood.  
 The pupil then his message spake  
 Which the kind hermit bade him take;  
 Then led the honoured Rámá thence  
 And brought him in with reverence.  
 As nigh the royal Rámá came  
 With Lakshmaṇ and the Maithil dame,  
 He viewed the herds of gentle deer  
 Roaming the garden free from fear.

As through the sacred grove he trod  
 He viewed the seat of many a God,  
 Brahmá and Agni,<sup>429</sup> Sun and Moon,  
 And His who sends each golden boon;<sup>430</sup>  
 Here Vishṇu's stood, there Bhaga's<sup>431</sup> shrine,  
 And there Mahendra's, Lord divine;  
 Here His who formed this earthly frame,<sup>432</sup>  
 His there from whom all beings came.<sup>433</sup>  
 Váyu's,<sup>434</sup> and His who loves to hold  
 The great noose, Varun<sup>435</sup> mighty-souled:  
 Here was the Vasus<sup>436</sup> shrine to see,  
 Here that of sacred Gáyatrí,<sup>437</sup>  
 The king of serpents<sup>438</sup> here had place,  
 And he who rules the feathered race.<sup>439</sup>  
 Here Kártikeya,<sup>440</sup> warrior lord,  
 And there was Justice King adored.  
 Then with disciples girt about  
 The mighty saint himself came out:  
 Through fierce devotion bright as flame  
 Before the rest the Master came:  
 And then to Lakshmaṇ, fortune blest,  
 Ráma these hasty words addressed:  
 "Behold, Agastya's self draws near,

<sup>429</sup> The God of fire.

<sup>430</sup> Kuvera, the God of riches.

<sup>431</sup> The Sun.

<sup>432</sup> Brahmá, the creator.

<sup>433</sup> Śiva.

<sup>434</sup> The Wind-God.

<sup>435</sup> The God of the sea.

<sup>436</sup> A class of demi-gods, eight in number.

<sup>437</sup> The holiest text of the Vedas, deified.

<sup>438</sup> Vásuki.

<sup>439</sup> Garuḍ.

<sup>440</sup> The War-God.

The mighty saint, whom all revere:  
 With spirit raised I meet my lord  
 With richest wealth of penance stored.”

The strong-armed hero spake, and ran  
 Forward to meet the sunbright man.  
 Before him, as he came, he bent  
 And clasped his feet most reverent,  
 Then rearing up his stately height  
 Stood suppliant by the anchorite,  
 While Lakshmaṇ's strength and Sítá's grace  
 Stood by the pride of Raghu's race.  
 [244] The sage his arms round Ráma threw  
 And welcomed him with honours due,  
 Asked, was all well, with question sweet,  
 And bade the hero to a seat.  
 With holy oil he fed the flame,  
 He brought the gifts which strangers claim,  
 And kindly waiting on the three  
 With honours due to high degree,  
 He gave with hospitable care  
 A simple hermit's woodland fare.  
 Then sat the reverend father, first  
 Of hermits, deep in duty versed.  
 And thus to suppliant Ráma, bred  
 In all the lore of virtue, said:  
 “Did the false hermit, Prince, neglect  
 To hail his guest with due respect,  
 He must,—the doom the perjured meet,—  
 His proper flesh hereafter eat.  
 A car-borne king, a lord who sways  
 The earth, and virtue's law obeys,  
 Worthy of highest honour, thou  
 Hast sought, dear guest, my cottage now.”

He spoke: with fruit and hermit fare,  
With every bloom the branches bare,  
Agastya graced his honoured guest,  
And thus with gentle words addressed:  
“Accept this mighty bow, divine,  
Whereon red gold and diamonds shine;  
'Twas by the Heavenly Artist planned  
For Vishṇu's own almighty hand;  
This God-sent shaft of sunbright hue,  
Whose deadly flight is ever true,  
By Lord Mahendra given of yore:  
This quiver with its endless store.  
Keen arrows hurtling to their aim  
Like kindled fires that flash and flame:  
Accept, in golden sheath encased,  
This sword with hilt of rich gold graced.  
Armed with this best of bows  
Lord Vishṇu slew his demon foes,  
And mid the dwellers in the skies  
Won brilliant glory for his prize.  
The bow, the quivers, shaft, and sword  
Received from me, O glorious lord:  
These conquest to thine arm shall bring,  
As thunder to the thunder's King.”

The splendid hermit bade him take  
The noble weapons as he spake,  
And as the prince accepted each  
In words like these renewed his speech:

## Canto XIII. Agastya's Counsel.

“O Ráma, great delight I feel,  
 Pleased, Lakshman, with thy faithful zeal,  
 That you within these shades I see  
 With Sítá come to honour me.  
 But wandering through the rough rude wild  
 Has wearied Janak's gentle child:  
 With labours of the way oppressed  
 The Maithil lady longs for rest.  
 Young, delicate, and soft, and fair,  
 Such toils as these untrained to bear,  
 Her wifely love the dame has led  
 The forest's troubled ways to tread.  
 Here, Ráma, see that naught annoy  
 Her easy hours of tranquil joy:  
 A glorious task has she assayed,  
 To follow thee through woodland shade.  
 Since first from Nature's hand she came,  
 A woman's mood is still the same,  
 When Fortune smiles, her love to show,  
 And leave her lord in want and woe.  
 No pity then her heart can feel,  
 She arms her soul with warrior's steel,  
 Swift as the storm or Feathered King,  
 Uncertain as the lightning's wing.  
 Not so thy spouse: her purer mind  
 Shrinks from the faults of womankind;  
 Like chaste Arundhati<sup>441</sup> above,  
 A paragon of faithful love.  
 Let these blest shades, dear Ráma, be  
 A home for Lakshman, her, and thee.”

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<sup>441</sup> One of the Pleiades generally regarded as the model of wifely excellence.

With raised hands reverently meek  
 He heard the holy hermit speak,  
 And humbly thus addressed the sire  
 Whose glory shone like kindled fire:

“How blest am I, what thanks I owe  
 That our great Master deigns to show  
 His favour, that his heart can be  
 Content with Lakshmaṇ, Sítá, me.  
 Show me, I pray, some spot of ground  
 Where thick trees wave and springs abound,  
 That I may raise my hermit cell  
 And there in tranquil pleasure dwell.”

Then thus replied Agastya, best  
 Of hermits, to the chief's request:  
 When for a little he had bent  
 His thoughts, upon that prayer intent:

“Beloved son, four leagues away  
 Is Panchavaṭí bright and gay:  
 Thronged with its deer, most fair it looks  
 With berries, fruit, and water-brooks.  
 There build thee with thy brother's aid  
 A cottage in the quiet shade,  
 And faithful to thy sire's behest,  
 Obedient to the sentence, rest.  
 For well, O sinless chieftain, well  
 I know thy tale, how all befell:  
 Stern penance and the love I bore  
 Thy royal sire supply the lore.  
 To me long rites and fervid zeal  
 The wish that stirs thy heart reveal,  
 And hence my guest I bade thee be,  
 That this pure grove might shelter thee.

So now, thereafter, thus I speak:  
 The shades of Panchavaṭí seek;  
 That tranquil spot is bright and fair,  
 And Sítá will be happy there.  
 Not far remote from here it lies,  
 A grove to charm thy loving eyes,  
 Godávarí's pure stream is nigh:  
 There Sítá's days will sweetly fly.  
 Pure, lovely, rich in many a charm,  
 O hero of the mighty arm,  
 'Tis gay with every plant and fruit,  
 And throngs of gay buds never mute.  
 Thou, true to virtue's path, hast might  
 To screen each trusting anchorite,  
 And wilt from thy new home defend  
 The hermits who on thee depend.  
 Now yonder, Prince, direct thine eyes  
 Where dense Madhúka<sup>442</sup> woods arise:  
 Pierce their dark shade, and issuing forth  
 Turn to a fig-tree on the north:  
 Then onward up a sloping mead  
 Flanked by a hill the way will lead:  
 There Panchavaṭí, ever gay  
 With ceaseless bloom, thy steps will stay."

The hermit ceased: the princely two  
 With seemly honours bade adieu:  
 With reverential awe each youth  
 Bowed to the saint whose word was truth,  
 And then, dismissed with Sítá, they  
 To Panchavaṭí took their way.  
 Thus when each royal prince had grasped

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<sup>442</sup> The Madhúka, or, as it is now called, Mahuwá, is the Bassia latifolia, a tree from whose blossoms a spirit is extracted.

His warrior's mighty bow, and clasped  
    His quiver to his side,  
With watchful eyes along the road  
The glorious saint Agastya showed,  
Dauntless in fight the brothers strode,  
    And Sítá with them hied.

## Canto XIV. Jatáyus.

Then as the son of Raghu made  
His way to Panchavaṭí's shade,  
A mighty vulture he beheld  
Of size and strength unparalleled.  
The princes, when the bird they saw,  
Approached with reverence and awe,  
And as his giant form they eyed,  
“Tell who thou art,” in wonder cried.  
The bird, as though their hearts to gain,  
Addressed them thus in gentlest strain;  
“In me, dear sons, the friend behold  
Your royal father loved of old.”

He spoke: nor long did Ráma wait  
His sire's dear friend to venerate:  
He bade the bird declare his name  
And the high race of which he came.  
When Raghu's son had spoken, he  
Declared his name and pedigree,  
His words prolonging to disclose  
How all the things that be arose:

“List while I tell, O Raghu's son,  
 The first-born Fathers, one by one,  
 Great Lords of Life, whence all in earth  
 And all in heaven derive their birth.  
 First Kardam heads the glorious race  
 Where Vikrit holds the second place,  
 With Śesha, Sanśray next in line,  
 And Bahuputra's might divine.  
 Then Sthāṇu and Maríchi came,  
 Atri, and Kratu's forceful frame.  
 Pulasty followed, next to him  
 Angiras' name shall ne'er be dim.  
 Prachetas, Pulah next, and then  
 Daksha, Vivasvat praised of men:  
 Aríshṭanemi next, and last  
 Kaśyap in glory unsurpassed.  
 From Daksha,—fame the tale has told—:  
 Three-score bright daughters sprang of old.  
 Of these fair-waisted nymphs the great  
 Lord Kaśyap sought and wedded eight,  
 Aditi, Diti, Kálaká,  
 Támrá, Danú, and Analá,  
 And Krodhavasá swift to ire,  
 And Manu<sup>443</sup> glorious as her sire.

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<sup>443</sup> “I should have doubted whether Manu could have been the right reading here, but that it occurs again in verse 29, where it is in like manner followed in verse 31 by Analá, so that it would certainly seem that the name Manu is intended to stand for a female, the daughter of Daksha. The Gauḍa recension, followed by Signor Gorresio (III 20, 12), adopts an entirely different reading at the end of the line, viz. *Balám Atibalám api*, ‘Balá and Atibilá,’ instead of Manu and Analá. I see that Professor Roth s.v. adduces the authority of the Amara Kosha and of the Commentator on Páṇini for stating that the word sometimes means ‘the wife of Manu.’ In the following text of the Mahábhárata I. 2553. also, Manu appears to be the name of a female: ‘*Anaradyam, Manum, Vañśám, Asurám, Márgaṇapriyám, Anúpám, Subhagám, Bhásím iti, Prádhá vyajayata.*

Then when the mighty Kaśyap cried  
 Delighted to each tender bride:  
 “Sons shalt thou bear, to rule the three  
 Great worlds, in might resembling me.”  
 Aditi, Diti, and Danú  
 Obeyed his will as consorts true,  
 And Kálaká; but all the rest  
 Refused to hear their lord's behest.  
 First Aditi conceived, and she,  
 Mother of thirty Gods and three,  
 The Vasus and Ádityas bare,  
 Rudras, and Aśvins, heavenly pair.  
 Of Diti sprang the Daityas: fame  
 Delights to laud their ancient name.  
 In days of yore their empire dread  
 O'er earth and woods and ocean spread.  
 Danú was mother of a child,  
 O hero, Aśvagríva styled,  
 And Narak next and Kálak came  
 Of Kálaká, celestial dame.  
 Of Támrá, too, five daughters bright  
 In deathless glory sprang to light.  
 Ennobling fame still keeps alive  
 The titles of the lovely five:  
 Immortal honour still she claims  
 For Kraunchí, Bhasí, Śyení's names.  
 And wills not that the world forget  
 Šukí or Dhritaráshtrí yet.  
 Then Kraunchí bare the crane and owl,  
 And Bhásí tribes of water fowl:  
 Vultures and hawks that race through air  
 With storm-fleet pinions Śyení bare.

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All swans and geese on mere and brook  
 Their birth from Dhritaráshtrí took,  
 And all the river-haunting brood  
 Of ducks, a countless multitude.  
 From Šukí Nalá sprang, who bare  
 Dame Vinatá surpassing fair.  
 From fiery Krodhavaśá, ten  
 Bright daughters sprang, O King of men:  
 Mrigí and Mrigamandá named,  
 Hari and Bhadramadá famed,  
 Šárdúlí, Švetá fair to see,  
 Mátangí bright, and Surabhí,  
 Surasá marked with each fair sign,  
 And Kadrumá, all maids divine.  
 Mrigí, O Prince without a peer,  
 Was mother of the herds of deer,  
 The bear, the yak, the mountain roe  
 Their birth to Mrigamandá owe;  
 And Bhadramadá joyed to be  
 Mother of fair Irávatí,  
 Who bare Airávat,<sup>444</sup> huge of mould,  
 Mid warders of the earth enrolled,  
 From Harí lordly lions trace,  
 With monkeys of the wild, their race.  
 From the great dame Šárdúlí styled  
 Sprung pards, Lángúrs,<sup>445</sup> and tigers wild.  
 Mátangí, Prince, gave birth to all  
 Mátangas, elephants strong and tall,  
 And Švetá bore the beasts who stand  
 One at each wind, earth's warder band.<sup>446</sup>

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<sup>444</sup> The elephant of Indra.

<sup>445</sup> *Golángúlas*, described as a kind of monkey, of a black colour, and having a tail like a cow.

<sup>446</sup> Eight elephants attached to the four quarters and intermediate points of the

Next Surabhí the Goddess bore  
 Two heavenly maids, O Prince, of yore,  
 Gandharví—dear to fame is she—  
 And her sweet sister Rohiní.  
 With kine this daughter filled each mead,  
 And bright Gandharví bore the steed.<sup>447</sup>  
 Surasá bore the serpents:<sup>448</sup> all  
 The snakes Kadrú their mother call.  
 Then Manu, high-souled Kaśyap's<sup>449</sup> wife,  
 To all the race of men gave life,  
 The Bráhmans first, the Kshatriya caste,  
 Then Vaiśyas, and the Śúdras last.  
 Sprang from her mouth the Bráhmaṇ race;  
 Her chest the Kshatriyas' natal place:  
 The Vaiśyas from her thighs, 'tis said,  
 The Śúdras from her feet were bred.  
 From Analá all trees that hang  
 Their fair fruit-laden branches sprang.  
 The child of beauteous Šukí bore  
 Vinatá, as I taught before:  
 And Surasá and Kadrú were  
 Born of one dame, a noble pair.  
 Kadrú gave birth to countless snakes  
 That roam the earth in woods and brakes.  
 Aruṇ and Garuḍ swift of flight

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compass, to support and guard the earth.

<sup>447</sup> Some scholars identify the centaurs with the Gandharvas.

<sup>448</sup> The hooded serpents, says the commentator Tírtha, were the offspring of Surasá: all others of Kadrú.

<sup>449</sup> The text reads Kaśyapa, “a descendant of Kaśyapa,” who according to Rám. II. 10, 6, ought to be Vivasvat. But as it is stated in the preceding part of this passage III. 14, 11 f. that Manu was one of Kaśyapa's eight wives, we must here read Kaśyap. The Ganda recension reads (III, 20, 30) *Manur manushyáms cha tatha janayámása Rághana*, instead of the corresponding line in the Bombay edition. *Muir's Sanskrit Text, Vol I, p. 117.*

By Vinatá were given to light,  
 And sons of Aruṇ red as morn  
 Sampati first, then I was born,  
 Me then, O tamer of the foe,  
 Jaṭáyus, son of Śyení, know.  
 Thy ready helper will I be,  
 And guard thy house, if thou agree:  
 When thou and Lakshmaṇ urge the chase  
 By Sítá's side shall be my place.”  
 With courteous thanks for promised aid,  
     The prince, to rapture stirred,  
 Bent low, and due obeisance paid,  
     Embraced the royal bird.  
 [247]     He often in the days gone by  
         Had heard his father tell  
 How, linked with him in friendship's tie,  
         He loved Jaṭáyus well.  
 He hastened to his trusted friend  
     His darling to confide,  
 And through the wood his steps to bend  
     By strong Jaṭáyus' side.  
 On to the grove, with Lakshmaṇ near,  
     The prince his way pursued  
 To free those pleasant shades from fear  
     And slay the giant brood.

Arrived at Panchavatí's shade  
 Where silvan life and serpents strayed,  
 Ráma in words like these addressed  
 Lakshmaṇ of vigour unrepressed:

“Brother, our home is here: behold  
 The grove of which the hermit told:  
 The bowers of Panchavatí see  
 Made fair by every blooming tree.  
 Now, brother, bend thine eyes around;  
 With skilful glance survey the ground:  
 Here be some spot selected, best  
 Approved for gentle hermits' rest,  
 Where thou, the Maithil dame, and I  
 May dwell while seasons sweetly fly.  
 Some pleasant spot be chosen where  
 Pure waters gleam and trees are fair,  
 Some nook where flowers and wood are found  
 And sacred grass and springs abound.”

Then Lakshman, Sítá standing by,  
 Raised reverent hands, and made reply:

“A hundred years shall flee, and still  
 Will I obey my brother's will:  
 Select thyself a pleasant spot;  
 Be mine the care to rear the cot.”  
 The glorious chieftain, pleased to hear  
 That loving speech that soothed his ear,  
 Selected with observant care  
 A spot with every charm most fair.  
 He stood within that calm retreat,  
 A shade for hermits' home most meet,  
 And thus Sumitrá's son addressed,  
 While his dear hand in his he pressed:

“See, see this smooth and lovely glade  
Which flowery trees encircling shade:  
Do thou, beloved Lakshman rear  
A pleasant cot to lodge us here.  
I see beyond that feathery brake  
The gleaming of a lilyed lake,  
Where flowers in sunlike glory throw  
Fresh odours from the wave below.  
Agastya's words now find we true,  
He told the charms which here we view:  
Here are the trees that blossom o'er  
Godávari's most lovely shore.  
Whose pleasant flood from side to side  
With swans and geese is beautified,  
And fair banks crowded with the deer  
That steal from every covert near.  
The peacock's cry is loud and shrill  
From many a tall and lovely hill,  
Green-belted by the trees that wave  
Full blossoms o'er the rock and cave.  
Like elephants whose huge fronts glow  
With painted streaks, the mountains show  
Long lines of gold and silver sheen  
With copper's darker hues between.  
With every tree each hill is graced,  
Where creepers blossom interlaced.  
Look where the Sál's long branches sway,  
And palms their fanlike leaves display;  
The date-tree and the Jak are near,  
And their long stems Tamálas rear.  
See the tall Mango lift his head,  
Ásokas all their glory spread,  
The Ketak her sweet buds unfold,

And Champacs hang their cups of gold.<sup>450</sup>  
 The spot is pure and pleasant: here  
 Are multitudes of birds and deer.  
 O Lakshmaṇ, with our father's friend  
 What happy hours we here shall spend!"

He spoke: the conquering Lakshmaṇ heard,  
 Obedient to his brother's word.  
 Raised by his toil a cottage stood  
 To shelter Ráma in the wood,  
 Of ample size, with leaves o'erlaid,  
 Of hardened earth the walls were made.  
 The strong bamboos his hands had felled  
 For pillars fair the roof upheld,  
 And rafter, beam, and lath supplied  
 Well interwrought from side to side.  
 Then Šamí<sup>451</sup> boughs he deftly spread  
 Enlaced with knotted cord o'erhead,  
 Well thatched above from ridge to eaves  
 With holy grass, and reed, and leaves.  
 The mighty chief with careful toil  
 Had cleared the ground and smoothed the soil  
 Where now, his loving labour done,  
 Rose a fair home for Raghu's son.  
 Then when his work was duly wrought,  
 Godávarí sweet stream he sought,  
 Bathed, plucked the lilies, and a store

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<sup>450</sup> The original verses merely name the trees. I have been obliged to amplify slightly and to omit some quas versu dicere non est; e.g. the *tiniśa* (Dalbergia ougeiniensis), *punnága* (Rottleria tinctoria), *tilaka* (not named), *syandana* (Dalbergia ougeiniensis again), *vandana* (unknown), *nípa* (Nauclea Kadamba), *lakucha* (Artocarpus lacucha), *dhava* (Grislea tomentosa), Aśvakarna (another name for the Sál), Šamí (Acacia Suma), *khadira* (Mimosa catechu), *kinśuka* (Butea frondosa), *pátala* (Bignonia suaveolens).

<sup>451</sup> Acacia Suma.

Of fruit and berries homeward bore.  
 Then sacrifice he duly paid,  
 And wooed the Gods their hopes to aid,  
 And then to Ráma proudly showed  
 The cot prepared for his abode.  
 Then Raghu's son with Sítá gazed  
 Upon the home his hands had raised,  
 And transport thrilled his bosom through  
 His leafy hermitage to view.  
 The glorious son of Raghu round  
 His brother's neck his arms enwound,  
 And thus began his sweet address  
 Of deep-felt joy and gentleness:  
 "Well pleased am I, dear lord, to see  
 This noble work performed by thee.  
 For this,—sole grace I can bestow,—  
 About thy neck mine arms I throw.  
 So wise art thou, thy breast is filled  
 With grateful thoughts, in duty skilled,  
 Our mighty father, free from stain,  
 In thee, his offspring, lives again."

Thus spoke the prince, who lent a grace  
 To fortune, pride of Raghu's race;  
 Then in that spot whose pleasant shade  
 Gave store of fruit, content he stayed.  
 With Lakshman and his Maithil spouse  
 He spent his day's neath sheltering boughs,  
 As happy as a God on high  
 Lives in his mansion in the sky.

## Canto XVI. Winter.

While there the high-souled hero spent  
His tranquil hours in sweet content,  
The glowing autumn passed, and then  
Came winter so beloved of men.

One morn, to bathe, at break of day  
To the fair stream he took his way.  
Behind him, with the Maithil dame  
Bearing a pitcher Lakshman came,  
And as he went the mighty man  
Thus to his brother chief began:

“The time is come, to thee more dear  
Than all the months that mark the year:  
The gracious seasons' joy and pride,  
By which the rest are glorified.  
A robe of hoary rime is spread  
O'er earth, with corn engarlanded.  
The streams we loved no longer please,  
But near the fire we take our ease.  
Now pious men to God and shade  
Offer young corn's fresh sprouted blade,  
And purge away their sins with rice  
Bestowed in humble sacrifice.  
Rich stores of milk delight the swain,  
And hearts are cheered that longed for gain,  
Proud kings whose breasts for conquests glow  
Lead bannered troops to smite the foe.  
Dark is the north: the Lord of Day  
To Yáma's south<sup>452</sup> has turned away:

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<sup>452</sup> The south is supposed to be the residence of the departed.

And she—sad widow—shines no more,  
 Reft of the bridal mark<sup>453</sup> she wore.  
 Himálaya's hill, ordained of old  
 The treasure-house of frost and cold,  
 Scarce conscious of the feebler glow,  
 Is truly now the Lord of Snow.

Warmed by the noontide's genial rays  
 Delightful are the glorious days:  
 But how we shudder at the chill  
 Of evening shadows and the rill!  
 How weak the sun, how cold the breeze!  
 How white the rime on grass and trees!  
 The leaves are sere, the woods have lost  
 Their blossoms killed by nipping frost.  
 Neath open skies we sleep no more:  
 December's nights with rime are hoar:  
 Their triple watch<sup>454</sup> in length extends  
 With hours the shortened daylight lends.  
 No more the moon's sun-borrowed rays  
 Are bright, involved in misty haze,  
 As when upon the mirror's sheen  
 The breath's obscuring cloud is seen.  
 E'en at the full the faint beams fail  
 To struggle through the darksome veil:  
 Changed like her hue, they want the grace  
 That parts not yet from Sítá's face.  
 Cold is the western wind, but how  
 Its piercing chill is heightened now,  
 Blowing at early morning twice  
 As furious with its breath of ice!  
 See how the dewy tears they weep  
 The barley, wheat, and woodland steep,

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<sup>453</sup> The sun.

<sup>454</sup> The night is divided into three watches of four hours each.

Where, as the sun goes up the sky,  
The curlew and the sáras cry.  
See where the rice plants scarce uphold  
Their full ears tinged with paly gold,  
Bending their ripe heads slowly down  
Fair as the date tree's flowery crown.  
Though now the sun has mounted high  
Seeking the forehead of the sky,  
Such mist obscures his struggling beams,  
No bigger than the moon he seems.  
Though weak at first, his rays at length  
Grow pleasant in their noonday strength,  
And where a while they chance to fall  
Fling a faint splendour over all.  
See, o'er the woods where grass is wet  
With hoary drops that cling there yet,  
With soft light clothing earth and bough  
There steals a tender glory now.  
Yon elephant who longs to drink,  
Still standing on the river's brink,  
Plucks back his trunk in shivering haste  
From the cold wave he fain would taste.  
The very fowl that haunt the mere  
Stand doubtful on the bank, and fear  
To dip them in the wintry wave  
As cowards dread to meet the brave.  
The frost of night, the rime of dawn  
Bind flowerless trees and glades of lawn:  
Benumbed in apathetic chill  
Of icy chains they slumber still.  
You hear the hidden sáras cry  
From floods that wrapped in vapour lie,  
And frosty-shining sands reveal  
Where the unnoticed rivers steal.

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The hoary rime of dewy night,  
And suns that glow with tempered light  
Lend fresh cool flavours to the rill  
That sparkles from the topmost hill.  
The cold has killed the lily's pride:  
Leaf, filament, and flower have died:  
With chilling breath rude winds have blown,  
The withered stalk is left alone.  
At this gay time, O noblest chief,  
The faithful Bharat, worn by grief,  
Lives in the royal town where he  
Spends weary hours for love of thee.  
From titles, honour, kingly sway,  
From every joy he turns away:  
Couched on cold earth, his days are passed  
With scanty fare and hermit's fast.  
This moment from his humble bed  
He lifts, perhaps, his weary head,  
And girt by many a follower goes  
To bathe where silver Sarjú flows.  
How, when the frosty morn is dim,  
Shall Sarjú be a bath for him  
Nursed with all love and tender care,  
So delicate and young and fair.  
How bright his hue! his brilliant eye  
With the broad lotus leaf may vie.  
By fortune stamped for happy fate,  
His graceful form is tall and straight.  
In duty skilled, his words are truth:  
He proudly rules each lust of youth.  
Though his strong arm smites down the foe,  
In gentle speech his accents flow.  
Yet every joy has he resigned  
And cleaves to thee with heart and mind.

Thus by the deeds that he has done  
 A name in heaven has Bharat won,  
 For in his life he follows yet  
 Thy steps, O banished anchoret.  
 Thus faithful Bharat, nobly wise,  
 The proverb of the world belies:  
 “No men, by mothers' guidance led,  
 The footsteps of their fathers tread.”  
 How could Kaikeyí, blest to be  
 Spouse of the king our sire, and see  
 A son like virtuous Bharat, blot  
 Her glory with so foul a plot!”

Thus in fraternal love he spoke,  
 And from his lips reproaches broke:  
 But Ráma grieved to hear him chide  
 The absent mother, and replied:

“Cease, O beloved, cease to blame  
 Our royal father's second dame.  
 Still speak of Bharat first in place  
 Of old Ikshváku's princely race.  
 My heart, so firmly bent but now  
 To dwell in woods and keep my vow,  
 Half melting as I hear thee speak  
 Of Bharat's love, grows soft and weak,  
 With tender joy I bring to mind  
 His speeches ever sweet and kind.  
 That dear as Amrit took the sense  
 With most enchanting influence.  
 Ah, when shall I, no more to part,  
 Meet Bharat of the mighty heart?  
 When, O my brother, when shall we  
 The good and brave Śatrughna see?”

Thus as he poured his fond lament  
 The son of Raghu onward went:  
 They reached the river, and the three  
 Bathed them in fair Godávarí.  
 Libations of the stream they paid  
 To every deity and shade,  
 With hymns of praise, the Sun on high  
 And sinless Gods to glorify.  
 Fresh from the purifying tide  
 Resplendent Ráma came,  
 With Lakshmaṇ ever by his side,  
 And the sweet Maithil dame.  
 So Rudra shines by worlds adored,  
 In glory undefiled,  
 When Nandi<sup>455</sup> stands beside his lord,  
 And King Himálaya's child.<sup>456</sup>

## Canto XVII. Súrpanakhá.

The bathing and the prayer were o'er;  
 He turned him from the grassy shore,  
 And with his brother and his spouse  
 Sought his fair home beneath the boughs.  
 Sítá and Lakshmaṇ by his side,  
 On to his cot the hero hied,  
 And after rites at morning due  
 Within the leafy shade withdrew.

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<sup>455</sup> The chief chamberlain and attendant of Śiva or Rudra.

<sup>456</sup> Umá or Párvati, the consort of Śiva.

Then, honoured by the devotees,  
 As royal Ráma sat at ease,  
 With Sítá near him, o'er his head  
 A canopy of green boughs spread,  
 He shone as shines the Lord of Night  
 By Chitrá's<sup>457</sup> side, his dear delight.  
 With Lakshman there he sat and told  
 Sweet stories of the days of old,  
 And as the pleasant time he spent  
 With heart upon each tale intent,  
 A giantess, by fancy led,  
 Came wandering to his leafy shed.  
 Fierce Súrpanakhá,—her of yore  
 The Ten-necked tyrant's mother bore,—  
 Saw Ráma with his noble mien  
 Bright as the Gods in heaven are seen;  
 Him from whose brow a glory gleamed,  
 Like lotus leaves his full eyes beamed:  
 Long-armed, of elephantine gait,  
 With hair close coiled in hermit plait:  
 In youthful vigour, nobly framed,  
 By glorious marks a king proclaimed:  
 Like some bright lotus lustrous-hued,  
 With young Kandarpa's<sup>458</sup> grace endued:  
 As there like Indra's self he shone,  
 She loved the youth she gazed upon.  
 She grim of eye and foul of face  
 Loved his sweet glance and forehead's grace:  
 She of unlovely figure, him  
 Of stately form and shapely limb:  
 She whose dim locks disordered hung,  
 Him whose bright hair on high brows clung:

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<sup>457</sup> A star, one of the favourites of the Moon.

<sup>458</sup> The God of love.

She whose fierce accents counselled fear,  
 Him whose soft tones were sweet to hear:  
 She whose dire form with age was dried,  
 Him radiant in his youthful pride:  
 She whose false lips maintained the wrong,  
 Him in the words of virtue strong:  
 She cruel-hearted, stained with sin,  
 Him just in deed and pure within.  
 She, hideous fiend, a thing to hate,  
 Him formed each eye to captivate:  
 Fierce passion in her bosom woke,  
 And thus to Raghu's son she spoke:

“With matted hair above thy brows,  
 With bow and shaft and this thy spouse,  
 How hast thou sought in hermit dress  
 The giant-haunted wilderness?  
 What dost thou here? The cause explain:  
 Why art thou come, and what to gain?”  
 As Śúrpaṇakhá questioned so,  
 Ráma, the terror of the foe,  
 In answer to the monster's call,  
 With fearless candour told her all.  
 “King Daśaratha reigned of old,  
 Like Gods celestial brave and bold.  
 I am his eldest son and heir,  
 And Ráma is the name I bear.  
 This brother, Lakshmaṇ, younger born,  
 Most faithful love to me has sworn.  
 My wife, this princess, dear to fame,  
 Is Sitá the Videhan dame.  
 Obedient to my sire's behest  
 And by the queen my mother pressed,  
 To keep the law and merit win,

I sought this wood to harbour in.  
 But speak, for I of thee in turn  
 Thy name, and race, and sire would learn.  
 Thou art of giant race, I ween.  
 Changing at will thy form and mien.  
 Speak truly, and the cause declare  
 That bids thee to these shades repair.”

Thus Ráma spoke: the demon heard,  
 And thus replied by passion spurred:  
 “Of giant race, what form soe'er  
 My fancy wills, 'tis mine to wear.  
 Named Šúrpaṇakhá here I stray,  
 And where I walk spread wild dismay.  
 King Rávaṇ is my brother: fame  
 Has taught perchance his dreaded name,  
 Strong Kumbhakarṇa slumbering deep  
 In chains of never-ending sleep:  
 Vibhíshaṇ of the duteous mind,  
 In needs unlike his giant kind:  
 Dúshaṇ and Khara, brave and bold  
 Whose fame by every tongue is told:  
 Their might by mine is far surpassed;  
 But when, O best of men, I cast  
 These fond eyes on thy form, I see  
 My chosen love and lord in thee.  
 Endowed with wondrous might am I:  
 Where'er my fancy leads I fly.  
 The poor misshapen Sítá leave,  
 And me, thy worthier bride receive.  
 Look on my beauty, and prefer  
 A spouse more meet than one like her:  
 I'll eat that ill-formed woman there:  
 Thy brother too her fate shall share.

But come, beloved, thou shalt roam  
 With me through all our woodland home;  
 Each varied grove with me shalt seek,  
 And gaze upon each mountain peak.”

As thus she spoke, the monster gazed  
 With sparkling eyes where passion blazed:  
 Then he, in lore of language learned,  
 This answer eloquent returned:

## Canto XVIII. The Mutilation.

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On her ensnared in Káma's net  
 His eyes the royal Ráma set,  
 And thus, her passion to beguile,  
 Addressed her with a gentle smile:

“I have a wife: behold her here,  
 My Sítá ever true and dear:  
 And one like thee will never brook  
 Upon a rival spouse to look.  
 But there my brother Lakshmaṇ stands:  
 Unchained is he by nuptial bands:  
 A youth heroic, loved of all,  
 Gracious and gallant, fair and tall.  
 With winning looks, most nobly bred,  
 Unmatched till now, he longs to wed.  
 Meet to enjoy thy youthful charms,  
 O take him to thy loving arms.  
 Enamoured on his bosom lie,  
 Fair damsel of the radiant eye,  
 As the warm sunlight loves to rest  
 Upon her darling Meru's breast.”

The hero spoke, the monster heard,  
While passion still her bosom stirred.  
Away from Ráma's side she broke,  
And thus in turn to Lakshmaṇ spoke:  
“Come, for thy bride take me who shine  
In fairest grace that suits with thine.  
Thou by my side from grove to grove  
Of Daṇḍak's wild in bliss shalt rove.”

Then Lakshmaṇ, skilled in soft address,  
Wooed by the amorous giantess,  
With art to turn her love aside,  
To Śúrpaṇakhá thus replied:

“And can so high a dame agree  
The slave-wife of a slave to be?  
I, lotus-hued! in good and ill  
Am bondsman to my brother's will.  
Be thou, fair creature radiant-eyed,  
My honoured brother's younger bride:  
With faultless tint and dainty limb,  
A happy wife, bring joy to him.  
He from his spouse grown old and grey,  
Deformed, untrue, will turn away,  
Her withered charms will gladly leave,  
And to his fair young darling cleave.  
For who could be so fond and blind,  
O loveliest of all female kind,  
To love another dame and slight  
Thy beauties rich in all delight?”

Thus Lakshmaṇ praised in scornful jest  
 The long-toothed fiend with loathly breast,  
 Who fondly heard his speech, nor knew  
 His mocking words were aught but true.  
 Again inflamed with love she fled  
 To Ráma, in his leafy shed  
 Where Sítá rested by his side,  
 And to the mighty victor cried:

“What, Ráma, canst thou blindly cling  
 To this old false misshapen thing?  
 Wilt thou refuse the charms of youth  
 For withered breast and grinning tooth!  
 Canst thou this wretched creature prize  
 And look on me with scornful eyes?  
 This aged crone this very hour  
 Before thy face will I devour:  
 Then joyous, from all rivals free.  
 Through Daṇḍak will I stray with thee.”

She spoke, and with a glance of flame  
 Rushed on the fawn-eyed Maithil dame:  
 So would a horrid meteor mar  
 Fair Rohiní's soft beaming star.  
 But as the furious fiend drew near,  
 Like Death's dire noose which chills with fear,  
 The mighty chief her purpose stayed,  
 And spoke, his brother to upbraid:  
 “Ne'er should we jest with creatures rude,  
 Of savage race and wrathful mood.  
 Think, Lakshmaṇ, think how nearly slain  
 My dear Videhan breathes again.  
 Let not the hideous wretch escape  
 Without a mark to mar her shape.

Strike, lord of men, the monstrous fiend,  
Deformed, and foul, and evil-miened."

He spoke: then Lakshman's wrath rose high,  
And there before his brother's eye,  
He drew that sword which none could stay,  
And cleft her nose and ears away.  
Noseless and earless, torn and maimed,  
With fearful shrieks the fiend exclaimed,  
And frantic in her wild distress  
Resought the distant wilderness.  
Deformed, terrific, huge, and dread,  
As on she moved, her gashes bled,  
And groan succeeded groan as loud  
As roars, ere rain, the thunder cloud.  
Still on the fearful monster passed,  
While streams of blood kept falling fast,  
And with a roar, and arms outspread  
Within the boundless wood she fled.  
To Janasthán the monster flew;  
Fierce Khara there she found,  
With chieftains of the giant crew  
In thousands ranged around.  
Before his awful feet she bent  
And fell with piercing cries,  
As when a bolt in swift descent  
Comes flashing from the skies.  
There for a while with senses dazed  
Silent she lay and scared:  
At length her drooping head she raised,  
And all the tale declared,  
How Ráma, Lakshman, and the dame  
Had reached that lonely place:  
Then told her injuries and shame,

And showed her bleeding face.

## Canto XIX. The Rousing Of Khara.

[252] When Khara saw his sister lie  
With blood-stained limbs and troubled eye,  
Wild fury in his bosom woke,  
And thus the monstrous giant spoke;

“Arise, my sister; cast away  
This numbing terror and dismay,  
And straight the impious hand declare  
That marred those features once so fair.  
For who his finger tip will lay  
On the black snake in childish play,  
And unattacked, with idle stroke  
His poison-laden fang provoke?  
Ill-fated fool, he little knows  
Death's noose around his neck he throws,  
Who rashly met thee, and a draught  
Of life-destroying poison quaffed.  
Strong, fierce as death, 'twas thine to choose  
Thy way at will, each shape to use;  
In power and might like one of us:  
What hand has maimed and marred thee thus?  
What God or fiend this deed has wrought,  
What bard or sage of lofty thought  
Was armed with power supremely great  
Thy form to mar and mutilate?  
In all the worlds not one I see  
Would dare a deed to anger me:

Not Indra's self, the Thousand-eyed,  
 Beneath whose hand fierce Páka<sup>459</sup> died.  
 My life-destroying darts this day  
 His guilty breath shall rend away,  
 E'en as the thirsty wild swan drains  
 Each milk-drop that the wave retains.  
 Whose blood in foaming streams shall burst  
 O'er the dry ground which lies athirst,  
 When by my shafts transfixed and slain  
 He falls upon the battle plain?  
 From whose dead corpse shall birds of air  
 The mangled flesh and sinews tear,  
 And in their gory feast delight,  
 When I have slain him in the fight?  
 Not God or bard or wandering ghost,  
 No giant of our mighty host  
 Shall step between us, or avail  
 To save the wretch when I assail.  
 Collect each scattered sense, recall  
 Thy troubled thoughts, and tell me all.  
 What wretch attacked thee in the way,  
 And quelled thee in victorious fray?"

His breast with burning fury fired,  
 Thus Khara of the fiend inquired:  
 And then with many a tear and sigh  
 Thus Súrpaṇakhá made reply:  
 "Tis Daśaratha's sons, a pair  
 Strong, resolute, and young, and fair:  
 In coats of dark and blackdeer's hide,  
 And like the radiant lotus eyed:  
 On berries roots and fruit they feed,  
 And lives of saintly virtue lead:

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<sup>459</sup> A demon slain by Indra.

With ordered senses undefiled,  
 Ráma and Lakshman are they styled.  
 Fair as the Minstrels' King<sup>460</sup> are they,  
 And stamped with signs of regal sway.  
 I know not if the heroes trace  
 Their line from Gods or Dánav<sup>461</sup> race.  
 There by these wondering eyes between  
 The noble youths a dame was seen,  
 Fair, blooming, young, with dainty waist,  
 And all her bright apparel graced.  
 For her with ready heart and mind  
 The royal pair their strength combined,  
 And brought me to this last distress,  
 Like some lost woman, comfortless.  
 Perfidious wretch! my soul is fain  
 Her foaming blood and theirs to drain.  
 O let me head the vengeful fight,  
 And with this hand my murderers smite.  
 Come, brother, hasten to fulfil  
 This longing of my eager will.  
 On to the battle! Let me drink  
 Their lifeblood as to earth they sink.”

Then Khara, by his sister pressed,  
 Inflamed with fury, gave his hest  
 To twice seven giants of his crew,  
 Fierce as the God of death to view:

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<sup>460</sup> Chitraratha, King of the Gandharvas.

<sup>461</sup> Titanic.

'Two men equipped with arms, who wear  
 Deerskin and bark and matted hair,  
 Leading a beauteous dame, have strayed  
 To the wild gloom of Daṇḍak's shade.  
 These men, this cursed woman slay,  
 And hasten back without delay,  
 That this my sister's lips may be  
 Red with the lifeblood of the three.  
 Giants, my wounded sister longs  
 To take this vengeance for her wrongs.  
 With speed her dearest wish fulfil,  
 And with your might these creatures kill.  
 Soon as your matchless strength shall lay  
 These brothers dead in battle fray,  
 She in triumphant joy will laugh,  
 And their hearts' blood delighted quaff."

The giants heard the words he said,  
 And forth with Śúrpaṇakhá sped,  
 As mighty clouds in autumn fly  
 Urged by the wind along the sky.

## Canto XX. The Giants' Death.

Fierce Śúrpaṇakhá with her train  
 To Ráma's dwelling came again,  
 And to the eager giants showed  
 Where Sítá and the youths abode.  
 Within the leafy cot they spied  
 The hero by his consort's side,  
 And faithful Lakshmaṇ ready still  
 To wait upon his brother's will.

Then noble Ráma raised his eye  
And saw the giants standing nigh,  
And then, as nearer still they pressed.  
His glorious brother thus addressed,  
“Be thine a while, my brother dear,  
To watch o'er Sítá's safety here,  
And I will slay these creatures who  
The footsteps of my spouse pursue.”

He spoke, and reverent Lakshmaṇ heard  
Submissive to his brother's word.  
The son of Raghu, virtuous-souled,  
Strung his great bow adorned with gold,  
And, with the weapon in his hand,  
Addressed him to the giant band:  
“Ráma and Lakshmaṇ we, who spring  
From Daśaratha, mighty king;  
We dwell a while with Sítá here  
In Daṇḍak forest wild and drear.  
On woodland roots and fruit we feed,  
And lives of strictest rule we lead.  
Say why would ye our lives oppress  
Who sojourn in the wilderness.  
Sent hither by the hermits' prayer  
With bow and darts unused to spare,  
For vengeance am I come to slay  
Your sinful band in battle fray.  
Rest as ye are: remain content,  
Nor try the battle's dire event.  
Unless your offered lives ye spurn,  
O rovers of the night, return.”

They listened while the hero spoke,  
And fury in each breast awoke.  
The Bráhma-slayers raised on high  
Their mighty spears and made reply:  
They spoke with eyes aglow with ire,  
While Ráma's burnt with vengeful tire,  
And answered thus, in fury wild,  
That peerless chief whose tones were mild:

“Nay thou hast angered, overbold,  
Khara our lord, the mighty-souled,  
And for thy sin, in battle strife  
Shalt yield to us thy forfeit life.  
No power hast thou alone to stand  
Against the numbers of our band.  
'Twere vain to match thy single might  
Against us in the front of fight.  
When we equipped for fight advance  
With brandished pike and mace and lance,  
Thou, vanquished in the desperate field,  
Thy bow, thy strength, thy life shalt yield.”

With bitter words and threatening mien  
Thus furious spoke the fierce fourteen,  
And raising scimitar and spear  
On Ráma rushed in wild career.  
Their levelled spears the giant crew  
Against the matchless hero threw.  
His bow the son of Raghu bent,  
And twice seven shafts to meet them sent,  
And every javelin sundered fell  
By the bright darts he aimed so well.

The hero saw: his anger grew  
To fury: from his side he drew  
Fresh sunbright arrows pointed keen,  
In number, like his foes, fourteen.  
His bow he grasped, the string he drew,  
And gazing on the giant crew,  
As Indra casts the levin, so  
Shot forth his arrows at the foe.  
The hurtling arrows, stained with gore,  
Through the fiends' breasts a passage tore,  
And in the earth lay buried deep  
As serpents through an ant-hill creep  
Like trees upturn by stormy blast  
The shattered fiends to earth were cast,  
And there with mangled bodies they,  
Bathed in their blood and breathless, lay.

With fainting heart and furious eye  
The demon saw her champions die.  
With drying wounds that scarcely bled  
Back to her brother's home she fled.  
Oppressed with pain, with loud lament  
At Khara's feet the monster bent.  
There like a plant whence slowly come  
The trickling drops of oozy gum,  
With her grim features pale with pain  
She poured her tears in ceaseless rain,  
There routed Śúrpaṇakhá lay,  
    And told her brother all,  
The issue of the bloody fray,  
    Her giant champions' fall.

## Canto XXI. The Rousing Of Khara.

Low in the dust he saw her lie,  
And Khara's wrath grew fierce and high.  
Aloud he cried to her who came  
Disgracefully with baffled aim:  
“I sent with thee at thy request  
The bravest of my giants, best  
Of all who feed upon the slain:  
Why art thou weeping here again?  
Still to their master's interest true,  
My faithful, noble, loyal crew,  
Though slaughtered in the bloody fray,  
Would yet their monarch's word obey.  
Now I, my sister, fain would know  
The cause of this thy fear and woe,  
Why like a snake thou writhest there,  
Calling for aid in wild despair.  
Nay, lie not thus in lowly guise:  
Cast off thy weakness and arise!”

With soothing words the giant chief  
Assuaged the fury of her grief.  
Her weeping eyes she slowly dried  
And to her brother thus replied:  
“I sought thee in my shame and fear  
With severed nose and mangled ear:  
My gashes like a river bled,  
I sought thee and was comforted.

Those twice seven giants, brave and strong,  
Thou sentest to avenge the wrong,  
To lay the savage Ráma low,  
And Lakshmaṇ who misused me so.  
But ah, the shafts of Ráma through  
The bodies of my champions flew:  
Though madly fierce their spears they plied,  
Beneath his conquering might they died.  
I saw them, famed for strength and speed,  
I saw my heroes fall and bleed:  
Great trembling seized my every limb  
At the great deed achieved by him.  
In trouble, horror, doubt, and dread,  
Again to thee for help I fled.  
While terror haunts my troubled sight,  
I seek thee, rover of the night.  
And canst thou not thy sister free  
From this wide waste of troublous sea  
Whose sharks are doubt and terror, where  
Each wreathing wave is dark despair?  
Low lie on earth thy giant train  
By ruthless Ráma's arrows slain,  
And all the mighty demons, fed  
On blood, who followed me are dead.  
Now if within thy breast may be  
Pity for them and love for me,  
If thou, O rover of the night,  
Have valour and with him can fight,  
Subdue the giants' cruel foe  
Who dwells where Daṇḍak's thickets grow.  
But if thine arm in vain assay  
This queller of his foes to slay,  
Now surely here before thine eyes,  
Wronged and ashamed thy sister dies.

Too well, alas, too well I see  
That, strong in war as thou mayst be,  
Thou canst not in the battle stand  
When Ráma meets thee hand to hand.  
Go forth, thou hero but in name,  
Assuming might thou canst not claim;  
Call friend and kin, no longer stay:  
Away from Janasthán, away!  
Shame of thy race! the weak alone  
Beneath thine arm may sink o'erthrown:  
Fly Ráma and his brother: they  
Are men too strong for thee to slay.  
How canst thou hope, O weak and base,  
To make this grove thy dwelling-place?  
With Ráma's might unmeet to vie,  
O'ermastered thou wilt quickly die.  
A hero strong in valorous deed  
Is Ráma, Daśaratha's seed:  
And scarce of weaker might than he  
His brother chief who mangled me."

Thus wept and wailed in deep distress  
The grim misshapen giantess:  
Before her brother's feet she lay  
O'erwhelmed with grief, and swooned away.

## Canto XXII. Khara's Wrath.

Roused by the taunting words she spoke,  
The mighty Khara's wrath awoke,  
And there, while giants girt him round,  
In these fierce words an utterance found:

“I cannot, peerless one, contain  
 Mine anger at this high disdain,  
 Galling as salt when sprinkled o'er  
 The rawness of a bleeding sore.  
 Ráma in little count I hold,  
 Weak man whose days are quickly told.  
 The caitiff with his life to-day  
 For all his evil deeds shall pay.  
 Dry, sister, dry each needless tear,  
 Stint thy lament and banish fear,  
 For Ráma and his brother go  
 This day to Yáma's realm below.  
 My warrior's axe shall stretch him slain,  
 Ere set of sun, upon the plain,  
 Then shall thy sated lips be red  
 With his warm blood in torrents shed.”

As Khara's speech the demon heard,  
 With sudden joy her heart was stirred:  
 She fondly praised him as the boast  
 And glory of the giant host.  
 First moved to ire by taunts and stings,  
 Now soothed by gentle flatterings,  
 To Dúshan, who his armies led,  
 The demon Khara spoke, and said:

“Friend, from the host of giants call  
 Full fourteen thousand, best of all,  
 Slaves of my will, of fearful might,  
 Who never turn their backs in fight:  
 Fiends who rejoice to slay and mar,  
 Dark as the clouds of autumn are:  
 Make ready quickly, O my friend,  
 My chariot and the bows I bend.

My swords, my shafts of brilliant sheen,  
My divers lances long and keen.  
On to the battle will I lead  
These heroes of Pulastya's seed,  
And thus, O famed for warlike skill,  
Ráma my wicked foeman kill."

He spoke, and ere his speech was done,  
His chariot glittering like the sun,  
Yoked and announced, by Dúshan's care,  
With dappled steeds was ready there.  
High as a peak from Meru rent  
It burned with golden ornament:  
The pole of lazulite, of gold  
Were the bright wheels whereon it rolled.  
With gold and moonstone blazoned o'er,  
Fish, flowers, trees, rocks, the panels bore;  
Auspicious birds embossed thereon,  
And stars in costly emblem shone.  
O'er flashing swords his banner hung,  
And sweet bells, ever tinkling, swung.  
That mighty host with sword and shield  
And oar was ready for the field:  
And Khara saw, and Dúshan cried,  
"Forth to the fight, ye giants, ride."  
Then banners waved, and shield and sword  
Flashed as the host obeyed its lord.  
From Janasthán they sallied out  
With eager speed, and din, and shout,  
Armed with the mace for close attacks,  
The bill, the spear, the battle-axe,  
Steel quoit and club that flashed afar,  
Huge bow and sword and scimitar,  
The dart to pierce, the bolt to strike,

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The murderous bludgeon, lance, and pike.  
So forth from Janasthán, intent  
On Khara's will, the monsters went.  
He saw their awful march: not far  
Behind the host he drove his car.  
Ware of his master's will, to speed  
The driver urged each gold-decked steed.  
Then forth the warrior's coursers sprang,  
And with tumultuous murmur rang  
Each distant quarter of the sky  
And realms that intermediate lie.  
High and more high within his breast  
His pride triumphant rose,  
While terrible as Death he pressed  
Onward to slay his foes,  
“More swiftly yet,” as on they fled,  
He cried in thundering tones  
Loud as a cloud that overhead  
Hails down a flood of stones.

## Canto XXIII. The Omens.

As forth upon its errand went  
That huge ferocious armament,  
An awful cloud, in dust and gloom,  
With threatening thunders from its womb  
Poured in sad augury a flood  
Of rushing water mixt with blood.  
The monarch's steeds, though strong and fleet,  
Stumbled and fell: and yet their feet  
Passed o'er the bed of flowers that lay

Fresh gathered on the royal way.  
No gleam of sunlight struggled through  
The sombre pall of midnight hue,  
Edged with a line of bloody red,  
Like whirling torches overhead.  
A vulture, fierce, of mighty size.  
Terrific with his cruel eyes,  
Perched on the staff enriched with gold,  
Whence hung the flag in many a fold.  
Each ravening bird, each beast of prey  
Where Janasthán's wild thickets lay,  
Rose with a long discordant cry  
And gathered as the host went by.  
And from the south long, wild, and shrill,  
Came spirit voices boding ill.  
Like elephants in frantic mood,  
Vast clouds terrific, sable-hued,  
Hid all the sky where'er they bore  
Their load of water mixt with gore.  
Above, below, around were spread  
Thick shades of darkness strange and dread,  
Nor could the wildered glance descry  
A point or quarter of the sky.  
Then came o'er heaven a sanguine hue,  
Though evening's flush not yet was due,  
While each ill-omened bird that flies  
Assailed the king with harshest cries.  
There screamed the vulture and the crane,  
And the loud jackal shrieked again.  
Each hideous thing that bodes aright  
Disaster in the coming fight,  
With gaping mouth that hissed and flamed,  
The ruin of the host proclaimed.  
Eclipse untimely reft away

The brightness of the Lord of Day,  
And near his side was seen to glow  
A mace-like comet boding woe.  
Then while the sun was lost to view  
A mighty wind arose and blew,  
And stars like fireflies shed their light,  
Nor waited for the distant night.  
The lilies drooped, the brooks were dried,  
The fish and birds that swam them died,  
And every tree that was so fair  
With flower and fruit was stripped and bare.  
The wild wind ceased, yet, raised on high,  
Dark clouds of dust involved the sky.  
In doleful twitter long sustained  
The restless Sárikás<sup>462</sup> complained,  
And from the heavens with flash and flame  
Terrific meteors roaring came.  
Earth to her deep foundation shook  
With rock and tree and plain and brook,  
As Khara with triumphant shout,  
Borne in his chariot, sallied out.  
His left arm throbbed: he knew full well  
That omen, and his visage fell.  
Each awful sign the giant viewed,  
And sudden tears his eye bedewed.  
Care on his brow sat chill and black,  
Yet mad with wrath he turned not back.  
Upon each fearful sight that raised  
The shuddering hair the chieftain gazed,  
And laughing in his senseless pride  
Thus to his giant legions cried:  
“By sense of mightiest strength upborne,

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<sup>462</sup> The Sáriká is the Maina, a bird like a starling.

These feeble signs I laugh to scorn.  
I could bring down the stars that shine  
In heaven with these keen shafts of mine.  
Impelled by warlike fury I  
Could cause e'en Death himself to die.  
I will not seek my home again [256]  
Until my pointed shafts have slain  
This Raghu's son so fierce in pride,  
And Lakshmaṇ by his brother's side.  
And she, my sister, she for whom  
These sons of Raghu meet their doom,  
She with delighted lips shall drain  
The lifeblood of her foemen slain.  
Fear not for me: I ne'er have known  
Defeat, in battle overthrown.  
Fear not for me, O giants; true  
Are the proud words I speak to you.  
The king of Gods who rules on high,  
If wild Airávat bore him nigh,  
Should fall before me bolt in hand:  
And shall these two my wrath withstand!"

He ended and the giant host  
Who heard their chief's triumphant boast,  
Rejoiced with equal pride elate,  
Entangled in the noose of Fate.

Then met on high in bright array,  
With eyes that longed to see the fray,  
God and Gandharva, sage and saint,  
With beings pure from earthly taint.  
Blest for good works aforetime wrought,  
Thus each to other spake his thought:  
"Now joy to Bráhmans, joy to kine,

And all whom world count half divine!  
 May Raghu's offspring slay in fight  
 Pulasty'a sons who roam by night!"  
 In words like these and more, the best  
 Of high-souled saints their hopes expressed,  
 Bending their eager eyes from where  
 Car-borne with Gods they rode in air.  
 Beneath them stretching far, they viewed  
 The giants' death-doomed multitude.  
 They saw where, urged with fury, far  
 Before the host rolled Khara's car,  
 And close beside their leader came  
 Twelve giant peers of might and fame.  
 Four other chiefs<sup>463</sup> before the rest  
 Behind their leader Dúshan pressed.  
 Impetuous, cruel, dark, and dread,  
 All thirsting for the fray,  
 The hosts of giant warriors sped  
 Onward upon their way.  
 With eager speed they reached the spot  
 Where dwelt the princely two,—  
 Like planets in a league to blot  
 The sun and moon from view.

## Canto XXIV. The Host In Sight.

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<sup>463</sup> Mahákapála, Sthúláksha, Pramátha, Triśiras.

While Khara, urged by valiant rage,  
Drew near that little hermitage,  
Those wondrous signs in earth and sky  
Smote on each prince's watchful eye.  
When Ráma saw those signs of woe  
Fraught with destruction to the foe,  
With bold impatience scarce repressed  
His brother chief he thus addressed:

“These fearful signs, my brother bold,  
Which threaten all our foes, behold:  
All laden, as they strike the view,  
With ruin to the fiendish crew.  
The angry clouds are gathering fast,  
Their skirts with dusty gloom o'ercast,  
And harsh with loud-voiced thunder, rain  
Thick drops of blood upon the plain.  
See, burning for the coming fight,  
My shafts with wreaths of smoke are white,  
And my great bow embossed with gold  
Throbs eager for the master's hold.  
Each bird that through the forest flies  
Sends out its melancholy cries.  
All signs foretell the dangerous strife,  
The jeopardy of limb and life.  
Each sight, each sound gives warning clear  
That foemen meet and death is near.  
But courage, valiant brother! well  
The throbings of mine arm foretell  
That ruin waits the hostile powers,  
And triumph in the fight is ours.  
I hail the welcome omen: thou  
Art bright of face and clear of brow.  
For Lakshmaṇ, when the eye can trace

A cloud upon the warrior's face  
 Stealing the cheerful light away,  
 His life is doomed in battle fray.  
 List, brother, to that awful cry:  
 With shout and roar the fiends draw nigh.  
 With thundering beat of many a drum  
 The savage-hearted giants come.  
 The wise who value safety know  
 To meet, prepared, the coming blow:  
 In paths of prudence trained aright  
 They watch the stroke before it smite.  
 Take thou thine arrows and thy bow,  
 And with the Maithil lady go  
 For shelter to the mountain cave  
 Where thickest trees their branches wave.  
 I will not have thee, Lakshmaṇ, say  
 One word in answer, but obey.  
 By all thy honour for these feet  
 Of mine, dear brother, I entreat.  
 Thy warlike arm, I know could, smite  
 To death these rovers of the night;  
 But I this day would fight alone  
 Till all the fiends be overthrown."

[257] He spake: and Lakshmaṇ answered naught:  
 His arrows and his bow he brought,  
 And then with Sítá following hied  
 For shelter to the mountain side.  
 As Lakshmaṇ and the lady through  
 The forest to the cave withdrew,  
 "Tis well," cried Ráma. Then he braced  
 His coat of mail around his waist.  
 When, bright as blazing fire, upon  
 His mighty limbs that armour shone,  
 The hero stood like some great light

Uprising in the dark of night.  
 His dreadful shafts were by his side;  
 His trusty bow he bent and plied,  
 Prepared he stood: the bowstring rang,  
 Filling the welkin with the clang.

The high-souled Gods together drew  
 The wonder of the fight to view,  
 The saints made free from spot and stain,  
 And bright Gandharvas' heavenly train.  
 Each glorious sage the assembly sought,  
 Each saint divine of loftiest thought,  
 And filled with zeal for Ráma's sake.  
 Thus they whose deeds were holy spake:

“Now be it well with Bráhmans, now  
 Well with the worlds and every cow!  
 Let Ráma in the deadly fray  
 The fiends who walk in darkness slay,  
 As He who bears the discus<sup>464</sup> slew  
 The chieftains of the Asur crew.”

Then each with anxious glances viewed  
 His fellow and his speech renewed:  
 “There twice seven thousand giants stand  
 With impious heart and cruel hand:  
 Here Ráma stands, by virtue known:  
 How can the hero fight alone?”

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<sup>464</sup> Vishṇu, who bears a *chakra* or discus.

Thus royal sage and Bráhmaṇa saint,  
 Spirit, and Virtue free from taint,  
 And all the Gods of heaven who rode  
 On golden cars, their longing showed.  
 Their hearts with doubt and terror rent,  
 They saw the giants' armament,  
 And Ráma clothed in warrior might,  
 Forth standing in the front of fight.  
 Lord of the arm no toil might tire,  
 He stood majestic in his ire,  
 Matchless in form as Rudra<sup>465</sup> when  
 His wrath is fierce on Gods or men.

While Gods and saints in close array  
 Held converse of the coming fray,  
 The army of the fiends drew near  
 With sight and sound that counselled fear.  
 Long, loud and deep their war-cry pealed,  
 As on they rushed with flag and shield,  
 Each, of his proper valour proud,  
 Urging to fight the demon crowd.  
 His ponderous bow each warrior tried,  
 And swelled his bulk with martial pride.  
 'Mid shout and roar and trampling feet,  
 And thunder of the drums they beat,  
 Loud and more loud the tumult went  
 Throughout the forest's vast extent,  
 And all the life that moved within  
 The woodland trembled at the din.  
 In eager haste all fled to find  
 Some tranquil spot, nor looked behind.

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<sup>465</sup> Šiva.

With every arm of war supplied,  
 On-rushing wildly like the tide  
 Of some deep sea, the giant host  
 Approached where Ráma kept his post.  
 Then he, in battle skilled and tried,  
 Bent his keen eye on every side,  
 And viewed the host of Khara face  
 To face before his dwelling-place.  
 He drew his arrows forth, and reared  
 And strained that bow which foemen feared,  
 And yielded to the vengeful sway  
 Of fierce desire that host to slay.  
 Terrific as the ruinous fire  
 That ends the worlds, he glowed in ire,  
 And his tremendous form dismayed  
 The Gods who roam the forest shade.  
 For in the furious wrath that glowed  
 Within his soul the hero showed  
 Like Śiva when his angry might  
 Stayed Daksha's sacrificial rite.<sup>466</sup>

Like some great cloud at dawn of day  
 When first the sun upsprings,  
 And o'er the gloomy mass each ray  
 A golden radiance flings:  
 Thus showed the children of the night,  
 Whose mail and chariots threw,  
 With gleam of bows and armlets bright,  
 Flashes of flamy hue.

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<sup>466</sup> See *Additional Notes*—DAKSHA'S SACRIFICE{FNS.

## Canto XXV. The Battle.

When Khara with the hosts he led  
Drew near to Ráma's leafy shed,  
He saw that queller of the foe  
Stand ready with his ordered bow.  
He saw, and burning at the view  
His clang ing bow he raised and drew,  
And bade his driver urge apace  
His car to meet him face to face.  
Obedient to his master's hest  
His eager steeds the driver pressed  
On to the spot where, none to aid,  
The strong-armed chief his weapon swayed.  
Soon as the children of the night  
Saw Khara rushing to the fight,  
His lords with loud unearthly cry  
Followed their chief and gathered nigh.  
As in his car the leader rode  
With all his lords around, he showed  
Like the red planet fiery Mars  
Surrounded by the lesser stars.  
Then with a horrid yell that rent  
The air, the giant chieftain sent  
A thousand darts in rapid shower  
On Ráma matchless in his power.  
The rovers of the night, impelled  
By fiery rage which naught withheld,  
Upon the unconquered prince, who strained  
His fearful bow, their arrows rained.  
With sword and club, with mace and pike,  
With spear and axe to pierce and strike,  
Those furious fiends on every side  
The unconquerable hero plied.

The giant legions huge and strong,  
Like clouds the tempest drives along,  
Rushed upon Ráma with the speed  
Of whirling car, and mounted steed,  
And hill-like elephant, to slay  
The matchless prince in battle fray.  
Then upon Ráma thick and fast  
The rain of mortal steel they cast,  
As labouring clouds their torrents shed  
Upon the mountain-monarch's<sup>467</sup> head.  
As near and nearer round him drew  
The warriors of the giant crew,  
He showed like Śiva girt by all  
His spirits when night's shadows fall.  
As the great deep receives each rill  
And river rushing from the hill,  
He bore that flood of darts, and broke  
With well-aimed shaft each murderous stroke.  
By stress of arrowy storm assailed,  
And wounded sore, he never failed,  
Like some high mountain which defies  
The red bolts flashing from the skies.  
With ruddy streams each limb was dyed  
From gaping wounds in breast and side,  
Showing the hero like the sun  
'Mid crimson clouds ere day is done.  
Then, at that sight of terror, faint  
Grew God, Gandharva, sage, and saint,  
Trembling to see the prince oppose  
His single might to myriad foes.  
But waxing wroth, with force unspent,  
He strained his bow to utmost bent,

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<sup>467</sup> Himálaya.

And forth his arrows keen and true  
In hundreds, yea in thousands flew,—  
Shafts none could ward, and none endure:  
Death's fatal noose was scarce so sure.  
As 'twere in playful ease he shot  
His gilded shafts, and rested not.  
With swiftest flight and truest aim  
Upon the giant hosts they came.  
Each smote, each stayed a foeman's breath  
As fatal as the coil of Death.  
Each arrow through a giant tore  
A passage, and besmeared with gore,  
Pursued its onward way and through  
The air with flamy brilliance flew.  
Unnumbered were the arrows sent  
From the great bow which Ráma bent,  
And every shaft with iron head  
The lifeblood of a giant shed.  
Their pennoned bows were cleft, nor mail  
Nor shield of hide could aught avail.  
For Ráma's myriad arrows tore  
Through arms, and bracelets which they wore,  
And severed mighty warriors' thighs  
Like trunks of elephants in size,  
And cut resistless passage sheer  
Through gold-decked horse and charioteer,  
Slew elephant and rider, slew  
The horseman and the charger too,  
And infantry unnumbered sent  
To dwell 'neath Yáma's government.  
Then rose on high a fearful yell  
Of rovers of the night, who fell  
Beneath that iron torrent, sore  
Wounded by shafts that rent and tore.

So mangled by the ceaseless storm  
Of shafts of every kind and form,  
Such joy they found, as forests feel  
When scorched by flame, from Ráma's steel.  
The mightiest still the fight maintained,  
And furious upon Ráma rained  
Dart, arrow, spear, with wild attacks  
Of mace, and club, and battle-axe.  
But the great chief, unconquered yet,  
Their weapons with his arrows met,  
Which severed many a giant's head,  
And all the plain with corpses spread.  
With sundered bow and shattered shield  
Headless they sank upon the field,  
As the tall trees, that felt the blast  
Of Garud's wing, to earth were cast.  
The giants left unslaughtered there  
Where filled with terror and despair,  
And to their leader Khara fled  
Faint, wounded, and discomfited.  
These fiery Dúshaṇ strove to cheer,  
And poised his bow to calm their fear;  
Then fierce as He who rules the dead,  
When wroth, on angered Ráma sped.  
By Dúshaṇ cheered, the demons cast  
Their dread aside and rallied fast  
With Sáls, rocks, palm-trees in their hands  
With nooses, maces, pikes, and brands,  
Again upon the godlike man  
The mighty fiends infuriate ran,  
These casting rocks like hail, and these  
A whelming shower of leafy trees.  
Wild, wondrous fight, the eye to scare,  
And raise on end each shuddering hair,

As with the fiends who loved to rove  
 By night heroic Ráma strove!  
 The giants in their fury plied  
 Ráma with darts on every side.  
 Then, by the gathering demons pressed  
 From north and south and east and west,  
 By showers of deadly darts assailed  
 From every quarter fiercely hailed,  
 Girt by the foes who swarmed around,  
 He raised a mighty shout whose sound  
 Struck terror. On the giant crew  
 His great Gandharva<sup>468</sup> arrow flew.  
 A thousand mortal shafts were rained  
 From the orbed bow the hero strained,  
 Till east and west and south and north  
 Were filled with arrows volleyed forth.  
 They heard the fearful shout: they saw  
 His mighty hand the bowstring draw,  
 Yet could no wounded giant's eye  
 See the swift storm of arrows fly.  
 Still firm the warrior stood and cast  
 His deadly missiles thick and fast.  
 Dark grew the air with arrowy hail  
 Which hid the sun as with a veil.  
 Fiends wounded, falling, fallen, slain,  
 All in a moment, spread the plain,  
 And thousands scarce alive were left  
 Mangled, and gashed, and torn, and cleft.  
 Dire was the sight, the plain o'erspread  
 With trophies of the mangled dead.  
 There lay, by Ráma's missiles rent,  
 Full many a priceless ornament,

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<sup>468</sup> One of the mysterious weapons given to Ráma.

With severed limb and broken gem,  
Hauberk and helm and diadem.  
There lay the shattered car, the steed,  
The elephant of noblest breed,  
The splintered spear, the shivered mace,  
Chouris and screens to shade the face.  
The giants saw with bitterest pain  
Their warriors weltering on the plain,  
Nor dared again his might oppose  
Who scourged the cities of his foes.

## Canto XXVI. Dúshan's Death.

When Dúshaṇ saw his giant band  
Slaughtered by Ráma's conquering hand,  
He called five thousand fiends, and gave  
His orders. Bravest of the brave,  
Invincible, of furious might,  
Ne'er had they turned their backs in flight.  
They, as their leader bade them seize  
Spears, swords, and clubs, and rocks, and trees,  
Poured on the dauntless prince again  
A ceaseless shower of deadly rain.  
The virtuous Ráma, undismayed,  
Their missiles with his arrows stayed,  
And weakened, ere it fell, the shock  
Of that dire hail of tree and rock,  
And like a bull with eyelids closed,  
The pelting of the storm opposed.

Then blazed his ire: he longed to smite  
 To earth the rovers of the night.  
 The wrath that o'er his spirit came  
 Clothed him with splendour as of flame,  
 While showers of mortal darts he poured  
 Fierce on the giants and their lord.  
 Dúshaṇ, the foeman's dusky dread,  
 By frenzied rage inspirited,  
 On Raghu's son his missiles cast  
 Like Indra's bolts which rend and blast.  
 But Ráma with a trenchant dart  
 Cleft Dúshaṇ's ponderous bow apart.  
 And then the gold-decked steeds who drew  
 The chariot, with four shafts he slew.  
 One crescent dart he aimed which shred  
 Clean from his neck the driver's head;  
 Three more with deadly skill addressed  
 Stood quivering in the giant's breast.  
 Hurled from his car, steeds, driver slain,  
 The bow he trusted cleft in twain,  
 He seized his mace, strong, heavy, dread,  
 High as a mountain's towering head.  
 With plates of gold adorned and bound,  
 Embattled Gods it crushed and ground.  
 Its iron spikes yet bore the stains  
 Of mangled foemen's blood and brains.  
 Its heavy mass of jagged steel  
 Was like a thunderbolt to feel.  
 It shattered, as on foes it fell,  
 The city where the senses dwell.<sup>469</sup>  
 Fierce Dúshaṇ seized that ponderous mace  
 Like monstrous form of serpent race,

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<sup>469</sup> A periphrasis for the body.

And all his savage soul aglow  
 With fury, rushed upon the foe.  
 But Raghu's son took steady aim,  
 And as the rushing giant came,  
 Shore with two shafts the arms whereon  
 The demon's glittering bracelets shone.  
 His arm at each huge shoulder lopped,  
 The mighty body reeled and dropped,  
 And the great mace to earth was thrown  
 Like Indra's staff when storms have blown.  
 As some vast elephant who lies  
 Shorn of his tusks, and bleeding dies,  
 So, when his arms were rent away,  
 Low on the ground the giant lay.  
 The spirits saw the monster die,  
 And loudly rang their joyful cry,  
 "Honour to Ráma! nobly done!  
 Well hast thou fought, Kakutstha's son!"

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But the great three, the host who led,  
 Enraged to see their chieftain dead,  
 As though Death's toils were round them cast,  
 Rushed upon Ráma fierce and fast,  
 Mahákápála seized, to strike  
 His foeman down, a ponderous pike:  
 Sthúláksha charged with spear to fling,  
 Pramáthi with his axe to swing.  
 When Ráma saw, with keen darts he  
 Received the onset of the three,  
 As calm as though he hailed a guest  
 In each, who came for shade and rest.  
 Mahákápála's monstrous head  
 Fell with the trenchant dart he sped.  
 His good right hand in battle skilled  
 Sthúláksha's eyes with arrows filled,

And trusting still his ready bow  
 He laid the fierce Pramáthi low,  
 Who sank as some tall tree falls down  
 With bough and branch and leafy crown.  
 Then with five thousand shafts he slew  
 The rest of Dúshāṇ's giant crew:  
 Five thousand demons, torn and rent,  
 To Yáma's gloomy realm he sent.

When Khara knew the fate of all  
 The giant band and Dúshāṇ's fall,  
 He called the mighty chiefs who led  
 His army, and in fury said:

“Now Dúshāṇ and his armèd train  
 Lie prostrate on the battle plain.  
 Lead forth an army mightier still,  
 Ráma this wretched man, to kill.  
 Fight ye with darts of every shape,  
 Nor let him from your wrath escape.”

Thus spoke the fiend, by rage impelled,  
 And straight his course toward Ráma held.  
 With Syenagámí and the rest  
 Of his twelve chiefs he onward pressed,  
 And every giant as he went  
 A storm of well-wrought arrows sent.  
 Then with his pointed shafts that came  
 With gold and diamond bright as flame,  
 Dead to the earth the hero threw  
 The remnant of the demon crew.  
 Those shafts with feathers bright as gold,  
 Like flames which wreaths of smoke enfold,  
 Smote down the fiends like tall trees rent  
 By red bolts from the firmament.

A hundred shafts he pointed well:  
 By their keen barbs a hundred fell:  
 A thousand,—and a thousand more  
 In battle's front lay drenched in gore.  
 Of all defence and guard bereft,  
 With sundered bows and harness cleft.  
 Their bodies red with bloody stain  
 Fell the night-rovers on the plain,  
 Which, covered with the loosened hair  
 Of bleeding giants prostrate there,  
 Like some great altar showed, arrayed  
 For holy rites with grass o'erlaid.  
 The darksome wood, each glade and dell  
 Where the wild demons fought and fell  
 Was like an awful hell whose floor  
 Is thick with mire and flesh and gore.

Thus twice seven thousand fiends, a band  
 With impious heart and bloody hand,  
 By Raghu's son were overthrown,  
 A man, on foot, and all alone.  
 Of all who met on that fierce day,  
 Khara, great chief, survived the fray,  
 The monster of the triple head,<sup>470</sup>  
 And Raghu's son, the foeman's dread.  
 The other demon warriors, all  
 Skilful and brave and strong and tall,  
 In front of battle, side by side,  
 Struck down by Lakshman's brother died.  
 When Khara saw the host he led  
     Triumphant forth to fight  
 Stretched on the earth, all smitten dead,  
     By Ráma's nobler might,

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<sup>470</sup> Triśirás.

Upon his foe he fiercely glared,  
 And drove against him fast,  
 Like Indra when his arm is bared  
 His thundering bolt to cast.

## Canto XXVII. The Death Of Trisirás.

But Triśirás,<sup>471</sup> a chieftain dread,  
 Marked Khara as he onward sped.  
 And met his car and cried, to stay  
 The giant from the purposed fray:  
 “Mine be the charge: let me attack,  
 And turn thee from the contest back.  
 Let me go forth, and thou shalt see  
 The strong-armed Ráma slain by me.  
 True are the words I speak, my lord:  
 I swear it as I touch my sword:  
 That I this Ráma's blood will spill,  
 Whom every giant's hand should kill.  
 This Ráma will I slay, or he  
 In battle fray shall conquer me.  
 Restraine thy spirit: check thy car,  
 And view the combat from afar.  
 Thou, joying o'er the prostrate foe,  
 To Janasthán again shalt go,  
 Or, if I fall in battle's chance,  
 Against my conqueror advance.”

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<sup>471</sup> The Three-headed.

Thus Triśirás for death who yearned:  
And Khara from the conflict turned,  
“Go forth to battle,” Khara cried;  
And toward his foe the giant hied.  
Borne on a car of glittering hue  
Which harnessed coursers fleetly drew,  
Like some huge hill with triple peak  
He onward rushed the prince to seek.  
Still, like a big cloud, sending out  
His arrowy rain with many a shout  
Like the deep sullen roars that come  
Discordant from a moistened drum.  
But Raghu's son, whose watchful eye  
Beheld the demon rushing nigh,  
From the great bow he raised and bent  
A shower of shafts to meet him sent.  
Wild grew the fight and wilder yet  
As fiend and man in combat met,  
As when in some dark wood's retreat  
An elephant and a lion meet.

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The giant bent his bow, and true  
To Ráma's brow three arrows flew.  
Then, raging as he felt the stroke,  
These words in anger Ráma spoke:  
“Heroic chief! is such the power  
Of fiends who rove at midnight hour?  
Soft as the touch of flowers I feel  
The gentle blows thine arrows deal.  
Receive in turn my shafts, and know  
What arrows fly from Ráma's bow.”  
Thus as he spoke his wrath grew hot,  
And twice seven deadly shafts he shot,  
Which, dire as serpent's deadly fang,

Straight to the giant's bosom sprang.  
Four arrows more,—each shaped to deal  
A mortal wound with barbèd steel,—  
The glorious hero shot, and slew  
The four good steeds the car that drew.  
Eight other shafts flew straight and fleet,  
And hurled the driver from his seat,  
And in the dust the banner laid  
That proudly o'er the chariot played.  
Then as the fiend prepared to bound  
Forth from his useless car to ground,  
The hero smote him to the heart,  
And numbed his arm with deadly smart.  
Again the chieftain, peerless-souled,  
Sent forth three rapid darts, and rolled  
With each keen arrow, deftly sped,  
Low in the dust a monstrous head.  
Then yielding to each deadly stroke,  
Forth spouting streams of blood and smoke,  
The headless trunk bedrenched with gore  
Fell to the ground and moved no more.  
The fiends who yet were left with life,  
Routed and crushed in battle strife,  
To Khara's side, like trembling deer  
Scared by the hunter, fled in fear.  
King Khara saw with furious eye  
His scattered giants turn and fly;  
Then rallying his broken train  
At Raghu's son he drove amain,  
Like Ráhu<sup>472</sup> when his deadly might  
Comes rushing on the Lord of Night.

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<sup>472</sup> The demon who causes eclipses.

## Canto XXVIII. Khara Dismounted.

But when he turned his eye where bled  
 Both Triśirás and Dúshan dead,  
 Fear o'er the giant's spirit came  
 Of Ráma's might which naught could tame.  
 He saw his savage legions, those  
 Whose force no creature dared oppose,—  
 He saw the leader of his train  
 By Ráma's single prowess slain.  
 With burning grief he marked the few  
 Still left him of his giant crew.  
 As Namuchi<sup>473</sup> on Indra, so  
 Rushed the dread demon on his foe.  
 His mighty bow the monster strained,  
 And angrily on Ráma rained  
 His mortal arrows in a flood,  
 Like serpent fangs athirst for blood.  
 Skilled in the Bowman's warlike art,  
 He plied the string and poised the dart.  
 Here, on his car, and there, he rode,  
 And passages of battle showed,  
 While all the skyey regions grew  
 Dark with his arrows as they flew.  
 Then Ráma seized his ponderous bow,  
 And straight the heaven was all aglow  
 With shafts whose stroke no life might bear  
 That filled with flash and flame the air,

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<sup>473</sup> “This Asura was a friend of Indra, and taking advantage of his friend's confidence, he drank up Indra's strength along with a draught of wine and Soma. Indra then told the Aśvins and Sarasvatí that Namuchi had drunk up his strength. The Aśvins in consequence gave Indra a thunderbolt in the form of a foam, with which he smote off the head of Namuchi.” GARRETT'S {FNS *Classical Dictionary of India*. See also Book I. p. 39.

Thick as the blinding torrents sent  
 Down from Parjanya's<sup>474</sup> firmament.  
 In space itself no space remained,  
 But all was filled with arrows rained  
 Incessantly from each great bow  
 Wielded by Ráma and his foe.  
 As thus in furious combat, wrought  
 To mortal hate, the warriors fought,  
 The sun himself grew faint and pale,  
 Obscured behind that arrowy veil.

[262] As when beneath the driver's steel  
 An elephant is forced to kneel,  
 So from the hard and pointed head  
 Of many an arrow Ráma bled.  
 High on his car the giant rose  
 Prepared in deadly strife to close,  
 And all the spirits saw him stand  
 Like Yáma with his noose in hand.  
 For Khara deemed in senseless pride  
 That he, beneath whose hand had died  
 The giant legions, failed at length  
 Slow sinking with exhausted strength.  
 But Ráma, like a lion, when  
 A trembling deer comes nigh his den,  
 Feared not the demon mad with hate,—  
 Of lion might and lion gait.  
 Then in his lofty car that glowed  
 With sunlike brilliance Khara rode  
 At Ráma: madly on he came  
 Like a poor moth that seeks the flame.  
 His archer skill the fiend displayed,  
 And at the place where Ráma laid

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<sup>474</sup> Indra.

His hand, an arrow cleft in two  
The mighty bow the hero drew.  
Seven arrows by the giant sent,  
Bright as the bolts of Indra, rent  
Their way through mail and harness joints,  
And pierced him with their iron points.  
On Ráma, hero unsurpassed,  
A thousand shafts smote thick and fast,  
While as each missile struck, rang out  
The giant's awful battle-shout.  
His knotted arrows pierced and tore  
The sunbright mail the hero wore,  
Till, band and buckle rent away,  
Glittering on the ground it lay.  
Then pierced in shoulder, breast, and side,  
Till every limb with blood was dyed,  
The chieftain in majestic ire  
Shone glorious as the smokeless fire.  
Then loud and long the war-cry rose  
Of Ráma, terror of his foes,  
As, on the giant's death intent,  
A ponderous bow he strung and bent,—  
Lord Vishṇu's own, of wondrous size,—  
Agastya gave the heavenly prize.  
Then rushing on the demon foe,  
He raised on high that mighty bow,  
And with his well-wrought shafts, whereon  
Bright gold between the feathers shone,  
He struck the pennon fluttering o'er  
The chariot, and it waved no more.  
That glorious flag whose every fold  
Was rich with blazonry and gold,  
Fell as the sun himself by all  
The Gods' decree might earthward fall.

From wrathful Khara's hand, whose art  
Well knew each vulnerable part,  
Four keenly-piercing arrows flew,  
And blood in Ráma's bosom drew,  
With every limb distained with gore  
From deadly shafts which rent and tore,  
From Khara's clanging bowstring shots,  
The prince's wrath waxed wondrous hot.  
His hand upon his bow that best  
Of mighty archers firmly pressed,  
And from the well-drawn bowstring, true  
Each to its mark, six arrows flew.  
One quivered in the giant's head,  
With two his brawny shoulders bled;  
Three, with the crescent heads they bore,  
Deep in his breast a passage tore.  
Thirteen, to which the stone had lent  
The keenest point, were swiftly sent  
On the fierce giant, every one  
Destructive, gleaming like the sun.  
With four the dappled steeds he slew;  
One cleft the chariot yoke in two,  
One, in the heat of battle sped,  
Smote from the neck the driver's head.  
The poles were rent apart by three;  
Two broke the splintered axle-tree.  
Then from the hand of Ráma, while  
Across his lips there came a smile,  
The twelfth, like thunderbolt impelled,  
Cut the great hand and bow it held.  
Then, scarce by Indra's self surpassed,  
He pierced the giant with the last.  
The bow he trusted cleft in twain,  
His driver and his horses slain,

Down sprang the giant, mace in hand,  
On foot against the foe to stand.

The Gods and saints in bright array

Close gathered in the skies,

The prince's might in battle-fray

Beheld with joyful eyes.

Uprising from their golden seats,

Their hands in honour raised,

They looked on Ráma's noble feats,

And blessed him as they praised.

## Canto XXIX. Khara's Defeat.

When Ráma saw the giant nigh,  
On foot, alone, with mace reared high,  
In mild reproof at first he spoke,  
Then forth his threatening anger broke:  
“Thou with the host 'twas thine to lead,  
With elephant and car and steed,  
Hast wrought an act of sin and shame,  
An act which all who live must blame.  
Know that the wretch whose evil mind  
Joys in the grief of human kind,  
Though the three worlds confess him lord,  
Must perish dreaded and abhorred.  
Night-rover, when a villain's deeds  
Distress the world he little heeds,  
Each hand is armed his life to take,  
And crush him like a deadly snake.  
The end is near when men begin  
Through greed or lust a life of sin,

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E'en as a Bráhman's dame, unwise,  
 Eats of the fallen hail<sup>475</sup> and dies.  
 Thy hand has slain the pure and good,  
 The hermit saints of Dañdak wood,  
 Of holy life, the heirs of bliss;  
 And thou shalt reap the fruit of this.  
 Not long shall they whose cruel breasts  
 Joy in the sin the world detests  
 Retain their guilty power and pride,  
 But fade like trees whose roots are dried.  
 Yes, as the seasons come and go,  
 Each tree its kindly fruit must show,  
 And sinners reap in fitting time  
 The harvest of each earlier crime.  
 As those must surely die who eat  
 Unwittingly of poisoned meat,  
 They too whose lives in sin are spent  
 Receive ere long the punishment.  
 And know, thou rover of the night,  
 That I, a king, am sent to smite  
 The wicked down, who court the hate  
 Of men whose laws they violate.  
 This day my vengeful hand shall send  
 Shafts bright with gold to tear and rend,  
 And pass with fury through thy breast  
 As serpents pierce an emmet's nest.  
 Thou with thy host this day shalt be  
 Among the dead below, and see  
 The saints beneath thy hand who bled,  
 Whose flesh thy cruel maw has fed.  
 They, glorious on their seats of gold,  
 Their slayer shall in hell behold.

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<sup>475</sup> Popularly supposed to cause death.

Fight with all strength thou callest thine,  
Mean scion of ignoble line,  
Still, like the palm-tree's fruit, this day  
My shafts thy head in dust shall lay."

Such were the words that Ráma said:  
Then Khara's eyes with wrath glowed red,  
Who, maddened by the rage that burned  
Within him, with a smile returned:

"Thou Daśaratha's son, hast slain  
The meaner giants of my train:  
And canst thou idly vaunt thy might  
And claim the praise not thine by right?  
Not thus in self-laudation rave  
The truly great, the nobly brave:  
No empty boasts like thine disgrace  
The foremost of the human race.  
The mean of soul, unknown to fame,  
Who taint their warrior race with shame,  
Thus speak in senseless pride as thou,  
O Raghu's son, hast boasted now.  
What hero, when the war-cry rings,  
Vaunts the high race from which he springs,  
Or seeks, when warriors meet and die,  
His own descent to glorify?  
Weakness and folly show confessed  
In every vaunt thou utterest,  
As when the flames fed high with grass  
Detect the simulating brass.  
Dost thou not see me standing here  
Armed with the mighty mace I rear,  
Firm as an earth upholding hill  
Whose summit veins of metal fill?

Lo, here I stand before thy face  
To slay thee with my murderous mace,  
As Death, the universal lord,  
Stands threatening with his fatal cord.  
Enough of this. Much more remains  
That should be said: but time constrains.  
Ere to his rest the sun descend,  
And shades of night the combat end,  
The twice seven thousand of my band  
Who fell beneath thy bloody hand  
Shall have their tears all wiped away  
And triumph in thy fall to-day.”

He spoke, and loosing from his hold  
His mighty mace ringed round with gold,  
Like some red bolt alive with fire  
Hurled it at Ráma, mad with ire.  
The ponderous mace which Khara threw  
Sent fiery flashes as it flew.  
Trees, shrubs were scorched beneath the blast,  
As onward to its aim it passed.  
But Ráma, watching as it sped  
Dire as His noose who rules the dead,  
Cleft it with arrows as it came  
On rushing with a hiss and flame.  
Its fury spent and burnt away,  
Harmless upon the ground it lay  
Like a great snake in furious mood  
By herbs of numbing power subdued.

## Canto XXX. Khara's Death.

When Ráma, pride of Raghu's race,  
 Virtue's dear son, had cleft the mace,  
 Thus with superior smile the best  
 Of chiefs the furious fiend addressed:

“Thou, worst of giant blood, at length  
 Hast shown the utmost of thy strength,  
 And forced by greater might to bow,  
 Thy vaunting threats are idle now.  
 My shafts have cut thy club in twain:  
 Useless it lies upon the plain,  
 And all thy pride and haughty trust  
 Lie with it levelled in the dust.  
 The words that thou hast said to-day,  
 That thou wouldst wipe the tears away  
 Of all the giants I have slain,  
 My deeds shall render void and vain.  
 Thou meanest of the giants' breed,  
 Evil in thought and word and deed,  
 My hand shall take that life of thine  
 As Garud<sup>476</sup> seized the juice divine.  
 Thou, rent by shafts, this day shalt die:  
 Low on the ground thy corse shall lie,  
 And bubbles from the cloven neck  
 With froth and blood thy skin shall deck.  
 With dust and mire all rudely dyed,  
 Thy torn arms lying by thy side,  
 While streams of blood each limb shall steep,  
 Thou on earth's breast shalt take thy sleep

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<sup>476</sup> Garuḍ, the King of Birds, carried off the Amrit or drink of Paradise from Indra's custody.

Like a fond lover when he strains  
 The beauty whom at length he gains.  
 Now when thy heavy eyelids close  
 For ever in thy deep repose,  
 Again shall Dāṇḍak forest be  
 Safe refuge for the devotee.  
 Thou slain, and all thy race who held  
 The realm of Janasthán expelled,  
 Again shall happy hermits rove,  
 Fearing no danger, through the grove.  
 Within those bounds, their brethren slain,  
 No giant shall this day remain,  
 But all shall fly with many a tear  
 And fearing, rid the saints of fear.  
 This bitter day shall misery bring  
 On all the race that calls thee king.  
 Fierce as their lord, thy dames shall know,  
 Bereft of joys, the taste of woe.  
 Base, cruel wretch, of evil mind,  
 Plaguer of Bráhmans and mankind,  
 With trembling hands each devotee  
 Feeds holy fires in dread of thee.”

Thus with wild fury unrepressed  
 Raghu's brave son the fiend addressed;  
 And Khara, as his wrath grew high,  
 Thus thundered forth his fierce reply:

“By senseless pride to madness wrought,  
 By danger girt thou fearest naught,  
 Nor heedest, numbered with the dead,  
 What thou shouldst say and leave unsaid.  
 When Fate's tremendous coils enfold  
 The captive in resistless hold,

He knows not right from wrong, each sense  
Numb'd by that deadly influence."

He spoke, and when his speech was done  
Bent his fierce brows on Raghu's son.  
With eager eyes he looked around  
If lethal arms might yet be found.  
Not far away and full in view  
A Sál-tree towering upward grew.  
His lips in mighty strain compressed,  
He tore it up with root and crest,  
With huge arms waved it o'er his head  
And hurled it shouting, Thou art dead.  
But Ráma, unsurpassed in might,  
Stayed with his shafts its onward flight,  
And furious longing seized his soul  
The giant in the dust to roll.  
Great drops of sweat each limb bedewed,  
His red eyes showed his wrathful mood.  
A thousand arrows, swiftly sent,  
The giant's bosom tore and rent.  
From every gash his body showed  
The blood in foamy torrents flowed,  
As springing from their caverns leap  
Swift rivers down the mountain steep.  
When Khara felt each deadened power  
Yielding beneath that murderous shower,  
He charged, infuriate with the scent  
Of blood, in dire bewilderment.  
But Ráma watched, with ready bow,  
The onset of his bleeding foe,  
And ere the monster reached him, drew  
Backward in haste a yard or two.  
Then from his side a shaft he took

Whose mortal stroke no life might brook:  
 Of peerless might, it bore the name  
 Of Brahmá's staff, and glowed with flame:  
 Lord Indra, ruler of the skies,  
 Himself had given the glorious prize.  
 His bow the virtuous hero drew,  
 And at the fiend the arrow flew.  
 Hissing and roaring like the blast  
 Of tempest through the air it passed,  
 And fixed, by Ráma's vigour sped,  
 In the foe's breast its pointed head.  
 Then fell the fiend: the quenchless flame  
 Burnt furious in his wounded frame.  
 So burnt by Rudra Andhak<sup>477</sup> fell  
 In Švetáraṇya's silvery dell:  
 So Namuchi and Vritra<sup>478</sup> died  
 By steaming bolts that tamed their pride:  
 So Bala<sup>479</sup> fell by lightning sent  
 By Him who rules the firmament.

Then all the Gods in close array  
 With the bright hosts who sing and play,  
 Filled full of rapture and amaze,  
 Sang hymns of joy in Ráma's praise,  
 Beat their celestial drums and shed  
 Rain of sweet flowers upon his head.  
 For three short hours had scarcely flown,  
 And by his pointed shafts o'erthrown  
 The twice seven thousand fiends, whose will

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<sup>477</sup> A demon, son of Kaśyap and Diti, slain by Rudra or Śiva when he attempted to carry off the tree of Paradise.

<sup>478</sup> Namuchi and Vritra were two demons slain by Indra. Vritra personifies drought, the enemy of Indra, who imprisons the rain in the cloud.

<sup>479</sup> Another demon slain by Indra.

Could change their shapes, in death were still,  
 With Triśirás and Dúshan̄ slain,  
 And Khara, leader of the train.  
 “O wondrous deed,” the bards began,  
 “The noblest deed of virtuous man!  
 Heroic strength that stood alone,  
 And firmness e'en as Vishṇu's own!”

Thus having sung, the shining train  
 Turned to their heavenly homes again.  
 Then the high saints of royal race  
 And loftiest station sought the place,  
 And by the great Agastya led,  
 With reverence to Ráma said:

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“For this, Lord Indra, glorious sire,  
 Majestic as the burning fire,  
 Who crushes cities in his rage,  
 Sought Śarabhanga's hermitage.  
 Thou wast, this great design to aid,  
 Led by the saints to seek this shade,  
 And with thy mighty arm to kill  
 The giants who delight in ill.  
 Thou Daśaratha's noble son,  
 The battle for our sake hast won,  
 And saints in Daṇḍak's wild who live  
 Their days to holy tasks can give.”

Forth from the mountain cavern came  
 The hero Lakshmaṇ with the dame.  
 And rapture beaming from his face,  
 Resought the hermit dwelling-place.  
 Then when the mighty saints had paid  
 Due honour for the victor's aid,  
 The glorious Ráma honoured too  
 By Lakshmaṇ to his cot withdrew.  
 When Sítá looked upon her lord,  
 His foemen slain, the saints restored,  
 In pride and rapture uncontrolled  
 She clasped him in her loving hold.  
 On the dead fiends her glances fell:  
 She saw her lord alive and well,  
 Victorious after toil and pain,  
 And Janak's child was blest again.  
 Once more, once more with new delight  
     Her tender arms she threw  
 Round Ráma whose victorious might  
     Had crushed the demon crew.  
 Then as his grateful reverence paid  
     Each saint of lofty soul,  
 O'er her sweet face, all fears allayed,  
     The flush of transport stole.

## Canto XXXI. Rávan.

But of the host of giants one,  
 Akampan, from the field had run  
 And sped to Lanká<sup>480</sup> to relate

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<sup>480</sup> The capital of the giant king Rávan.

In Rávan's ear the demons' fate:

“King, many a giant from the shade  
Of Janasthán in death is laid:  
Khara the chief is slain, and I  
Could scarcely from the battle fly.”

Fierce anger, as the monarch heard,  
Inflamed his look, his bosom stirred,  
And while with scorching glance he eyed  
The messenger, he thus replied:

“What fool has dared, already dead,  
Strike Janasthán, the general dread?  
Who is the wretch shall vainly try  
In earth, heaven, hell, from me to fly?  
Vaiśravan,<sup>481</sup> Indra, Vishṇu, He  
Who rules the dead, must reverence me;  
For not the mightiest lord of these  
Can brave my will and live at ease.  
Fate finds in me a mightier fate  
To burn the fires that devastate.  
With unresisted influence I  
Can force e'en Death himself to die,  
With all-surpassing might restrain  
The fury of the hurricane,  
And burn in my tremendous ire  
The glory of the sun and fire.”

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<sup>481</sup> Kuvera, the God of gold.

As thus the fiend's hot fury blazed,  
 His trembling hands Akampan raised,  
 And with a voice which fear made weak,  
 Permission craved his tale to speak.  
 King Rávaṇ gave the leave he sought,  
 And bade him tell the news he brought.  
 His courage rose, his voice grew bold,  
 And thus his mournful tale he told:

“A prince with mighty shoulders, sprung  
 From Daśaratha, brave and young,  
 With arms well moulded, bears the name  
 Of Ráma with a lion's frame.  
 Renowned, successful, dark of limb,  
 Earth has no warrior equals him.  
 He fought in Janasthán and slew  
 Dúshan the fierce and Khara too.”

Rávaṇ the giants' royal chief.  
 Received Akampan's tale of grief.  
 Then, panting like an angry snake,  
 These words in turn the monarch spake:

“Say quick, did Ráma seek the shade  
 Of Janasthán with Indra's aid,  
 And all the dwellers in the skies  
 To back his hardy enterprise?”

Akampan heard, and straight obeyed  
 His master, and his answer made.  
 Then thus the power and might he told  
 Of Raghu's son the lofty-souled:

“Best is that chief of all who know  
 With deftest art to draw the bow.  
 His are strange arms of heavenly might,  
 And none can match him in the fight.  
 His brother Lakshmaṇ brave as he,  
 Fair as the rounded moon to see,  
 With eyes like night and voice that comes  
 Deep as the roll of beaten drums,  
 By Ráma's side stands ever near,  
 Like wind that aids the flame's career.  
 That glorious chief, that prince of kings,  
 On Janasthán this ruin brings.  
 No Gods were there,—dismiss the thought  
 No heavenly legions came and fought.  
 His swift-winged arrows Ráma sent,  
 Each bright with gold and ornament.  
 To serpents many-faced they turned:  
 The giant hosts they ate and burned.  
 Where'er these fled in wild dismay  
 Ráma was there to strike and slay.  
 By him O King of high estate,  
 Is Janasthán left desolate.”

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Akampan ceased: in angry pride  
 The giant monarch thus replied:  
 “To Janasthán myself will go  
 And lay these daring brothers low.”

Thus spoke the king in furious mood:  
 Akampan then his speech renewed:  
 “O listen while I tell at length  
 The terror of the hero's strength.  
 No power can check, no might can tame  
 Ráma, a chief of noblest fame.

He with restless shafts can stay  
The torrent foaming on its way.  
Sky, stars, and constellations, all  
To his fierce might would yield and fall.  
His power could earth itself uphold  
Down sinking as it sank of old.<sup>482</sup>  
Or all its plains and cities drown,  
Breaking the wild sea's barrier down;  
Crush the great deep's impetuous will,  
Or bid the furious wind be still.  
He glorious in his high estate  
The triple world could devastate,  
And there, supreme of men, could place  
His creatures of a new-born race.  
Never can mighty Ráma be  
O'ercome in fight, my King, by thee.  
Thy giant host the day might win  
From him, if heaven were gained by sin.  
If Gods were joined with demons, they  
Could ne'er, I ween, that hero slay,  
But guile may kill the wondrous man;  
Attend while I disclose the plan.  
His wife, above all women graced,  
Is Sítá of the dainty waist,  
With limbs to fair proportion true,  
And a soft skin of lustrous hue,  
Round neck and arm rich gems are twined:  
She is the gem of womankind.  
With her no bright Gandharví vies,  
No nymph or Goddess in the skies;  
And none to rival her would dare  
'Mid dames who part the long black hair.

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<sup>482</sup> In the great deluge.

That hero in the wood beguile,  
 And steal his lovely spouse the while.  
 Reft of his darling wife, be sure,  
 Brief days the mourner will endure.”

With flattering hope of triumph moved  
 The giant king that plan approved,  
 Pondered the counsel in his breast,  
 And then Akampan thus addressed:  
 “Forth in my car I go at morn,  
 None but the driver with me borne,  
 And this fair Sítá will I bring  
 Back to my city triumphing.”

Forth in his car by asses drawn  
 The giant monarch sped at dawn,  
 Bright as the sun, the chariot cast  
 Light through the sky as on it passed.  
 Then high in air that best of cars  
 Traversed the path of lunar stars,  
 Sending a fitful radiance pale  
 As moonbeams shot through cloudy veil.  
 Far on his airy way he flew:  
 Near Táḍakeya's<sup>483</sup> grove he drew.  
 Márícha welcomed him, and placed  
 Before him food which giants taste,  
 With honour led him to a seat,  
 And brought him water for his feet;  
 And then with timely words addressed  
 Such question to his royal guest:

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<sup>483</sup> The giant Márícha, son of Táḍaká. Táḍaká was slain by Ráma. See p. 39.

“Speak, is it well with thee whose sway  
 The giant multitudes obey?  
 I know not all, and ask in fear  
 The cause, O King, why thou art here.”

Ráva, the giants' mighty king,  
 Heard wise Márícha's questioning,  
 And told with ready answer, taught  
 In eloquence, the cause he sought:  
 “My guards, the bravest of my band,  
 Are slain by Rámá's vigorous hand,  
 And Janasthán, that feared no hate  
 Of foes, is rendered desolate.  
 Come, aid me in the plan I lay  
 To steal the conqueror's wife away.”

Márícha heard the king's request,  
 And thus the giant chief addressed:

“What foe in friendly guise is he  
 Who spoke of Sítá's name to thee?  
 Who is the wretch whose thought would bring  
 Destruction on the giants' king?  
 Whose is the evil counsel, say,  
 That bids thee bear his wife away,  
 And careless of thy life provoke  
 Earth's loftiest with threatening stroke?  
 A foe is he who dared suggest  
 This hopeless folly to thy breast,  
 Whose ill advice would bid thee draw  
 The venomed fang from serpent's jaw.  
 By whose unwise suggestion led  
 Wilt thou the path of ruin tread?  
 Whence falls the blow that would destroy  
 Thy gentle sleep of ease and joy?

Like some wild elephant is he  
That rears his trunk on high,  
Lord of an ancient pedigree,  
Huge tusks, and furious eye.

Rávan, no rover of the night  
With bravest heart can brook,  
Met in the front of deadly fight,  
On Raghu's son to look.

The giant hosts were brave and strong,  
Good at the bow and spear:  
But Ráma slew the routed throng,  
A lion 'mid the deer.  
No lion's tooth can match his sword,  
Or arrows fiercely shot:  
He sleeps, he sleeps—the lion lord;  
Be wise and rouse him not.

O Monarch of the giants, well  
Upon my counsel think,  
Lest thou for ever in the hell  
Of Ráma's vengeance sink:  
A hell, where deadly shafts are sent  
From his tremendous-bow,  
While his great arms all flight prevent,  
Like deepest mire below:

Where the wild floods of battle rave  
Above the foeman's head,  
And each with many a feathery wave  
Of shafts is garlanded.

O, quench the flames that in thy breast  
With raging fury burn;  
And pacified and self-possessed  
To Lanká's town return.  
Rest thou in her imperial bowers  
With thine own wives content,

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And in the wood let Ráma's hours  
 With Sítá still be spent."

The lord of Lanká's isle obeyed  
 The counsel, and his purpose stayed.  
 Borne on his car he parted thence  
 And gained his royal residence.

## Canto XXXII. Rávan Roused.

But Súrpáñakhá saw the plain  
 Spread with the fourteen thousand slain,  
 Doers of cruel deeds o'erthrown  
 By Ráma's mighty arm alone,  
 Add Triśirás and Dúshaṇ dead,  
 And Khara, with the hosts they led.  
 Their death she saw, and mad with pain,  
 Roared like a cloud that brings the rain,  
 And fled in anger and dismay  
 To Lanká, seat of Rávaṇ's sway.  
 There on a throne of royal state  
 Exalted sat the potentate,  
 Begirt with counsellor and peer,  
 Like Indra with the Storm Gods near.  
 Bright as the sun's full splendour shone  
 The glorious throne he sat upon,  
 As when the blazing fire is red  
 Upon a golden altar fed.  
 Wide gaped his mouth at every breath,  
 Tremendous as the jaws of Death.  
 With him high saints of lofty thought,

Gandharvas, Gods, had vainly fought.  
 The wounds were on his body yet  
 From wars where Gods and demons met.  
 And scars still marked his ample chest  
 By fierce Airávat's<sup>484</sup> tusk impressed.  
 A score of arms, ten necks, had he,  
 His royal gear was brave to see.  
 His massive form displayed each sign  
 That marks the heir of kingly line.  
 In stature like a mountain height,  
 His arms were strong, his teeth were white,  
 And all his frame of massive mould  
 Seemed lazulite adorned with gold.  
 A hundred seams impressed each limp  
 Where Vishṇu's arm had wounded him,  
 And chest and shoulder bore the print  
 Of sword and spear and arrow dint,  
 Where every God had struck a blow  
 In battle with the giant foe.  
 His might to wildest rage could wake  
 The sea whose faith naught else can shake,  
 Hurl towering mountains to the earth,  
 And crush e'en foes of heavenly birth.  
 The bonds of law and right he spurned:  
 To others' wives his fancy turned.  
 Celestial arms he used in fight,  
 And loved to mar each holy rite.  
 He went to Bhogavati's town,<sup>485</sup>  
 Where Vásuki was beaten down,  
 And stole, victorious in the strife,  
 Lord Takshaka's beloved wife.

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<sup>484</sup> Indra's elephant.

<sup>485</sup> Bhogavatí, in Pátala in the regions under the earth, is the capital of the serpent race whose king is Vásuki.

Kailásá's lofty crest he sought,  
 And when in vain Kuvera fought,  
 Stole Pushpak thence, the car that through  
 The air, as willed the master, flew.  
 Impelled by furious anger, he  
 Spoiled Nandan's<sup>486</sup> shade and Naliní,  
 And Chaitraratha's heavenly grove,  
 The haunts where Gods delight to rove.  
 Tall as a hill that cleaves the sky,  
 He raised his mighty arms on high  
 To check the blessed moon, and stay  
 The rising of the Lord of Day.  
 Ten thousand years the giant spent  
 On dire austerities intent,  
 And of his heads an offering, laid  
 Before the Self-existent, made.  
 No God or fiend his life could take,  
 Gandharva, goblin, bird, or snake:  
 Safe from all fears of death, except  
 From human arm, that life was kept.  
 Oft when the priests began to raise  
 Their consecrating hymns of praise,  
 He spoiled the Soma's sacred juice  
 Poured forth by them in solemn use.  
 The sacrifice his hands o'erthrew,  
 And cruelly the Bráhmans slew.  
 His was a heart that naught could melt,  
 Joying in woes which others felt.

She saw the ruthless monster there,  
 Dread of the worlds, unused to spare.  
 In robes of heavenly texture dressed,  
 Celestial wreaths adorned his breast.

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<sup>486</sup> the grove of Indra.

He sat a shape of terror, like  
 Destruction ere the worlds it strike.  
 She saw him in his pride of place,  
 The joy of old Pulasty'a<sup>487</sup> race,  
 Begirt by counsellor and peer,  
 Rávaṇ, the foeman's mortal fear,  
 And terror in her features shown,  
 The giantess approached the throne.

Then Súrpaṇakhá bearing yet  
 Each deeply printed trace  
 Where the great-hearted chief had set  
 A mark upon her face,  
 Impelled by terror and desire,  
 Still fierce, no longer bold,  
 To Rávaṇ of the eyes of fire  
 Her tale, infuriate, told.

### Canto XXXIII. Súrpanakhá's Speech.

Burning with anger, in the ring  
 Of counsellors who girt their king,  
 To Rávaṇ, ravener of man,  
 With bitter words she thus began:

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<sup>487</sup> Pulasty'a is considered as the ancestor of the Rakshases or giants, as he is the father of Viśravas, the father of Rávaṇ and his brethren.

“Wilt thou absorbed in pleasure, still  
Pursue unchecked thy selfish will:  
Nor turn thy heedless eyes to see  
The coming fate which threatens thee?  
The king who days and hours employs  
In base pursuit of vulgar joys  
Must in his people's sight be vile  
As fire that smokes on funeral pile.  
He who when duty calls him spares  
No time for thought of royal cares,  
Must with his realm and people all  
Involved in fatal ruin fall.  
As elephants in terror shrink  
From the false river's miry brink,  
Thus subjects from a monarch flee  
Whose face their eyes may seldom see,  
Who spends the hours for toil ordained  
In evil courses unrestrained.  
He who neglects to guard and hold  
His kingdom by himself controlled,  
Sinks nameless like a hill whose head  
Is buried in the ocean's bed.  
Thy foes are calm and strong and wise,  
Fiends, Gods, and warriors of the skies,—  
How, heedless, wicked, weak, and vain,  
Wilt thou thy kingly state maintain?  
Thou, lord of giants, void of sense,  
Slave of each changing influence,  
Heedless of all that makes a king,  
Destruction on thy head wilt bring.  
O conquering chief, the prince, who boasts,  
Of treasury and rule and hosts,  
By others led, though lord of all,  
Is meaner than the lowest thrall.

For this are monarchs said to be  
Long-sighted, having power to see  
Things far away by faithful eyes  
Of messengers and loyal spies.  
But aid from such thou wilt not seek:  
Thy counsellors are blind and weak,  
Or thou from these hadst surely known  
Thy legions and thy realm o'erthrown.  
Know, twice seven thousand, fierce in might,  
Are slain by Ráma in the fight,  
And they, the giant host who led,  
Khara and Dúshan, both are dead.  
Know, Ráma with his conquering arm  
Has freed the saints from dread of harm,  
Has smitten Janasthán and made  
Asylum safe in Daṇḍak's shade.  
Enslaved and dull, of blinded sight,  
Intoxicate with vain delight,  
Thou closest still thy heedless eyes  
To dangers in thy realm that rise.  
A king besotted, mean, unkind,  
Of niggard hand and slavish mind.  
Will find no faithful followers heed  
Their master in his hour of need.  
The friend on whom he most relies,  
In danger, from a monarch flies,  
Imperious in his high estate,  
Conceited, proud, and passionate;  
Who ne'er to state affairs attends  
With wholesome fear when woe impends  
Most weak and worthless as the grass,  
Soon from his sway the realm will pass.  
For rotting wood a use is found,  
For clods and dust that strew the ground,

But when a king has lost his sway,  
Useless he falls, and sinks for aye.  
As raiment by another worn,  
As faded garland crushed and torn,  
So is, unthrone, the proudest king,  
Though mighty once, a useless thing.  
But he who every sense subdues  
And each event observant views,  
Rewards the good and keeps from wrong,  
Shall reign secure and flourish long.  
Though lulled in sleep his senses lie  
He watches with a ruler's eye,  
Untouched by favour, ire, and hate,  
And him the people celebrate.  
O weak of mind, without a trace  
Of virtues that a king should grace,  
Who hast not learnt from watchful spy  
That low in death the giants lie.  
Scorner of others, but enthralled  
By every base desire,  
By thee each duty is disdained  
Which time and place require.  
Soon wilt thou, if thou canst not learn,  
Ere yet it be too late,  
The good from evil to discern,  
Fall from thy high estate.”  
As thus she ceased not to upbraid  
The king with cutting speech,  
And every fault to view displayed,  
Naming and marking each,  
The monarch of the sons of night,  
Of wealth and power possessed,  
And proud of his imperial might,  
Long pondered in his breast.

## Canto XXXIV. Súrpanakhá's Speech.

Then forth the giant's fury broke  
As Súrpanakhá harshly spoke.  
Girt by his lords the demon king  
Looked on her, fiercely questioning:

“Who is this Ráma, whence, and where?  
His form, his might, his deeds declare.  
His wandering steps what purpose led  
To Dançak forest, hard to tread?  
What arms are his that he could smite  
In fray the rovers of the night,  
And Triśirás and Dúshaṇ lay  
Low on the earth, and Khara slay?  
Tell all, my sister, and declare  
Who maimed thee thus, of form most fair.”

Thus by the giant king addressed,  
While burnt her fury unrepressed,  
The giantess declared at length  
The hero's form and deeds and strength:

“Long are his arms and large his eyes:  
A black deer's skin his dress supplies.  
King Daśaratha's son is he,  
Fair as Kandarpa's self to see.  
Adorned with many a golden band,  
A bow, like Indra's, arms his hand,  
And shoots a flood of arrows fierce  
As venomous snakes to burn and pierce.  
I looked, I looked, but never saw  
His mighty hand the bowstring draw  
That sent the deadly arrows out,  
While rang through air his battle-shout.  
I looked, I looked, and saw too well  
How with that hail the giants fell,  
As falls to earth the golden grain,  
Struck by the blows of Indra's rain.  
He fought, and twice seven thousand, all  
Terrific giants, strong and tall,  
Fell by the pointed shafts o'erthrown  
Which Ráma shot on foot, alone.  
Three little hours had scarcely fled,—  
Khara and Dúshan both were dead,  
And he had freed the saints and made  
Asylum sure in Daṇḍak's shade.  
Me of his grace the victor spared,  
Or I the giants' fate had shared.  
The high-souled Ráma would not deign  
His hand with woman's blood to stain.  
The glorious Lakshmaṇ, justly dear,  
In gifts and warrior might his peer,  
Serves his great brother with the whole  
Devotion of his faithful soul:  
Impetuous victor, bold and wise,  
First in each hardy enterprise,

Still ready by his side to stand,  
A second self or better hand.  
And Rámá has a large-eyed spouse,  
Pure as the moon her cheek and brows,  
Dearer than life in Rámá's sight,  
Whose happiness is her delight.  
With beauteous hair and nose the dame  
From head to foot has naught to blame.  
She shines the wood's bright Goddess, Queen  
Of beauty with her noble mien.  
First in the ranks of women placed  
Is Sítá of the dainty waist.  
In all the earth mine eyes have ne'er  
Seen female form so sweetly fair.  
Goddess nor nymph can vie with her,  
Nor bride of heavenly chorister.  
He who might call this dame his own,  
Her eager arms about him thrown,  
Would live more blest in Sítá's love  
Than Indra in the world above.  
She, peerless in her form and face  
And rich in every gentle grace,  
Is worthy bride, O King, for thee,  
As thou art meet her lord to be.  
I even I, will bring the bride  
In triumph to her lover's side—  
This beauty fairer than the rest,  
With rounded limb and heaving breast.  
Each wound upon my face I owe  
To cruel Lakshman's savage blow.  
But thou, O brother, shalt survey  
Her moonlike loveliness to-day,  
And Káma's piercing shafts shall smite  
Thine amorous bosom at the sight.

If in thy breast the longing rise  
 To make thine own the beauteous prize,  
 Up, let thy better foot begin  
 The journey and the treasure win.  
 If, giant Lord, thy favouring eyes  
 Regard the plan which I advise,  
 Up, cast all fear and doubt away  
 And execute the words I say  
 Come, giant King, this treasure seek,  
 For thou art strong and they are weak.  
 [270] Let Sítá of the faultless frame  
 Be borne away and be thy dame.  
 Thy host in Janasthán who dwelt  
 Forth to the battle hied.  
 And by the shafts which Ráma dealt  
 They perished in their pride.  
 Dúshan and Khara breathe no more,  
 Laid low upon the plain.  
 Arise, and ere the day be o'er  
 Take vengeance for the slain."

## Canto XXXV. Rávan's Journey.

When Rávaṇ, by her fury spurred,  
 That terrible advice had heard,  
 He bade his nobles quit his side,  
 And to the work his thought applied.  
 He turned his anxious mind to scan  
 On every side the hardy plan:  
 The gain against the risk he laid,  
 Each hope and fear with care surveyed,

And in his heart at length decreed  
To try performance of the deed.  
Then steady in his dire intent  
The giant to the courtyard went.  
There to his charioteer he cried,  
“Bring forth the car whereon I ride.”  
Aye ready at his master's word  
The charioteer the order heard,  
And yoked with active zeal the best  
Of chariots at his lord's behest.  
Asses with heads of goblins drew  
That wondrous car where'er it flew.  
Obedient to the will it rolled  
Adorned with gems and glistening gold.  
Then mounting, with a roar as loud  
As thunder from a labouring cloud,  
The mighty monarch to the tide  
Of Ocean, lord of rivers, hied.  
White was the shade above him spread,  
White chouris waved around his head,  
And he with gold and jewels bright  
Shone like the glossy lazulite.  
Ten necks and twenty arms had he:  
His royal gear was good to see.  
The heavenly Gods' insatiate foe,  
Who made the blood of hermits flow,  
He like the Lord of Hills appeared  
With ten huge heads to heaven upreared.  
In the great car whereon he rode,  
Like some dark cloud the giant showed,  
When round it in their close array  
The cranes 'mid wreaths of lightning play.  
He looked, and saw, from realms of air,  
The rocky shore of ocean, where

Unnumbered trees delightful grew  
 With flower and fruit of every hue.  
 He looked on many a lilyed pool  
 With silvery waters fresh and cool,  
 And shores like spacious altars meet  
 For holy hermits' lone retreat.  
 The graceful palm adorned the scene,  
 The plantain waved her glossy green.  
 There grew the sál and betel, there  
 On bending boughs the flowers were fair.  
 There hermits dwelt who tamed each sense  
 By strictest rule of abstinence:  
 Gandharvas, Kinnars,<sup>488</sup> thronged the place,  
 Nágas and birds of heavenly race.  
 Bright minstrels of the ethereal quire,  
 And saints exempt from low desire,  
 With Ájas, sons of Brahmá's line,  
 Maríchipas of seed divine,  
 Vaikhánasas and Máshas strayed,  
 And Bálakhilyas<sup>489</sup> in the shade.  
 The lovely nymphs of heaven were there,  
 Celestial wreaths confined their hair,  
 And to each form new grace was lent  
 By wealth of heavenly ornament.  
 Well skilled was each in play and dance  
 And gentle arts of dalliance.  
 The glorious wife of many a God  
 Those beautiful recesses trod,  
 There Gods and Dánavs, all who eat  
 The food of heaven, rejoiced to meet.  
 The swan and Sáras thronged each bay

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<sup>488</sup> Beings with the body of a man and the head of a horse.

<sup>489</sup> Ájas, Maríchipas, Vaikhánasas, Máshas, and Bálakhilyas are classes of supernatural beings who lead the lives of hermits.

With curlews, ducks, and divers gay,  
Where the sea spray rose soft and white  
O'er rocks of glossy lazulite.  
As his swift way the fiend pursued  
Pale chariots of the Gods he viewed,  
Bearing each lord whose rites austere  
Had raised him to the heavenly sphere.  
Thereon celestial garlands hung,  
There music played and songs were sung.  
Then bright Gandharvas met his view,  
And heavenly nymphs, as on he flew.  
He saw the sandal woods below,  
And precious trees of odorous flow,  
That to the air around them lent  
Their riches of delightful scent;  
Nor failed his roving eye to mark  
Tall aloe trees in grove and park.  
He looked on wood with cassias filled,  
And plants which balmy sweets distilled,  
Where her fair flowers the betel showed  
And the bright pods of pepper glowed.  
The pearls in many a silvery heap  
Lay on the margin of the deep.  
And grey rocks rose amid the red  
Of coral washed from ocean's bed.  
High soared the mountain peaks that bore  
Treasures of gold and silver ore,  
And leaping down the rocky walls  
Came wild and glorious waterfalls.  
Fair towns which grain and treasure held,  
And dames who every gem excelled,  
He saw outspread beneath him far,  
With steed, and elephant, and car.  
That ocean shore he viewed that showed

Fair as the blessed Gods' abode  
Where cool delightful breezes played  
O'er levels in the freshest shade.  
He saw a fig-tree like a cloud  
With mighty branches earthward bowed.  
It stretched a hundred leagues and made  
For hermit bands a welcome shade.  
Thither the feathered king of yore  
An elephant and tortoise bore,  
And lighted on a bough to eat  
The captives of his taloned feet.  
The bough unable to sustain  
The crushing weight and sudden strain,  
Loaded with sprays and leaves of spring  
Gave way beneath the feathered king.  
Under the shadow of the tree  
Dwelt many a saint and devotee,  
Ájas, the sons of Brahmá's line,  
Máshas, Maríchipas divine.  
Vaikhánasas, and all the race  
Of Bálakhilyas, loved the place.  
But pitying their sad estate  
The feathered monarch raised the weight  
Of the huge bough, and bore away  
The loosened load and captured prey.  
A hundred leagues away he sped,  
Then on his monstrous booty fed,  
And with the bough he smote the lands  
Where dwell the wild Nisháda bands.  
High joy was his because his deed  
From jeopardy the hermits freed.  
That pride for great deliverance wrought  
A double share of valour brought.  
His soul conceived the high emprise

To snatch the Amrit from the skies.  
He rent the nets of iron first,  
Then through the jewel chamber burst,  
And bore the drink of heaven away  
That watched in Indra's palace lay.

Such was the hermit-sheltering tree  
Which Rávaṇ turned his eye to see.  
Still marked where Garuḍ sought to rest,  
The fig-tree bore the name of Blest.

When Rávaṇ stayed his chariot o'er  
The ocean's heart-enchanting shore,  
He saw a hermitage that stood  
Sequestered in the holy wood.  
He saw the fiend Márícha there  
With deerskin garb, and matted hair  
Coiled up in hermit guise, who spent  
His days by rule most abstinent.  
As guest and host are wont to meet,  
They met within that lone retreat.  
Before the king Márícha placed  
Food never known to human taste.  
He entertained his guest with meat  
And gave him water for his feet,  
And then addressed the giant king  
With timely words of questioning:

“Lord, is it well with thee, and well  
With those in Lanká's town who dwell?  
What sudden thought, what urgent need  
Has brought thee with impetuous speed?”

The fiend Márícha thus addressed  
 Rávaṇ the king, his mighty guest,  
 And he, well skilled in arts that guide  
 The eloquent, in turn replied:

## Canto XXXVI. Rávan's Speech.

“Hear me, Márícha, while I speak,  
 And tell thee why thy home I seek.  
 Sick and distressed am I, and see  
 My surest hope and help in thee.  
 Of Janasthán I need not tell,  
 Where Śúrpaṇakhá, Khara, dwell,  
 And Dúshan with the arm of might,  
 And Triśirás, the fierce in fight,  
 Who feeds on human flesh and gore,  
 And many noble giants more,  
 Who roam in dark of midnight through  
 The forest, brave and strong and true.  
 By my command they live at ease  
 And slaughter saints and devotees.  
 Those twice seven thousand giants, all  
 Obedient to their captain's call,  
 Joying in war and ruthless deeds  
 Follow where mighty Khara leads.  
 Those fearless warrior bands who roam  
 Through Janasthán their forest home,  
 In all their terrible array  
 Met Ráma in the battle fray.  
 Girt with all weapons forth they sped  
 With Khara at the army's head.

The front of battle Ráma held:  
 With furious wrath his bosom swelled.  
 Without a word his hate to show  
 He launched the arrows from his bow.  
 On the fierce hosts the missiles came,  
 Each burning with destructive flame,  
 The twice seven thousand fell o'erthrown  
 By him, a man, on foot, alone.  
 Khara the army's chief and pride,  
 And Dúshan, fearless warrior, died,  
 And Triśirás the fierce was slain,  
 And Danḍak wood was free again.

He, banished by his angry sire,  
 Roams with his wife in mean attire.  
 This wretch, his Warrior tribe's disgrace  
 Has slain the best of giant race.  
 Harsh, wicked, fierce and greedy-souled,  
 A fool, with senses uncontrolled,  
 No thought of duty stirs his breast:  
 He joys to see the world distressed.  
 He sought the wood with fair pretence  
 Of truthful life and innocence,  
 But his false hand my sister left  
 Mangled, of nose and ears bereft.  
 This Ráma's wife who bears the name  
 Of Sítá, in her face and frame  
 Fair as a daughter of the skies,—  
 Her will I seize and bring the prize  
 Triumphant from the forest shade:  
 For this I seek thy willing aid.  
 If thou, O mighty one, wilt lend  
 Thy help and stand beside thy friend,  
 I with my brothers may defy

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All Gods embattled in the sky.  
 Come, aid me now, for thine the power  
 To succour in the doubtful hour.  
 Thou art in war and time of fear,  
 For heart and hand, without a peer.  
 For thou art skilled in art and wile,  
 A warrior brave and trained in guile.  
 With this one hope, this only aim,  
 O Rover of the Night, I came.  
 Now let me tell what aid I ask  
 To back me in my purposed task.  
 In semblance of a golden deer  
 Adorned with silver spots appear.  
 Go, seek his dwelling: in the way  
 Of Ráma and his consort stray.  
 Doubt not the lady, when she sees  
 The wondrous deer amid the trees,  
 Will bid her lord and Lakshmaṇ take  
 The creature for its beauty's sake.  
 Then when the chiefs have parted thence,  
 And left her lone, without defence,  
 As Ráhu storms the moonlight, I  
 Will seize the lovely dame and fly.  
 Her lord will waste away and weep  
 For her his valour could not keep.  
 Then boldly will I strike the blow  
 And wreak my vengeance on the foe.”

When wise Márícha heard the tale  
 His heart grew faint, his cheek was pale,  
 He stared with open orbs, and tried  
 To moisten lips which terror dried,  
 And grief, like death, his bosom rent  
 As on the king his look he bent.

The monarch's will he strove to stay,  
Distracted with alarm,  
For well he knew the might that lay  
In Ráma's matchless arm.  
With suppliant hands Márícha stood  
And thus began to tell  
His counsel for the tyrant's good,  
And for his own as well:

## Canto XXXVII. Márícha's Speech.

Márícha gave attentive ear  
The ruler of the fiends to hear:  
Then, trained in all the rules that teach  
The eloquent, began his speech:  
"Tis easy task, O King, to find  
Smooth speakers who delight the mind.  
But they who urge and they who do  
Distasteful things and wise, are few.  
Thou hast not learnt, by proof untaught,  
And borne away by eager thought,  
That Ráma, formed for high emprise,  
With Varuṇ or with Indra vies.  
Still let thy people live in peace,  
Nor let their name and lineage cease,  
For Ráma with his vengeful hand  
Can sweep the giants from the land.  
O, let not Janak's daughter bring  
Destruction on the giant king.  
Let not the lady Sítá wake  
A tempest, on thy head to break.

Still let the dame, by care untried,  
 Be happy by her husband's side,  
 Lest swift avenging ruin fall  
 On glorious Lanká, thee, and all.  
 Men such as thou with wills unchained,  
 Advised by sin and unrestrained,  
 Destroy themselves, the king, the state,  
 And leave the people desolate.  
 Ráma, in bonds of duty held,  
 Was never by his sire expelled.  
 He is no wretch of greedy mind,  
 Dishonour of his Warrior kind.  
 Free from all touch of rancorous spite,  
 All creatures' good is his delight.  
 He saw his sire of truthful heart  
 Deceived by Queen Kaikeyí's art,  
 And said, a true and duteous son,  
 "What thou hast promised shall be done."  
 To gratify the lady's will,  
 His father's promise to fulfil,  
 He left his realm and all delight  
 For Dandak wood, an anchorite.  
 No cruel wretch, no senseless fool  
 Is Ráma, unrestrained by rule.  
 This groundless charge has ne'er been heard,  
 Nor shouldst thou speak the slanderous word.  
 Ráma in truth and goodness bold  
 Is Virtue's self in human mould,  
 The sovereign of the world confessed  
 As Indra rules among the Blest.  
 And dost thou plot from him to rend  
 The darling whom his arms defend?  
 Less vain the hope to steal away  
 The glory of the Lord of Day.

O Rávan, guard thee from the fire  
 Of vengeful Ráma's kindled ire,—  
 Each spark a shaft with deadly aim,  
 While bow and falchion feed the flame.  
 Cast not away in hopeless strife  
 Thy realm, thy bliss, thine own dear life.  
 O Rávan of his might beware,  
 A God of Death who will not spare.  
 That bow he knows so well to draw  
 Is the destroyer's flaming jaw,  
 And with his shafts which flash and glow  
 He slays the armies of the foe.  
 Thou ne'er canst win—the thought forego—  
 From the safe guard of shaft and bow  
 King Janak's child, the dear delight  
 Of Ráma unapproached in might.  
 The spouse of Raghu's son, confessed  
 Lion of men with lion chest,—  
 Dearer than life, through good and ill  
 Devoted to her husband's will,  
 The slender-waisted, still must be  
 From thy polluting touches free.  
 Far better grasp with venturous hand  
 The flame to wildest fury fanned.  
 What, King of giants, canst thou gain  
 From this attempt so wild and vain?  
 If in the fight his eye he bend  
 Upon thee, Lord, thy days must end,  
 So life and bliss and royal sway,  
 Lost beyond hope, will pass away.  
 Summon each lord of high estate,  
 And chief, Vibhishan<sup>490</sup> to debate.

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<sup>490</sup> “The younger brother of the giant Rávan; when he and his brother had practiced austerities for a long series of years, Brahmá appeared to offer

With peers in lore of counsel tried  
 Consider, reason, and decide  
 Scan strength and weakness, count the cost,  
 What may be gained and what be lost.  
 Examine and compare aright  
 Thy proper power and Ráma's might,  
 Then if thy weal be still thy care,  
 Thou wilt be prudent and forbear.  
 O giant King, the contest shun,  
 Thy force is all too weak  
 The lord of Kosál's mighty son  
 In deadly fray to seek.  
 King of the hosts that rove at night,  
 O hear what I advise:  
 My prudent counsel do not slight;  
 Be patient and be wise.”

## Canto XXXVIII. Márícha's Speech.

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them boons: Vibhishana asked that he might never meditate any unrighteousness.... On the death of Rávaṇ Vibhishana was installed as Rája of Lanká.” GARRETT'S{FNS *Classical Dictionary of India*.

“Once in my strength and vigour's pride  
 I roamed this earth from side to side,  
 And towering like a mountain's crest,  
 A thousand Nágas<sup>491</sup> might possessed.  
 Like some vast sable cloud I showed:  
 My golden armlets flashed and glowed.  
 A crown I wore, an axe I swayed,  
 And all I met were sore afraid.  
 I roved where Danḍak wood is spread;  
 On flesh of slaughtered saints I fed.  
 Then Viśvámitra, sage revered,  
 Holy of heart, my fury feared.  
 To Daśaratha's court he sped  
 And went before the king and said:<sup>492</sup>

“With me, my lord, thy Ráma send  
 On holy days his aid to lend.  
 Márícha fills my soul with dread  
 And keeps me sore disquieted.”

The monarch heard the saint's request  
 And thus the glorious sage addressed:

“My boy as yet in arms untrained  
 The age of twelve has scarce attained.  
 But I myself a host will lead  
 To guard thee in the hour of need.  
 My host with fourfold troops complete,  
 The rover of the night shall meet,  
 And I, O best of saints, will kill  
 Thy foeman and thy prayer fulfil.”  
 The king vouchsafed his willing aid:  
 The saint again this answer made:

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<sup>491</sup> Serpent-gods.

<sup>492</sup> See p. 33.

“By Ráma's might, and his alone,  
 Can this great fiend be overthrown.  
 I know in days of yore the Blest  
 Thy saving help in fight confessed.  
 Still of thy famous deeds they tell  
 In heaven above, in earth, and hell,  
 A mighty host obeys thy hest:  
 Here let it still, I pray thee, rest.  
 Thy glorious son, though yet a boy,  
 Will in the fight that fiend destroy.  
 Ráma alone with me shall go:  
 Be happy, victor of the foe.”

He spoke: the monarch gave assent,  
 And Ráma to the hermit lent.  
 So to his woodland home in joy  
 Went Viśvámitra with the boy.  
 With ready bow the champion stood  
 To guard the rites in Daṇḍak wood.  
 With glorious eyes, most bright to view,  
 Beardless as yet and dark of hue;  
 A single robe his only wear,  
 His temples veiled with waving hair,  
 Around his neck a chain of gold,  
 He grasped the bow he loved to hold;  
 And the young hero's presence made  
 A glory in the forest shade.  
 Thus Ráma with his beauteous mien,  
 Like the young rising moon was seen,  
 I, like a cloud which tempest brings,  
 My arms adorned with golden rings,  
 Proud of the boon which lent me might,  
 Approached where dwelt the anchorite.  
 But Ráma saw me venturing nigh,

Raising my murderous axe on high;  
He saw, and fearless of the foe,  
Strung with calm hand his trusty bow.  
By pride of conscious strength beguiled,  
I scorned him as a feeble child,  
And rushed with an impetuous bound  
On Viśvámitra's holy ground.  
A keen swift shaft he pointed well,  
The foeman's rage to check and quell,  
And hurled a hundred leagues away  
Deep in the ocean waves I lay.  
He would not kill, but, nobly brave,  
My forfeit life he chose to save.  
So there I lay with wandering sense  
Dazed by that arrow's violence.  
Long in the sea I lay: at length  
Slowly returned my sense and strength,  
And rising from my watery bed  
To Lanká's town again I sped.  
Thus was I spared, but all my band  
Fell slain by Ráma's conquering hand,—  
A boy, untrained in warrior's skill,  
Of iron arm and dauntless will.  
If thou with Ráma still, in spite  
Of warning and of prayer, wilt fight,  
I see terrific woes impend,  
And dire defeat thy days will end.  
Thy giants all will feel the blow  
And share the fatal overthrow,  
Who love the taste of joy and play,  
The banquet and the festal day.  
Thine eyes will see destruction take  
Thy Lanká, lost for Sítá's sake,  
And stately pile and palace fall

With terrace, dome, and jewelled wall.  
The good will die: the crime of kings  
Destruction on the people brings:  
The sinless die, as in the lake  
The fish must perish with the snake.  
The prostrate giants thou wilt see  
Slain for this folly wrought by thee,  
Their bodies bright with precious scent  
And sheen of heavenly ornament;  
Or see the remnant of thy train  
Seek refuge far, when help is vain  
And with their wives, or widowed, fly  
To every quarter of the sky;  
Thy mournful eyes, where'er they turn,  
Will see thy stately city burn,  
When royal homes with fire are red,  
And arrowy nets around are spread.  
A sin that tops all sins in shame  
Is outrage to another's dame,  
A thousand wives thy palace fill,  
And countless beauties wait thy will.  
O rest contented with thine own,  
Nor let thy race be overthrown.  
If thou, O King, hast still delight  
In rank and wealth and power and might,  
In noble wives, in troops of friends,  
In all that royal state attends,  
I warn thee, cast not all away,  
Nor challenge Ráma to the fray.  
If deaf to every friendly prayer,  
Thou still wilt seek the strife,  
And from the side of Ráma tear  
His lovely Maithil wife,  
Soon will thy life and empire end

Destroyed by Ráma's bow,  
And thou, with kith and kin and friend,  
To Yáma's realm must go."

## Canto XXXIX. Márícha's Speech.

"I told thee of that dreadful day  
When Ráma smote and spared to slay.  
Now hear me, Rávaṇ, while I tell  
What in the after time befell.  
At length, restored to strength and pride,  
I and two mighty fiends beside  
Assumed the forms of deer and strayed  
Through Daṇḍak wood in lawn and glade,  
I reared terrific horns: beneath  
Were flaming tongue and pointed teeth.  
I roamed where'er my fancy led,  
And on the flesh of hermits fed,  
In sacred haunt, by hallowed tree,  
Where'er the ritual fires might be.  
A fearful shape, I wandered through  
The wood, and many a hermit slew.  
With ruthless rage the saints I killed  
Who in the grove their tasks fulfilled.  
When smitten to the earth they sank,  
Their flesh I ate, their blood I drank,  
And with my cruel deeds dismayed  
All dwellers in the forest shade,  
Spoiling their rites in bitter hate,  
With human blood inebriate.  
Once in the wood I chanced to see

Ráma again, a devotee,  
A hermit, fed on scanty fare,  
Who made the good of all his care.  
His noble wife was by his side,  
And Lakshmaṇ in the battle tried.  
In senseless pride I scorned the might  
Of that illustrious anchorite,  
And heedless of a hermit foe,  
Recalled my earlier overthrow.

[275] I charged him in my rage and scorn  
To slay him with my pointed horn,  
In heedless haste, to fury wrought  
As on my former wounds I thought.  
Then from the mighty bow he drew  
Three foe-destroying arrows flew,  
Keen-pointed, leaping from the string,  
Swift as the wind or feathered king.  
Dire shafts, on flesh of foemen fed,  
Like rushing thunderbolts they sped,  
With knots well smoothed and barbs well bent,  
Shot e'en as one, the arrows went.  
But I who Ráma's might had felt,  
And knew the blows the hero dealt,  
Escaped by rapid flight. The two  
Who lingered on the spot, he slew.  
I fled from mortal danger, freed  
From the dire shaft by timely speed.  
Now to deep thought my days I give,  
And as a humble hermit live.  
In every shrub, in every tree  
I view that noblest devotee.  
In every knotted trunk I mark  
His deerskin and his coat of bark,  
And see the bow-armed Ráma stand

Like Yáma with his noose in hand.  
I tell thee Rávaṇ, in my fright  
A thousand Rámas mock my sight,  
This wood with every bush and bough  
Seems all one fearful Ráma now.  
Throughout the grove there is no spot  
So lonely where I see him not.  
He haunts me in my dreams by night,  
And wakes me with the wild affright.  
The letter that begins his name  
Sends terror through my startled frame.  
The rapid cars whereon we ride,  
The rich rare jewels, once my pride,  
Have names<sup>493</sup> that strike upon mine ear  
With hated sound that counsels fear.  
His mighty strength too well I know,  
Nor art thou match for such a foe.  
Too strong were Raghus's son in fight  
For Namuchi or Bali's might.  
Then Ráma to the battle dare,  
Or else be patient and forbear;  
But, wouldest thou see me live in peace,  
Let mention of the hero cease.  
The good whose holy lives were spent  
In deepest thought, most innocent,  
With all their people many a time  
Have perished through another's crime.  
So in the common ruin, I  
Must for another's folly die,  
Do all thy strength and courage can,  
But ne'er will I approve the plan.  
For he, in might supremely great,

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<sup>493</sup> The Sanskrit words for car and jewels begin with *ra*.

The giant world could extirpate,  
 Since, when impetuous Khara sought  
 The grove of Janasthán and fought  
 For Śúrpaṇakhá's sake, he died  
 By Ráma's hand in battle tried.  
 How has he wronged thee? Soothly swear,  
 And Ráma's fault and sin declare.

I warn thee, and my words are wise,  
 I seek thy people's weal:  
 But if this rede thou wilt despise,  
 Nor hear my last appeal,  
 Thou with thy kin and all thy friends  
 In fight this day wilt die,  
 When his great bow the hero bends,  
 And shafts unerring fly."

## Canto XL. Rávan's Speech.

But Rávaṇ scorned the rede he gave  
 In timely words to warn and save,  
 E'en as the wretch who hates to live  
 Rejects the herb the leeches give.  
 By fate to sin and ruin spurred,  
 That sage advice the giant heard,  
 Then in reproaches hard and stern  
 Thus to Márícha spoke in turn:

“Is this thy counsel, weak and base,  
Unworthy of thy giant race?  
Thy speech is fruitless, vain, thy toil  
Like casting seed on barren soil.  
No words of thine shall drive me back  
From Ráma and the swift attack.  
A fool is he, inured to sin,  
And more, of human origin.  
The craven, at a woman's call  
To leave his sire, his mother, all  
The friends he loved, the power and sway,  
And hasten to the woods away!  
But now his anger will I rouse,  
Stealing away his darling spouse.  
I in thy sight will ravish her  
From Khara's cruel murderer.  
Upon this plan my soul is bent,  
And naught shall move my firm intent,  
Not if the way through demons led  
And Gods with Indra at their head.  
'Tis thine, when questioned, to explain  
The hope and fear, the loss and gain,  
And, when thy king thy thoughts would know,  
The triumph or the danger show.  
A prudent counsellor should wait,  
And speak when ordered in debate,  
With hands uplifted, calm and meek,  
If honour and reward he seek.  
Or, when some prudent course he sees  
Which, spoken, may his king displease  
He should by hints of dexterous art  
His counsel to his lord impart.  
But prudent words are said in vain  
When the blunt speech brings grief and pain.

A high-souled king will scarcely thank  
The man who shames his royal rank.  
Five are the shapes that kings assume,  
Of majesty, of grace, and gloom:  
Like Indra now, or Agni, now  
Like the dear Moon, with placid brow:  
Like mighty Varuṇ now they show,  
Now fierce as He who rules below.  
O giant, monarchs lofty-souled  
Are kind and gentle, stern and bold,  
With gracious love their gifts dispense  
And swiftly punish each offence.  
Thus subjects should their rulers view  
With all respect and honour due.  
But folly leads thy heart to slight  
Thy monarch and neglect his right.  
Thou hast in lawless pride addressed  
With bitter words thy royal guest.  
I asked thee not my strength to scan,  
Or loss and profit in the plan.  
I only spoke to tell the deed  
O mighty one, by me decreed,  
And bid thee in the peril lend  
Thy succour to support thy friend.  
Hear me again, and I will tell  
How thou canst aid my venture well.  
In semblance of a golden deer  
Adorned with silver drops, appear:  
And near the cottage in the way  
Of Ráma and his consort stray.  
Draw nigh, and wandering through the brake  
With thy strange form her fancy take.  
The Maithil dame with wondering eyes  
Will took upon thy fair disguise,

And quickly bid her husband go  
And bring the deer that charms her so,  
When Raghu's son has left the place,  
Still pressing onward in the chase,  
Cry out, "O Lakshmaṇ! Ah, mine own!"  
With voice resembling Ráma's tone.  
When Lakshmaṇ hears his brother's cry,  
Impelled by Sítá he will fly,  
Restless with eager love, to aid  
The hunter in the distant shade.  
When both her guards have left her side,  
Even as Indra, thousand-eyed,  
Clasps Śachí, will I bear away  
The Maithil dame an easy prey.  
When thou, my friend, this aid hast lent,  
Go where thou wilt and live content.  
True servant, faithful to thy vow,  
With half my realm I thee endow.  
Go forth, may luck thy way attend  
That leads thee to the happy end.  
I in my car will quickly be  
In Daṇḍak wood, and follow thee.  
So will I cheat this Ráma's eyes  
And win without a blow the prize;  
And safe return to Lanká's town  
With thee, my friend, this day shall crown.  
But if thou wilt not aid my will,  
My hand this day thy blood shall spill.  
Yea, thou must share the destined task,  
For force will take the help I ask.  
No bliss that rebel's life attends  
Whose stubborn will his lord offends.  
Thy life, if thou the task assay,  
In jeopardy may stand;

Oppose me, and this very day  
Thou diest by this hand.  
Now ponder all that thou hast heard  
Within thy prudent breast:  
Reflect with care on every word,  
And do what seems the best.”

## Canto XLI. Márícha's Reply.

Against his judgment sorely pressed  
By his imperious lord's behest,  
Márícha threats of death defied  
And thus with bitter words replied:  
“Ah, who, my King, with sinful thought  
This wild and wicked counsel taught,  
By which destruction soon will fall  
On thee, thy sons, thy realm and all?  
Who is the guilty wretch who sees  
With envious eye thy blissful ease,  
And by this plan, so falsely shown,  
Death's gate for thee has open thrown?  
With souls impelled by mean desire  
Thy foes against thy life conspire.  
They urge thee to destruction's brink,  
And gladly would they see thee sink.  
Who with base thought to work thee woe  
This fatal road has dared to show,  
And, triumph in his wicked eye,  
Would see thee enter in and die?  
To all thy counsellors, untrue,  
The punishment of death is due,

Who see thee tempt the dangerous way,  
Nor strain each nerve thy foot to stay.  
Wise lords, whose king, by passion led,  
The path of sin begins to tread,  
Restrain him while there yet is time:  
But thine,—they see nor heed the crime.  
These by their master's will obtain  
Merit and fame and joy and gain.  
'Tis only by their master's grace  
That servants hold their lofty place.  
But when the monarch stoops to sin  
They lose each joy they strive to win,  
And all the people people high and low  
Fall in the common overthrow.  
Merit and fame and honour spring,  
Best of the mighty, from the king.  
So all should strive with heart and will  
To keep the king from every ill.  
Pride, violence, and sullen hate  
Will ne'er maintain a monarch's state,  
And those who cruel deeds advise  
Must perish when their master dies,  
Like drivers with their cars o'erthrown  
In places rough with root and stone.  
The good whose holy lives were spent  
On duty's highest laws intent,  
With wives and children many a time  
Have perished for another's crime.  
Hapless are they whose sovereign lord,  
Opposed to all, by all abhorred,  
Is cruel-hearted, harsh, severe:  
Thus might a jackal tend the deer.  
Now all the giant race await,  
Destroyed by thee, a speedy fate,

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Ruled by a king so cruel-souled,  
Foolish in heart and uncontrolled.  
Think not I fear the sudden blow  
That threatens now to lay me low:  
I mourn the ruin that I see  
Impending o'er thy host and thee.  
Me first perchance will Ráma kill,  
But soon his hand thy blood will spill.  
I die, and if by Ráma slain  
And not by thee, I count it gain.  
Soon as the hero's face I see  
His angry eyes will murder me,  
And if on her thy hands thou lay  
Thy friends and thou are dead this day.  
If with my help thou still must dare  
The lady from her lord to tear,  
Farewell to all our days are o'er,  
Lanká and giants are no more.

In vain, in vain, an earnest friend,  
I warn thee, King, and pray.  
Thou wilt not to my prayers attend,  
Or heed the words I say  
So men, when life is fleeting fast  
And death's sad hour is nigh,  
Heedless and blinded to the last  
Reject advice and die."

Márícha thus in wild unrest  
With bitter words the king addressed.  
Then to his giant lord in dread,  
“Arise, and let us go,” he said.  
“Ah, I have met that mighty lord  
Armed with his shafts and bow and sword,  
And if again that bow he bend  
Our lives that very hour will end.  
For none that warrior can provoke  
And think to fly his deadly stroke.  
Like Yáma with his staff is he,  
And his dread hand will slaughter thee.  
What can I more? My words can find  
No passage to thy stubborn mind.  
I go, great King, thy task to share,  
And may success attend thee there.”

With that reply and bold consent  
The giant king was well content.  
He strained Márícha to his breast  
And thus with joyful words addressed:  
“There spoke a hero dauntless still,  
Obedient to his master's will,  
Márícha's proper self once more:  
Some other took thy shape before.  
Come, mount my jewelled car that flies.  
Will-governed, through the yielding skies.  
These asses, goblin-faced, shall bear  
Us quickly through the fields of air.  
Attract the lady with thy shape,  
Then through the wood, at will, escape.  
And I, when she has no defence,  
Will seize the dame and bear her thence.”

Again Márícha made reply,  
 Consent and will to signify.  
 With rapid speed the giants two  
 From the calm hermit dwelling flew,  
 Borne in that wondrous chariot, meet  
 For some great God's celestial seat.  
 They from their airy path looked down  
 On many a wood and many a town,  
 On lake and river, brook and rill,  
 City and realm and towering hill.  
 Soon he whom giant hosts obeyed,  
 Márícha by his side, surveyed  
 The dark expanse of Dañdak wood  
 Where Ráma's hermit cottage stood.  
 They left the flying car, whereon  
 The wealth of gold and jewels shone,  
 And thus the giant king addressed  
 Márícha as his hand he pressed:

“Márícha, look! before our eyes  
 Round Ráma's home the plantains rise.  
 His hermitage is now in view:  
 Quick to the work we came to do!”

Thus Rávaṇ spoke, Márícha heard  
 Obedient to his master's word,  
 Threw off his giant shape and near  
 The cottage strayed a beauteous deer.  
 With magic power, by rapid change,  
 His borrowed form was fair and strange.  
 A sapphire tipped each horn with light;  
 His face was black relieved with white.  
 The turkis and the ruby shed  
 A glory from his ears and head.

His arching neck was proudly raised,  
And lazulites beneath it blazed.  
With roseate bloom his flanks were dyed,  
And lotus tints adorned his hide.  
His shape was fair, compact, and slight;  
His hoofs were carven lazulite.  
His tail with every changing glow  
Displayed the hues of Indra's bow.  
With glossy skin so strangely flecked,  
With tints of every gem bedecked.  
A light o'er Ráma's home he sent,  
And through the wood, where'er he went.  
The giant clad in that strange dress  
That took the soul with loveliness,  
To charm the fair Videhan's eyes  
With mingled wealth of mineral dyes,  
Moved onward, cropping in his way,  
The grass and grain and tender spray.  
His coat with drops of silver bright,  
A form to gaze on with delight,  
He raised his fair neck as he went  
To browse on bud and filament.  
Now in the Cassia grove he strayed,  
Now by the cot in plantains' shade.  
Slowly and slowly on he came  
To catch the glances of the dame,  
And the tall deer of splendid hue  
Shone full at length in Sítá's view.  
He roamed where'er his fancy chose  
Where Ráma's leafy cottage rose.  
Now near, now far, in careless ease,  
He came and went among the trees.  
Now with light feet he turned to fly,  
Now, reassured, again drew nigh:

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Now gambolled close with leap and bound,  
Now lay upon the grassy ground:  
Now sought the door, devoid of fear,  
And mingled with the troop of deer;  
Led them a little way, and thence  
Again returned with confidence.  
Now flying far, now turning back  
Emboldened on his former track,  
Seeking to win the lady's glance  
He wandered through the green expanse.  
Then thronging round, the woodland deer  
Gazed on his form with wondering fear;  
A while they followed where he led,  
Then snuffed the tainted gale and fled.  
The giant, though he longed to slay  
The startled quarry, spared the prey,  
And mindful of the shape he wore  
To veil his nature, still forbore.  
Then Sítá of the glorious eye,  
Returning from her task drew nigh;  
For she had sought the wood to bring  
Each loveliest flower of early spring.  
Now would the bright-eyed lady choose  
Some gorgeous bud with blending hues,  
Now plucked the mango's spray, and now  
The bloom from an Ásoka bough.  
She with her beauteous form, unmeet  
For woodland life and lone retreat,  
That wondrous dappled deer beheld  
Gemmed with rich pearls, unparalleled,  
His silver hair the lady saw,  
His radiant teeth and lips and jaw,  
And gazed with rapture as her eyes  
Expanded in their glad surprise.

And when the false deer's glances fell  
On her whom Ráma loved so well,  
He wandered here and there, and cast  
A luminous beauty as he passed;  
And Janak's child with strange delight  
Kept gazing on the unwonted sight.

## Canto XLIII. The Wondrous Deer.

She stooped, her hands with flowers to fill,  
But gazed upon the marvel still:  
Gazed on its back and sparkling side  
Where silver hues with golden vied.  
Joyous was she of faultless mould,  
With glossy skin like polished gold.  
And loudly to her husband cried  
And bow-armed Lakshmaṇ by his side:  
Again, again she called in glee:  
“O come this glorious creature see;  
Quick, quick, my lord, this deer to view.  
And bring thy brother Lakshmaṇ too.”  
As through the wood her clear tones rang,  
Swift to her side the brothers sprang.  
With eager eyes the grove they scanned,  
And saw the deer before them stand.  
But doubt was strong in Lakshmaṇ's breast,  
Who thus his thought and fear expressed:

“Stay, for the wondrous deer we see  
 The fiend Márícha's self may be.  
 Ere now have kings who sought this place  
 To take their pastime in the chase,  
 Met from his wicked art defeat,  
 And fallen slain by like deceit.  
 He wears, well trained in magic guile,  
 The figure of a deer a while,  
 Bright as the very sun, or place  
 Where dwell the gay Gandharva race.  
 No deer, O Ráma, e'er was seen  
 Thus decked with gold and jewels' sheen.  
 'Tis magic, for the world has ne'er,  
 Lord of the world, shown aught so fair.”

But Sítá of the lovely smile,  
 A captive to the giant's wile,  
 Turned Lakshmaṇ's prudent speech aside  
 And thus with eager words replied:  
 “My honoured lord, this deer I see  
 With beauty rare enraptures me.  
 Go, chief of mighty arm, and bring  
 For my delight this precious thing.  
 Fair creatures of the woodland roam  
 Untroubled near our hermit home.  
 The forest cow and stag are there,  
 The fawn, the monkey, and the bear,  
 Where spotted deer delight to play,  
 And strong and beauteous Kinnars<sup>494</sup> stray.  
 But never, as they wandered by,  
 Has such a beauty charmed mine eye  
 As this with limbs so fair and slight,

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<sup>494</sup> A race of beings of human shape but with the heads of horses, like centaurs reversed.

So gentle, beautiful and bright.  
O see, how fair it is to view  
With jewels of each varied hue:  
Bright as the rising moon it glows,  
Lighting the wood where'er it goes.  
Ah me, what form and grace are there!  
Its limbs how fine, its hues how fair!  
Transcending all that words express,  
It takes my soul with loveliness.  
O, if thou would, to please me, strive  
To take the beauteous thing alive,  
How thou wouldst gaze with wondering eyes  
Delighted on the lovely prize!  
And when our woodland life is o'er,  
And we enjoy our realm once more,  
The wondrous animal will grace  
The chambers of my dwelling-place,  
And a dear treasure will it be  
To Bharat and the queens and me,  
And all with rapture and amaze  
Upon its heavenly form will gaze.  
But if the beauteous deer, pursued,  
Thine arts to take it still elude,  
Strike it, O chieftain, and the skin  
Will be a treasure, laid within.  
O, how I long my time to pass  
Sitting upon the tender grass,  
With that soft fell beneath me spread  
Bright with its hair of golden thread!  
This strong desire, this eager will,  
Befits a gentle lady ill:  
But when I first beheld, its look  
My breast with fascination took.  
See, golden hair its flank adorns,

And sapphires tip its branching horns.  
 Resplendent as the lunar way,  
 Or the first blush of opening day,  
 With graceful form and radiant hue  
 It charmed thy heart, O chieftain, too.”

He heard her speech with willing ear,  
 He looked again upon the deer.  
 Its lovely shape his breast beguiled  
 Moved by the prayer of Janak's child,  
 And yielding for her pleasure's sake,  
 To Lakshmaṇ Ráma turned and spake:

“Mark, Lakshmaṇ, mark how Sítá's breast  
 With eager longing is possessed.  
 To-day this deer of wondrous breed  
 Must for his passing beauty bleed,  
 Brighter than e'er in Nandan strayed,  
 Or Chaitraratha's heavenly shade.  
 How should the groves of earth possess  
 Such all-surpassing loveliness!  
 The hair lies smooth and bright and fine,  
 Or waves upon each curving line,  
 And drops of living gold bedeck  
 The beauty of his side and neck.  
 O look, his crimson tongue between  
 His teeth like flaming fire is seen,  
 Flashing, whene'er his lips he parts,  
 As from a cloud the lightning darts.  
 O see his sunlike forehead shine  
 With emerald tints and almandine,  
 While pearly light and roseate glow  
 Of shells adorn his neck below.  
 No eye on such a deer can rest

But soft enchantment takes the breast:  
No man so fair a thing behold  
Ablaze with light of radiant gold,  
Celestial, bright with jewels' sheen,  
Nor marvel when his eyes have seen.  
A king equipped with bow and shaft  
Delights in gentle forest craft,  
And as in boundless woods he strays  
The quarry for the venison slays.  
There as he wanders with his train  
A store of wealth he oft may gain.  
He claims by right the precious ore,  
He claims the jewels' sparkling store.  
Such gains are dearer in his eyes  
Than wealth that in his chamber lies,  
The dearest things his spirit knows,  
Dear as the bliss which Šukra chose.  
But oft the rich expected gain  
Which heedless men pursue in vain,  
The sage, who prudent counsels know,  
Explain and in a moment show.  
This best of deer, this gem of all,  
To yield his precious spoils must fall,  
And tender Sítá by my side  
Shall sit upon the golden hide.  
Ne'er could I find so rich a coat  
On spotted deer or sheep or goat.  
No buck or antelope has such,  
So bright to view, so soft to touch.  
This radiant deer and one on high  
That moves in glory through the sky,  
Alike in heavenly beauty are,  
One on the earth and one a star.  
But, brother, if thy fears be true,

And this bright creature that we view  
Be fierce Márícha in disguise,  
Then by this hand he surely dies.  
For that dire fiend who spurns control  
With bloody hand and cruel soul,  
Has roamed this forest and dismayed  
The holiest saints who haunt the shade.  
Great archers, sprung of royal race,  
Pursuing in the wood the chase,  
Have fallen by his wicked art,  
And now my shaft shall strike his heart.

[280] Vátápi, by his magic power  
Made heedless saints his flesh devour,  
Then, from within their frames he rent  
Forth bursting from imprisonment.  
But once his art in senseless pride  
Upon the mightiest saint he tried,  
Agastya's self, and caused him taste  
The baited meal before him placed.  
Vátápi, when the rite was o'er,  
Would take the giant form he wore,  
But Saint Agastya knew his wile  
And checked the giant with smile.  
“Vátápi, thou with cruel spite  
Hast conquered many an anchorite  
The noblest of the Bráhman caste,—  
And now thy ruin comes at last.”  
Now if my power he thus defies,  
This giant, like Vátápi dies,  
Daring to scorn a man like me,  
A self subduing devotee.  
Yea, as Agastya slew the foe,  
My hand shall lay Márícha low  
Clad in thine arms thy bow in hand,

To guard the Maithil lady stand,  
With watchful eye and thoughtful breast  
Keeping each word of my behest  
I go, and hunting through the brake  
This wondrous deer will bring or take.  
Yea surely I will bring the spoil  
Returning from my hunter's toil  
See, Lakshmaṇ how my consort's eyes  
Are longing for the lovely prize.  
This day it falls, that I may win  
The treasure of so fair a skin.  
Do thou and Sítá watch with care  
Lest danger seize you unaware.  
Swift from my bow one shaft will fly;  
The stricken deer will fall and die  
Then quickly will I strip the game  
And bring the trophy to my dame.

Jatáyus, guardian good and wise,  
Our old and faithful friend,  
The best and strongest bird that flies,  
His willing aid will lend  
The Maithil lady well protect,  
For every chance provide,  
And in thy tender care suspect  
A foe on every side.”

Thus having warned his brother bold  
He grasped his sword with haft of gold,  
And bow with triple flexure bent,  
His own delight and ornament;  
Then bound two quivers to his side,  
And hurried forth with eager stride.  
Soon as the antlered monarch saw  
The lord of monarchs near him draw,  
A while with trembling heart he fled,  
Then turned and showed his stately head.  
With sword and bow the chief pursued  
Where'er the fleeing deer he viewed  
Sending from dell and lone recess  
The splendour of his loveliness.  
Now full in view the creature stood  
Now vanished in the depth of wood;  
Now running with a languid flight,  
Now like a meteor lost to sight.  
With trembling limbs away he sped;  
Then like the moon with clouds o'erspread  
Gleamed for a moment bright between  
The trees, and was again unseen.  
Thus in the magic deer's disguise  
Máricha lured him to the prize,  
And seen a while, then lost to view,  
Far from his cot the hero drew.  
Still by the flying game deceived  
The hunter's heart was wroth and grieved,  
And wearied with the fruitless chase  
He stayed him in a shady place.  
Again the rover of the night  
Enraged the chieftain, full in sight,  
Slow moving in the coppice near,  
Surrounded by the woodland deer.

Again the hunter sought the game  
That seemed a while to court his aim:  
But seized again with sudden dread,  
Beyond his sight the creature fled.  
Again the hero left the shade,  
Again the deer before him strayed.  
With surer hope and stronger will  
The hunter longed his prey to kill.  
Then as his soul impatient grew,  
An arrow from his side he drew,  
Resplendent at the sunbeam's glow,  
The crusher of the smitten foe.  
With skillful heed the mighty lord  
Fixed well shaft and strained the cord.  
Upon the deer his eyes he bent,  
And like a fiery serpent went  
The arrow Brahma's self had framed,  
Alive with sparks that hissed and flamed,  
Like Indra's flashing levin, true  
To the false deer the missile flew  
Cleaving his flesh that wonderous dart  
Stood quivering in Márícha's heart.  
Scarce from the ground one foot he sprang,  
Then stricken fell with deadly pang.  
Half lifeless, as he pressed the ground,  
He gave a roar of awful sound  
And ere the wounded giant died  
He threw his borrowed form aside  
Remembering still his lord's behest  
He pondered in his heart how best  
Sítá might send her guard away,  
And Rávan seize the helpless prey.  
The monster knew the time was nigh,  
And called aloud with eager cry,

[281] “Ho, Sítá, Lakshmaṇ” and the tone  
He borrowed was like Rámá's own.

So by that matchless arrow cleft,  
The deer's bright form Márícha left,  
Resumed his giant shape and size  
And closed in death his languid eyes.  
When Rámá saw his awful foe  
Gasp, smeared with blood, in deadly throe,  
His anxious thoughts to Sítá sped,  
And the wise words that Lakshmaṇ said,  
That this was false Márícha's art,  
Returned again upon his heart.  
He knew the foe he triumphed o'er  
The name of great Márícha bore.  
“The fiend,” he pondered, 'ere he died,  
“Ho, Lakshmaṇ! ho, my Sítá!” cried  
Ah, if that cry has reached her ear,  
How dire must be my darling's fear!  
And Lakshmaṇ of the mighty arm,  
What thinks he in his wild alarm?  
As thus he thought in sad surmise,  
Each startled hair began to rise,  
And when he saw the giant slain  
And thought upon that cry again,  
His spirit sank and terror pressed  
Full sorely on the hero's breast.  
Another deer he chased and struck,  
He bore away the fallen buck,  
To Janasthán then turned his face  
And hastened to his dwelling place.

## Canto XLV. Lakshman's Departure.

But Sítá hearing as she thought,  
 Her husband's cry with anguish fraught,  
 Called to her guardian, "Lakshmaṇ, run  
 And in the wood seek Raghu's son.  
 Scarce can my heart retain its throne,  
 Scarce can my life be called mine own,  
 As all my powers and senses fail  
 At that long, loud and bitter wail.  
 Haste to the wood with all thy speed  
 And save thy brother in his need.  
 Go, save him in the distant glade  
 Where loud he calls, for timely aid.  
 He falls beneath some giant foe—  
 A bull whom lions overthrow."

Deaf to her prayer, no step he stirred  
 Obedient to his mother's word,  
 Then Janak's child, with ire inflamed,  
 In words of bitter scorn exclaimed exclaimed

"Sumitrá's son, a friend in show,  
 Thou art in truth thy brother's foe,  
 Who canst at such any hour deny  
 Thy succour and neglect his cry.  
 Yes, Lakshmaṇ, smit with love of me  
 Thy brother's death thou fain wouldst see.  
 This guilty love thy heart has swayed  
 And makes thy feet so loth to aid.  
 Thou hast no love for Ráma, no:  
 Thy joy is vice, thy thoughts are low  
 Hence thus unmoved thou yet canst stay  
 While my dear lord is far away.

If aught of ill my lord betide  
 Who led thee here, thy chief and guide,  
 Ah, what will be my hapless fate  
 Left in the wild wood desolate!"

Thus spoke the lady sad with fear,  
 With many a sigh and many a tear,  
 Still trembling like a captured doe:  
 And Lakshmaṇ spoke to calm her woe:

"Videhan Queen, be sure of this,—  
 And at the thought thy fear dismiss,—  
 Thy husband's mightier power defies  
 All Gods and angels of the skies,  
 Gandharvas, and the sons of light,  
 Serpents, and rovers of the night.  
 I tell thee, of the sons of earth,  
 Of Gods who boast celestial birth,  
 Of beasts and birds and giant hosts,  
 Of demigods, Gandharvas, ghosts,  
 Of awful fiends, O thou most fair,  
 There lives not one whose heart would dare  
 To meet thy Ráma in the fight,  
 Like Indra's self unmatched in might.  
 Such idle words thou must not say  
 Thy Ráma lives whom none may slay.  
 I will not, cannot leave thee here  
 In the wild wood till he be near.  
 The mightiest strength can ne'er withstand  
 His eager force, his vigorous hand.  
 No, not the triple world allied  
 With all the immortal Gods beside.  
 Dismiss thy fear, again take heart,  
 Let all thy doubt and woe depart.

Thy lord, be sure, will soon be here  
 And bring thee back that best of deer.  
 Not his, not his that mournful cry,  
 Nor haply came it from the sky.  
 Some giant's art was busy there  
 And framed a castle based on air.  
 A precious pledge art thou, consigned  
 To me by him of noblest mind,  
 Nor can I fairest dame, forsake  
 The pledge which Ráma bade me take.  
 Upon our heads, O Queen, we drew  
 The giants' hate when Ráma slew  
 Their chieftain Khara, and the shade  
 Of Janasthán in ruin laid.  
 Through all this mighty wood they rove  
 With varied cries from grove to grove  
 On rapine bent they wander here:  
 But O, dismiss thy causeless fear.”

Bright flashed her eye as Lakshman spoke  
 And forth her words of fury broke  
 Upon her truthful guardian, flung  
 With bitter taunts that pierced and stung:  
 “Shame on such false compassion, base  
 Defiler of thy glorious race!  
 'Twere joyous sight I ween to thee  
 My lord in direst strait to see.  
 Thou knowest Ráma sore bested,  
 Or word like this thou ne'er hadst said.  
 No marvel if we find such sin  
 In rivals false to kith and kin.  
 Wretches like thee of evil kind,  
 Concealing crime with crafty mind.  
 Thou, wretch, thine aid wilt still deny,

And leave my lord alone to die.  
 Has love of me unnerved thy hand,  
 Or Bharat's art this ruin planned?  
 But be the treachery his or thine,  
 In vain, in vain the base design.  
 For how shall I, the chosen bride  
 Of dark-hued Ráma, lotus-eyed,  
 The queen who once called Ráma mine,  
 To love of other men decline?  
 Believe me, Lakshmaṇ, Ráma's wife  
 Before thine eyes will quit this life,  
 And not a moment will she stay  
 If her dear lord have passed away.”

The lady's bitter speech, that stirred  
 Each hair upon his frame, he heard.  
 With lifted hands together laid,  
 His calm reply he gently made:

“No words have I to answer now:  
 My deity, O Queen, art thou.  
 But 'tis no marvel, dame, to find  
 Such lack of sense in womankind.  
 Throughout this world, O Maithil dame,  
 Weak women's hearts are still the same.  
 Inconstant, urged by envious spite,  
 They sever friends and hate the right.  
 I cannot brook, Videhan Queen,  
 Thy words intolerably keen.  
 Mine ears thy fierce reproaches pain  
 As boiling water seethes the brain.  
 And now to bear me witness all  
 The dwellers in the wood I call,  
 That, when with words of truth I plead,

This harsh reply is all my meed.  
 Ah, woe is thee! Ah, grief, that still  
 Eager to do my brother's will,  
 Mourning thy woman's nature, I  
 Must see thee doubt my truth and die.  
 I fly to Ráma's side, and Oh,  
 May bliss attend thee while I go!  
 May all attendant wood-gods screen  
 Thy head from harm, O large-eyed Queen!  
 And though dire omens meet my sight  
 And fill my soul with wild affright,  
 May I return in peace and see  
 The son of Raghu safe with thee!"

The child of Janak heard him speak,  
 And the hot tear-drops down her cheek,  
 Increasing to a torrent, ran,  
 As thus once more the dame began:  
 "O Lakshmaṇ, if I widowed be  
 Godávarí's flood shall cover me,  
 Or I will die by cord, or leap,  
 Life weary, from yon rocky steep;  
 Or deadly poison will I drink,  
 Or 'neath the kindled flames will sink,  
 But never, reft of Ráma, can  
 Consent to touch a meaner man."

The Maithil dame with many sighs,  
 And torrents pouring from her eyes,  
 The faithful Lakshmaṇ thus addressed,  
 And smote her hands upon her breast.  
 >Sumitrá's son, o'erwhelmed by fears,  
 Looked on the large-eyed queen:  
 He saw that flood of burning tears,

He saw that piteous mien.  
He yearned sweet comfort to afford,  
    He strove to soothe her pain;  
But to the brother of her lord  
    She spoke no word again.  
His reverent hands once more he raised,  
    His head he slightly bent,  
Upon her face he sadly gazed,  
    And then toward Ráma went.

## Canto XLVI. The Guest.

The angry Lakshman scarce could brook  
Her bitter words, her furious look.  
With dark forebodings in his breast  
To Ráma's side he quickly pressed.

Then ten necked Rávaṇ saw the time  
Propitious for his purposed crime.  
A mendicant in guise he came  
And stood before the Maithil dame.  
His garb was red, with tufted hair  
And sandalled feet a shade he bare,  
And from the fiend's left shoulder slung  
A staff and water-vessel hung.  
Near to the lovely dame he drew,  
While both the chiefs were far from view,  
As darkness takes the evening air  
When neither sun nor moon is there.  
He bent his eye upon the dame,  
A princess fair, of spotless fame:

So might some baleful planet be  
 Near Moon-forsaken Rohiní.<sup>495</sup>  
 As the fierce tyrant nearer drew,  
 The trees in Janasthán that grew  
 Waved not a leaf for fear and woe,  
 And the hushed wind forbore to blow.  
 Godávarí's waters as they fled,  
 Saw his fierce eye-balls flashing red,  
 And from each swiftly-gliding wave  
 A melancholy murmur gave.  
 Then Rávaṇ, when his eager eye  
 Beheld the longed-for moment nigh,  
 In mendicant's apparel dressed  
 Near to the Maithil lady pressed.  
 In holy guise, a fiend abhorred,  
 He found her mourning for her lord.  
 Thus threatening draws Śaniśchar<sup>496</sup> nigh  
 To Chitrá<sup>497</sup> in the evening sky;  
 Thus the deep well by grass concealed  
 Yawns treacherous in the verdant field.  
 He stood and looked upon the dame  
 Of Ráma, queen of spotless fame  
 With her bright teeth and each fair limb  
 Like the full moon she seemed to him,  
 Sitting within her leafy cot,  
 Weeping for woe that left her not.  
 Thus, while with joy his pulses beat,  
 He saw her in her lone retreat,  
 Eyed like the lotus, fair to view  
 In silken robes of amber hue.  
 Pierced to the core by Káma's dart

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<sup>495</sup> The favourite wife of the Moon.<sup>496</sup> The planet Saturn.<sup>497</sup> Another favourite of the Moon; one of the lunar mansions.

He murmured texts with lying art,  
And questioned with a soft address  
The lady in her loneliness.  
The fiend essayed with gentle speech  
The heart of that fair dame to reach,  
Pride of the worlds, like Beauty's Queen  
Without her darling lotus seen:

“O thou whose silken robes enfold  
A form more fair than finest gold,  
With lotus garland on thy head,  
Like a sweet spring with bloom o'erspread,  
Who art thou, fair one, what thy name,  
Beauty, or Honour, Fortune, Fame,  
Spirit, or nymph, or Queen of love  
Descended from thy home above?  
Bright as the dazzling jasmine shine  
Thy small square teeth in level line.  
Like two black stars aglow with light  
Thine eyes are large and pure and bright.  
Thy charms of smile and teeth and hair  
And winning eyes, O thou most fair,  
Steal all my spirit, as the flow  
Of rivers mines the bank below.  
How bright, how fine each flowing tress!  
How firm those orbs beneath thy dress!  
That dainty waist with ease were spanned,  
Sweet lady, by a lover's hand.  
Mine eyes, O beauty, ne'er have seen  
Goddess or nymph so fair of mien,  
Or bright Gandharva's heavenly dame,  
Or woman of so perfect frame.  
In youth's soft prime thy years are few,  
And earth has naught so fair to view.

I marvel one like thee in face  
 Should make the woods her dwelling-place.  
 Leave, lady, leave this lone retreat  
 In forest wilds for thee unmeet,  
 Where giants fierce and strong assume  
 All shapes and wander in the gloom.  
 These dainty feet were formed to tread  
 Some palace floor with carpets spread,  
 Or wander in trim gardens where  
 Each opening bud perfumes the air.  
 The richest robe thy form should deck,  
 The rarest gems adorn thy neck,  
 The sweetest wreath should bind thy hair,  
 The noblest lord thy bed should share.  
 Art thou akin, O fair of form,  
 To Rudras,<sup>498</sup> or the Gods of storm,<sup>499</sup>  
 Or to the glorious Vasus<sup>500</sup>? How  
 Can less than these be bright as thou?  
 But never nymph or heavenly maid  
 Or Goddess haunts this gloomy shade.  
 Here giants roam, a savage race;  
 What led thee to so dire a place?  
 Here monkeys leap from tree to tree,  
 And bears and tigers wander free;  
 Here ravening lions prowl, and fell  
 Hyenas in the thickets yell,  
 And elephants infuriate roam,  
 Mighty and fierce, their woodland home.  
 Dost thou not dread, so soft and fair,  
 Tiger and lion, wolf and bear?

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<sup>498</sup> The Rudras, agents in creation, are eight in number; they sprang from the forehead of Brahmá.

<sup>499</sup> Maruts, the attendants of Indra.

<sup>500</sup> Radiant demi-gods.

Hast thou, O beauteous dame, no fear  
 In the wild wood so lone and drear?  
 Whose and who art thou? whence and why  
 Sweet lady, with no guardian nigh,  
 Dost thou this awful forest tread  
 By giant bands inhabited?"

The praise the high-souled Rávaṇ spoke  
 No doubt within her bosom woke.  
 His saintly look and Bráhman guise  
 Deceived the lady's trusting eyes.  
 With due attention on the guest  
 Her hospitable rites she pressed.  
 She bade the stranger to a seat,  
 And gave him water for his feet.  
 The bowl and water-pot he bare,  
 And garb which wandering Bráhmans wear  
 Forbade a doubt to rise.  
 Won by his holy look she deemed  
 The stranger even as he seemed  
 To her deluded eyes.  
 Intent on hospitable care,  
 She brought her best of woodland fare,  
 And showed her guest a seat.  
 She bade the saintly stranger lave  
 His feet in water which she gave,  
 And sit and rest and eat.  
 He kept his eager glances bent  
 On her so kindly eloquent,  
 Wife of the noblest king;  
 And longed in heart to steal her thence,  
 Preparing by the dire offence,  
 Death on his head to bring.

The lady watched with anxious face  
For Ráma coming from the chase  
    With Lakshman by his side:  
But nothing met her wandering glance  
Save the wild forest's green expanse  
    Extending far and wide.

## Canto XLVII. Rávan's Wooing.

As, clad in mendicant's disguise,  
He questioned thus his destined prize,  
She to the seeming saintly man  
The story of her life began.  
“My guest is he,” she thought, “and I,  
To 'scape his curse, must needs reply:”  
“Child of a noble sire I spring  
From Janak, fair Videha's king.  
May every good be thine! my name  
Is Sítá, Ráma's cherished dame.  
Twelve winters with my lord I spent  
Most happily with sweet content  
In the rich home of Raghu's line,  
And every earthly joy was mine.  
Twelve pleasant years flew by, and then  
His peers advised the king of men,  
Ráma, my lord, to consecrate  
Joint ruler of his ancient state.  
But when the rites were scarce begun,  
To consecrate Ikshváku's son,  
The queen Kaikeyí, honoured dame,  
Sought of her lord an ancient claim.

Her plea of former service pressed,  
And made him grant her new request,  
To banish Ráma to the wild  
And consecrate instead her child.  
This double prayer on him, the best  
And truest king, she strongly pressed:  
“Mine eyes in sleep I will not close,  
Nor eat, nor drink, nor take repose.  
This very day my death shall bring  
If Ráma be anointed king.”  
As thus she spake in envious ire,  
The aged king, my husband's sire,  
Besought with fitting words; but she  
Was cold and deaf to every plea.  
As yet my days are few; eighteen  
The years of life that I have seen;  
And Ráma, best of all alive,  
Has passed of years a score and five—  
Ráma the great and gentle, through  
All region famed as pure and true,  
Large-eyed and mighty-armed and tall,  
With tender heart that cares for all.  
But Daśaratha, led astray  
By woman's wile and passion's sway,  
By his strong love of her impelled,  
The consecrating rites withheld.  
When, hopeful of the promised grace,  
My Ráma sought his father's face,  
The queen Kaikeyí, ill at ease,  
Spoke to my lord brief words like these:  
“Hear, son of Raghu, hear from me  
The words thy father says to thee:  
“I yield this day to Bharat's hand,  
Free from all foes, this ancient land.

Fly from this home no longer thine,  
And dwell in woods five years and nine.  
Live in the forest and maintain  
Mine honour pure from falsehood's stain.' ''  
Then Ráma spoke, untouched by dread:  
“Yea, it shall be as thou hast said.”  
And answered, faithful to his vows,  
Obeying Daśaratha's spouse:  
“The offered realm I would not take,  
But still keep true the words he spake.”  
Thus, gentle Bráhman, Ráma still  
Clung to his vow with firmest will.  
And valiant Lakshmaṇ, dear to fame,  
His brother by a younger dame,  
Bold victor in the deadly fray,  
Would follow Ráma on his way.  
On sternest vows his heart was set,  
And he, a youthful anchoret,  
Bound up in twisted coil his hair  
And took the garb which hermits wear;  
Then with his bow to guard us, he  
Went forth with Ráma and with me.  
By Queen Kaikeyí's art bereft  
The kingdom and our home we left,  
And bound by stern religious vows  
We sought this shade of forest boughs.  
Now, best of Bráhmans, here we tread  
These pathless regions dark and dread.  
But come, refresh thy soul, and rest  
Here for a while an honoured guest,  
For he, my lord, will soon be here  
With fresh supply of woodland cheer,  
Large store of venison of the buck,  
Or some great boar his hand has struck.

Meanwhile, O stranger, grant my prayer:  
 Thy name, thy race, thy birth declare,  
 And why with no companion thou  
 Roamest in Dañdak forest now.”

Thus questioned Sítá, Ráma's dame.  
 Then fierce the stranger's answer came:  
 “Lord of the giant legions, he  
 From whom celestial armies flee,—  
 The dread of hell and earth and sky,  
 Rávaṇ the Rákshas king am I.  
 Now when thy gold-like form I view  
 Arrayed in silks of amber hue,  
 My love, O thou of perfect mould,  
 For all my dames is dead and cold.  
 A thousand fairest women, torn  
 From many a land my home adorn.  
 But come, loveliest lady, be  
 The queen of every dame and me.  
 My city Lanká, glorious town,  
 Looks from a mountain's forehead down  
 Where ocean with his flash and foam  
 Beats madly on mine island home.  
 With me, O Sítá, shalt thou rove  
 Delighted through each shady grove,  
 Nor shall thy happy breast retain  
 Fond memory of this life of pain.  
 In gay attire, a glittering band,  
 Five thousand maids shall round thee stand,  
 And serve thee at thy beck and sign,  
 If thou, fair Sítá, wilt be mine.”

Then forth her noble passion broke  
As thus in turn the lady spoke:  
“Me, me the wife of Ráma, him  
The lion lord with lion's limb,  
Strong as the sea, firm as the rock,  
Like Indra in the battle shock.  
The lord of each auspicious sign,  
The glory of his princely line,  
Like some fair Bodh tree strong and tall,  
The noblest and the best of all,  
Ráma, the heir of happy fate  
Who keeps his word inviolate,  
Lord of the lion gait, possessed  
Of mighty arm and ample chest,  
Ráma the lion-warrior, him  
Whose moon bright face no fear can dim,  
Ráma, his bridled passions' lord,  
The darling whom his sire adored,—  
Me, me the true and loving dame  
Of Ráma, prince of deathless fame—  
Me wouldst thou vainly woo and press?  
A jackal woo a lioness!  
Steal from the sun his glory! such  
Thy hope Lord Ráma's wife to touch.  
Ha! Thou hast seen the trees of gold,  
The sign which dying eyes behold,  
Thus seeking, weary of thy life,  
To win the love of Ráma's wife.  
Fool! wilt thou dare to rend away  
The famished lion's bleeding prey,  
Or from the threatening jaws to take  
The fang of some envenomed snake?  
What, wouldst thou shake with puny hand

Mount Mandar,<sup>501</sup> towering o'er the land,  
 Put poison to thy lips and think  
 The deadly cup a harmless drink?  
 With pointed needle touch thine eye,  
 A razor to thy tongue apply,  
 Who wouldst pollute with impious touch  
 The wife whom Ráma loves so much?  
 Be round thy neck a millstone tied,  
 And swim the sea from side to side;  
 Or raising both thy hands on high  
 Pluck sun and moon from yonder sky;  
 Or let the kindled flame be pressed,  
 Wrapt in thy garment, to thy breast;  
 More wild the thought that seeks to win  
 Ráma's dear wife who knows not sin.  
 The fool who thinks with idle aim  
 To gain the love of Ráma's dame,  
 With dark and desperate footing makes  
 His way o'er points of iron stakes.  
 As Ocean to a bubbling spring,  
 The lion to a fox, the king  
 Of all the birds that ply the wing  
 To an ignoble crow  
 As gold to lead of little price,  
 As to the drainings of the rice  
 The drink they quaff in Paradise,  
 The Amrit's heavenly flow,  
 As sandal dust with perfume sweet  
 Is to the mire that soils our feet,  
 A tiger to a cat,  
 As the white swan is to the owl,  
 The peacock to the waterfowl,

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<sup>501</sup> The mountain which was used by the Gods as a churning stick at the Churning of the Ocean.

An eagle to a bat,  
Such is my lord compared with thee;  
And when with bow and arrows he,  
Mighty as Indra's self shall see  
    His foeman, armed to slay,  
Thou, death-doomed like the fly that sips  
The oil that on the altar drips,  
Shalt cast the morsel from thy lips  
    And lose thy half-won prey."

Thus in high scorn the lady flung  
The biting arrows of her tongue  
In bitter words that pierced and stung  
    The rover of the night.  
She ceased. Her gentle cheek grew pale,  
Her loosened limbs began to fail,  
And like a plantain in the gale  
    She trembled with affright.  
He terrible as Death stood nigh,  
And watched with fierce exulting eye  
    The fear that shook her frame.  
To terrify the lady more,  
He counted all his triumphs o'er,  
Proclaimed the titles that he bore,  
    His pedigree and name.

## Canto XLVIII. Rávan's Speech.

With knitted brow and furious eye  
The stranger made his fierce reply:  
"In me O fairest dame, behold  
The brother of the King of Gold.

The Lord of Ten Necks my title, named  
 Rávaṇ, for might and valour famed.  
 Gods and Gandharva hosts I scare;  
 Snakes, spirits, birds that roam the air  
 Fly from my coming, wild with fear,  
 Trembling like men when Death is near.  
 Vaiśravaṇ once, my brother, wrought  
 To ire, encountered me and fought,  
 But yielding to superior might  
 Fled from his home in sore affright.  
 Lord of the man-drawn chariot, still  
 He dwells on famed Kailásá's hill.  
 I made the vanquished king resign  
 The glorious car which now is mine,—  
 Pushpak, the far-renowned, that flies  
 Will-guided through the buxom skies.  
 Celestial hosts by Indra led  
 Flee from my face disquieted,  
 And where my dreaded feet appear  
 The wind is hushed or breathless is fear.  
 Where'er I stand, where'er I go  
 The troubled waters cease to flow,  
 Each spell-bound wave is mute and still  
 And the fierce sun himself is chill.  
 Beyond the sea my Lanká stands  
 Filled with fierce forms and giant bands,  
 A glorious city fair to see  
 As Indra's Amarávatí.  
 A towering height of solid wall,  
 Flashing afar, surrounds it all,  
 Its golden courts enchant the sight,  
 And gates aglow with lazulite.  
 Steeds, elephants, and cars are there,  
 And drums' loud music fills the air,

Fair trees in lovely gardens grow  
 Whose boughs with varied fruitage glow.  
 Thou, beauteous Queen, with me shalt dwell  
 In halls that suit a princess well,  
 Thy former fellows shall forget  
 Nor think of women with regret,  
 No earthly joy thy soul shall miss,  
 And take its fill of heavenly bliss.  
 Of mortal Ráma think no more,  
 Whose terms of days will soon be o'er.  
 King Daśaratha looked in scorn  
 On Ráma though the eldest born,  
 Sent to the woods the weakling fool,  
 And set his darling son to rule.  
 What, O thou large-eyed dame, hast thou  
 To do with fallen Ráma now,  
 From home and kingdom forced to fly,  
 A wretched hermit soon to die?  
 Accept thy lover, nor refuse  
 The giant king who fondly woos.  
 O listen, nor reject in scorn  
 A heart by Káma's arrows torn.  
 If thou refuse to hear my prayer,  
 Of grief and coming woe beware;  
 For the sad fate will fall on thee  
 Which came on hapless Urváśí,  
 When with her foot she chanced to touch  
 Purúravas, and sorrowed much.<sup>502</sup>.  
 My little finger raised in fight  
 Were more than match for Ráma's might.  
 O fairest, blithe and happy be  
 With him whom fortune sends to thee.”

<sup>502</sup> The story will be found in GARRETT'S {FNS *Classical Dictionary*. See ADDITIONAL NOTES {FNS

Such were the words the giant said,  
And Sítá's angry eyes were red.  
She answered in that lonely place  
The monarch of the giant race:

“Art thou the brother of the Lord  
Of Gold by all the world adored,  
And sprung of that illustrious seed  
Wouldst now attempt this evil deed?  
I tell thee, impious Monarch, all  
The giants by thy sin will fall,  
Whose reckless lord and king thou art,  
With foolish mind and lawless heart.  
Yea, one may hope to steal the wife  
Of Indra and escape with life.  
But he who Rámá's dame would tear  
From his loved side must needs despair.  
Yea, one may steal fair Šachí, dame  
Of Him who shoots the thunder flame,  
May live successful in his aim  
And length of day may see;  
But hope, O giant King, in vain,  
Though cups of Amrit thou may drain,  
To shun the penalty and pain  
Of wronging one like me.”

## Canto XLIX. The Rape Of Sítá.

The Rákshas monarch, thus addressed,  
His hands a while together pressed,  
And straight before her startled eyes  
Stood monstrous in his giant size.  
Then to the lady, with the lore  
Of eloquence, he spoke once more:  
“Thou scarce,” he cried, “hast heard aright  
The glories of my power and might.  
I borne sublime in air can stand  
And with these arms upheave the land,  
Drink the deep flood of Ocean dry  
And Death with conquering force defy,  
Pierce the great sun with furious dart  
And to her depths cleave earth apart.  
See, thou whom love and beauty blind,  
I wear each form as wills my mind.”

As thus he spake in burning ire  
His glowing eyes were red with fire.  
His gentle garb aside was thrown  
And all his native shape was shown.  
Terrific, monstrous, wild, and dread  
As the dark God who rules the dead,  
His fiery eyes in fury rolled,  
His limbs were decked with glittering gold.  
Like some dark cloud the monster showed,  
And his fierce breast with fury glowed.  
The ten-faced rover of the night,  
With twenty arms exposed to sight,  
His saintly guise aside had laid  
And all his giant height displayed.  
Attired in robes of crimson dye  
He stood and watched with angry eye  
The lady in her bright array

Resplendent as the dawn of day  
 When from the east the sunbeams break,  
 And to the dark-haired lady spake:  
 “If thou would call that lord thine own  
 Whose fame in every world is known,  
 Look kindly on my love, and be  
 Bride of a consort meet for thee.  
 With me let blissful years be spent,  
 For ne'er thy choice shalt thou repent.  
 No deed of mine shall e'er displease  
 My darling as she lives at ease.  
 Thy love for mortal man resign,  
 And to a worthier lord incline.  
 Ah foolish lady, seeming wise  
 In thine own weak and partial eyes,  
 By what fair graces art thou held  
 To Ráma from his realm expelled?  
 Misfortunes all his life attend,  
 And his brief days are near their end.  
 Unworthy prince, infirm of mind!  
 A woman spoke and he resigned  
 His home and kingdom and withdrew  
 From troops of friends and retinue.  
 And sought this forest dark and dread  
 By savage beasts inhabited.”

Thus Rávaṇ urged the lady meet  
 For love, whose words were soft and sweet.  
 Near and more near the giant pressed  
 As love's hot fire inflamed his breast.  
 The leader of the giant crew  
 His arm around the lady threw:  
 Thus Budha<sup>503</sup> with ill-omened might

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<sup>503</sup> Mercury: to be carefully distinguished from Buddha.

Steals Rohiní's delicious light.  
One hand her glorious tresses grasped,  
One with its ruthless pressure clasped  
The body of his lovely prize,  
The Maithil dame with lotus eyes.  
The silvan Gods in wild alarm  
Marked his huge teeth and ponderous arm,  
And from that Death-like presence fled,  
Of mountain size and towering head.  
Then seen was Rávan's magic car  
Aglow with gold which blazed afar,—  
The mighty car which asses drew  
Thundering as it onward flew.  
He spared not harsh rebuke to chide  
The lady as she moaned and cried,  
Then with his arm about her waist  
His captive in the car he placed.  
In vain he threatened: long and shrill  
Rang out her lamentation still,  
O Ráma! which no fear could stay:  
But her dear lord was far away.  
Then rose the fiend, and toward the skies  
Bore his poor helpless struggling prize:  
Hurrying through the air above  
The dame who loathed his proffered love.  
So might a soaring eagle bear  
A serpent's consort through the air.  
As on he bore her through the sky  
She shrieked aloud her bitter cry.  
As when some wretch's lips complain  
In agony of maddening pain;  
“O Lakshman, thou whose joy is still  
To do thine elder brother's will,  
This fiend, who all disguises wears,

From Ráma's side his darling tears.  
Thou who couldst leave bliss, fortune, all,  
Yea life itself at duty's call,  
Dost thou not see this outrage done  
To hapless me, O Raghu's son?  
'Tis thine, O victor of the foe,  
To bring the haughtiest spirit low,  
How canst thou such an outrage see  
And let the guilty fiend go free?  
Ah, seldom in a moment's time  
Comes bitter fruit of sin and crime,  
But in the day of harvest pain  
Comes like the ripening of the grain.  
So thou whom fate and folly lead  
To ruin for this guilty deed,  
Shalt die by Ráma's arm ere long  
A dreadful death for hideous wrong.  
Ah, too successful in their ends  
Are Queen Kaikeyí and her friends,  
When virtuous Ráma, dear to fame,  
Is mourning for his ravished dame.  
Ah me, ah me! a long farewell  
To lawn and glade and forest dell  
In Janasthán's wild region, where  
The Cassia trees are bright and fair  
With all your tongues to Ráma say  
That Rávaṇ bears his wife away.  
Farewell, a long farewell to thee,  
O pleasant stream Godávarí,  
Whose rippling waves are ever stirred  
By many a glad wild water-bird!  
All ye to Ráma's ear relate  
The giant's deed and Sítá's fate.  
O all ye Gods who love this ground

Where trees of every leaf abound,  
 Tell Ráma I am stolen hence,  
 I pray you all with reverence.  
 On all the living things beside  
 That these dark boughs and coverts hide,  
 Ye flocks of birds, ye troops of deer,  
 I call on you my prayer to hear.  
 All ye to Ráma's ear proclaim  
 That Rávaṇ tears away his dame  
 With forceful arms,—his darling wife,  
 Dearer to Ráma than his life.  
 O, if he knew I dwelt in hell,  
 My mighty lord, I know full well,  
 Would bring me, conqueror, back to-day,  
 Though Yáma's self reclaimed his prey.”

Thus from the air the lady sent  
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 With piteous voice her last lament,  
 And as she wept she chanced to see  
 The vulture on a lofty tree.  
 As Rávaṇ bore her swiftly by,  
 On the dear bird she bent her eye,  
 And with a voice which woe made faint  
 Renewed to him her wild complaint:

“O see, the king who rules the race  
 Of giants, cruel, fierce and base,  
 Rávaṇ the spoiler bears me hence  
 The helpless prey of violence.  
 This fiend who roves in midnight shade  
 By thee, dear bird, can ne'er be stayed,  
 For he is armed and fierce and strong  
 Triumphant in the power to wrong.  
 For thee remains one only task,

To do, kind friend, the thing I ask.  
To Ráma's ear by thee be borne  
How Sítá from her home is torn,  
And to the valiant Lakshmaṇ tell  
The giant's deed and what befell.”

## Canto L. Jatáyus.

The vulture from his slumber woke  
And heard the words which Sítá spoke  
He raised his eye and looked on her,  
Looked on her giant ravisher.  
That noblest bird with pointed beak,  
Majestic as a mountain peak,  
High on the tree addressed the king  
Of giants, wisely counselling:  
“O Ten-necked lord, I firmly hold  
To faith and laws ordained of old,  
And thou, my brother, shouldst refrain  
From guilty deeds that shame and stain.  
The vulture king supreme in air,  
Jatáyus is the name I bear.  
Thy captive, known by Sítá's name,  
Is the dear consort and the dame  
Of Ráma, Daśaratha's heir  
Who makes the good of all his care.  
Lord of the world in might he vies  
With the great Gods of seas and skies.  
The law he boasts to keep allows  
No king to touch another's spouse,  
And, more than all, a prince's dame

High honour and respect may claim.  
Back to the earth thy way incline,  
Nor think of one who is not thine.  
Heroic souls should hold it shame  
To stoop to deeds which others blame,  
And all respect by them is shown  
To dames of others as their own.  
Not every case of bliss and gain  
The Scripture's holy texts explain,  
And subjects, when that light is dim,  
Look to their prince and follow him.  
The king is bliss and profit, he  
Is store of treasures fair to see,  
And all the people's fortunes spring,  
Their joy and misery, from the king.  
If, lord of giant race, thy mind  
Be fickle, false, to sin inclined,  
How wilt thou kingly place retain?  
High thrones in heaven no sinners gain.  
The soul which gentle passions sway  
Ne'er throws its nobler part away,  
Nor will the mansion of the base  
Long be the good man's dwelling-place.  
Prince Ráma, chief of high renown,  
Has wronged thee not in field or town.  
Ne'er has he sinned against thee: how  
Canst thou resolve to harm him now?  
If moved by Šúrpañakhá's prayer  
The giant Khara sought him there,  
And fighting fell with baffled aim,  
His and not Ráma's is the blame.  
Say, mighty lord of giants, say  
What fault on Ráma canst thou lay?  
What has the world's great master done

That thou should steal his precious one?  
Quick, quick the Maithil dame release;  
Let Ráma's consort go in peace,  
Lest scorched by his terrific eye  
Beneath his wrath thou fall and die  
Like Vritra when Lord Indra threw  
The lightning flame that smote and slew.  
Ah fool, with blinded eyes to take  
Home to thy heart a venomous snake!  
Ah foolish eyes, too blind to see  
That Death's dire coils entangle thee!  
The prudent man his strength will spare,  
Nor lift a load too great to bear.  
Content is he with wholesome food  
Which gives him life and strength renewed,  
But who would dare the guilty deed  
That brings no fame or glorious meed,  
Where merit there is none to win  
And vengeance soon o'er takes the sin?  
My course of life, Pulastyá's son,  
For sixty thousand years has run.  
Lord of my kind I still maintain  
Mine old hereditary reign.  
I, worn by years, am older far  
Than thou, young lord of bow and car,  
In coat of glittering mail encased  
And armed with arrows at thy waist,  
But not unchallenged shalt thou go,  
Or steal the dame without a blow.  
Thou canst not, King, before mine eyes  
Bear off unchecked thy lovely prize,  
Safe as the truth of Scripture bent  
By no close logic's argument.  
Stay if thy courage let thee, stay

And meet me in the battle fray,  
And thou shalt stain the earth with gore  
Falling as Khara fell before.  
Soon Ráma, clothed in bark, shall smite  
Thee, his proud foe, in deadly fight,—  
Ráma, from whom have oft times fled  
The Daitya hosts discomfited.  
No power have I to kill or slay:  
The princely youths are far away,  
But soon shalt thou with fearful eye  
Struck down beneath their arrows lie.  
But while I yet have life and sense,  
Thou shalt not, tyrant, carry hence  
Fair Sítá, Ramá's honoured queen,  
With lotus eyes and lovely mien.  
Whate'er the pain, whate'er the cost,  
Though in the struggle life be lost,  
The will of Raghu's noblest son  
And Daśaratha must be done.  
Stay for a while, O Rávaṇ, stay,  
One hour thy flying car delay,  
And from that glorious chariot thou  
Shalt fall like fruit from shaken bough,  
For I to thee, while yet I live,  
The welcome of a foe will give.”

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Rávaṇ's red eyes in fury rolled:  
Bright with his armlets' flashing gold,  
In high disdain, by passion stirred  
He rushed against the sovereign bird.  
With clash and din and furious blows  
Of murderous battle met the foes:  
Thus urged by winds two clouds on high  
Meet warring in the stormy sky.  
Then fierce the dreadful combat raged  
As fiend and bird in war engaged,  
As if two winged mountains sped  
To dire encounter overhead.  
Keen pointed arrows thick and fast,  
In never ceasing fury cast,  
Rained hurtling on the vulture king  
And smote him on the breast and wing.  
But still that noblest bird sustained  
The cloud of shafts which Rávaṇ rained,  
And with strong beak and talons bent  
The body of his foeman rent.  
Then wild with rage the ten-necked king  
Laid ten swift arrows on his string,—  
Dread as the staff of Death were they,  
So terrible and keen to slay.  
Straight to his ear the string he drew,  
Straight to the mark the arrows flew,  
And pierced by every iron head  
The vulture's mangled body bled.  
One glance upon the car he bent  
Where Sítá wept with shrill lament,  
Then heedless of his wounds and pain  
Rushed at the giant king again.  
Then the brave vulture with the stroke  
Of his resistless talons broke

The giant's shafts and bow whereon  
The fairest pearls and jewels shone.  
The monster paused, by rage unmanned:  
A second bow soon armed his hand,  
Whence pointed arrows swift and true  
In hundreds, yea in thousands, flew.  
The monarch of the vultures, plied  
With ceaseless darts on every side,  
Showed like a bird that turns to rest  
Close covered by the branch-built nest.  
He shook his pinions to repel  
The storm of arrows as it fell;  
Then with his talons snapped in two  
The mighty bow which Rávan᳚ drew.  
Next with terrific wing he smote  
So fiercely on the giant's coat,  
The harness, glittering with the glow  
Of fire, gave way beneath the blow.  
With storm of murderous strokes he beat  
The harnessed asses strong and fleet,—  
Each with a goblin's monstrous face  
And plates of gold his neck to grace.  
Then on the car he turned his ire,—  
The will-moving car that shone like fire,  
And broke the glorious chariot, broke  
The golden steps and pole and yoke.  
The chouris and the silken shade  
Like the full moon to view displayed,  
Together with the guards who held  
Those emblems, to the ground he felled.  
The royal vulture hovered o'er  
The driver's head, and pierced and tore  
With his strong beak and dreaded claws  
His mangled brow and cheek and jaws.

With broken car and sundered bow,  
His charioteer and team laid low,  
One arm about the lady wound,  
Sprang the fierce giant to the ground.  
Spectators of the combat, all  
The spirits viewed the monster's fall:  
Lauding the vulture every one  
Cried with glad voice, Well done! well done!  
But weak with length of days, at last  
The vulture's strength was failing fast.  
The fiend again assayed to bear  
The lady through the fields of air.  
But when the vulture saw him rise  
Triumphant with his trembling prize,  
Bearing the sword that still was left  
When other arms were lost or cleft,  
Once more, impatient of repose,  
Swift from the earth her champion rose,  
Hung in the way the fiend would take,  
And thus addressing Rávan spake:  
“Thou, King of giants, rash and blind,  
Wilt be the ruin of thy kind,  
Stealing the wife of Ráma, him  
With lightning scars on chest and limb.  
A mighty host obeys his will  
And troops of slaves his palace fill;  
His lords of state are wise and true,  
Kinsmen has he and retinue.  
As thirsty travellers drain the cup,  
Thou drinkest deadly poison up.  
The rash and careless fool who heeds  
No coming fruit of guilty deeds,  
A few short years of life shall see,  
And perish doomed to death like thee.

Say whither wilt thou fly to loose  
Thy neck from Death's entangling noose,  
Caught like the fish that finds too late  
The hook beneath the treacherous bait?  
Never, O King—of this be sure—  
Will Raghu's fiery sons endure,  
Terrific in their vengeful rage,  
This insult to their hermitage.  
Thy guilty hands this day have done  
A deed which all reprove and shun,  
Unworthy of a noble chief,  
The pillage loved by coward thief.  
Stay, if thy heart allow thee, stay  
And meet me in the deadly fray.  
Soon shall thou stain the earth with gore,  
And fall as Khara fell before.  
The fruits of former deeds o'erpower  
The sinner in his dying hour:  
And such a fate on thee, O King,  
Thy tyranny and madness bring.  
Not e'en the Self-existent Lord,  
Who reigns by all the worlds adored,  
Would dare attempt a guilty deed  
Which the dire fruits of crime succeed."

Thus brave Jaṭáyus, best of birds,  
Addressed the fiend with moving words,  
Then ready for the swift attack  
Swooped down upon the giant's back.  
Down to the bone the talons went;  
With many a wound the flesh was rent:  
Such blows infuriate drivers deal  
Their elephants with pointed steel.  
Fixed in his back the strong beak lay,

The talons stripped the flesh away.  
He fought with claws and beak and wing,  
And tore the long hair of the king.  
Still as the royal vulture beat  
The giant with his wings and feet,  
Swelled the fiend's lips, his body shook  
With furious rage too great to brook.  
About the Maithil dame he cast  
One huge left arm and held her fast.  
In furious rage to frenzy fanned  
He struck the vulture with his hand.  
Jatáyus mocked the vain assay,  
And rent his ten left arms away.  
Down dropped the severed limbs: anew  
Ten others from his body grew:  
Thus bright with pearly radiance glide  
Dread serpents from the hillock side,  
Again in wrath the giant pressed  
The lady closer to his breast,  
And foot and fist sent blow on blow  
In ceaseless fury at the foe.  
So fierce and dire the battle, waged  
Between those mighty champions, raged:  
Here was the lord of giants, there  
The noblest of the birds of air.  
Thus, as his love of Ráma taught,  
The faithful vulture strove and fought.  
But Rávaṇ seized his sword and smote  
His wings and side and feet and throat.  
At mangled side and wing he bled;  
He fell, and life was almost fled.  
The lady saw her champion lie,  
His plumes distained with gory dye,  
And hastened to the vulture's side

Grieving as though a kinsman died.  
The lord of Lanká's island viewed  
    The vulture as he lay:  
Whose back like some dark cloud was hued,  
    His breast a paly grey,  
Like ashes, when by none renewed,  
    The flame has died away.  
The lady saw with mournful eye,  
    Her champion press the plain,—  
The royal bird, her true ally  
    Whom Rávan's might had slain.  
Her soft arms locked in strict embrace  
    Around his neck she kept,  
And lovely with her moon-bright face  
    Bent o'er her friend and wept.

## Canto LII. Rávan's Flight.

Fair as the lord of silvery rays  
Whom every star in heaven obeys,  
The Maithil dame her plaint renewed  
O'er him by Rávan's might subdued:  
“Dreams, omens, auguries foreshow  
Our coming lot of weal and woe:  
But thou, my Ráma, couldst not see  
The grievous blow which falls on thee.  
The birds and deer desert the brakes  
And show the path my captor takes,  
And thus e'en now this royal bird  
Flew to mine aid by pity stirred.  
Slain for my sake in death he lies,

The broad-winged rover of the skies.  
 O Ráma, haste, thine aid I crave:  
 O Lakshmaṇ, why delay to save?  
 Brave sons of old Ikshváku, hear  
 And rescue in this hour of fear.”

Her flowery wreath was torn and rent,  
 Crushed was each sparkling ornament.  
 She with weak arms and trembling knees  
 Clung like a creeper to the trees,  
 And like some poor deserted thing  
 With wild shrieks made the forest ring.  
 But swift the giant reached her side,  
 As loud on Ráma's name she cried.  
 Fierce as grim Death one hand he laid  
 Upon her tresses' lovely braid.  
 “That touch, thou impious King, shall be  
 The ruin of thy race and thee.”  
 The universal world in awe  
 That outrage on the lady saw,  
 All nature shook convulsed with dread,  
 And darkness o'er the land was spread.  
 The Lord of Day grew dark and chill,  
 And every breath of air was still.  
 The Eternal Father of the sky  
 Beheld the crime with heavenly eye,  
 And spake with solemn voice, “The deed,  
 The deed is done, of old decreed.”  
 Sad were the saints within the grove,  
 But triumph with their sorrow strove.  
 They wept to see the Maithil dame  
 Endure the outrage, scorn, and shame:  
 They joyed because his life should pay  
 The penalty incurred that day.

Then Rávaṇ raised her up, and bare  
His captive through the fields of air,  
Calling with accents loud and shrill  
On Ráma and on Lakshmaṇ still.  
With sparkling gems on arm and breast,  
In silk of paly amber dressed,  
High in the air the Maithil dame  
Gleamed like the lightning's flashing flame.  
The giant, as the breezes blew  
Upon her robes of amber hue,  
And round him twined that gay attire,  
Showed like a mountain girt with fire.  
The lady, fairest of the fair,  
Had wreathed a garland round her hair;  
Its lotus petals bright and sweet  
Rained down about the giant's feet.  
Her vesture, bright as burning gold,  
Gave to the wind each glittering fold,  
Fair as a gilded cloud that gleams  
Touched by the Day-God's tempered beams.  
Yet struggling in the fiend's embrace,  
The lady with her sweet pure face,  
Far from her lord, no longer wore  
The light of joy that shone before.  
Like some sad lily by the side  
Of waters which the sun has dried;  
Like the pale moon uprising through  
An autumn cloud of darkest hue,  
So was her perfect face between  
The arms of giant Rávaṇ seen:  
Fair with the charm of braided tress  
And forehead's finished loveliness;  
Fair with the ivory teeth that shed  
White lustre through the lips' fine red,

Fair as the lotus when the bud  
Is rising from the parent flood.  
With faultless lip and nose and eye,  
Dear as the moon that floods the sky  
With gentle light, of perfect mould,  
She seemed a thing of burnished gold,  
Though on her cheek the traces lay  
Of tears her hand had brushed away.  
But as the moon-beams swiftly fade  
Ere the great Day-God shines displayed,  
So in that form of perfect grace  
Still trembling in the fiend's embrace,  
From her beloved Ráma reft,  
No light of pride or joy was left.  
The lady with her golden hue  
O'er the swart fiend a lustre threw,  
As when embroidered girths enfold  
An elephant with gleams of gold.  
Fair as the lily's bending stem,—  
Her arms adorned with many a gem,  
A lustre to the fiend she lent  
Gleaming from every ornament,  
As when the cloud-shot flashes light  
The shadows of a mountain height.  
Whene'er the breezes earthward bore  
The tinkling of the zone she wore,  
He seemed a cloud of darkness hue  
Sending forth murmurs as it flew.  
As on her way the dame was sped  
From her sweet neck fair flowers were shed,  
The swift wind caught the flowery rain  
And poured it o'er the fiend again.  
The wind-stirred blossoms, sweet to smell,  
On the dark brows of Rávan fell,

Like lunar constellations set  
 On Meru for a coronet.  
 From her small foot an anklet fair  
 With jewels slipped, and through the air,  
 Like a bright circlet of the flame  
 Of thunder, to the valley came.  
 The Maithil lady, fair to see  
 As the young leaflet of a tree  
 Clad in the tender hues of spring,  
 Flashed glory on the giant king,  
 As when a gold-embroidered zone  
 Around an elephant is thrown.  
 While, bearing far the lady, through  
 The realms of sky the giant flew,  
 She like a gleaming meteor cast  
 A glory round her as she passed.  
 Then from each limb in swift descent  
 Dropped many a sparkling ornament:  
 On earth they rested dim and pale  
 Like fallen stars when virtues fail.<sup>504</sup>  
 Around her neck a garland lay  
 Bright as the Star-God's silvery ray:  
 It fell and flashed like Gangá sent  
 From heaven above the firmament.<sup>505</sup>  
 The birds of every wing had flocked  
 To stately trees by breezes rocked:  
 These bowed their wind-swept heads and said:  
 "My lady sweet, be comforted."  
 With faded blooms each brook within  
 Whose waters moved no gleamy fin,  
 Stole sadly through the forest dell

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<sup>504</sup> The spirits of the good dwell in heaven until their store of accumulated merit is exhausted. Then they redescend to earth in the form of falling stars.

<sup>505</sup> See The Descent of Gangá, Book I Canto XLIV.

Mourning the dame it loved so well.  
From every woodland region near  
Came lions, tigers, birds, and deer,  
And followed, each with furious look,  
The way her flying shadow took.  
For Sítá's loss each lofty hill  
Whose tears were waterfall, and rill,  
Lifting on high each arm-like steep,  
Seemed in the general woe to weep.  
When the great sun, the lord of day,  
Saw Rávaṇ tear the dame away,  
His glorious light began to fail  
And all his disk grew cold and pale.  
“If Rávaṇ from the forest flies  
With Ráma's Sítá as his prize,  
Justice and truth have vanished hence,  
Honour and right and innocence.”  
Thus rose the cry of wild despair  
From spirits as they gathered there.  
In trembling troops in open lawns  
Wept, wild with woe, the startled fawns,  
And a strange terror changed the eyes  
They lifted to the distant skies.  
On silvan Gods who love the dell  
A sudden fear and trembling fell,  
As in the deepest woe they viewed  
The lady by the fiend subdued.  
Still in loud shrieks was heard afar  
That voice whose sweetness naught could mar,  
While eager looks of fear and woe  
She bent upon the earth below.  
The lady of each winning wile  
With pearly teeth and lovely smile,  
Seized by the lord of Lanká's isle,

Looked down for friends in vain.  
She saw no friend to aid her, none,  
Not Rámá nor the younger son  
Of Daśaratha, and undone  
She swooned with fear and pain.

## Canto LIII. Sítá's Threats.

Soon as the Maithil lady knew  
That high through air the giant flew,  
Distressed with grief and sore afraid  
Her troubled spirit sank dismayed.  
Then, as anew the waters welled  
From those red eyes which sorrow swelled,  
Forth in keen words her passion broke,  
And to the fierce-eyed fiend she spoke:  
“Canst thou attempt a deed so base,  
Untroubled by the deep disgrace,—  
To steal me from my home and fly,  
When friend or guardian none was nigh?  
Thy craven soul that longed to steal,  
Fearing the blows that warriors deal,  
Upon a magic deer relied  
To lure my husband from my side,  
Friend of his sire, the vulture king  
Lies low on earth with mangled wing,  
Who gave his aged life for me  
And died for her he sought to free.  
Ah, glorious strength indeed is thine,  
Thou meanest of thy giant line,  
Whose courage dared to tell thy name

And conquer in the fight a dame.  
Does the vile deed that thou hast done  
Cause thee no shame, thou wicked one—  
A woman from her home to rend  
When none was near his aid to lend?  
Through all the worlds, O giant King,  
The tidings of this deed will ring,  
This deed in law and honour's spite  
By one who claims a hero's might.  
Shame on thy boasted valour, shame!  
Thy prowess is an empty name.  
Shame, giant, on this cursed deed  
For which thy race is doomed to bleed!  
Thou fliest swifter than the gale,  
For what can strength like thine avail?  
Stay for one hour, O Rávan, stay;  
Thou shalt not flee with life away.  
Soon as the royal chieftains' sight  
Falls on the thief who roams by night,  
Thou wilt not, tyrant, live one hour  
Though backed by all thy legions' power.  
Ne'er can thy puny strength sustain  
The tempest of their arrowy rain:  
Have e'er the trembling birds withheld  
The wild flames raging in the wood?  
Hear me, O Rávan, let me go,  
And save thy soul from coming woe.  
Or if thou wilt not set me free,  
Wroth for this insult done to me.  
With his brave brother's aid my lord  
Against thy life will raise his sword.  
A guilty hope inflames thy breast  
His wife from Ráma's home to wrest.  
Ah fool, the hope thou hast is vain;

Thy dreams of bliss shall end in pain.  
If torn from all I love by thee  
My godlike lord no more I see,  
Soon will I die and end my woes,  
Nor live the captive of my foes.  
Ah fool, with blinded eyes to choose  
The evil and the good refuse!  
So the sick wretch with stubborn will  
Turns fondly to the cates that kill,  
And madly draws his lips away  
From medicine that would check decay.

About thy neck securely wound  
The deadly coil of Fate is bound,  
And thou, O Rávan, dost not fear  
Although the hour of death is near.  
With death-doomed sight thine eyes behold  
The gleaming of the trees of gold,—  
See dread Vaitaraní, the flood  
That rolls a stream of foamy blood,—  
See the dark wood by all abhorred—  
Its every leaf a threatening sword.  
The tangled thickets thou shall tread  
Where thorns with iron points are spread.  
For never can thy days be long,  
Base plotter of this shame and wrong  
To Ráma of the lofty soul:  
He dies who drinks the poisoned bowl.  
The coils of death around thee lie:  
They hold thee and thou canst not fly.  
Ah whither, tyrant, wouldst thou run  
The vengeance of my lord to shun?  
By his unaided arm alone  
Were twice seven thousand fiends o'erthrown:  
Yes, in the twinkling of an eye

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He forced thy mightiest fiends to die.  
 And shall that lord of lion heart,  
 Skilled in the bow and spear and dart,  
 Spare thee, O fiend, in battle strife,  
 The robber of his darling wife?"

These were her words, and more beside,  
 By wrath and bitter hate supplied.  
 Then by her woe and fear o'erthrown  
 She wept again and made her moan.  
 As long she wept in grief and dread,  
 Scarce conscious of the words she said,  
 The wicked giant onward fled  
 And bore her through the air.  
 As firm he held the Maithil dame,  
 Still wildly struggling, o'er her frame  
 With grief and bitter misery came  
 The trembling of despair.

## Canto LIV. Lanká.

He bore her on in rapid flight,  
 And not a friend appeared in sight.  
 But on a hill that o'er the wood  
 Raised its high top five monkeys stood.  
 From her fair neck her scarf she drew,  
 And down the glittering vesture flew.  
 With earring, necklet, chain, and gem,  
 Descending in the midst of them:  
 "For these," she thought, "my path may show,  
 And tell my lord the way I go."

Nor did the fiend, in wild alarm,  
Mark when she drew from neck and arm  
And foot the gems and gold, and sent  
To earth each gleaming ornament.  
The monkeys raised their tawny eyes  
That closed not in their first surprise,  
And saw the dark-eyed lady, where  
She shrieked above them in the air.  
High o'er their heads the giant passed  
Holding the weeping lady fast.  
O'er Pampa's flashing flood he sped  
And on to Lanká's city fled.  
He bore away in senseless joy  
The prize that should his life destroy,  
Like the rash fool who hugs beneath  
His robe a snake with venomous teeth.  
Swift as an arrow from a bow,  
Speeding o'er lands that lay below,  
Sublime in air his course he took  
O'er wood and rock and lake and brook.  
He passed at length the sounding sea  
Where monstrous creatures wander free,—  
Seat of Lord Varuṇ's ancient reign,  
Controller of the eternal main.  
The angry waves were raised and tossed  
As Rávaṇ with the lady crossed,  
And fish and snake in wild unrest  
Showed flashing fin and gleaming crest.  
Then from the blessed troops who dwell  
In air celestial voices fell:  
“O ten-necked King,” they cried, “attend:  
This guilty deed will bring thine end.”

Then Rávaṇ speeding like the storm,  
 Bearing his death in human form,  
 The struggling Sítá, lighted down  
 In royal Lanká's glorious town;  
 A city bright and rich, that showed  
 Well-ordered street and noble road;  
 Arranged with just division, fair  
 With multitudes in court and square.  
 Thus, all his journey done, he passed  
 Within his royal home at last.  
 There in a queenly bower he placed  
 The black-eyed dame with dainty waist:  
 Thus in her chamber Mágá laid  
 The lovely Mágá, demon maid.  
 Then Rávaṇ gave command to all  
 The dread she-fiends who filled the hall:  
 "This captive lady watch and guard  
 From sight of man and woman barred.  
 But all the fair one asks beside  
 Be with unsparing hand supplied:  
 As though 'twere I that asked, withhold  
 No pearls or dress or gems or gold.  
 And she among you that shall dare  
 Of purpose or through want of care  
 One word to vex her soul to say,  
 Throws her unvalued life away."

Thus spake the monarch of their race  
 To those she-fiends who thronged the place,  
 And pondering on the course to take  
 Went from the chamber as he spake.  
 He saw eight giants, strong and dread,  
 On flesh of bleeding victims fed,  
 Proud in the boon which Brahmá gave,

And trusting in its power to save.  
He thus the mighty chiefs addressed  
Of glorious power and strength possessed:  
“Arm, warriors, with the spear and bow;  
With all your speed from Lanká go,  
For Janasthán, our own no more,  
Is now defiled with giants' gore;  
The seat of Khara's royal state  
Is left unto us desolate.  
In your brave hearts and might confide,  
And cast ignoble fear aside.  
Go, in that desert region dwell  
Where the fierce giants fought and fell.  
A glorious host that region held,  
For power and might unparalleled,  
By Dúshaṇ and brave Khara led,—  
All, slain by Ráma's arrows, bled.  
Hence boundless wrath that spurns control  
Reigns paramount within my soul,  
And naught but Ráma's death can sate  
The fury of my vengeful hate.  
I will not close my slumbering eyes  
Till by this hand my foeman dies.  
And when mine arm has slain the foe  
Who laid those giant princes low,  
Long will I triumph in the deed,  
Like one enriched in utmost need.  
Now go; that I this end may gain,  
In Janasthán, O chiefs, remain.  
Watch Ráma there with keenest eye,  
And all his deeds and movements spy.  
Go forth, no helping art neglect,  
Be brave and prompt and circumspect,  
And be your one endeavour still

To aid mine arm this foe to kill.  
 Oft have I seen your warrior might  
 Proved in the forehead of the fight,  
 And sure of strength I know so well  
 Send you in Janasthán to dwell."

The giants heard with prompt assent  
 The pleasant words he said,  
 And each before his master bent  
 For meet salute, his head.  
 Then as he bade, without delay,  
 From Lanká's gate they passed,  
 And hurried forward on their way  
 Invisible and fast.

## Canto LV. Sítá In Prison.

Thus Rávaṇ his commandment gave  
 To those eight giants strong and brave,  
 So thinking in his foolish pride  
 Against all dangers to provide.  
 Then with his wounded heart aflame  
 With love he thought upon the dame,  
 And took with hasty steps the way  
 To the fair chamber where she lay.  
 He saw the gentle lady there  
 Weighed down by woe too great to bear,  
 Amid the throng of fiends who kept  
 Their watch around her as she wept:  
 A pinnace sinking neath the wave  
 When mighty winds around her rave:  
 A lonely herd-forsaken deer,

When hungry dogs are pressing near.  
Within the bower the giant passed:  
Her mournful looks were downward cast.  
As there she lay with streaming eyes  
The giant bade the lady rise,  
And to the shrinking captive showed  
The glories of his rich abode,  
Where thousand women spent their days  
In palaces with gold ablaze;  
Where wandered birds of every sort,  
And jewels flashed in hall and court.  
Where noble pillars charmed the sight  
With diamond and lazulite,  
And others glorious to behold  
With ivory, crystal, silver, gold.  
There swelled on high the tambour's sound,  
And burnished ore was bright around  
He led the mournful lady where  
Resplendent gold adorned the stair,  
And showed each lattice fair to see  
With silver work and ivory:  
Showed his bright chambers, line on line,  
Adorned with nets of golden twine.  
Beyond he showed the Maithil dame  
His gardens bright as lightning's flame,  
And many a pool and lake he showed  
Where blooms of gayest colour glowed.  
Through all his home from view to view  
The lady sunk in grief he drew.  
Then trusting in her heart to wake  
Desire of all she saw, he spake:  
“Three hundred million giants, all  
Obedient to their master's call,  
Not counting young and weak and old,

Serve me with spirits fierce and bold.  
A thousand culled from all of these  
Wait on the lord they long to please.  
This glorious power, this pomp and sway,  
Dear lady, at thy feet I lay:  
Yea, with my life I give the whole,  
O dearer than my life and soul.  
A thousand beauties fill my hall:  
Be thou my wife and rule them all.  
O hear my supplication! why  
This reasonable prayer deny?  
Some pity to thy suitor show,  
For love's hot flames within me glow.  
This isle a hundred leagues in length,  
Encompassed by the ocean's strength,  
Would all the Gods and fiends defy  
Though led by Him who rules the sky.  
No God in heaven, no sage on earth,  
No minstrel of celestial birth,  
No spirit in the worlds I see  
A match in power and might for me.  
What wilt thou do with Ráma, him  
Whose days are short, whose light is dim,  
Expelled from home and royal sway,  
Who treads on foot his weary way?  
Leave the poor mortal to his fate,  
And wed thee with a worthier mate.  
My timid love, enjoy with me  
The prime of youth before it flee.  
Do not one hour the hope retain  
To look on Ráma's face again.  
For whom would wildest thought beguile  
To seek thee in the giants' isle?  
Say who is he has power to bind

In toils of net the rushing wind.  
Whose is the mighty hand will tame  
And hold the glory of the flame?  
In all the worlds above, below,  
Not one, O fair of form, I know  
Who from this isle in fight could rend  
The lady whom these arms defend.  
Fair Queen, o'er Lanká's island reign,  
Sole mistress of the wide domain.  
Gods, rovers of the night like me,  
And all the world thy slaves will be.  
O'er thy fair brows and queenly head  
Let consecrating balm be shed,  
And sorrow banished from thy breast,  
Enjoy my love and take thy rest.  
Here never more thy soul shall know  
The memory of thy former woe,  
And here shall thou enjoy the meed  
Deserved by every virtuous deed.  
Here garlands glow of flowery twine,  
With gorgeous hues and scent divine.  
Take gold and gems and rich attire:  
Enjoy with me thy heart's desire.  
There stand, of chariots far the best,  
The car my brother once possessed.  
Which, victor in the stricken field,  
I forced the Lord of Gold to yield.  
'Tis wide and high and nobly wrought,  
Bright as the sun and swift as thought.  
Therein O Sítá, shalt thou ride  
Delighted by thy lover's side.  
But sorrow mars with lingering trace  
The splendour of thy lotus face.  
A cloud of woe is o'er it spread,

And all the light of joy is fled.”

The lady, by her woe distressed,  
One corner of her raiment pressed  
To her sad cheek like moonlight clear,  
And wiped away a falling tear.  
The rover of the night renewed  
His eager pleading as he viewed  
The lady stand like one distraught,  
Striving to fix her wandering thought:

“Think not, sweet lady, of the shame  
Of broken vows, nor fear the blame.  
The saints approve with favouring eyes  
This union knit with marriage ties.  
O beauty, at thy radiant feet  
I lay my heads, and thus entreat.  
One word of grace, one look I crave:  
Have pity on thy prostrate slave.  
These idle words I speak are vain,  
Wrung forth by love's consuming pain,  
And ne'er of Rávaṇ be it said  
He wooed a dame with prostrate head.”  
Thus to the Maithil lady sued  
The monarch of the giant brood,  
And “She is now mine own,” he thought,  
In Death's dire coils already caught.

## Canto LVI. Sítá's Disdain.

His words the Maithil lady heard  
Oppressed by woe but undeterred.  
Fear of the fiend she cast aside,  
And thus in noble scorn replied:  
“His word of honour never stained  
King Daśaratha nobly reigned,  
The bridge of right, the friend of truth.  
His eldest son, a noble youth,  
Is Ráma, virtue's faithful friend,  
Whose glories through the worlds extend.  
Long arms and large full eyes has he,  
My husband, yea a God to me.  
With shoulders like the forest king's,  
From old Ikshváku's line he springs.  
He with his brother Lakshman's aid  
Will smite thee with the vengeful blade.  
Hadst thou but dared before his eyes  
To lay thine hand upon the prize,  
Thou stretched before his feet hadst lain  
In Janasthán like Khara slain.  
Thy boasted rovers of the night  
With hideous shapes and giant might,—  
Like serpents when the feathered king  
Swoops down with his tremendous wing,—  
Will find their useless venom fail  
When Ráma's mighty arms assail.  
The rapid arrows bright with gold,  
Shot from the bow he loves to hold,  
Will rend thy frame from flank to flank  
As Gangá's waves erode the bank.  
Though neither God nor fiend have power  
To slay thee in the battle hour,

Yet from his hand shall come thy fate,  
 Struck down before his vengeful hate.  
 That mighty lord will strike and end  
 The days of life thou hast to spend.  
 Thy days are doomed, thy life is sped  
 Like victims to the pillar led.  
 Yea, if the glance of Ráma bright  
 With fury on thy form should light,  
 Thou scorched this day wouldst fall and die  
 Like Káma slain by Rudra's eye.<sup>506</sup>  
 He who from heaven the moon could throw,  
 Or bid its bright rays cease to glow,—  
 He who could drain the mighty sea  
 Will set his darling Sítá free.  
 Fled is thy life, thy glory, fled  
 Thy strength and power: each sense is dead.  
 Soon Lanká widowed by thy guilt  
 Will see the blood of giants spilt.  
 This wicked deed, O cruel King,  
 No triumph, no delight will bring.  
 Thou with outrageous might and scorn  
 A woman from her lord hast torn.  
 My glorious husband far away,  
 Making heroic strength his stay,  
 Dwells with his brother, void of fear,  
 In Dañdak forest lone and drear.  
 No more in force of arms confide:  
 That haughty strength, that power and pride  
 My hero with his arrowy rain  
 From all thy bleeding limbs will drain.  
 When urged by fate's dire mandate, nigh  
 Comes the fixt hour for men to die.

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<sup>506</sup> See Book I Canto XXV.

Caught in Death's toils their eyes are blind,  
And folly takes each wandering mind.  
So for the outrage thou hast done  
The fate is near thou canst not shun,—  
The fate that on thyself and all  
Thy giants and thy town shall fall.  
I spurn thee: can the altar dight  
With vessels for the sacred rite,  
O'er which the priest his prayer has said,  
Be sullied by an outcaste's tread?  
So me, the consort dear and true  
Of him who clings to virtue too,  
Thy hated touch shall ne'er defile,  
Base tyrant lord of Lanká's isle.  
Can the white swan who floats in pride  
Through lilies by her consort's side,  
Look for one moment, as they pass,  
On the poor diver in the grass?  
This senseless body waits thy will,  
To torture, chain, to wound or kill.  
I will not, King of giants, strive  
To keep this fleeting soul alive  
But never shall they join the name  
Of Sítá with reproach and shame.”

Thus as her breast with fury burned  
Her bitter speech the dame returned.  
Such words of rage and scorn, the last  
She uttered, at the fiend she cast.  
Her taunting speech the giant heard,  
And every hair with anger stirred.  
Then thus with fury in his eye  
He made in threats his fierce reply:  
“Hear Maithil lady, hear my speech:

List to my words and ponder each.  
If o'er thy head twelve months shall fly  
And thou thy love wilt still deny,  
My cooks shall mince thy flesh with steel  
And serve it for my morning meal.”

Thus with terrific threats to her  
Spake Rávaṇ, cruel ravener.  
Mad with the rage her answer woke  
He called the fiendish train and spoke:  
“Take her, ye Rákshas dames, who fright  
With hideous form and mien the sight,  
Who make the flesh of men your food,—  
And let her pride be soon subdued.”  
He spoke, and at his word the band  
Of fiendish monsters raised each hand  
In reverence to the giant king,  
And pressed round Sítá in a ring.  
Rávaṇ once more with stern behest  
To those she-fiends his speech addressed:  
Shaking the earth beneath his tread,  
He stamped his furious foot and said:  
“To the Aśoka garden bear  
The dame, and guard her safely there  
Until her stubborn pride be bent  
By mingled threat and blandishment.  
See that ye watch her well, and tame,  
Like some she-elephant, the dame.”

They led her to that garden where  
The sweetest flowers perfumed the air,  
Where bright trees bore each rarest fruit,  
And birds, enamoured, ne'er were mute.  
Bowed down with terror and distress,  
Watched by each cruel giantess,—  
Like a poor solitary deer  
When ravening tigresses are near,—  
The hapless lady lay distraught  
Like some wild thing but newly caught,  
And found no solace, no relief  
From agonizing fear and grief;  
Not for one moment could forget  
Each terrifying word and threat,  
Or the fierce eyes upon her set

By those who watched around.  
She thought of Ráma far away,  
She mourned for Lakshmaṇ as she lay  
In grief and terror and dismay  
Half fainting on the ground.

## Canto LVII. Sítá Comforted.

Soon as the fiend had set her down  
Within his home in Lanká's town  
Triumph and joy filled Indra's breast,  
Whom thus the Eternal Sire addressed:

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“This deed will free the worlds from woe  
 And cause the giants' overthrow.  
 The fiend has borne to Lanká's isle  
 The lady of the lovely smile,  
 True consort born to happy fate  
 With features fair and delicate.  
 She looks and longs for Ráma's face,  
 But sees a crowd of demon race,  
 And guarded by the giant's train  
 Pines for her lord and weeps in vain.  
 But Lanká founded on a steep  
 Is girdled by the mighty deep,  
 And how will Ráma know his fair  
 And blameless wife is imprisoned there?  
 She on her woe will sadly brood  
 And pine away in solitude,  
 And heedless of herself, will cease  
 To live, despairing of release.  
 Yes, pondering on her fate, I see  
 Her gentle life in jeopardy.  
 Go, Indra, swiftly seek the place,  
 And look upon her lovely face.  
 Within the city make thy way:  
 Let heavenly food her spirit stay.”

Thus Brahma spake: and He who slew  
 The cruel demon Páka, flew  
 Where Lanká's royal city lay,  
 And Sleep went with him on his way.  
 “Sleep,” cried the heavenly Monarch, “close  
 Each giant's eye in deep repose.”

Thus Indra spoke, and Sleep fulfilled  
 With joy his mandate, as he willed,  
 To aid the plan the Gods proposed,  
 The demons' eyes in sleep she closed.  
 Then Śachi's lord, the Thousand-eyed,  
 To the Aśoka garden hied.  
 He came and stood where Sítá lay,  
 And gently thus began to say:  
 "Lord of the Gods who hold the sky,  
 Dame of the lovely smile, am I.  
 Weep no more, lady, weep no more;  
 Thy days of woe will soon be o'er.  
 I come, O Janak's child, to be  
 The helper of thy lord and thee.  
 He through my grace, with hosts to aid,  
 This sea-girt land will soon invade.  
 'Tis by my art that slumbers close  
 The eyelids of thy giant foes.  
 Now I, with Sleep, this place have sought,  
 Videhan lady, and have brought  
 A gift of heaven's ambrosial food  
 To stay thee in thy solitude.  
 Receive it from my hand, and taste,  
 O lady of the dainty waist:  
 For countless ages thou shall be  
 From pangs of thirst and hunger free."

But doubt within her bosom woke  
 As to the Lord of Gods she spoke:  
 "How may I know for truth that thou  
 Whose form I see before me now  
 Art verily the King adored  
 By heavenly Gods, and Śachi's lord?  
 With Raghu's sons I learnt to know

The certain signs which Godhead show.  
 These marks before mine eyes display  
 If o'er the Gods thou bear the sway."

The heavenly lord of Śachí heard,  
 And did according to her word.  
 Above the ground his feet were raised;  
 With eyelids motionless he gazed.  
 No dust upon his raiment lay,  
 And his bright wreath was fresh and gay.  
 Nor was the lady's glad heart slow  
 The Monarch of the Gods to know,  
 And while the tears unceasing ran  
 From her sweet eyes she thus began:  
 "My lord has gained a friend in thee,  
 And I this day thy presence see  
 Shown clearly to mine eyes, as when  
 Ráma and Lakshmaṇ, lords of men,  
 Beheld it, and their sire the king,  
 And Janak too from whom I spring.  
 Now I, O Monarch of the Blest,  
 Will eat this food at thy behest,  
 Which thou hast brought me, of thy grace,  
 To aid and strengthen Raghu's race."

She spoke, and by his words relieved,  
 The food from Indra's hand received,  
 Yet ere she ate the balm he brought,  
 On Lakshmaṇ and her lord she thought.  
 "If my brave lord be still alive,  
 If valiant Lakshmaṇ yet survive,  
 May this my taste of heavenly food  
 Bring health to them and bliss renewed!"

She ate, and that celestial food

Stayed hunger, thirst, and lassitude,  
And all her strength restored.  
Great joy her hopeful spirit stirred  
At the glad tidings newly heard  
    Of Lakshman and her lord.  
And Indra's heart was joyful too:  
He bade the Maithil dame adieu,  
    His saving errand done.  
With Sleep beside him parting thence  
He sought his heavenly residence  
    To prosper Raghu's son.

## Canto LVIII. The Brothers' Meeting.

When Ráma's deadly shaft had struck  
The giant in the seeming buck,  
The chieftain turned him from the place  
His homeward way again to trace.  
Then as he hastened onward, fain  
To look upon his spouse again,  
Behind him from a thicket nigh  
Rang out a jackal's piercing cry.  
Alarmed he heard the startling shriek  
That raised his hair and dimmed his cheek,  
And all his heart was filled with doubt  
As the shrill jackal's cry rang out:  
“Alas, some dire disaster seems  
Portended by the jackal's screams.  
O may the Maithil dame be screened  
From outrage of each hungry fiend!

Alas, if Lakshmaṇ chanced to hear  
 That bitter cry of woe and fear  
 What time Márícha, as he died,  
 With voice that mocked my accents cried,  
 Swift to my side the prince would flee  
 And quit the dame to succour me.  
 Too well I see the demon band  
 The slaughter of my love have planned.  
 Me far from home and Sítá's view  
 The seeming deer Márícha drew.  
 He led me far through brake and dell  
 Till wounded by my shaft he fell,  
 And as he sank rang out his cry,  
 "O save me, Lakshmaṇ, or I die."  
 May it be well with both who stayed  
 In the great wood with none to aid,  
 For every fiend is now my foe  
 For Janasthán's great overthrow,  
 And many an omen seen to-day  
 Has filled my heart with sore dismay."

Such were the thoughts and sad surmise  
 Of Ráma at the jackal's cries,  
 And all his heart within him burned  
 As to his cot his steps he turned.  
 He pondered on the deer that led  
 His feet to follow where it fled,  
 And sad with many a bitter thought  
 His home in Janasthán he sought.  
 His soul was dark with woe and fear  
 When flocks of birds and troops of deer  
 Move round him from the left, and raised  
 Discordant voices as they gazed.  
 The omens which the chieftain viewed

The terror of his soul renewed,  
When lo, to meet him Lakshmaṇ sped  
With brows whence all the light had fled.  
Near and more near the princes came,  
Each brother's heart and look the same;  
Alike on each sad visage lay  
The signs of misery and dismay,  
Then Ráma by his terror moved  
His brother for his fault reproved  
In leaving Sítá far from aid  
In the wild wood where giants strayed.  
Lakshmaṇ's left hand he took, and then  
In gentle tones the prince of men,  
Though sharp and fierce their tenour ran,  
Thus to his brother chief began:

“O Lakshmaṇ, thou art much to blame  
Leaving alone the Maithil dame,  
And flying hither to my side:  
O, may no ill my spouse betide!  
But ah, I know my wife is dead,  
And giants on her limbs have fed,  
So strange, so terrible are all  
The omens which my heart appal.  
O Lakshmaṇ, may we yet return  
The safety of my love to learn.  
To find the child of Janak still  
Alive and free from scathe and ill!  
Each bird with notes of warning screams,  
Though the hot sun still darts his beams.  
The moan of deer, the jackal's yell  
Of some o'erwhelming misery tell.  
O mighty brother, still may she,  
My princess, live from danger free!

That semblance of a golden deer  
     Allured me far away,  
 I followed nearer and more near,  
     And longed to take the prey.  
 I followed where the quarry fled:  
     My deadly arrow flew,  
 And as the dying creature bled,  
     The giant met my view.  
 Great fear and pain oppress my heart  
     That dreads the coming blow,  
 And through my left eye keenly dart  
     The throbs that herald woe.  
 Ah Lakshmaṇ, all these signs dismay,  
     My soul that sinks with dread,  
 I know my love is torn away,  
     Or, haply, she is dead."

## Canto LIX. Ráma's Return.

When Ráma saw his brother stand  
 With none beside him, all unmanned,  
 Eager he questioned why he came  
 So far without the Maithil dame:  
 "Where is my wife, my darling, she  
 Who to the wild wood followed me?  
 Where hast thou left my lady, where  
 The dame who chose my lot to share?  
 Where is my love who balms my woe  
 As through the forest wilds I go,  
 Unkinged and banished and disgraced,—  
 My darling of the dainty waist?

She nerves my spirit for the strife,  
She, only she gives zest to life,  
Dear as my breath is she who vies  
In charms with daughters of the skies.  
If Janak's child be mine no more,  
In splendour fair as virgin ore,  
The lordship of the skies and earth  
To me were prize of little worth.  
Ah, lives she yet, the Maithil dame,  
Dear as the soul within this frame?  
O, let not all my toil be vain,  
The banishment, the woe and pain!  
O, let not dark Kaikeyí win  
The guerdon of her treacherous sin,  
If, Sítá lost, my days I end,  
And thou without me homeward wend!  
O, let not good Kauśalyá shed  
Her bitter tears to mourn me dead,  
Nor her proud rival's hest obey,  
Strong in her son and queenly sway!  
Back to my cot will I repair  
If Sítá live to greet me there,  
But if my wife have perished, I  
Reft of my love will surely die.  
O Lakshmaṇ, if I seek my cot,  
Look for my love and find her not  
Sweet welcome with her smile to give,  
I tell thee, I will cease to live.  
O answer,—let thy words be plain,—  
Lives Sítá yet, or is she slain?  
Didst thou thy sacred trust betray  
Till ravening giants seized the prey?  
Ah me, so young, so soft and fair,  
Lapped in all bliss, untried by care,

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Rent from her own dear husband, how  
 Will she support her misery now?  
 That voice, O Lakshmaṇ smote thine ear,  
 And filled, I ween, thy heart with fear,  
 When on thy name for succour cried  
 The treacherous giant ere he died.  
 That voice too like mine own, I ween,  
 Was heard by the Videhan queen.  
 She bade thee seek my side to aid,  
 And quickly was the hest obeyed,  
 But ah, thy fault I needs must blame,  
 To leave alone the helpless dame,  
 And let the cruel giants sate  
 The fury of their murderous hate.  
 Those blood-devouring demons all  
 Grieve in their souls for Khara's fall,  
 And Sítá, none to guard her side,  
 Torn by their cruel hands has died.  
 I sink, O tamer of thy foes,  
 Deep in the sea of whelming woes.  
 What can I now? I must endure  
 The mighty grief that mocks at cure.”

Thus, all his thoughts on Sítá bent,  
 To Janasthán the chieftain went,  
 Hastening on with eager stride,  
 And Lakshmaṇ hurried by his side.  
 With toil and thirst and hunger worn,  
 His breast with doubt and anguish torn,  
 He sought the well-known spot.  
 Again, again he turned to chide  
 With quivering lips which terror dried:  
 He looked, and found her not.  
 Within his leafy home he sped,

Each pleasant spot he visited  
Where oft his darling strayed.  
“Tis as I feared,” he cried, and there,  
Yielding to pangs too great to bear,  
He sank by grief dismayed.

## Canto LX. Lakshman Reproved.

But Ráma ceased not to upbraid,  
His brother for untimely aid,  
And thus, while anguish wrung his breast,  
The chief with eager question pressed:  
“Why, Lakshmaṇ, didst thou hurry hence  
And leave my wife without defence?  
I left her in the wood with thee,  
And deemed her safe from jeopardy.  
When first thy form appeared in view,  
I marked that Sítá came not too.  
With woe my troubled soul was rent,  
Prophetic of the dire event.  
Thy coming steps afar I spied,  
I saw no Sítá by thy side,  
And felt a sudden throbbing dart  
Through my left eye, and arm, and heart.”

Lakshmaṇ, with Fortune's marks impressed,  
His brother mournfully addressed:  
“Not by my heart's free impulse led,  
Leaving thy wife to thee I sped;  
But by her keen reproaches sent,  
O Ráma, to thine aid I went.  
She heard afar a mournful cry,  
“O save me, Lakshmaṇ, or I die.”  
The voice that spoke in moving tone  
Smote on her ear and seemed thine own.  
Soon as those accents reached her ear  
She yielded to her woe and fear,  
She wept o'ercome by grief, and cried,  
“Fly, Lakshmaṇ, fly to Ráma's side.”  
Though many a time she bade me speed,  
Her urgent prayer I would not heed.  
I bade her in thy strength confide,  
And thus with tender words replied:  
“No giant roams the forest shade  
From whom thy lord need shrink dismayed.  
No human voice, believe me, spoke  
Those words thy causeless fear that woke.  
Can he whose might can save in woe  
The heavenly Gods e'er stoop so low,  
And with those piteous accents call  
For succour like a caitiff thrall?  
And why should wandering giants choose  
The accents of thy lord to use,  
In alien tones my help to crave,  
And cry aloud, O Lakshmaṇ, save?  
Now let my words thy spirit cheer,  
Compose thy thoughts and banish fear.  
In hell, in earth, or in the skies  
There is not, and there cannot rise

A champion whose strong arm can slay  
 Thy Ráma in the battle fray.  
 To heavenly hosts he ne'er would yield  
 Though Indra led them to the field.”  
 To soothe her thus I vainly sought:  
 Her heart with woe was still distraught.  
 While from her eyes the waters ran  
 Her bitter speech she thus began:  
 “Too well I see thy dark intent:  
 Thy lawless thoughts on me are bent.  
 Thou hopest, but thy hope is vain,  
 To win my love, thy brother slain.  
 Not love, but Bharat's dark decree  
 To share his exile counselled thee,  
 Or hearing now his bitter cry  
 Thou surely to his aid wouldest fly.  
 For love of me, a stealthy foe  
 Thou choosest by his side to go,  
 And now thou longest that my lord  
 Should die, and wilt no help afford.”

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Such were the words the lady said:  
 With angry fire my eyes were red.  
 With pale lips quivering in my rage  
 I hastened from the hermitage.”  
 He ceased; and frenzied by his pain  
 The son of Raghu spoke again:  
 “O brother, for thy fault I grieve,  
 The Maithil dame alone to leave.  
 Thou knowest that my arm is strong  
 To save me from the giant throng,  
 And yet couldst leave the cottage, spurred  
 To folly by her angry word.  
 For this thy deed I praise thee not,—

To leave her helpless in the cot,  
 And thus thy sacred charge forsake  
 For the wild words a woman spake.  
 Yea thou art all to blame herein,  
 And very grievous is thy sin.  
 That anger swayed thy faithless breast  
 And made thee false to my behest.  
 An arrow speeding from my bow  
 Has laid the treacherous giant low,  
 Who lured me eager for the chase  
 Far from my hermit dwelling-place.  
 The string with easy hand I drew,  
 The arrow as in pastime flew,  
 The wounded quarry bled.  
 The borrowed form was cast away,  
 Before mine eye a giant lay  
 With bright gold braceletted.  
 My arrow smote him in the chest:  
 The giant by the pain distressed  
 Raised his loud voice on high.  
 Far rang the mournful sound: mine own,  
 It seemed, were accent, voice, and tone,  
 They made thee leave my spouse alone  
 And to my rescue fly."

## Canto LXI. Ráma's Lament.

As Ráma sought his leafy cot  
 Through his left eye keen throbbings shot,  
 His wonted strength his frame forsook,  
 And all his body reeled and shook.

Still on those dreadful signs he thought,—  
Sad omens with disaster fraught,  
And from his troubled heart he cried,  
“O, may no ill my spouse betide!”  
Longing to gaze on Sítá's face  
He hastened to his dwelling-place,  
Then sinking neath his misery's weight,  
He looked and found it desolate.  
Tossing his mighty arms on high  
He sought her with an eager cry,  
From spot to spot he wildly ran  
Each corner of his home to scan.  
He looked, but Sítá was not there;  
His cot was disolate and bare,  
Like streamlet in the winter frost,  
The glory of her lilies lost.  
With leafy tears the sad trees wept  
As a wild wind their branches swept.  
Mourned bird and deer, and every flower  
Drooped fainting round the lonely bower.  
The silvan deities had fled  
The spot where all the light was dead,  
Where hermit coats of skin displayed,  
And piles of sacred grass were laid.  
He saw, and maddened by his pain  
Cried in lament again, again:  
“Where is she, dead or torn away,  
Lost, or some hungry giant's prey?  
Or did my darling chance to rove  
For fruit and blossoms though the grove?  
Or has she sought the pool or rill,  
Her pitcher from the wave to fill?”  
His eager eyes on fire with pain  
He roamed about with maddened brain.

Each grove and glade he searched with care,  
 He sought, but found no Sítá there.  
 He wildly rushed from hill to hill;  
 From tree to tree, from rill to rill,  
 As bitter woe his bosom rent  
 Still Rámá roamed with fond lament:  
 “O sweet Kadamba say has she  
 Who loved thy bloom been seen by thee?  
 If thou have seen her face most fair,  
 Say, gentle tree, I pray thee, where.  
 O Bel tree with thy golden fruit  
 Round as her breast, no more be mute,  
 Where is my radiant darling, gay  
 In silk that mocks thy glossy spray?  
 O Arjun, say, where is she now  
 Who loved to touch thy scented bough?  
 Do not thy graceful friend forget,  
 But tell me, is she living yet?  
 Speak, Basil, thou must surely know,  
 For like her limbs thy branches show,—  
 Most lovely in thy fair array  
 Of twining plant and tender spray.  
 Sweet Tila, fairest of the trees,  
 Melodious with the hum of bees,  
 Where is my darling Sítá, tell,—  
 The dame who loved thy flowers so well?  
 Ásoka, act thy gentle part,—  
 Named Heartsease,<sup>507</sup> give me what thou art,  
 To these sad eyes my darling show  
 And free me from this load of woe.  
 O Palm, in rich ripe fruitage dressed  
 Round as the beauties of her breast,

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<sup>507</sup> Ásoka is compounded of *a* not and *śoka* grief.

If thou have heart to know and feel,  
My peerless consort's fate reveal.  
Hast thou, Rose-apple, chanced to view  
My darling bright with golden hue?  
If thou have seen her quickly speak,  
Where is the dame I wildly seek?  
O glorious Cassia, thou art gay  
With all thy loveliest bloom to-day,  
Where is my dear who loved to hold  
In her full lap thy flowery gold?"  
To many a tree and plant beside,  
To Jasmin, Mango, Sál, he cried.  
"Say, hast thou seen, O gentle deer,  
The fawn-eyed Sítá wandering here?  
It may be that my love has strayed  
To sport with fawns beneath the shade,  
If thou, great elephant, have seen  
My darling of the lovely mien,  
Whose rounded limbs are soft and fine  
As is that lissome trunk of thine,  
O noblest of wild creatures, show  
Where is the dame thou needs must know.  
O tiger, hast thou chanced to see  
My darling? very fair is she,  
Cast all thy fear away, declare,  
Where is my moon-faced darling, where?  
There, darling of the lotus eye,  
I see thee, and 'tis vain to fly,  
Wilt thou not speak, dear love? I see  
Thy form half hidden by the tree.  
Stay if thou love me, Sítá, stay  
In pity cease thy heartless play.  
Why mock me now? thy gentle breast  
Was never prone to cruel jest.

'Tis vain behind yon bush to steal:  
 Thy shimmering silks thy path reveal.  
 Fly not, mine eyes pursue thy way;  
 For pity's sake, dear Sítá, stay.  
 Ah me, ah me, my words are vain;  
 My gentle love is lost or slain.  
 How could her tender bosom spurn  
 Her husband on his home-return?  
 Ah no, my love is surely dead,  
 Fierce giants on her flesh have fed,  
 Rending the soft limbs of their prey  
 When I her lord was far away.  
 That moon-bright face, that polished brow,  
 Red lips, bright teeth—what are they now?  
 Alas, my darling's shapely neck  
 She loved with chains of gold to deck,—  
 That neck that mocked the sandal scent,  
 The ruthless fiends have grasped and rent.  
 Alas, 'twas vain those arms to raise  
 Soft as the young tree's tender sprays.  
 Ah, dainty meal for giants' lips  
 Were arms and quivering finger tips.  
 Ah, she who counted many a friend  
 Was left for fiends to seize and rend,  
 Was left by me without defence  
 From ravening giants' violence.  
 O Lakshmaṇ of the arm of might,  
 Say, is my darling love in sight?  
 O dearest Sítá, where art thou?  
 Where is my darling consort now?"

Thus as he cried in wild lament  
 From grove to grove the mourner went,  
 Here for a moment sank to rest,

Then started up and onward pressed.  
Thus roaming on like one distraught  
Still for his vanished love he sought,  
He searched in wood and hill and glade,  
By rock and brook and wild cascade.  
Through groves with restless step he sped  
And left no spot unvisited.  
Through lawns and woods of vast extent  
Still searching for his love he went  
    With eager steps and fast.  
For many a weary hour he toiled,  
Still in his fond endeavour foiled,  
    Yet hoping to the last.

## Canto LXII. Ráma's Lament.

When all the toil and search was vain  
He sought his leafy home again.  
'Twas empty still: all scattered lay  
The seats of grass in disarray.  
He raised his shapely arms on high  
And spoke aloud with bitter cry:  
“Where is the Maithil dame?” he said,  
“O, whither has my darling fled?  
Who can have borne away my dame,  
Or feasted on her tender frame?  
If, Sítá hidden by some tree,  
Thou joyest still to mock at me,  
Cease, cease thy cruel sport, and take  
Compassion, or my heart will break.  
Bethink thee, love, the gentle fawns

With whom thou playest on the lawns,  
 Impatient for thy coming wait  
 With streaming eyes disconsolate.  
 Reft of my love, I needs must go  
 Hence to the shades weighed down by woe.  
 The king our sire will see me there,  
 And cry, “O perjured Ráma, where,  
 Where is thy faith, that thou canst speed  
 From exile ere the time decreed?”

Ah Sítá, whither hast thou fled  
 And left me here disquieted,  
 A hapless mourner, reft of hope,  
 Too feeble with my woe to cope?  
 E'en thus indignant Glory flies  
 The wretch who stains his soul with lies.  
 If thou, my love, art lost to view,  
 I in my woe must perish too.”

Thus Ráma by his grief distraught  
 Wept for the wife he vainly sought,  
 And Lakshmaṇ whose fraternal breast  
 Longed for his weal, the chief addressed  
 Whose soul gave way beneath the pain  
 When all his eager search was vain,  
 Like some great elephant who stands  
 Sinking upon the treacherous sands:  
 “Not yet, O wisest chief, despair;  
 Renew thy toil with utmost care.  
 This noble hill where trees are green  
 Has many a cave and dark ravine.  
 The Maithil lady day by day  
 Delighted in the woods to stray,  
 Deep in the grove she wanders still,

Or walks by blossom-covered rill,  
 Or fish-loved river stealing through  
 Tall clusters of the dark bamboo.  
 Or else the dame with arch design  
 To prove thy mood, O Prince, and mine,  
 Far in some sheltering thicket lies  
 To frighten ere she meet our eyes.  
 Then come, renew thy labour, trace  
 The lady to her lurking-place,  
 And search the wood from side to side  
 To know where Sítá loves to bide.  
 Collect thy thoughts, O royal chief,  
 Nor yield to unavailing grief.”

Thus Lakshmaṇ, by attention stirred,  
 To fresh attempts his brother spurred,  
 And Ráma, as he ceased, began  
 With Lakshmaṇ's aid each spot to scan.  
 In eager search their way they took  
 Through wood, o'er hill, by pool and brook,  
 They roamed each mount, nor spared to seek  
 On ridge and crag and towering peak.  
 They sought the dame in every spot;  
 But all in vain; they found her not.  
 Above, below, on every side  
 They ranged the hill, and Ráma cried,  
 “O Lakshmaṇ, O my brother still  
 No trace of Sítá on the hill!”  
 Then Lakshmaṇ as he roamed the wood  
 Beside his glorious brother stood,  
 And while fierce grief his bosom burned  
 This answer to the chief returned:  
 “Thou, Ráma, after toil and pain  
 Wilt meet the Maithil dame again,

As Vishṇu, Bali's might subdued,  
His empire of the earth renewed.”<sup>508</sup>

Then Ráma cried in mournful tone,  
His spirit by his woe o'erthrown;  
“The wood is searched from side to side,  
No distant spot remains untried,  
No lilyed pool, no streamlet where  
The lotus buds are fresh and fair.  
Our eyes have searched the hill with all  
His caves and every waterfall,—  
But ah, not yet I find my wife,  
More precious than the breath of life.”

As thus he mourned his vanished dame  
A mighty trembling seized his frame,  
And by o'erpowering grief assailed,  
His troubled senses reeled and failed.  
Too great to bear his misery grew,  
And many a long hot sigh he drew,  
Then as he wept and sobbed and sighed,  
“O Sítá, O my love!” he cried.  
Then Lakshmaṇ, joining palm to palm,  
Tried every art his woe to calm.  
But Ráma in his anguish heard  
Or heeded not one soothing word,  
Still for his spouse he mourned, and shrill  
Rang out his lamentation still.

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<sup>508</sup> See Book I Canto XXXI.

## Canto LXIII. Ráma's Lament.

Thus for his wife in vain he sought:  
Then, his sad soul with pain distraught,  
The hero of the lotus eyes  
Filled all the air with frantic cries.  
O'erpowered by love's strong influence, he  
His absent wife still seemed to see,  
And thus with accents weak and faint  
Renewed with tears his wild complaint:

“Thou, fairer than their bloom, my spouse,  
Art hidden by Aśoka boughs.  
Those blooms have power to banish care,  
But now they drive me to despair.  
Thine arms are like the plantain's stem:  
Why let the plantain cover them?  
Thou art not hidden, love; thy feet  
Betray thee in thy dark retreat.  
Thou runnest in thy girlish sport  
To flowery trees, thy dear resort.  
But cease, O cease, my love, I pray,  
To vex me with thy cruel play.  
Such mockery in a holy spot  
Where hermits dwell beseems thee not.  
Ah, now I see thy fickle mind  
To scornful mood too much inclined,  
Come, large-eyed beauty, I implore;  
Lone is the cot so dear before.

No, she is slain by giants; they  
 Have stolen or devoured their prey,  
 Or surely at my mournful cry  
 My darling to her lord would fly.  
 O Lakshmaṇ, see those troops of deer:  
 In each sad eye there gleams a tear.  
 Those looks of woe too clearly say  
 My consort is the giants' prey.  
 O noblest, fairest of the fair,  
 Where art thou, best of women, where?  
 This day will dark Kaikeyí find  
 Fresh triumph for her evil mind,  
 When I, who with my Sítá came  
 Return alone, without my dame.  
 But ne'er can I return to see  
 Those chambers where my queen should be  
 And hear the scornful people speak  
 Of Ráma as a coward weak.  
 For mine will be the coward's shame  
 Who let the foeman steal his dame.  
 How can I seek my home, or brook  
 Upon Videha's king to look?  
 How listen, when he bids me tell,  
 My wanderings o'er, that all is well?  
 He, when I meet his eager view,  
 Will mark that Sítá comes not too,  
 And when he hears the mournful tale  
 His wildered sense will reel and fail.  
 “O Daśaratha” will he cry,  
 “Blest in thy mansion in the sky!”  
 Ne'er to that town my steps shall bend,  
 That town which Bharat's arms defend,  
 For e'en the blessed homes above  
 Would seem a waste without my love.

Leave me, my brother, here, I pray;  
 To fair Ayodhyá bend thy way.  
 Without my love I cannot bear  
 To live one hour in blank despair.  
 Round Bharat's neck thy fond arms twine,  
 And greet him with these words of mine:  
 "Dear brother, still the power retain,  
 And o'er the land as monarch reign."  
 With salutation next incline  
 Before thy mother, his, and mine.  
 Still, brother, to my words attend,  
 And with all care each dame befriend.  
 To my dear mother's ear relate  
 My mournful tale and Sítá's fate."

Thus Ráma gave his sorrow vent,  
 And from a heart which anguish rent,  
 Mourned for his wife in loud lament,—

Her of the glorious hair,  
 From Lakshman's cheek the colour fled,  
 And o'er his heart came sudden dread,  
 Sick, faint, and sore disquieted  
 By woe too great to bear.

## Canto LXIV. Ráma's Lament.

Reft of his love, the royal chief,  
 Weighed down beneath his whelming grief,  
 Desponding made his brother share  
 His grievous burden of despair.  
 Over his sinking bosom rolled  
 The flood of sorrow uncontrolled.

And as he wept and sighed,  
 In mournful accents faint and slow  
 With words congenial to his woe,

To Lakshman thus he cried:  
 "Brother, I ween, beneath the sun,  
 Of all mankind there lives not one  
 So full of sin, whose hand has done  
 Such cursed deeds as mine.  
 For my sad heart with misery bleeds,  
 As, guerdon of those evil deeds,  
 Still greater woe to woe succeeds  
 In never-ending line.  
 A life of sin I freely chose,  
 And from my past transgression flows  
 A ceaseless flood of bitter woes  
 My folly to repay.  
 The fruit of sin has ripened fast,  
 Through many a sorrow have I passed,  
 And now the crowning grief at last  
 Falls on my head to-day.  
 From all my faithful friends I fled,  
 My sire is numbered with the dead,  
 My royal rank is forfeited,  
 My mother far away.  
 These woes on which I sadly think  
 Fill, till it raves above the brink,  
 The stream of grief in which I sink,—  
 The flood which naught can stay.  
 Ne'er, brother, ne'er have I complained;  
 Though long by toil and trouble pained,  
 Without a murmur I sustained  
 The woes of woodland life.  
 But fiercer than the flames that rise

When crackling wood the food supplies,—  
Flashing a glow through evening skies,—

This sorrow for my wife.  
Some cruel fiend has seized the prey  
And torn my trembling love away,  
While, as he bore her through the skies,  
She shrieked aloud with frantic cries,  
In tones of fear which, wild and shrill,  
Retained their native sweetness still.  
Ah me, that breast so soft and sweet,  
For sandal's precious perfume meet,  
Now all detained with dust and gore,  
Shall meet my fond caress no more.  
That face, whose lips with tones so clear  
Made pleasant music, sweet to hear,—  
With soft locks plaited o'er the brow,—  
Some giant's hand is on it now.  
It smiles not, as the dear light fails  
When Ráhu's jaw the moon assails.  
Ah, my true love! that shapely neck  
She loved with fairest chains to deck,  
The cruel demons rend, and drain  
The lifeblood from each mangled vein.  
Ah, when the savage monsters came  
And dragged away the helpless dame,  
The lady of the long soft eye  
Called like a lamb with piteous cry.  
Beneath this rock, O Lakshman, see,  
My peerless consort sat with me,  
And gently talked to thee the while,  
Her sweet lips opening with a smile.  
Here is that fairest stream which she  
Loved ever, bright Godávarí.  
Ne'er can the dame have passed this way:

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So far alone she would not stray,  
 Nor has my darling, lotus-eyed,  
 Sought lilies by the river's side,  
 For without me she ne'er would go  
 To streamlets where the wild flowers grow,  
 Tell me not, brother, she has strayed  
 To the dark forest's distant shade  
 Where blooming boughs are gay and sweet,  
 And bright birds love the cool retreat.  
 Alone my love would never dare,—  
 My timid love,—to wander there.

O Lord of Day whose eye sees all  
 We act and plan, on thee I call:  
 For naught is hidden from thy sight,—  
 Great witness thou of wrong and right.  
 Where is she, lost or torn away?  
 Dispel my torturing doubt and say.  
 And O thou Wind who blowest free,  
 The worlds have naught concealed from thee.  
 List to my prayer, reveal one trace  
 Of her, the glory of her race.  
 Say, is she stolen hence, or dead,  
 Or do her feet the forest tread?”

Thus with disordered senses, faint  
 With woe he poured his sad complaint,  
 And then, a better way to teach,  
 Wise Lakshman spoke in seemly speech:  
 “Up, brother dear, thy grief subdue,  
 With heart and soul thy search renew.  
 When woes oppress and dangers threat  
 Brave effort ne'er was fruitless yet.”

He spoke, but Ráma gave no heed  
 To valiant Lakshmaṇ's prudent rede.  
 With double force the flood of pain  
 Rushed o'er his yielding soul again.

## Canto LXV. Ráma's Wrath.

With piteous voice, by woe subdued,  
 Thus Raghu's son his speech renewed:

“Thy steps, my brother, quickly turn  
 To bright Godávarí and learn  
 If Sítá to the stream have hied  
 To cull the lilies on its side.”

Obedient to the words he said,  
 His brother to the river sped.  
 The shelving banks he searched in vain,  
 And then to Ráma turned again.

“I searched, but found her not,” he cried;  
 “I called aloud, but none replied.  
 Where can the Maithil lady stray,  
 Whose sight would chase our cares away?  
 I know not where, her steps untraced,  
 Roams Sítá of the dainty waist.”

When Ráma heard the words he spoke  
Again he sank beneath the stroke,  
And with a bosom anguish-fraught  
Himself the lovely river sought.  
There standing on the shelving side,  
“O Sítá, where art thou?” he cried.  
No spirit voice an answer gave,  
No murmur from the trembling wave  
Of sweet Godávarí declared  
The outrage which the fiend had dared.  
“O speak!” the pitying spirits cried,  
But yet the stream their prayer denied,  
Nor dared she, coldly mute, relate  
To the sad chief his darling's fate  
Of Rávaṇ's awful form she thought,  
And the dire deed his arm had wrought,  
And still withheld by fear dismayed,  
The tale for which the mourner prayed.  
When hope was none, his heart to cheer,  
That the bright stream his cry would hear  
While sorrow for his darling tore  
His longing soul he spake once more:  
“Though I have sought with tears and sighs  
Godárvarí no word replies,  
O say, what answer can I frame  
To Janak, father of my dame?  
Or how before her mother stand  
Leading no Sítá by the hand?  
Where is my loyal love who went  
Forth with her lord to banishment?  
Her faith to me she nobly held  
Though from my realm and home expelled,—  
A hermit, nursed on woodland fare,—  
She followed still and soothed my care.

Of all my friends am I bereft,  
 Nor is my faithful consort left.  
 How slowly will the long nights creep  
 While comfortless I wake and weep!  
 O, if my wife may yet be found,  
 With humble love I'll wander round  
 This Janasthán, Praśravan's hill,  
 Mandákiní's delightful rill.  
 See how the deer with gentle eyes  
 Look on my face and sympathize.  
 I mark their soft expression: each  
 Would soothe me, if it could, with speech.”

A while the anxious throng he eyed.  
 And “Where is Sítá, where?” he cried.  
 Thus while hot tears his utterance broke  
 The mourning son of Raghu spoke.  
 The deer in pity for his woes  
 Obeyed the summons and arose.  
 Upon his right thy stood, and raised  
 Their sad eyes up to heaven and gazed  
 Each to that quarter bent her look  
 Which Rávaṇ with his captive took.  
 Then Raghu's son again they viewed,  
 And toward that point their way pursued.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ watched their looks intent  
 As moaning on their way they went,  
 And marked each sign which struck his sense  
 With mute expressive influence,  
 Then as again his sorrow woke  
 Thus to his brother chief he spoke:  
 “Those deer thy eager question heard

And rose at once by pity stirred:  
 See, in thy search their aid they lend,  
 See, to the south their looks they bend.  
 Arise, dear brother, let us go  
 The way their eager glances show,  
 If haply sign or trace descried  
 Our footsteps in the search may guide.”

The son of Raghu gave assent,  
 And quickly to the south they went;  
 With eager eyes the earth he scanned,  
 And Lakshmaṇ followed close at hand.  
 As each to other spake his thought,  
 And round with anxious glances sought,  
 Scattered before them in the way,  
 Blooms of a fallen garland lay.  
 When Ráma saw that flowery rain  
 He spoke once more with bitterest pain:  
 “O Lakshmaṇ every flower that lies  
 Here on the ground I recognize.  
 I culled them in the grove, and there  
 My darling twined them in her hair.  
 The sun, the earth, the genial breeze  
 Have spared these flowers my soul to please.”

Then to that woody hill he prayed,  
 Whence flashed afar each wild cascade:  
 “O best of mountains, hast thou seen  
 A dame of perfect form and mien  
 In some sweet spot with trees o'ergrown,—  
 My darling whom I left alone?”  
 Then as a lion threats a deer  
 He thundered with a voice of fear:  
 “Reveal her, mountain, to my view

With golden limbs and golden hue.  
Where is my darling Sítá? speak  
Before I rend thee peak from peak.”

The mountain seemed her track to show,  
But told not all he sought to know.  
Then Daśaratha's son renewed  
His summons as the mount he viewed:  
“Soon as my flaming arrows fly,  
Consumed to ashes shall thou lie  
Without a herb or bud or tree,  
And birds no more shall dwell in thee.  
And if this stream my prayer deny,  
My wrath this day her flood shall dry,  
Because she lends no aid to trace  
My darling of the lotus face.”

Thus Ráma spake as though his ire  
Would scorch them with his glance of fire;  
Then searching farther on the ground  
The footprint of a fiend he found,  
And small light traces here and there,  
Where Sítá in her great despair,  
Shrieking for Ráma's help, had fled  
Before the giant's mighty tread.  
His careful eye each trace surveyed  
Which Sítá and the fiend had made,—  
The quivers and the broken bow  
And ruined chariot of the foe,—  
And told, distraught by fear and grief,  
His tidings to his brother chief:  
“O Lakshman, here,” he cried “behold  
My Sítá's earrings dropped with gold.  
Here lie her garlands torn and rent,

Here lies each glittering ornament.  
O look, the ground on every side  
With blood-like drops of gold is dyed.  
The fiends who wear each strange disguise  
Have seized, I ween, the helpless prize.  
My lady, by their hands o'erpowered,  
Is slaughtered, mangled, and devoured.  
Methinks two fearful giants came  
And waged fierce battle for the dame.  
Whose, Lakshman, was this mighty bow  
With pearls and gems in glittering row?  
Cast to the ground the fragments lie,  
And still their glory charms the eye.  
A bow so mighty sure was planned  
For heavenly God or giant's hand.  
Whose was this coat of golden mail  
Which, though its lustre now is pale,  
Shone like the sun of morning, bright  
With studs of glittering lazulite?  
Whose, Lakshman, was this bloom-wreathed shade  
With all its hundred ribs displayed?  
This screen, most meet for royal brow,  
With broken staff lies useless now.  
And these tall asses, goblin-faced,  
With plates of golden harness graced,  
Whose hideous forms are stained with gore  
Who is the lord whose yoke they bore?  
Whose was this pierced and broken car  
That shoots a flame-like blaze afar?  
Whose these spent shafts at random spread,  
Each fearful with its iron head,—  
With golden mountings fair to see,  
Long as a chariot's axle-tree?  
These quivers see, which, rent in twain,

Their sheaves of arrows still contain.  
Whose was this driver? Dead and cold,  
His hands the whip and reins still hold.  
See, Lakshmaṇ, here the foot I trace  
Of man, nay, one of giant race.  
The hatred that I nursed of old  
Grows mightier now a hundred fold  
Against these giants, fierce of heart,  
Who change their forms by magic art.  
Slain, eaten by the giant press,  
Or stolen is the votaress,  
Nor could her virtue bring defence  
To Sítá seized and hurried hence.  
O, if my love be slain or lost  
All hope of bliss for me is crossed.  
The power of all the worlds were vain  
To bring one joy to soothe my pain.  
The spirits with their blinded eyes  
Would look in wonder, and despise  
The Lord who made the worlds, the great  
Creator when compassionate.  
And so, I ween, the Immortals turn  
Cold eyes upon me now, and spurn  
The weakling prompt at pity's call,  
Devoted to the good of all.  
But from this day behold me changed,  
From every gentle grace estranged.  
Now be it mine all life to slay,  
And sweep these cursed fiends away.  
As the great sun leaps up the sky,  
And the cold moonbeams fade and die,  
So vengeance rises in my breast,  
One passion conquering all the rest.  
Gandharvas in their radiant place,

The Yakshas, and the giant race,  
Kinnars and men shall look in vain  
For joy they ne'er shall see again.  
The anguish of my great despair,  
O Lakshmaṇ, fills the heaven and air;  
And I in wrath all life will slay  
Within the triple world to-day.  
Unless the Gods in heaven who dwell  
Restore my Sítá safe and well,  
I armed with all the fires of Fate,  
The triple world will devastate.  
The troubled stars from heaven shall fall,  
The moon be wrapped in gloomy pall,  
The fire be quenched, the wind be stilled,  
The radiant sun grow dark and chilled;  
Crushed every mountain's towering pride,  
And every lake and river dried,  
Dead every creeper, plant, and tree,  
And lost for aye the mighty sea.  
Thou shalt the world this day behold  
In wild disorder uncontrolled,  
With dying life which naught defends  
From the fierce storm my bowstring sends.  
My shafts this day, for Sítá's sake,  
The life of every fiend shall take.  
The Gods this day shall see the force  
That wings my arrows on their course,  
And mark how far that course is held,  
By my unsparing wrath impelled.  
No God, not one of Daitya strain,  
Goblin or Rákshas shall remain.  
My wrath shall end the worlds, and all  
Demons and Gods therewith shall fall.  
Each world which Gods, the Dánav race,

And giants make their dwelling place,  
 Shall fall beneath my arrows sent  
 In fury when my bow is bent.  
 The arrows loosened from my string  
 Confusion on the worlds shall bring.  
 For she is lost or breathes no more,  
 Nor will the Gods my love restore.  
 Hence all on earth with life and breath  
 This day I dedicate to death.  
 All, till my darling they reveal,  
 The fury of my shafts shall feel."

Thus as he spake by rage impelled,  
 Red grew his eyes, his fierce lips swelled.  
 His bark coat round his form he drew  
 And coiled his hermit braids anew,  
 Like Rudra when he yearned to slay  
 The demon Tripur<sup>509</sup> in the fray.  
 So looked the hero brave and wise,  
 The fury flashing from his eyes.  
 Then Ráma, conqueror of the foe,  
 From Lakshmaṇ's hand received his bow,  
 Strained the great string, and laid thereon  
 A deadly dart that flashed and shone,  
 And spake these words as fierce in ire  
 As He who ends the worlds with fire:

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<sup>509</sup> An Asur or demon, king of Tripura, the modern Tipperah.

“As age and time and death and fate  
 All life with checkless power await,  
 So Lakshman in my wrath to-day  
 My vengeful might shall brook no stay,  
 Unless this day I see my dame  
 In whose sweet form is naught to blame,—  
 Yea, as before, my love behold  
 Fair with bright teeth and perfect mould,  
 This world shall feel a deadly blow  
 Destroyed with ruthless overthrow,  
 And serpent lords and Gods of air,  
 Gandharvas, men, the doom shall share.”

## Canto LXVI. Lakshman's Speech.

He stood incensed with eyes of flame,  
 Still mourning for his ravished dame,  
 Determined, like the fire of Fate,  
 To leave the wide world desolate.  
 His ready bow the hero eyed,  
 And as again, again he sighed,  
 The triple world would fain consume  
 Like Hara<sup>510</sup> in the day of doom.  
 Then Lakshman moved with sorrow viewed  
 His brother in unwonted mood,  
 And reverent palm to palm applied,  
 Thus spoke with lips which terror dried  
 “Thy heart was ever soft and kind,  
 To every creature's good inclined.

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<sup>510</sup> Šiva.

Cast not thy tender mood away,  
Nor yield to anger's mastering sway.  
The moon for gentle grace is known,  
The sun has splendour all his own,  
The restless wind is free and fast,  
And earth in patience unsurpassed.  
So glory with her noble fruit  
Is thine eternal attribute.  
O, let not, for the sin of one,  
The triple world be all undone.  
I know not whose this car that lies  
In fragments here before our eyes,  
Nor who the chiefs who met and fought,  
Nor what the prize the foemen sought;  
Who marked the ground with hoof and wheel,  
Or whose the hand that plied the steel  
Which left this spot, the battle o'er,  
Thus sadly dyed with drops of gore.  
Searching with utmost care I view  
The signs of one and not of two.  
Where'er I turn mine eyes I trace  
No mighty host about the place.  
Then mete not out for one offence  
This all-involving recompense.  
For kings should use the sword they bear,  
But mild in time should learn to spare,  
Thou, ever moved by misery's call,  
Wast the great hope and stay of all.  
Throughout this world who would not blame  
This outrage on thy ravished dame?  
Gandharvas, Dánavs, Gods, the trees,  
The rocks, the rivers, and the seas,  
Can ne'er in aught thy soul offend,  
As one whom holiest rites befriend.

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But him who dared to steal the dame  
 Pursue, O King, with ceaseless aim,  
 With me, the hermits' holy band,  
 And thy great bow to arm thy hand  
 By every mighty flood we'll seek,  
 Each wood, each hill from base to peak.  
 To the fair homes of Gods we'll fly,  
 And bright Gandharvas in the sky,  
 Until we reach, where'er he be,  
 The wretch who stole thy spouse from thee.  
 Then if the Gods will not restore  
 Thy Sítá when the search is o'er,  
 Then, royal lord of Kośal's land,  
 No longer hold thy vengeful hand.  
 If meekness, prayer, and right be weak  
 To bring thee back the dame we seek,  
 Up, brother, with a deadly shower  
 Of gold-bright shafts thy foes o'erpower,  
 Fierce as the flashing levin sent  
 From King Mahendra's firmament.

## Canto LXVII. Ráma Appeased.

As Ráma, pierced by sorrow's sting,  
 Lamented like a helpless thing,  
 And by his mighty woe distraught  
 Was lost in maze of troubled thought,  
 Sumitrá's son with loving care  
 Consoled him in his wild despair,  
 And while his feet he gently pressed  
 With words like these the chief addressed:

“For sternest vow and noblest deed  
 Was Daśaratha blessed with seed.  
 Thee for his son the king obtained,  
 Like Amrit by the Gods regained.  
 Thy gentle graces won his heart,  
 And all too weak to live apart  
 The monarch died, as Bharat told,  
 And lives on high mid Gods enrolled.  
 If thou, O Ráma, wilt not bear  
 This grief which fills thee with despair,  
 How shall a weaker man e'er hope,  
 Infirm and mean, with woe to cope?  
 Take heart, I pray thee, noblest chief:  
 What man who breathes is free from grief?  
 Misfortunes come and burn like flame,  
 Then fly as quickly as they came.  
 Yayáti son of Nahush reigned  
 With Indra on the throne he gained.  
 But falling for a light offence  
 He mourned a while the consequence.  
 Vaśishṭha, reverend saint and sage,  
 Priest of our sire from youth to age,  
 Begot a hundred sons, but they  
 Were smitten in a single day.<sup>511</sup>  
 And she, the queen whom all revere,  
 The mother whom we hold so dear,  
 The earth herself not seldom feels  
 Fierce fever when she shakes and reels.  
 And those twin lights, the world's great eyes,  
 On which the universe relies,—  
 Does not eclipse at times assail  
 Their brilliance till their fires grow pale?

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<sup>511</sup> See Book I, Canto LIX.

The mighty Powers, the Immortal Blest  
 Bend to a law which none contest.  
 No God, no bodied life is free  
 From conquering Fate's supreme decree.  
 E'en Śakra's self must reap the meed  
 Of virtue and of sinful deed.  
 And O great lord of men, wilt thou  
 Helpless beneath thy misery bow?  
 No, if thy dame be lost or dead,  
 O hero, still be comforted,  
 Nor yield for ever to thy woe  
 O'ermastered like the mean and low.  
 Thy peers, with keen far-reaching eyes,  
 Spend not their hours in ceaseless sighs;  
 In dire distress, in whelming ill  
 Their manly looks are hopeful still.  
 To this, great chief, thy reason bend,  
 And earnestly the truth perpend.  
 By reason's aid the wisest learn  
 The good and evil to discern.  
 With sin and goodness scarcely known  
 Faint light by chequered lives is shown;  
 Without some clear undoubted deed  
 We mark not how the fruits succeed.  
 In time of old, O thou most brave,  
 To me thy lips such counsel gave.  
 Vṛihaspati<sup>512</sup> can scarcely find  
 New wisdom to instruct thy mind.  
 For thine is wit and genius high  
 Meet for the children of the sky.  
 I rouse that heart benumbed by pain  
 And call to vigorous life again.

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<sup>512</sup> The preceptor of the Gods.

Be manly godlike vigour shown;  
 Put forth that noblest strength, thine own.  
 Strive, best of old Ikshváku's strain,  
 Strive till the conquered foe be slain.  
 Where is the profit or the joy  
 If thy fierce rage the worlds destroy?  
 Search till thou find the guilty foe,  
 Then let thy hand no mercy show.”

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## Canto LXVIII. Jatáyus.

Thus faithful Lakshmaṇ strove to cheer  
 The prince with counsel wise and clear.  
 Who, prompt to seize the pith of all,  
 Let not that wisdom idly fall.  
 With vigorous effort he restrained  
 The passion in his breast that reigned,  
 And leaning on his bow for rest  
 His brother Lakshmaṇ thus addressed:  
 “How shall we labour now, reflect;  
 Whither again our search direct?  
 Brother, what plan canst thou devise  
 To bring her to these longing eyes?”

To him by toil and sorrow tried  
 The prudent Lakshmaṇ thus replied:  
 “Come, though our labour yet be vain,  
 And search through Janasthán again,—  
 A realm where giant foes abound,  
 And trees and creepers hide the ground.  
 For there are caverns deep and dread,  
 By deer and wild birds tenanted,  
 And hills with many a dark abyss,  
 Grotto and rock and precipice.  
 There bright Gandharvas love to dwell,  
 And Kinnars in each bosky dell.  
 With me thy eager search to aid  
 Be every hill and cave surveyed.  
 Great chiefs like thee, the best of men,  
 Endowed with sense and piercing ken,  
 Though tried by trouble never fail,  
 Like rooted hills that mock the gale.”

Then Ráma, pierced by anger's sting,  
 Laid a keen arrow on his string,  
 And by the faithful Lakshmaṇ's side  
 Roamed through the forest far and wide.  
 Jaṭáyus there with blood-drops dyed,  
 Lying upon the ground he spied,  
 Huge as a mountain's shattered crest,  
 Mid all the birds of air the best.  
 In wrath the mighty bird he eyed,  
 And thus the chief to Lakshmaṇ cried:

“Ah me, these signs the truth betray;  
 My darling was the vulture's prey.  
 Some demon in the bird's disguise  
 Roams through the wood that round us lies.  
 On large-eyed Sítá he has fed,  
 And rests him now with wings outspread.  
 But my keen shafts whose flight is true,  
 Shall pierce the ravenous monster through.”

An arrow on the string he laid,  
 And rushing near the bird surveyed,  
 While earth to ocean's distant side  
 Trembled beneath his furious stride.  
 With blood and froth on neck and beak  
 The dying bird essayed to speak,  
 And with a piteous voice, distressed,  
 Thus Daśaratha's son addressed:

“She whom like some sweet herb of grace  
 Thou seekest in this lonely place,  
 Fair lady, is fierce Rávaṇ's prey,  
 Who took, beside, my life away.  
 Lakshman and thou had parted hence  
 And left the dame without defence.  
 I saw her swiftly borne away  
 By Rávaṇ's might which none could stay.  
 I hurried to the lady's aid,  
 I crushed his car and royal shade,  
 And putting forth my warlike might  
 Hurled Rávaṇ to the earth in fight.  
 Here, Ráma, lies his broken bow,  
 Here lie the arrows of the foe.  
 There on the ground before thee are  
 The fragments of his battle car.

There bleeds the driver whom my wings  
 Beat down with ceaseless buffettings.  
 When toil my aged strength subdued,  
 His sword my weary pinions hewed.  
 Then lifting up the dame he bare  
 His captive through the fields of air.  
 Thy vengeful blows from me restrain,  
 Already by the giant slain.”

When Ráma heard the vulture tell  
 The tale that proved his love so well,  
 His bow upon the ground he placed,  
 And tenderly the bird embraced:  
 Then to the earth he fell o'erpowered,  
 And burning tears both brothers showered,  
 For double pain and anguish pressed  
 Upon the patient hero's breast.  
 The solitary bird he eyed  
 Who in the lone wood gasped and sighed,  
 And as again his anguish woke  
 Thus Ráma to his brother spoke:

“Expelled from power the woods I tread,  
 My spouse is lost, the bird is dead.  
 A fate so sad, I ween, would tame  
 The vigour of the glorious flame.  
 If I to cool my fever tried  
 To cross the deep from side to side,  
 The sea,—so hard my fate,—would dry  
 His waters as my feet came nigh.  
 In all this world there lives not one  
 So cursed as I beneath the sun;  
 So strong a net of misery cast  
 Around me holds the captive fast,

Best of all birds that play the wing,  
Loved, honoured by our sire the king,  
The vulture, in my fate enwound,  
Lies bleeding, dying on the ground.”

Then Ráma and his brother stirred  
By pity mourned the royal bird,  
And, as their hands his limbs caressed,  
Affection for a sire expressed.  
And Ráma to his bosom strained  
The bird with mangled wings distained,  
With crimson blood-drops dyed.  
He fell, and shedding many a tear,  
“Where is my spouse than life more dear?  
Where is my love?” he cried.

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## Canto LXIX. The Death Of Jatáyus.

As Ráma viewed with heart-felt pain  
The vulture whom the fiend had slain,  
In words with tender love impressed  
His brother chief he thus addressed:

“This royal bird with faithful thought  
 For my advantage strove and fought.  
 Slain by the fiend in mortal strife  
 For me he yields his noble life.  
 See, Lakshmaṇ, how his wounds have bled;  
 His struggling breath will soon have fled.  
 Faint is his voice, and near to die,  
 He scarce can lift his trembling eye.  
 Jaṭáyus, if thou still can speak,  
 Give, give the answer that I seek.  
 The fate of ravished Sítá tell,  
 And how thy mournful chance befell.  
 Say why the giant stole my dame:  
 What have I done that he could blame?  
 What fault in me has Rávaṇ seen  
 That he should rob me of my queen?  
 How looked the lady's moon-bright cheek?  
 What were the words she found to speak?  
 His strength, his might, his deeds declare:  
 And tell the form he loves to wear.  
 To all my questions make reply:  
 Where does the giant's dwelling lie?”

The noble bird his glances bent  
 On Ráma as he made lament,  
 And in low accents faint and weak  
 With anguish thus began to speak:  
 “Fierce Rávaṇ, king of giant race,  
 Stole Sítá from thy dwelling-place.  
 He calls his magic art to aid  
 With wind and cloud and gloomy shade.  
 When in the fight my power was spent  
 My wearied wings he cleft and rent.  
 Then round the dame his arms he threw,

And to the southern region flew.  
 O Raghu's son, I gasp for breath,  
 My swimming sight is dim in death.  
 E'en now before my vision pass  
 Bright trees of gold with hair of grass,  
 The hour the impious robber chose  
 Brings on the thief a flood of woes.  
 The giant in his haste forgot  
 'Twas Vinda's hour,<sup>513</sup> or heeded not.  
 Those robbed at such a time obtain  
 Their plundered store and wealth again.  
 He, like a fish that takes the bait,  
 In briefest time shall meet his fate.  
 Now be thy troubled heart controlled  
 And for thy lady's loss consoled,  
 For thou wilt slay the fiend in fight  
 And with thy dame have new delight."

With senses clear, though sorely tried,  
 The royal vulture thus replied,  
 While as he sank beneath his pain  
 Forth rushed the tide of blood again.  
 "Him,<sup>514</sup> brother of the Lord of Gold,  
 Viśravas' self begot of old."  
 Thus spoke the bird, and stained with gore  
 Resigned the breath that came no more.

"Speak, speak again!" thus Ráma cried,  
 With reverent palm to palm applied,  
 But from the frame the spirit fled  
 And to the skiey regions sped.  
 The breath of life had passed away.  
 Stretched on the ground the body lay.

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<sup>513</sup> From the root *vid*, to find.

<sup>514</sup> Rávaṇ.

When Ráma saw the vulture lie,  
Huge as a hill, with darksome eye,  
With many a poignant woe distressed  
His brother chief he thus addressed:  
“Amid these haunted shades content  
Full many a year this bird has spent.  
His life in home of giants passed,  
In Daṇḍak wood he dies at last.

The years in lengthened course have fled  
Untroubled o'er the vulture's head,  
And now he lies in death, for none  
The stern decrees of Fate may shun.  
See, Lakshmaṇ, how the vulture fell  
While for my sake he battled well.  
And strove to free with onset bold  
My Sítá from the giant's hold.

Supreme amid the vulture kind  
His ancient rule the bird resigned,  
And conquered in the fruitless strife  
Gave for my sake his noble life.

O Lakshmaṇ, many a time we see  
Great souls who keep the law's decree,  
With whom the weak sure refuge find,  
In creatures of inferior kind.

The loss of her, my darling queen,  
Strikes with a pang less fiercely keen  
Than now this slaughtered bird to see  
Who nobly fought and died for me.

As Daśaratha, good and great,  
Was glorious in his high estate,  
Honoured by all, to all endeared,  
So was this royal bird revered.

Bring fuel for the funeral rite:  
These hands the solemn fire shall light

And on the burning pyre shall lay  
The bird who died for me to-day.  
Now on the gathered wood shall lie  
The lord of all the birds that fly,  
And I will burn with honours due  
My champion whom the giant slew.  
O royal bird of noblest heart,  
Graced with all funeral rites depart  
To bright celestial seats above,  
Rewarded for thy faithful love.  
Dwell in thy happy home with those  
Whose constant fires of worship rose.  
Live blest amid the unyielding brave,  
And those who land in largess gave.”

Sore grief upon his bosom weighed  
As on the pyre the bird he laid,  
And bade the kindled flame ascend  
To burn the body of his friend.  
Then with his brother by his side  
The hero to the forest hied.  
There many a stately deer he slew,  
The flesh around the bird to strew.  
The venison into balls he made,  
And on fair grass before him laid.  
Then that the parted soul might rise  
And find free passage to the skies,  
Each solemn word and text he said  
Which Bráhmans utter o'er the dead.  
Then hastening went the princely pair  
To bright Godávarí, and there  
Libations of the stream they poured  
In honour of the vulture lord,  
With solemn ritual to the slain,

As scripture's holy texts ordain.  
 Thus offerings to the bird they gave  
 And bathed their bodies in the wave.

The vulture monarch having wrought  
 A hard and glorious feat,  
 Honoured by Ráma sage in thought,  
 Soared to his blissful seat.  
 The brothers, when each rite was paid  
 To him of birds supreme,  
 Their hearts with new-found comfort stayed,  
 And turned them from the stream.  
 Like sovereigns of celestial race  
 Within the wood they came,  
 Each pondering the means to trace,  
 The captor of the dame.

## Canto LXX. Kabandha.

When every rite was duly paid  
 The princely brothers onward strayed,  
 And eager in the lady's quest  
 They turned their footsteps to the west.  
 Through lonely woods that round them lay  
 Ikshváku's children made their way,  
 And armed with bow and shaft and brand  
 Pressed onward to the southern land.  
 Thick trees and shrubs and creepers grew  
 In the wild grove they hurried through.  
 'Twas dark and drear and hard to pass  
 For tangled thorns and matted grass.

Still onward with a southern course  
They made their way with vigorous force,  
And passing through the mazes stood  
Beyond that vast and fearful wood.  
With toil and hardship yet unspent  
Three leagues from Janasthán they went,  
And speeding on their way at last  
Within the wood of Krauncha<sup>515</sup> passed:  
A fearful forest wild and black  
As some huge pile of cloudy rack,  
Filled with all birds and beasts, where grew  
Bright blooms of every varied hue.  
On Sítá bending every thought  
Through all the mighty wood they sought,  
And at the lady's loss dismayed  
Here for a while and there they stayed.  
Then turning farther eastward they  
Pursued three leagues their weary way,  
Passed Krauncha's wood and reached the grove  
Where elephants rejoiced to rove.  
The chiefs that awful wood surveyed  
Where deer and wild birds filled each glade,  
Where scarce a step the foot could take  
For tangled shrub and tree and brake.  
There in a mountain's woody side  
A cave the royal brothers spied,  
With dread abysses deep as hell,  
Where darkness never ceased to dwell.  
When, pressing on, the lords of men  
Stood near the entrance of the den,  
They saw within the dark recess  
A huge misshapen giantess;

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<sup>515</sup> Or Curlews' Wood.

A thing the timid heart that shook  
 With fearful shape and savage look.  
 Terrific fiend, her voice was fierce,  
 Long were her teeth to rend and pierce.  
 The monster gorged her horrid feast  
 Of flesh of many a savage beast,  
 While her long locks, at random flung,  
 Dishevelled o'er her shoulders hung.  
 Their eyes the royal brothers raised,  
 And on the fearful monster gazed.  
 Forth from her den she came and glanced  
 At Lakshmaṇ as he first advanced,  
 Her eager arms to hold him spread,  
 And "Come and be my love" she said,  
 Then as she held him to her breast,  
 The prince in words like these addressed:  
 "Behold thy treasure fond and fair:  
 Ayomukhi<sup>516</sup> the name I bear.  
 In thickets of each lofty hill,  
 On islets of each brook and rill,  
 With me delighted shalt thou play,  
 And live for many a lengthened day."

Enraged he heard the monster woo;  
 His ready sword he swiftly drew,  
 And the sharp steel that quelled his foes  
 Cut through her breast and ear and nose.  
 Thus mangled by his vengeful sword  
 In rage and pain the demon roared,  
 And hideous with her awful face  
 Sped to her secret dwelling place.  
 Soon as the fiend had fled from sight,  
 The brothers, dauntless in their might,

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<sup>516</sup> Iron-faced.

Reached a wild forest dark and dread  
Whose tangled ways were hard to tread.  
Then bravest Lakshmaṇ, virtuous youth,  
The friend of purity and truth,  
With reverent palm to palm applied  
Thus to his glorious brother cried:

“My arm presaging throbs amain,  
My troubled heart is sick with pain,  
And cheerless omens ill portend  
Where'er my anxious eyes I bend.  
Dear brother, hear my words: advance  
Resolved and armed for every chance,  
For every sign I mark to-day  
Foretells a peril in the way.  
This bird of most ill-omened note,  
Loud screaming with discordant throat,  
Announces with a warning cry  
That strife and victory are nigh.”

Then as the chiefs their search pursued  
Throughout the dreary solitude,  
They heard amazed a mighty sound  
That broke the very trees around,  
As though a furious tempest passed  
Crushing the wood beneath its blast.  
Then Ráma raised his trusty sword,  
And both the hidden cause explored.  
There stood before their wondering eyes  
A fiend broad-chested, huge of size.  
A vast misshapen trunk they saw  
In height surpassing nature's law.  
It stood before them dire and dread  
Without a neck, without a head.

Tall as some hill aloft in air,  
Its limbs were clothed with bristling hair,  
And deep below the monster's waist  
His vast misshapen mouth was placed.  
His form was huge, his voice was loud  
As some dark-tinted thunder cloud.  
Forth from his ample chest there came  
A brilliance as of gushing flame.  
Beneath long lashes, dark and keen  
The monster's single eye was seen.  
Deep in his chest, long, fiercely bright,  
It glittered with terrific light.  
He swallowed down his savage fare  
Of lion, bird, and slaughtered bear,  
And with huge teeth exposed to view  
O'er his great lips his tongue he drew.  
His arms unshapely, vast and dread,  
A league in length, he raised and spread.  
He seized with monstrous hands a herd  
Of deer and many a bear and bird.  
Among them all he picked and chose,  
Drew forward these, rejected those.  
Before the princely pair he stood  
Barring their passage through the wood.  
A league of shade the chiefs had passed  
When on the fiend their eyes they cast.  
A monstrous shape without a head  
With mighty arms before him spread,  
They saw that hideous trunk appear  
That struck the trembling eye with fear.  
Then, stretching to their full extent  
His awful arms with fingers bent,  
Round Raghu's princely sons he cast  
Each grasping limb and held them fast.

Though strong of arm and fierce in fight,  
 Each armed with bow and sword to smite,  
 The royal brothers, brave and bold,  
 Were helpless in the giant's hold.  
 Then Raghu's son, heroic still,  
 Felt not a pang his bosom thrill;  
 But young, with no protection near,  
 His brother's heart was sad with fear,  
 And thus with trembling tongue he said  
 To Ráma, sore disquieted:

“Ah me, ah me, my days are told:  
 O see me in the giant's hold.  
 Fly, son of Raghu, swiftly flee,  
 And thy dear self from danger free.  
 Me to the fiend an offering give;  
 Fly at thine ease thyself and live.  
 Thou, great Kakutstha's son, I ween,  
 Wilt find ere long thy Maithil queen,  
 And when thou holdest, throned again,  
 Thine old hereditary reign,  
 With servants prompt to do thy will,  
 O think upon thy brother still.”  
 As thus the trembling Lakshmaṇ cried,  
 The dauntless Ráma thus replied:  
 “Brother, from causeless dread forbear.  
 A chief like thee should scorn despair.”  
 He spoke to soothe his wild alarm:  
 Then fierce Kabandha<sup>517</sup> long of arm,  
 Among the Dánavs<sup>518</sup> first and best,  
 The sons of Raghu thus addressed:

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<sup>517</sup> Kabandha means a trunk.

<sup>518</sup> A class of mythological giants. In the Epic period they were probably personifications of the aborigines of India.

“What men are you, whose shoulders show  
 Broad as a bull's, with sword and bow,  
 Who roam this dark and horrid place,  
 Brought by your fate before my face?  
 Declare by what occasion led  
 These solitary wilds you tread,  
 With swords and bows and shafts to pierce,  
 Like bulls whose horns are strong and fierce.  
 Why have you sought this forest land  
 Where wild with hunger's pangs I stand?  
 Now as your steps my path have crossed  
 Esteem your lives already lost.”

[312]

The royal brothers heard with dread  
 The words which fierce Kabandha said.  
 And Ráma to his brother cried,  
 Whose cheek by blanching fear was dried:

“Alas, we fall, O valiant chief,  
 From sorrow into direr grief,  
 Still mourning her I hold so dear  
 We see our own destruction near.  
 Mark, brother, mark what power has time  
 O'er all that live, in every clime.  
 Now, lord of men, thyself and me  
 Involved in fatal danger see.  
 'Tis not, be sure, the might of Fate  
 That crushes all with deadly weight.  
 Ne'er can the brave and strong, who know  
 The use of spear and sword and bow,  
 The force of conquering time withstand,  
 But fall like barriers built of sand.”

Thus in calm strength which naught could shake  
The son of Daśaratha spake,  
    With glory yet unstained  
Upon Sumitrá's son he bent  
His eyes, and firm in his intent  
    His dauntless heart maintained.

## Canto LXXI. Kabandha's Speech.

Kabandha saw each chieftain stand  
Imprisoned by his mighty hand,  
Which like a snare around him pressed  
And thus the royal pair addressed:  
“Why, warriors, are your glances bent  
On me whom hungry pangs torment?  
Why stand with wildered senses? Fate  
Has brought you now my maw to sate.”

When Lakshmaṇ heard, a while appalled,  
His ancient courage he recalled,  
And to his brother by his side  
With seasonable counsel cried:

“This vilest of the giant race  
 Will draw us to his side apace.  
 Come, rouse thee; let the vengeful sword  
 Smite off his arms, my honoured lord.  
 This awful giant, vast of size,  
 On his huge strength of arm relies,  
 And o'er the world victorious, thus  
 With mighty force would slaughter us.  
 But in cold blood to slay, O King,  
 Discredit on the brave would bring,  
 As when some victim in the rite  
 Shuns not the hand upraised to smite.”

The monstrous fiend, to anger stirred,  
 The converse of the brothers heard.  
 His horrid mouth he opened wide  
 And drew the princes to his side.  
 They, skilled due time and place to note  
 Unsheathed their glittering swords and smote,  
 Till from the giant's shoulders they  
 Had hewn the mighty arms away.  
 His trenchant falchion Ráma plied  
 And smote him on the better side,  
 While valiant Lakshman on the left  
 The arm that held him prisoned cleft.  
 Then to the earth dismembered fell  
 The monster with a hideous yell,  
 And like a cloud's his deep roar went  
 Through earth and air and firmament.  
 Then as the giant's blood flowed fast,  
 On his cleft limbs his eye he cast,  
 And called upon the princely pair  
 Their names and lineage to declare.  
 Him then the noble Lakshman, blest

With fortune's favouring marks, addressed,  
 And told the fiend his brother's name  
 And the high blood of which he came:  
 "Ikshváku's heir here Ráma stands,  
 Illustrious through a hundred lands.  
 I, younger brother of the heir,  
 O fiend, the name of Lakshman bear.  
 His mother stole his realm away  
 And drove him forth in woods to stray.  
 Thus through the mighty forest he  
 Roamed with his royal wife and me.  
 While glorious as a God he made  
 His dwelling in the greenwood shade,  
 Some giant stole away his dame,  
 And seeking her we hither came.  
 But tell me who thou art, and why  
 With headless trunk that towered so high,  
 With flaming face beneath thy chest,  
 Thou liest crushed in wild unrest."

He heard the words that Lakshman spoke,  
 And memory in his breast awoke,  
 Recalling Indra's words to mind  
 He spoke in gentle tones and kind:  
 "O welcome best of men, are ye  
 Whom, blest by fate, this day I see.  
 A blessing on each trenchant blade  
 That low on earth these arms has laid!  
 Thou, lord of men, incline thine ear  
 The story of my woe to hear,  
 While I the rebel pride declare  
 Which doomed me to the form I wear."

## Canto LXXII. Kabandha's Tale.

[313]

“Lord of the mighty arm, of yore  
 A shape transcending thought I wore,  
 And through the triple world's extent  
 My fame for might and valour went.  
 Scarce might the sun and moon on high,  
 Scarce Śakra, with my beauty vie.  
 Then for a time this form I took,  
 And the great world with trembling shook.  
 The saints in forest shades who dwelt  
 The terror of my presence felt.  
 But once I stirred to furious rage  
 Great Sthúlaśiras, glorious sage.  
 Culling in woods his hermit food  
 My hideous shape with fear he viewed.  
 Then forth his words of anger burst  
 That bade me live a thing accursed:  
 “Thou, whose delight is others' pain,  
 This grisly form shalt still retain.”

Then when I prayed him to relent  
 And fix some term of punishment,—  
 Prayed that the curse at length might cease,  
 He bade me thus expect release:  
 “Let Ráma cleave thine arms away  
 And on the pyre thy body lay,  
 And then shalt thou, set free from doom,  
 Thine own fair shape once more assume.”  
 O Lakshmaṇ, hear my words: in me  
 The world-illustrious Danu see.  
 By Indra's curse, subdued in fight,  
 I wear this form which scares the sight.  
 By sternest penance long maintained

The mighty Father's grace I gained.  
When length of days the God bestowed,  
With foolish pride my bosom glowed.  
My life, of lengthened years assured,  
I deemed from Śakra's might secured.  
Let by my senseless pride astray  
I challenged Indra to the fray.  
A flaming bolt with many a knot  
With his terrific arm he shot,  
And straight my head and thighs compressed  
Were buried in my bulky chest.  
Deaf to each prayer and piteous call  
He sent me not to Yáma's hall.  
“Thy prayers and cries,” he said “are vain:  
The Father's word must true remain.”  
“But how may lengthened life be spent  
By one the bolt has torn and rent?  
How can I live,” I cried, “unfed,  
With shattered face and thighs and head?”  
As thus I spoke his grace to crave,  
Arms each a league in length he gave,  
And opened in my chest beneath  
This mouth supplied with fearful teeth.  
So my huge arms I used to cast  
Round woodland creatures as they passed,  
And fed within the forest here  
On lion, tiger, pard, and deer.  
Then Indra spake to soothe my grief:  
“When Ráma and his brother chief  
From thy huge bulk those arms shall cleave,  
Then shall the skies thy soul receive.”  
Disguised in this terrific shape  
I let no woodland thing escape,  
And still my longing soul was pleased

Whene'er my arms a victim seized,  
 For in these arms I fondly thought  
 Would Ráma's self at last be caught.  
 Thus hoping, toiling many a day  
 I yearned to cast my life away,  
 And here, my lord, thou standest now:  
 Blessings be thine! for none but thou  
 Could cleave my arms with trenchant stroke:  
 True are the words the hermit spoke.  
 Now let me, best of warriors, lend  
 My counsel, and thy plans befriend,  
 And aid thee with advice in turn  
 If thou with fire my corse wilt burn.”

As thus the mighty Danu prayed  
 With offer of his friendly aid,  
 While Lakshmaṇ gazed with anxious eye,  
 The virtuous Ráma made reply:  
 “Lakshmaṇ and I through forest shade  
 From Janasthán a while had strayed.  
 When none was near her, Rávaṇ came  
 And bore away my glorious dame,  
 The giant's form and size unknown,  
 I learn as yet his name alone.  
 Not yet the power and might we know  
 Or dwelling of the monstrous foe.  
 With none our helpless feet to guide  
 We wander here by sorrow tried.  
 Let pity move thee to requite  
 Our service in the funeral rite.  
 Our hands shall bring the boughs that, dry  
 Where elephants have rent them, lie,  
 Then dig a pit, and light the fire  
 To burn thee as the laws require.

Do thou as meed of this declare  
 Who stole my spouse, his dwelling where.  
 O, if thou can, I pray thee say,  
 And let this grace our deeds repay.”

Danu had lent attentive ear  
 The words which Ráma spoke to hear,  
 And thus, a speaker skilled and tried,  
 To that great orator replied:  
 “No heavenly lore my soul endows,  
 Naught know I of thy Maithil spouse.  
 Yet will I, when my shape I wear,  
 Him who will tell thee all declare.  
 Then, Ráma, will my lips disclose  
 His name who well that giant knows.  
 But till the flames my corse devour  
 This hidden knowledge mocks my power.  
 For through that curse's withering taint  
 My knowledge now is small and faint.  
 Unknown the giant's very name  
 Who bore away the Maithil dame.  
 Cursed for my evil deeds I wore  
 A shape which all the worlds abhor.  
 Now ere with wearied steeds the sun  
 Through western skies his course have run,  
 Deep in a pit my body lay  
 And burn it in the wonted way.  
 When in the grave my corse is placed,  
 With fire and funeral honours graced,  
 Then I, great chief, his name will tell  
 Who knows the giant robber well.  
 With him, who guides his life aright,  
 In league of trusting love unite,  
 And he, O valiant prince, will be

A faithful friend and aid to thee.  
For, Ráma, to his searching eyes  
The triple world uncovered lies.  
For some dark cause of old, I ween,  
Through all the spheres his ways have been."

### Canto LXXIII. Kabandha's Counsel.

The monster ceased: the princely pair  
Heard great Kabandha's eager prayer.  
Within a mountain cave they sped,  
Where kindled fire with care they fed.  
Then Lakshmaṇ in his mighty hands  
Brought ample store of lighted brands,  
And to a pile of logs applied  
The flame that ran from side to side.  
The spreading glow with gentle force  
Consumed Kabandha's mighty corse,  
Till the unresting flames had drunk  
The marrow of the monstrous trunk,  
As balls of butter melt away  
Amid the fires that o'er them play.  
Then from the pyre, like flame that glows  
Undimmed by cloudy smoke, he rose,  
In garments pure of spot or speck,  
A heavenly wreath about his neck.  
Resplendent in his bright attire  
He sprang exultant from the pyre.  
While from neck, arm, and foot was sent  
The flash of gold and ornament.  
High on a chariot, bright of hue,

Which swans of fairest pinion drew,  
 He filled each region of the air  
 With splendid glow reflected there.  
 Then in the sky he stayed his car  
 And called to Ráma from afar:  
 “Hear, chieftain, while my lips explain  
 The means to win thy spouse again.  
 Six plans, O prince, the wise pursue  
 To reach the aims we hold in view.<sup>519</sup>  
 When evils ripening sorely press  
 They load the wretch with new distress,  
 So thou and Lakshmaṇ, tried by woe,  
 Have felt at last a fiercer blow,  
 And plunged in bitterest grief to-day  
 Lament thy consort torn away.  
 There is no course but this: attend;  
 Make, best of friends, that chief thy friend.  
 Unless his prospering help thou gain  
 Thy plans and hopes must all be vain.  
 O Ráma, hear my words, and seek,  
 Sugríva, for of him I speak.  
 His brother Báli, Indra's son,  
 Expelled him when the fight was won.  
 With four great chieftains, faithful still,  
 He dwells on Rishyamúka's hill.—  
 Fair mountain, lovely with the flow  
 Of Pampá's waves that glide below,—  
 Lord of the Vánars<sup>520</sup> just and true,  
 Strong, very glorious, bright to view,  
 Unmatched in counsel, firm and meek,  
 Bound by each word his lips may speak,  
 Good, splendid, mighty, bold and brave,

<sup>519</sup> Peace, war, marching, halting, sowing dissensions, and seeking protection.

<sup>520</sup> See Book I, Canto XVI.

Wise in each plan to guide and save.  
His brother, fired by lust of sway,  
Drove forth the prince in woods to stray.  
In all thy search for Sítá he  
Thy ready friend and help will be.  
With him to aid thee in thy quest  
Dismiss all sorrow from thy breast.  
Time is a mighty power, and none  
His fixed decree can change or shun.  
So rich reward thy toil shall bless,  
And naught can stay thy sure success.  
Speed hence, O chief, without delay,  
To strong Sugríva take thy way.  
This hour thy footsteps onward bend,  
And make that mighty prince thy friend.  
With him before the attesting flame  
In solemn truth alliance frame.  
Nor wilt thou, if thy heart be wise,  
Sugríva, Vánar king, despise.  
Of boundless strength, all shapes he wears,  
He hearkens to a suppliant's prayers,  
And, grateful for each kindly deed,  
Will help and save in hour of need.  
And you, I ween, the power possess  
To aid his hopes and give redress.  
He, let his cause succeed or fail,  
Will help you, and you must prevail.  
A banished prince, in fear and woe  
He roams where Pampá's waters flow,  
True offspring of the Lord of Light  
Expelled by Báli's conquering might.  
Go, Raghu's son, that chieftain seek  
Who dwells on Rishyamúka's peak.  
Before the flame thy weapons cast

And bind the bonds of friendship fast.  
 For, prince of all the Vánar race,  
 He in his wisdom knows each place  
 Where dwell the fierce gigantic brood  
 Who make the flesh of man their food.  
 To him, O Raghu's son, to him  
 Naught in the world is dark or dim,  
 Where'er the mighty Day-God gleams  
 Resplendent with a thousand beams.  
 He over rocky height and hill,  
 Through gloomy cave, by lake and rill,  
 Will with his Vánars seek the prize,  
 And tell thee where thy lady lies.  
 And he will send great chieftains forth  
 To east and west and south and north,  
 To seek the distant spot where she  
 All desolate laments for thee.  
 He even in Rávaṇ's halls would find  
 Thy Sítá, gem of womankind.

Yea, if the blameless lady lay  
 On Meru's loftiest steep,  
 Or, far removed from light of day,  
 Where hell is dark and deep,  
 That chief of all the Vánar race  
 His way would still explore,  
 Meet the cowed giants face to face  
 And thy dear spouse restore."

[315]

When wise Kabandha thus had taught  
The means to find the dame they sought,  
And urged them onward in the quest,  
He thus again the prince addressed:

“This path, O Raghu's son, pursue  
Where those fair trees which charm the view,  
Extending westward far away,  
The glory of their bloom display,  
Where their bright leaves Rose-apples show,  
And the tall Jak and Mango grow.  
Whene'er you will, those trees ascend,  
Or the long branches shake and bend,  
Their savoury fruit like Amrit eat,  
Then onward speed with willing feet.  
Beyond this shady forest, decked  
With flowering trees, your course direct.  
Another grove you then will find  
With every joy to take the mind,  
Like Nandan with its charms displayed,  
Or Northern Kuru's blissful shade;  
Where trees distil their balmy juice,  
And fruit through all the year produce;  
Where shades with seasons ever fair  
With Chaitraratha may compare:  
Where trees whose sprays with fruit are bowed  
Rise like a mountain or a cloud.  
There, when you list, from time to time,  
The loaded trees may Lakshman climb,  
Or from the shaken boughs supply  
Sweet fruit that may with Amrit vie.  
The onward path pursuing still  
From wood to wood, from hill to hill,  
Your happy eyes at length will rest

On Pampá's lotus-covered breast.  
Her banks with gentle slope descend,  
Nor stones nor weed the eyes offend,  
And o'er smooth beds of silver sand  
Lotus and lily blooms expand.  
There swans and ducks and curlews play,  
And keen-eyed ospreys watch their prey,  
And from the limpid waves are heard  
Glad notes of many a water-bird.  
Untaught a deadly foe to fear  
They fly not when a man is near,  
And fat as balls of butter they  
Will, when you list, your hunger stay.  
Then Lakshmaṇ with his shafts will take  
The fish that swim the brook and lake,  
Remove each bone and scale and fin,  
Or strip away the speckled skin,  
And then on iron skewers broil  
For thy repast the savoury spoil.  
Thou on a heap of flowers shalt rest  
And eat the meal his hands have dressed,  
There shalt thou lie on Pampá's brink,  
And Lakshmaṇ's hand shall give thee drink,  
Filling a lotus leaf with cool  
Pure water from the crystal pool,  
To which the opening blooms have lent  
The riches of divinest scent.  
Beside thee at the close of day  
Will Lakshmaṇ through the woodland stray,  
And show thee where the monkeys sleep  
In caves beneath the mountain steep.  
Loud-voiced as bulls they forth will burst  
And seek the flood, oppressed by thirst;  
Then rest a while, their wants supplied,

Their well-fed bands on Pampá's side.  
 Thou roving there at eve shalt see  
 Rich clusters hang on shrub and tree,  
 And Pampá flushed with roseate glow,  
 And at the view forget thy woe.

There shalt thou mark with strange delight  
 Each loveliest flower that blooms by night,  
 While lily buds that shrink from day  
 Their tender loveliness display.

In that far wild no hand but thine  
 Those peerless flowers in wreaths shall twine:  
 Immortal in their changeless pride,  
 Ne'er fade those blooms and ne'er are dried.

There erst on holy thoughts intent  
 Their days Matanga's pupils spent.  
 Once for their master food they sought,  
 And store of fruit and berries brought.

Then as they laboured through the dell  
 From limb and brow the heat-drops fell:  
 Thence sprang and bloomed those wondrous trees:  
 Such holy power have devotees.

Thus, from the hermits' heat-drops sprung,  
 Their growth is ever fresh and young.  
 There Šavarí is dwelling yet,  
 Who served each vanished anchoret.

Beneath the shade of holy boughs  
 That ancient votaress keeps her vows.  
 Her happy eyes on thee will fall,  
 O godlike prince, adored by all,

And she, whose life is pure from sin,  
 A blissful seat in heaven will win.  
 But cross, O son of Raghu, o'er,  
 And stand on Pampá's western shore.

A tranquil hermitage that lies

Deep in the woods will meet thine eyes.  
No wandering elephants invade  
The stillness of that holy shade,  
But checked by saint Matanga's power  
They spare each consecrated bower.  
Through many an age those trees have stood  
World-famous as Matanga's wood  
Still, Raghu's son, pursue thy way:  
Through shades where birds are vocal stray,  
Fair as the blessed wood where rove  
Immortal Gods, or Nandan's grove.  
Near Pampá eastward, full in sight,  
Stands Rishyamúka's wood-crowned height.  
'Tis hard to climb that towering steep  
Where serpents unmolested sleep.  
The free and bounteous, formed of old  
By Brahmá of superior mould,  
Who sink when day is done to rest  
Reclining on that mountain crest,—  
What wealth or joy in dreams they view,  
Awaking find the vision true.  
But if a villain stained with crime  
That holy hill presume to climb,  
The giants in their fury sweep  
From the hill top the wretch asleep.  
There loud and long is heard the roar  
Of elephants on Pampá's shore,  
Who near Matanga's dwelling stray  
And in those waters bathe and play.  
A while they revel by the flood,  
Their temples stained with streams like blood,  
Then wander far away dispersed,  
Dark as huge clouds before they burst.  
But ere they part they drink their fill

Of bright pure water from the rill,  
 Delightful to the touch, where meet  
 Scents of all flowers divinely sweet,  
 Then speeding from the river side  
 Deep in the sheltering thicket hide.  
 Then bears and tigers shalt thou view  
 Whose soft skins show the sapphire's hue,  
 And silvan deer that wander nigh  
 Shall harmless from thy presence fly.  
 High in that mountain's wooded side  
 Is a fair cavern deep and wide,  
 Yet hard to enter: piles of rock  
 The portals of the cavern block.<sup>521</sup>  
 Fast by the eastern door a pool  
 Gleams with broad waters fresh and cool,  
 Where stores of roots and fruit abound,  
 And thick trees shade the grassy ground.  
 This mountain cave the virtuous-souled  
 Sugríva, and his Vánars hold,  
 And oft the mighty chieftain seeks  
 The summits of those towering peaks.”

Thus spake Kabandha high in air  
 His counsel to the royal pair.  
 Still on his neck that wreath he bore,  
 And radiance like the sun's he wore.  
 Their eyes the princely brothers raised  
 And on that blissful being gazed:  
 “Behold, we go: no more delay;  
 Begin,” they cried, “thy heavenward way.”  
 “Depart,” Kabandha's voice replied,  
 “Pursue your search, and bliss betide.”

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<sup>521</sup> Or as the commentator Tírtha says, Śilápidháná, rock-covered, may be the name of the cavern.

Thus to the happy chiefs he said,  
Then on his heavenward journey sped.  
Thus once again Kabandha won  
A shape that glittered like the sun  
Without a spot or stain.  
Thus bade he Ráma from the air  
To great Sugríva's side repair  
His friendly love to gain.

## Canto LXXV. Savarí.

Thus counselled by their friendly guide  
On through the wood the princes hied,  
Pursuing still the eastern road  
To Pampá which Kabandha showed,  
Where trees that on the mountains grew  
With fruit like honey charmed the view.  
They rested weary for the night  
Upon a mountain's wooded height,  
Then onward with the dawn they hied  
And stood on Pampá's western side,  
Where Šavarí's fair home they viewed  
Deep in that shady solitude.  
The princes reached the holy ground  
Where noble trees stood thick around,  
And joying in the lovely view  
Near to the aged votaress drew.  
To meet the sons of Raghu came,  
With hands upraised, the pious dame,  
And bending low with reverence meet  
Welcomed them both and pressed their feet.

Then water, as beseems, she gave,  
 Their lips to cool, their feet to lave.  
 To that pure saint who never broke  
 One law of duty Ráma spoke:

“I trust no cares invade thy peace,  
 While holy works and zeal increase;  
 That thou content with scanty food  
 All touch of ire hast long subdued;  
 That all thy vows are well maintained  
 While peace of mind is surely gained,  
 That reverence of the saints who taught  
 Thy faithful heart due fruit has brought.”

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The aged votaress pure of taint,  
 Revered by every perfect saint,  
 Rose to her feet by Ráma's side  
 And thus in gentle tones replied:  
 “My penance meed this day I see  
 Complete, my lord, in meeting thee.  
 This day the fruit of birth I gain,  
 Nor have I served the saints in vain.  
 I reap rich fruits of toil and vow,  
 And heaven itself awaits me now,  
 When I, O chief of men, have done  
 Honour to thee the godlike one.  
 I feel, great lord, thy gentle eye  
 My earthly spirit purify,  
 And I, brave tamer of thy foes,  
 Shall through thy grace in bliss repose.  
 Thy feet by Chitrakúta strayed  
 When those great saints whom I obeyed,  
 In dazzling chariots bright of hue,  
 Hence to their heavenly mansions flew.

As the high saints were borne away  
 I heard their holy voices say:  
 “In this pure grove, O devotee,  
 Prince Ráma soon will visit thee.  
 When he and Lakshmaṇ seek this shade,  
 Be to thy guests all honour paid.  
 Him shalt thou see, and pass away  
 To those blest worlds which ne'er decay.”  
 To me, O mighty chief, the best  
 Of lofty saints these words addressed.  
 Laid up within my dwelling lie  
 Fruits of each sort which woods supply,—  
 Food culled for thee in endless store  
 From every tree on Pampá's shore.”

Thus to her virtuous guest she sued  
 And he, with heavenly lore endued,  
 Words such as these in turn addressed  
 To her with equal knowledge blest:  
 “Danu himself the power has told  
 Of thy great masters lofty-souled.  
 Now if thou will, mine eyes would fain  
 Assurance of their glories gain.”

She heard the prince his wish declare:  
 Then rose she, and the royal pair  
 Of brothers through the wood she led  
 That round her holy dwelling spread.  
 “Behold Matanga's wood” she cried,  
 “A grove made famous far and wide.  
 Dark as thick clouds and filled with herds  
 Of wandering deer, and joyous birds.  
 In this pure spot each reverend sire  
 With offerings fed the holy fire.

See here the western altar stands  
Where daily with their trembling hands  
The aged saints, so long obeyed  
By me, their gifts of blossoms laid.  
The holy power, O Raghu's son,  
By their ascetic virtue won,  
Still keeps their well-loved altar bright,  
Filling the air with beams of light.  
And those seven neighbouring lakes behold  
Which, when the saints infirm and old,  
Worn out by fasts, no longer sought,  
Moved hither drawn by power of thought.  
Look, Ráma, where the devotees  
Hung their bark mantles on the trees,  
Fresh from the bath: those garments wet  
Through many a day are dripping yet.  
See, through those aged hermits' power  
The tender spray, this bright-hued flower  
With which the saints their worship paid,  
Fresh to this hour nor change nor fade.  
Here thou hast seen each lawn and dell,  
And heard the tale I had to tell:  
Permit thy servant, lord, I pray,  
To cast this mortal shell away,  
For I would dwell, this life resigned,  
With those great saints of lofty mind,  
Whom I within this holy shade  
With reverential care obeyed."

When Ráma and his brother heard  
The pious prayer the dame preferred,  
Filled full of transport and amazed  
They marvelled as her words they praised.  
Then Ráma to the votaress said

Whose holy vows were perfected:  
 “Go, lady, where thou fain wouldst be,  
 O thou who well hast honoured me.”

Her locks in hermit fashion tied,  
 Clad in bark coat and black deer-hide,  
 When Ráma gave consent, the dame  
 Resigned her body to the flame.  
 Then like the fire that burns and glows,  
 To heaven the sainted lady rose,  
 In all her heavenly garments dressed,  
 Immortal wreaths on neck and breast,  
 Bright with celestial gems she shone  
 Most beautiful to look upon,  
 And like the flame of lightning sent  
 A glory through the firmament.  
 That holy sphere the dame attained,  
 By depth of contemplation gained,  
 Where roam high saints with spirits pure  
 In bliss that shall for aye endure.

## Canto LXXVI. Pampá.

When Šavarí had sought the skies  
 And gained her splendid virtue's prize,  
 Ráma with Lakshmaṇ stayed to brood  
 O'er the strange scenes their eyes had viewed.  
 His mind upon those saints was bent,  
 For power and might preëminent  
 And he to musing Lakshmaṇ spoke  
 The thoughts that in his bosom woke:

“Mine eyes this wondrous home have viewed  
 Of those great saints with souls subdued,  
 Where peaceful tigers dwell and birds,  
 And deer abound in heedless herds.  
 Our feet upon the banks have stood  
 Of those seven lakes within the wood,  
 Where we have duly dipped, and paid  
 Libations to each royal shade.  
 Forgotten now are thoughts of ill  
 And joyful hopes my bosom fill.  
 Again my heart is light and gay  
 And grief and care have passed away.  
 Come, brother, let us hasten where  
 Bright Pampá's flood is fresh and fair,  
 And towering in their beauty near  
 Mount Rishyamúka's heights appear,  
 Which, offspring of the Lord of Light,  
 Still fearing Bálí's conquering might,  
 With four brave chiefs of Vánar race  
 Sugríva makes his dwelling-place.  
 I long with eager heart to find  
 That leader of the Vánar kind,  
 For on that chief my hopes depend  
 That this our quest have prosperous end.”

Thus Ráma spoke, in battle tried,  
 And thus Sumitrá's son replied:  
 “Come, brother, come, and speed away:  
 My spirit brooks no more delay.”  
 Thus spake Sumitrá's son, and then  
 Forth from the grove the king of men  
 With his dear brother by his side  
 To Pampá's lucid waters hied.  
 He gazed upon the woods where grew

Trees rich in flowers of every hue.  
From brake and dell on every side  
The curlew and the peacock cried,  
And flocks of screaming parrots made  
Shrill music in the bloomy shade.  
His eager eyes, as on he went,  
On many a pool and tree were bent.  
Inflamed with love he journeyed on  
Till a fair flood before him shone.  
He stood upon the water's side  
Which streams from distant hills supplied:  
Matanga's name that water bore:  
There bathed he from the shelving shore.  
Then, each on earnest thoughts intent,  
Still farther on their way they went.  
But Ráma's heart once more gave way  
Beneath his grief and wild dismay.  
Before him lay the noble flood  
Adorned with many a lotus bud.  
On its fair banks Ásoka glowed,  
And all bright trees their blossoms showed.  
Green banks that silver waves confined  
With lovely groves were fringed and lined.  
The crystal waters in their flow  
Showed level sands that gleamed below.  
There glittering fish and tortoise played,  
And bending trees gave pleasant shade.  
There creepers on the branches hung  
With lover-like embraces clung.  
There gay Gandharvas loved to meet,  
And Kinnars sought the calm retreat.  
There wandering Yakshas found delight,  
Snake-gods and rovers of the night.  
Cool were the pleasant waters, gay

Each tree with creeper, flower, and spray.  
 There flushed the lotus darkly red,  
 Here their white glory lilies spread,  
 Here sweet buds showed their tints of blue:  
 So carpets gleam with many a hue.  
 A grove of Mangoes blossomed nigh,  
 Echoing with the peacock's cry.  
 When Ráma by his brother's side  
 The lovely flood of Pampá eyed,  
 Decked like a beauty, fair to see  
 With every charm of flower and tree,  
 His mighty heart with woe was rent  
 And thus he spoke in wild lament

“Here, Lakshmaṇ, on this beauteous shore,  
 Stands, dyed with tints of many an ore,  
 The mountain Rishyamúka bright  
 With flowery trees that crown each height.  
 Sprung from the chief who, famed of yore,  
 The name of Riksharajas bore,  
 Sugríva, chieftain strong and dread,  
 Dwells on that mountain's towering head.  
 Go to him, best of men, and seek  
 That prince of Vánars on the peak,  
 I cannot longer brook my pain,  
 Or, Sítá lost, my life retain.”

Thus by the pangs of love distressed,  
 His thoughts on Sítá bent,  
 His faithful brother he addressed,  
 And cried in wild lament.  
 He reached the lovely ground that lay  
 On Pampá's wooded side,  
 And told in anguish and dismay,  
 The grief he could not hide.

With listless footsteps faint and slow  
    His way the chief pursued,  
Till Pampá with her glorious show  
    Of flowering woods he viewed.  
Through shades where every bird was found  
    The prince with Lakshman passed,  
And Pampá with her groves around  
    Burst on his eyes at last.

## BOOK IV.

### Canto I. Ráma's Lament.

The princes stood by Pampá's side<sup>522</sup>  
Which blooming lilies glorified.  
With troubled heart and sense o'erthrown  
There Ráma made his piteous moan.  
As the fair flood before him lay  
The reason of the chief gave way;  
And tender thoughts within him woke,  
As to Sumitrá's son he spoke:

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<sup>522</sup> Pampá is said by the commentator to be the name both of a lake and a brook which flows into it. The brook is said to rise in the hill Rishyamúka.

“How lovely Pampá's waters show,  
Where streams of lucid crystal flow!  
What glorious trees o'erhang the flood  
Which blooms of opening lotus stud!  
Look on the banks of Pampá where  
Thick groves extend divinely fair;  
And piles of trees, like hills in size,  
Lift their proud summits to the skies.  
But thought of Bharat's<sup>523</sup> pain and toil,  
And my dear spouse the giant's spoil,  
Afflict my tortured heart and press  
My spirit down with heaviness.  
Still fair to me though sunk in woe  
Bright Pampá and her forest show.  
Where cool fresh waters charm the sight,  
And flowers of every hue are bright.  
The lotuses in close array  
Their passing loveliness display,  
And pard and tiger, deer and snake  
Haunt every glade and dell and brake.  
Those grassy spots display the hue  
Of topazes and sapphires' blue,  
And, gay with flowers of every dye,  
With richly broidered housings vie.  
What loads of bloom the high trees crown,  
Or weigh the bending branches down!  
And creepers tipped with bud and flower  
Each spray and loaded limb o'erpower.  
Now cool delicious breezes blow,  
And kindle love's voluptuous glow,  
When balmy sweetness fills the air,  
And fruit and flowers and trees are fair.

<sup>523</sup> Who was acting as Regent for Ráma and leading an ascetic life while he mourned for his absent brother.

Those waving woods, that shine with bloom,  
 Each varied tint in turn assume.  
 Like labouring clouds they pour their showers  
 In rain or ever-changing flowers.  
 Behold, those forest trees, that stand  
 High upon rock and table-land,  
 As the cool gales their branches bend,  
 Their floating blossoms downward send.  
 See, Lakshmaṇ, how the breezes play  
 With every floweret on the spray.  
 And sport in merry guise with all  
 The fallen blooms and those that fall.  
 See, brother, where the merry breeze  
 Shakes the gay boughs of flowery trees,  
 Disturbed amid their toil a throng  
 Of bees pursue him, loud in song.  
 The Koīls,<sup>524</sup> mad with sweet delight,  
 The bending trees to dance invite;  
 And in its joy the wild wind sings  
 As from the mountain cave he springs.  
 On speed the gales in rapid course,  
 And bend the woods beneath their force,  
 Till every branch and spray they bind  
 In many a tangled knot entwined.  
 What balmy sweets those gales dispense  
 With cool and sacred influence!  
 Fatigue and trouble vanish: such  
 The magic of their gentle touch.  
 Hark, when the gale the boughs has bent  
 In woods of honey redolent,  
 Through all their quivering sprays the trees  
 Are vocal with the murmuring bees.

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<sup>524</sup> The Indian Cuckoo.

The hills with towering summits rise,  
 And with their beauty charm the eyes,  
 Gay with the giant trees which bright  
 With blossom spring from every height:  
 And as the soft wind gently sways  
 The clustering blooms that load the sprays,  
 The very trees break forth and sing  
 With startled wild bees' murmuring.  
 Thine eyes to yonder Cassias<sup>525</sup> turn  
 Whose glorious clusters glow and burn.  
 Those trees in yellow robes behold,  
 Like giants decked with burnished gold.  
 Ah me, Sumitrá's son, the spring  
 Dear to sweet birds who love and sing,  
 Wakes in my lonely breast the flame  
 Of sorrow as I mourn my dame.  
 Love strikes me through with darts of fire,  
 And wakes in vain the sweet desire.  
 Hark, the loud Koil swells his throat,  
 And mocks me with his joyful note.  
 I hear the happy wild-cock call  
 Beside the shady waterfall.  
 His cry of joy afflicts my breast  
 By love's absorbing might possessed.  
 My darling from our cottage heard  
 One morn in spring this shrill-toned bird,  
 And called me in her joy to hear  
 The happy cry that charmed her ear.

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<sup>525</sup> The Cassia Fistula or Amaltás is a splendid tree like a giant laburnum covered with a profusion of chains and tassels of gold. Dr. Roxburgh well describes it as "uncommonly beautiful when in flower, few trees surpassing it in the elegance of its numerous long pendulous racemes of large bright-yellow flowers intermixed with the young lively green foliage." It is remarkable also for its curious cylindrical black seed-pods about two feet long, which are called monkeys' walking-sticks.

See, birds of every varied voice  
 Around us in the woods rejoice,  
 On creeper, shrub, and plant alight,  
 Or wing from tree to tree their flight.  
 Each bird his kindly mate has found,  
 And loud their notes of triumph sound,  
 Blending in sweetest music like  
 The distant warblings of the shrike.  
 See how the river banks are lined  
 With birds of every hue and kind.  
 Here in his joy the Koïl sings,  
 There the glad wild-cock flaps his wings.  
 The blooms of bright Aśokas<sup>526</sup> where  
 The song of wild bees fills the air,  
 And the soft whisper of the boughs  
 Increase my longing for my spouse.  
 The vernal flush of flower and spray  
 Will burn my very soul away.  
 What use, what care have I for life  
 If I no more may see my wife  
 Soft speaker with the glorious hair,  
 And eyes with silken lashes fair?  
 Now is the time when all day long

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<sup>526</sup> “The Jonesia Asoca is a tree of considerable size, native of southern India. It blossoms in February and March with large erect compact clusters of flowers, varying in colour from pale-orange to scarlet, almost to be mistaken, on a hasty glance, for immense trusses of bloom of an Ixora. Mr. Fortune considered this tree, when in full bloom, superior in beauty even to the Amherstia.

The first time I saw the Asoc in flower was on the hill where the famous rock-cut temple of Kárlí is situated, and a large concourse of natives had assembled for the celebration of some Hindoo festival. Before proceeding to the temple the Mahratta women gathered from two trees, which were flowering somewhat below, each a fine truss of blossom, and inserted it in the hair at the back of her head.... As they moved about in groups it is impossible to imagine a more delightful effect than the rich scarlet bunches of flowers presented on their fine glossy jet-black hair.” FIRMINGER {FNS, *Gardening for India*.

The Koils fill the woods with song.  
 And gardens bloom at spring's sweet touch  
 Which my beloved loved so much.  
 Ah me, Sumitrá's son, the fire  
 Of sorrow, sprung from soft desire,  
 Fanned by the charms the spring time shows,  
 Will burn my heart and end my woes,  
 Whose sad eyes look on each fair tree,  
 But my sweet love no more may see.  
 Ah me, Ah me, from hour to hour  
 Love in my soul will wax in power,  
 And spring, upon whose charms I gaze,  
 Whose breath the heat of toil allays,  
 With thoughts of her for whom I strain  
 My hopeless eyes, increase my pain.  
 As fire in summer rages through  
 The forests thick with dry bamboo,  
 So will my fawn eyed love consume  
 My soul o'erwhelmed with thoughts of gloom.  
 Behold, beneath each spreading tree  
 The peacocks dance<sup>527</sup> in frantic glee,  
 And, stirred by all the gales that blow,  
 Their tails with jewelled windows glow,  
 Each bird, in happy love elate,  
 Rejoices with his darling mate.  
 But sights like these of joy and peace  
 My pangs of hopeless love increase.  
 See on the mountain slope above  
 The peahen languishing with love.  
 Behold her now in amorous dance  
 Close to her consort's side advance.

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<sup>527</sup> No other word can express the movements of peafowl under the influence of pleasing excitement, especially when after the long drought they hear the welcome roar of the thunder and feel that the rain is near.

He with a laugh of joy and pride  
 Displays his glittering pinions wide;  
 And follows through the tangled dell  
 The partner whom he loves so well.  
 Ah happy bird! no giant's hate  
 Has robbed him of his tender mate;  
 And still beside his loved one he  
 Dances beneath the shade in glee.  
 Ah, in this month when flowers are fair  
 My widowed woe is hard to bear.  
 See, gentle love a home may find  
 In creatures of inferior kind.  
 See how the peahen turns to meet  
 Her consort now with love-drawn feet.  
 So, Lakshmaṇ, if my large-eyed dear,  
 The child of Janak still were here,  
 She, by love's thrilling influence led,  
 Upon my breast would lay her head.  
 These blooms I gathered from the bough  
 Without my love are useless now.  
 A thousand blossoms fair to see  
 With passing glory clothe each tree  
 That hangs its cluster-burthened head  
 Now that the dewy months<sup>528</sup> are fled,  
 But, followed by the bees that ply  
 Their fragrant task, they fall and die.  
 A thousand birds in wild delight  
 Their rapture-breathing notes unite;  
 Bird calls to bird in joyous strain,  
 And turns my love to frenzied pain.  
 O, if beneath those alien skies,  
 There be a spring where Sítá lies,

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<sup>528</sup> The Dewy Season is one of the six ancient seasons of the Indian year, lasting from the middle of January to the middle of March.

I know my prisoned love must be  
Touched with like grief, and mourn with me.  
But ah, methinks that dreary clime  
Knows not the touch of spring's sweet time.  
How could my black eyed love sustain,  
Without her lord, so dire a pain?  
Or if the sweet spring come to her  
In distant lands a prisoner,  
How may his advent and her met  
On every side with taunt and threat?  
Ah, if the springtide's languor came  
With soft enchantment o'er my dame,  
My darling of the lotus eye,  
My gently speaking love, would die;  
For well my spirit knows that she  
Can never live bereft of me  
With love that never wavered yet  
My Sítá's heart, on me is set,  
Who, with a soul that ne'er can stray,  
With equal love her love repay.  
In vain, in vain the soft wind brings  
Sweet blossoms on his balmy wings;  
Delicious from his native snow,  
To me like fire he seems to glow.  
O, how I loved a breeze like this  
When darling Sítá shared the bliss!  
But now in vain for me it blows  
To fan the fury of my woes.  
That dark-winged bird that sought the skies  
Foretelling grief with warning cries,  
Sits on the tree where buds are gay,  
And pours glad music from the spray.  
That rover of the fields of air  
Will aid my love with friendly care,

And me with gracious pity guide  
 To my large-eyed Videhan's side.<sup>529</sup>  
 Hark, Lakshmaṇ, how the woods around  
 With love-inspiring chants resound,  
 Where birds in every bloom-crowned tree  
 Pour forth their amorous minstrelsy.  
 As though an eager gallant wooed  
 A gentle maid by love subdued,  
 Enamoured of her flowers the bee  
 Darts at the wind-rocked Tila tree.<sup>530</sup>  
 Aśoka, brightest tree that grows,  
 That lends a pang to lovers' woes,  
 Hangs out his gorgeous bloom in scorn  
 And mocks me as I weep forlorn.  
 O Lakshmaṇ, turn thine eye and see  
 Each blossom-laden Mango tree,  
 Like a young lover gaily dressed  
 Whom fond desire forbids to rest.  
 Look, son of Queen Sumitrá through  
 The forest glades of varied hue,  
 Where blooms are bright and grass is green  
 The Kinnars<sup>531</sup> with their loves are seen.  
 See, brother, see where sweet and bright  
 Those crimson lilies charm the sight,  
 And o'er the flood a radiance throw  
 Fair as the morning's roseate glow.  
 See, Pampá, most divinely sweet,

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<sup>529</sup> Ráma appears to mean that on a former occasion a crow flying high overhead was an omen that indicated his approaching separation from Sítá; and that now the same bird's perching on a tree near him may be regarded as a happy augury that she will soon be restored to her husband.

<sup>530</sup> A tree with beautiful and fragrant blossoms.

<sup>531</sup> A race of semi-divine musicians attached to the service of Kuvera, represented as centaurs reversed with human figures and horses' heads.

The swan's and mallard's loved retreat,  
Shows her glad waters bright and clear,  
Where lotuses their heads uprear  
From the pure wave, and charm the view  
With mingled tints of red and blue.  
Each like the morning's early beams  
Reflected in the crystal gleams;  
And bees on their sweet toil intent  
Weigh down each tender filament.  
There with gay lawns the wood recedes;  
There wildfowl sport amid the reeds,  
There roedeer stand upon the brink,  
And elephants descend to drink.  
The rippling waves which winds make fleet  
Against the bending lilies beat,  
And opening bud and flower and stem  
Gleam with the drops that hang on them.  
Life has no pleasure left for me  
While my dear queen I may not see,  
Who loved so well those blooms that vie  
With the full splendour of her eye.  
O tyrant Love, who will not let  
My bosom for one hour forget  
The lost one whom I yearn to meet,  
Whose words were ever kind and sweet.  
Ah, haply might my heart endure  
This hopeless love that knows not cure,  
If spring with all his trees in flower  
Assailed me not with ruthless power.  
Each lovely scene, each sound and sight  
Wherein, with her, I found delight,  
Has lost the charm so sweet of yore,  
And glads my widowed heart no more.  
On lotus buds I seem to gaze,

Or blooms that deck Paláśa<sup>532</sup> sprays;<sup>533</sup>

But to my tortured memory rise  
 The glories of my darling's eyes.  
 Cool breezes through the forest stray  
 Gathering odours on their way,  
 Enriched with all the rifled scent  
 Of lotus flower and filament.  
 Their touch upon my temples falls  
 And Sítá's fragrant breath recalls.  
 Now look, dear brother, on the right  
 Of Pampá towers a mountain height  
 Where fairest Cassia trees unfold  
 The treasures of their burnished gold.  
 Proud mountain king! his woody side  
 With myriad ores is decked and dyed,  
 And as the wind-swept blossoms fall  
 Their fragrant dust is stained with all.  
 To yon high lands thy glances turn:  
 With pendent fire they flash and burn,  
 Where in their vernal glory blaze  
 Paláśa flowers on leafless sprays.  
 O Lakshmaṇ, look! on Pampá's side  
 What fair trees rise in blooming pride!

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<sup>532</sup> Butea Frondosa. A tree that bears a profusion of brilliant red flowers which appear before the leaves.

<sup>533</sup> I omit five *ślokas* which contain nothing but a list of trees for which, with one or two exceptions, there are no equivalent names in English. The following is Gorresio's translation of the corresponding passage in the Bengal recension:—

“Oh come risplendono in questa stagione di primavera i vitici, le galedupe, le bassie, le dalbergie, i diospyri ... le tile, le michelie, lerottlerie, le pentaptere ed i pterospermi, i bombaci, le grislee, gli abri, gli amaranti e le dalbergie; i siri, le galedupe, le barringtonie ed i palmizi, i xanthocymi, il pepebetel, le verbosine e le ticaie, le nauclee le erythrine, gli asochi, e le tapie fanno d'ogni intorno pompa de' lor fiori.”

What climbing plants above them show  
Or hang their flowery garlands low!  
See how the amorous creeper rings  
The wind-rocked trees to which she clings,  
As though a dame by love impelled  
With clasping arms her lover held.  
Drunk with the varied scents that fill  
The balmy air, from hill to hill,  
From grove to grove, from tree to tree,  
The joyous wind is wandering free.  
These gay trees wave their branches bent  
By blooms, of honey redolent.  
There, slowly opening to the day,  
Buds with dark lustre deck the spray.  
The wild bee rests a moment where  
Each tempting flower is sweet and fair,  
Then, coloured by the pollen dyes,  
Deep in some odorous blossom lies.  
Soon from his couch away he springs:  
To other trees his course he wings,  
And tastes the honeyed blooms that grow  
Where Pampá's lucid waters flow.  
See, Lakshman, see, how thickly spread  
With blossoms from the trees o'erhead,  
That grass the weary traveller woos  
With couches of a thousand hues,  
And beds on every height arrayed  
With red and yellow tints are laid,  
No longer winter chills the earth:  
A thousand flowerets spring to birth,  
And trees in rivalry assume  
Their vernal garb of bud and bloom.  
How fair they look, how bright and gay  
With tasselled flowers on every spray!

While each to each proud challenge flings  
 Borne in the song the wild bee sings.  
 That mallard by the river edge  
 Has bathed amid the reeds and sedge:  
 Now with his mate he fondly plays  
 And fires my bosom as I gaze.

Mandákiní<sup>534</sup> is far renowned:  
 No lovelier flood on earth is found;  
 But all her fairest charms combined  
 In this sweet stream enchant the mind.  
 O, if my love were here to look  
 With me upon this lovely brook,  
 Never for Ayodhyá would I pine,  
 Or wish that Indra's lot were mine.  
 If by my darling's side I strayed  
 O'er the soft turf which decks the glade,  
 Each craving thought were sweetly stilled,  
 Each longing of my soul fulfilled.  
 But, now my love is far away,  
 Those trees which make the woods so gay,  
 In all their varied beauty dressed,  
 Wake thoughts of anguish in my breast.

That lotus-covered stream behold  
 Whose waters run so fresh and cold,

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<sup>534</sup> A sacred stream often mentioned in the course of the poem. See Book II, Canto XCV.

Sweet rill, the wildfowl's loved resort,  
Where curlew, swan, and diver sport;  
Where with his consort plays the drake,  
And tall deer love their thirst to slake,  
While from each woody bank is heard  
The wild note of each happy bird.  
The music of that joyous quire  
Fills all my soul with soft desire;  
And, as I hear, my sad thoughts fly  
To Sítá of the lotus eye,  
Whom, lovely with her moonbright cheek,  
In vain mine eager glances seek.  
Now turn, those chequered lawns survey  
Where hart and hind together stray.  
Ah, as they wander at their will  
My troubled breast with grief they fill,  
While torn by hopeless love I sigh  
For Sítá of the fawn-like eye.  
If in those glades where, touched by spring,  
Gay birds their amorous ditties sing,  
Mine own beloved I might see,  
Then, brother, it were well with me:  
If by my side she wandered still,  
And this cool breeze that stirs the rill  
Touched with its gentle breath the brows  
Of mine own dear Videhan spouse.  
For, Lakshman, O how blest are those  
On whom the breath of Pampá blows,  
Dispelling all their care and gloom  
With sweets from where the lilies bloom!  
How can my gentle love remain  
Alive amid the woe and pain,  
Where prisoned far away she lies,—  
My darling of the lotus eyes?

How shall I dare her sire to greet  
Whose lips have never known deceit?  
How stand before the childless king  
And meet his eager questioning?  
When banished by my sire's decree,  
In low estate, she followed me.  
So pure, so true to every vow,  
Where is my gentle darling now?  
How can I bear my widowed lot,  
And linger on where she is not,  
Who followed when from home I fled  
Distracted, disinherited?  
My spirit sinks in hopeless pain  
When my fond glances yearn in vain  
For that dear face with whose bright eye  
The worshipped lotus scarce can vie.  
Ah when, my brother, shall I hear  
That voice that rang so soft and clear,  
When, sweetly smiling as she spoke,  
From her dear lips gay laughter broke?  
When worn with toil and love I strayed  
With Sítá through the forest shade,  
No trace of grief was seen in her,  
My kind and thoughtful comforter.  
How shall my faltering tongue relate  
To Queen Kauśalyá Sítá's fate?  
How answer when in wild despair  
She questions, Where is Sítá, where?  
Haste, brother, haste: to Bharat hie,  
On whose fond love I still rely.  
My life can be no longer borne,  
Since Sítá from my side is torn.”

Thus like a helpless mourner, bent  
 By sorrow, Ráma made lament;  
 And with wise counsel Lakshmaṇ tried  
 To soothe his care, and thus replied:  
 “O best of men, thy grief oppose,  
 Nor sink beneath thy weight of woes.  
 Not thus despond the great and pure  
 And brave like thee, but still endure.  
 Reflect what anguish wrings the heart  
 When loving souls are forced to part;  
 And, mindful of the coming pain,  
 Thy love within thy breast restrain.  
 For earth, though cooled by wandering streams,  
 Lies scorched beneath the midday beams.  
 Rávaṇ his steps to hell may bend,  
 Or lower yet in flight descend;  
 But be thou sure, O Raghu's son,  
 Avenging death he shall not shun.  
 Rise, Ráma, rise: the search begin,  
 And track the giant foul with sin.  
 Then shall the fiend, though far he fly,  
 Resign his prey or surely die.  
 Yea, though the trembling monster hide  
 With Sítá close to Diti's<sup>535</sup> side,  
 E'en there, unless he yield the prize,  
 Slain by this wrathful hand he dies.  
 Thy heart with strength and courage stay,  
 And cast this weakling mood away.  
 Our fainting hopes in vain revive  
 Unless with firm resolve we strive.  
 The zeal that fires the toiler's breast

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<sup>535</sup> A daughter of Daksha who became one of the wives of Kaśyapa and mother of the Daityas. She is termed the general mother of Titans and malignant beings. See Book I Cantos XLV, XLVI.

Mid earthly powers is first and best.  
 Zeal every check and bar defies,  
 And wins at length the loftiest prize,  
 In woe and danger, toil and care,  
 Zeal never yields to weak despair.  
 With zealous heart thy task begin,  
 And thou once more thy spouse shalt win.  
 Cast fruitless sorrow from thy soul,  
 Nor let this love thy heart control.  
 Forget not all thy sacred lore,  
 But be thy noble self once more.”

He heard, his bosom rent by grief,  
 The counsel of his brother chief;  
 Crushed in his heart the maddening pain,  
 And rose resolved and strong again.  
 Then forth upon his journey went  
 The hero on his task intent,  
 Nor thought of Pampá's lovely brook,  
 Or trees which murmuring breezes shook,  
 Though on dark woods his glances fell,  
 On waterfall and cave and dell;  
 And still by many a care distressed  
 The son of Raghu onward pressed.  
 As some wild elephant elate

Moves through the woods in pride,  
 So Lakshman with majestic gait  
 Strode by his brother's side.  
 He, for his lofty spirit famed,  
 Admonished and consoled;  
 Showed Raghu's son what duty claimed,  
 And bade his heart be bold.  
 Then as the brothers strode apace  
 To Rishyamúka's height,

The sovereign of the Vánar race<sup>536</sup>  
 Was troubled at the sight.  
 As on the lofty hill he strayed  
 He saw the chiefs draw near:  
 A while their glorious forms surveyed,  
 And mused in restless fear.  
 His slow majestic step he stayed  
 And gazed upon the pair.  
 And all his spirit sank dismayed  
 By fear too great to bear.  
 When in their glorious might the best  
 Of royal chiefs came nigh,  
 The Vánars in their wild unrest  
 Prepared to turn and fly.  
 They sought the hermit's sacred home<sup>537</sup>  
 For peace and bliss ordained,  
 And there, where Vánars loved to roam,  
 A sure asylum gained.

## Canto II. Sugriva's Alarm.

Sugriva moved by wondering awe  
 The high-souled sons of Raghu saw,  
 In all their glorious arms arrayed;  
 And grief upon his spirit weighed.

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<sup>536</sup> Sugriva, the ex-king of the Vánars, foresters, or monkeys, an exile from his home, wandering about the mountain Rishyamúka with his four faithful ex-ministers.

<sup>537</sup> The hermitage of the Saint Matanga which his curse prevented Báli, the present king of the Vánars, from entering. The story is told at length in Canto XI of this Book.

To every quarter of the sky  
 He turned in fear his anxious eye,  
 And roving still from spot to spot  
 With troubled steps he rested not.  
 He durst not, as he viewed the pair,  
 Resolve to stand and meet them there;  
 And drooping cheer and quailing breast  
 The terror of the chief confessed.  
 While the great fear his bosom shook,  
 Brief counsel with his lords he took;  
 Each gain and danger closely scanned,  
 What hope in flight, what power to stand,  
 While doubt and fear his bosom rent,  
 On Raghu's sons his eyes he bent,  
 And with a spirit ill at ease  
 Addressed his lords in words like these:

“Those chiefs with wandering steps invade  
 The shelter of our pathless shade,  
 And hither come in fair disguise  
 Of hermit garb as Bâli's spies.”

Each lord beheld with troubled heart  
 Those masters of the Bowman's art,  
 And left the mountain side to seek  
 Sure refuge on a loftier peak.  
 The Vânar chief in rapid flight  
 Found shelter on a towering height,  
 And all the band with one accord  
 Were closely gathered round their lord.  
 Their course the same, with desperate leap  
 Each made his way from steep to steep,  
 And speeding on in wild career  
 Filled every height with sudden fear.

Each heart was struck with mortal dread,  
 As on their course the Vánars sped,  
 While trees that crowned the steep were bent  
 And crushed beneath them as they went.  
 As in their eager flight they pressed  
 For safety to each mountain crest,  
 The wild confusion struck with fear  
 Tiger and cat and wandering deer.  
 The lords who watched Sugriva's will  
 Were gathered on the royal hill,  
 And all with reverent hands upraised  
 Upon their king and leader gazed.  
 Sugriva feared some evil planned,  
 Some train prepared by Báli's hand.  
 But, skilled in words that charm and teach,  
 Thus Hanumán<sup>538</sup> began his speech:

“Dismiss, dismiss thine idle fear,  
 Nor dread the power of Báli here.  
 For this is Malaya's glorious hill<sup>539</sup>  
 Where Báli's might can work no ill.  
 I look around but nowhere see  
 The hated foe who made thee flee,  
 Fell Báli, fierce in form and face:  
 Then fear not, lord of Vánar race.  
 Alas, in thee I clearly find  
 The weakness of the Vánar kind,  
 That loves from thought to thought to range,  
 Fix no belief and welcome change.  
 Mark well each hint and sign and scan,  
 Discreet and wise, thine every plan.

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<sup>538</sup> Hanumán, Sugriva's chief general, was the son of the God of Wind. See Book I, Canto XVI.

<sup>539</sup> A range of hills in Malabar; the Western Ghats in the Deccan.

How may a king, with sense denied,  
The subjects of his sceptre guide?"

Hanúmán,<sup>540</sup> wise in hour of need,  
Urged on the chief his prudent rede.  
His listening ear Sugríva bent,  
And spake in words more excellent:

"Where is the dauntless heart that free  
From terror's chilling touch can see  
Two stranger warriors, strong as those,  
Equipped with swords and shafts and bows,  
With mighty arms and large full eyes,  
Like glorious children of the skies?  
Báli my foe, I ween, has sent  
These chiefs to aid his dark intent.  
Hence doubt and fear disturb me still,  
For thousands serve a monarch's will,  
In borrowed garb they come, and those  
Who walk disguised are counted foes.  
With secret thoughts they watch their time,  
And wound fond hearts that fear no crime.  
My foe in state affairs is wise,  
And prudent kings have searching eyes.  
By other hands they strike the foe:  
By meaner tools the truth they know.  
Now to those stranger warriors turn,  
And, less than king, their purpose learn.  
Mark well the trick and look of each;  
Observe his form and note his speech.  
With care their mood and temper sound,

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<sup>540</sup> Válmíki makes the second vowel in this name long or short to suit the exigencies of the verse. Other Indian poets have followed his example, and the same licence will be used in this translation.

And, if their minds be friendly found,  
 With courteous looks and words begin  
 Their confidence and love to win.  
 Then as my friend and envoy speak,  
 And question what the strangers seek.  
 Ask why equipped with shaft and bow  
 Through this wild maze of wood they go.  
 If they, O chief, at first appear  
 Pure of all guile, in heart sincere,  
 Detect in speech and look the sin  
 And treachery that lurk within.”

He spoke: the Wind-God's son obeyed.  
 With ready zeal he sought the shade,  
 And reached with hasty steps the wood  
 Where Raghu's son and Lakshmaṇ stood.<sup>541</sup>

### Canto III. Hanumán's Speech.

The envoy in his faithful breast  
 Pondered Sugríva's high behest.  
 From Rishyamúka's peak he hied  
 And placed him by the princes' side.  
 The Wind-God's son with cautious art  
 Had laid his Vánar form apart,  
 And wore, to cheat the strangers eyes,

---

<sup>541</sup> I omit a recapitulatory and interpolated verse in a different metre, which is as follows:—Reverencing with the words, So be it, the speech of the greatly terrified and unequalled monkey king, the magnanimous Hanumán then went where (stood) the very mighty Ráma with Lakshmaṇ.

A wandering mendicant's disguise.<sup>542</sup>  
 Before the heroes' feet he bent  
 And did obeisance reverent,  
 And spoke, the glorious pair to praise,  
 His words of truth in courteous phrase,  
 High honour duly paid, the best  
 Of all the Vánar kind addressed,  
 With free accord and gentle grace,  
 Those glories of their warrior race:

“O hermits, blest in vows, who shine  
 Like royal saints or Gods divine,  
 O best of young ascetics, say  
 How to this spot you found your way,  
 Scaring the troops of wandering deer  
 And silvan things that harbour here  
 Searching amid the trees that grow  
 Where Pampá's gentle waters flow.  
 And lending from your brows a gleam  
 Of glory to the lovely stream.  
 Who are you, say, so brave and fair,  
 Clad in the bark which hermits wear?  
 I see you heave the frequent sigh,  
 I see the deer before you fly.  
 While you, for strength and valour dread,  
 The earth, like lordly lions, tread,  
 Each bearing in his hand a bow,  
 Like Indra's own, to slay the foe.  
 With the grand paces of a bull,

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<sup>542</sup> The semi divine Hanumán possesses, like the Gods and demons, the power of wearing all shapes at will. He is one of the *Kámarúpis*.

Like Milton's good and bad angels “as they please  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume as likes them best, condense or rare.”

So bright and young and beautiful.  
 The mighty arms you raise appear  
 Like trunks which elephants uprear,  
 And as you move this mountain-king<sup>543</sup>  
 Is glorious with the light you bring.  
 How have you reached, like Gods in face,  
 Best lords of earth, this lonely place,  
 With tresses coiled in hermit guise,<sup>544</sup>  
 And splendours of those lotus eyes?  
 As Gods who leave their heavenly sphere,  
 Alike your beauteous forms appear.  
 The Lords of Day and Night<sup>545</sup> might thus  
 Stray from the skies to visit us.  
 Heroic youth, so broad of chest,  
 Fair with the beauty of the Blest,  
 With lion shoulders, tall and strong,  
 Like bulls who lead the lowing throng,  
 Your arms, unmatched for grace and length,  
 With massive clubs may vie in strength.  
 Why do no gauds those limbs adorn  
 Where priceless gems were meetly worn?  
 Each noble youth is fit, I deem,  
 To guard this earth, as lord supreme,  
 With all her woods and seas, to reign  
 From Meru's peak to Vindhya's chain.  
 Your smooth bows decked with dyes and gold  
 Are glorious in their masters' hold,  
 And with the arms of Indra<sup>546</sup> vie  
 Which diamond splendours beautify.

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<sup>543</sup> Himálaya is of course *par excellence* the Monarch of mountains, but the complimentary title is frequently given to other hills as here to Malaya.

<sup>544</sup> Twisted up in a matted coil as was the custom of ascetics.

<sup>545</sup> The sun and moon.

<sup>546</sup> The rainbow.

Your quivers glow with golden sheen,  
Well stored with arrows fleet and keen,  
Each gleaming like a fiery snake  
That joys the foeman's life to take.  
As serpents cast their sloughs away  
And all their new born sheen display,  
So flash your mighty swords inlaid  
With burning gold on hilt and blade.  
Why are you silent, heroes? Why  
My questions hear nor deign reply?  
Sugríva, lord of virtuous mind,  
The foremost of the Vánar kind,  
An exile from his royal state,  
Roams through the land disconsolate.  
I, Hanumán, of Vánar race,  
Sent by the king have sought this place,  
For he, the pious, just, and true,  
In friendly league would join with you.  
Know, godlike youths, that I am one  
Of his chief lords, the Wind-God's son.  
With course unchecked I roam at will,  
And now from Rishyamúka's hill,  
To please his heart, his hope to speed,  
I came disguised in beggar's weed."

Thus Hanúmán, well trained in lore  
Of language, spoke, and said no more.  
The son of Raghu joyed to hear  
The envoy's speech, and bright of cheer  
He turned to Lakshmaṇ by his side,  
And thus in words of transport cried:

“The counselor we now behold  
 Of King Sugríva righteous-souled.  
 His face I long have yearned to see,  
 And now his envoy comes to me  
 With sweetest words in courteous phrase  
 Answer this mighty lord who slays  
 His foemen, by Sugríva sent,  
 This Vánar chief most eloquent.  
 For one whose words so sweetly flow  
 The whole Rig-veda<sup>547</sup> needs must know,  
 And in his well-trained memory store  
 The Yajush and the Sáman's lore.  
 He must have bent his faithful ear  
 All grammar's varied rules to hear.  
 For his long speech how well he spoke!  
 In all its length no rule he broke.  
 In eye, on brow, in all his face  
 The keenest look no guile could trace.  
 No change of hue, no pose of limb  
 Gave sign that aught was false in him.  
 Concise, unfaltering, sweet and clear,  
 Without a word to pain the ear.  
 From chest to throat, nor high nor low,  
 His accents came in measured flow.  
 How well he spoke with perfect art  
 That wondrous speech that charmed the heart,  
 With finest skill and order graced  
 In words that knew nor pause nor haste!  
 That speech, with consonants that spring  
 From the three seats of uttering,<sup>548</sup>

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<sup>547</sup> The Vedas are four in number, the Rich or Rig-veda, the Yajush or Yajur-veda; the Sáman or Sáma-veda, and the Atharvan or Atharva-veda. See p. 3.  
 Note.

<sup>548</sup> The chest, the throat, and the head.

Would charm the spirit of a foe  
 Whose sword is raised for mortal blow.  
 How may a ruler's plan succeed  
 Who lacks such envoy good at need?  
 How fail, if one whose mind is stored  
 With gifts so rare assist his lord?  
 What plans can fail, with wisest speech  
 Of envoy's lips to further each?"

Thus Ráma spoke; and Lakshman̄ taught  
 In all the art that utters thought,  
 To King Sugríva's learned spy  
 Thus made his eloquent reply:  
 "Full well we know the gifts that grace  
 Sugríva, lord of Vánar race,  
 And hither turn our wandering feet  
 That we that high-souled king may meet.  
 So now our pleasant task shall be  
 To do the words he speaks by thee."

His prudent speech the Vánar heard,  
 And all his heart with joy was stirred.  
 And hope that league with them would bring  
 Redress and triumph to his king.

Cheered by the words that Ráma spoke,  
 Joy in the Vánar's breast awoke,  
 And, as his friendly mood he knew,  
 His thoughts to King Sugríva flew:  
 "Again," he mused, "my high-souled lord  
 Shall rule, to kingly state restored;  
 Since one so mighty comes to save,  
 And freely gives the help we crave."

Then joyous Hanumán, the best  
 Of all the Vánar kind, addressed  
 These words to Ráma, trained of yore  
 In all the arts of speakers' lore.<sup>549</sup>

"Why do your feet this forest tread  
 By silvan life inhabited,  
 This awful maze of tree and thorn  
 Which Pampá's flowering groves adorn?"

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<sup>549</sup> "In our own metrical romances, or wherever a poem is meant not for readers but for chanters and oral reciters, these *formulae*, to meet the same recurring case, exist by scores. Thus every woman in these metrical romances who happens to be young, is described as 'so bright of ble,' or complexion; always a man goes 'the mountenance of a mile' before he overtakes or is overtaken. And so on through a vast bead-roll of cases. In the same spirit Homer has his eternal τον δ' αρ' ὑποδρα ιδων, or τον δ' απαμειβομενος προσφη, &c.

To a reader of sensibility, such recurrences wear an air of child-like simplicity, beautifully recalling the features of Homer's primitive age. But they would have appeared faults to all commonplace critics in literary ages."

DE QUINCEY {FNS. *Homer and the Homericæ.*

He spoke: obedient to the eye  
 Of Ráma, Lakshmaṇ made reply,  
 The name and fortune to unfold  
 Of Raghu's son the lofty-souled:  
 "True to the law, of fame unstained,  
 The glorious Daśaratha reigned,  
 And, steadfast in his duty, long  
 Kept the four castes<sup>550</sup> from scathe and wrong.  
 Through his wide realm his will was done,  
 And, loved by all, he hated none.  
 Just to each creature great and small,  
 Like the Good Sire he cared for all.  
 The Ágnishtom,<sup>551</sup> as priests advised,  
 And various rites he solemnized,  
 Where ample largess ever paid  
 The Bráhmans for their holy aid.  
 Here Ráma stands, his heir by birth,  
 Whose name is glorious in the earth:  
 Sure refuge he of all oppressed,  
 Most faithful to his sire's behest.  
 He, Daśaratha's eldest born  
 Whom gifts above the rest adorn,  
 Lord of each high imperial sign,<sup>552</sup>  
 The glory of his kingly line,  
 Reft of his right, expelled from home,  
 Came forth with me the woods to roam.  
 And Sítá too, his faithful dame,  
 Forth with her virtuous husband came,  
 Like the sweet light when day is done

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<sup>550</sup> Bráhmans the sacerdotal caste. Kshatriyas the royal and military, Vaiśyas the mercantile, and Śúdras the servile.

<sup>551</sup> A protracted sacrifice extending over several days. See Book I, p. 24 Note.

<sup>552</sup> Possessed of all the auspicious personal marks that indicate capacity of universal sovereignty. See Book I, p. 2, and Note 3.

Still cleaving to her lord the sun.  
 And me his sweet perfections drew  
 To follow as his servant true.  
 Named Lakshmaṇ, brother of my lord  
 Of grateful heart with knowledge stored  
 Most meet is he all bliss to share,  
 Who makes the good of all his care.  
 While, power and lordship cast away,  
 In the wild wood he chose to stay,  
 A giant came,—his name unknown,—  
 And stole the princess left alone.  
 Then Diti's son<sup>553</sup> who, cursed of yore,  
 The semblance of a Rákshas wore,  
 To King Sugríva bade us turn  
 The robber's name and home to learn.  
 For he, the Vánar chief, would know  
 The dwelling of our secret foe.  
 Such words of hope spake Diti's son,  
 And sought the heaven his deeds had won.  
 Thou hast my tale. From first to last  
 Thine ears have heard whate'er has past.  
 Ráma the mighty lord and I  
 For refuge to Sugríva fly.  
 The prince whose arm bright glory gained,  
 O'er the whole earth as monarch reigned,  
 And richest gifts to others gave,  
 Is come Sugríva's help to crave;  
 Son of a king the surest friend  
 Of virtue, him who loved to lend  
 His succour to the suffering weak,  
 Is come Sugríva's aid to seek.  
 Yes, Raghu's son whose matchless hand

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<sup>553</sup> Kabandha. See Book III. Canto LXXIII.

Protected all this sea-girt land,  
 The virtuous prince, my holy guide,  
 For refuge seeks Sugríva's side.  
 His favour sent on great and small  
 Should ever save and prosper all.  
 He now to win Sugríva's grace  
 Has sought his woodland dwelling-place.  
 Son of a king of glorious fame;—  
 Who knows not Daśaratha's name?—  
 From whom all princes of the earth  
 Received each honour due to worth;—  
 Heir of that best of earthly kings,  
 Ráma the prince whose glory rings  
 Through realms below and earth and skies,  
 For refuge to Sugríva flies.  
 Nor should the Vánar king refuse  
 The boon for which the suppliant sues,  
 But with his forest legions speed  
 To save him in his utmost need.”

Sumitrá's son, his eyes bedewed  
 With piteous tears, thus sighed and sued.  
 Then, trained in all the arts that guide  
 The speaker, Hanumán replied:

“Yea, lords like you of wisest thought,  
 Whom happy fate has hither brought,  
 Who vanquish ire and rule each sense,  
 Must of our lord have audience.  
 Reft of his kingdom, sad, forlorn,  
 Once Báli's hate now Báli's scorn,  
 Defeated, severed from his spouse,  
 Wandering under forest boughs,  
 Child of the Sun, our lord and king

Sugríva will his succours bring,  
And all our Vánar hosts combined  
Will trace the dame you long to find.”

With gentle tone and winning grace  
Thus spake the chief of Vánar race,  
And then to Raghu's son he cried:  
“Come, haste we to Sugríva's side.”

He spoke, and for his words so sweet  
Good Lakshmaṇ paid all honour meet;  
Then turned and cried to Raghu's son:  
“Now deem thy task already done,  
Because this chief of Vánar kind,  
Son of the God who rules the wind,  
Declares Sugríva's self would be  
Assisted in his need by thee.  
Bright gleams of joy his cheek o'erspread  
As each glad word of hope he said;  
And ne'er will one so valiant deign  
To cheer our hearts with hope in vain.”

He spoke, and Hanumán the wise  
Cast off his mendicant disguise,  
And took again his Vánar form,  
Son of the God of wind and storm.  
High on his ample back in haste  
Raghu's heroic sons he placed,  
And turned with rapid steps to find  
The sovereign of the Vánar kind.

## Canto V. The League.

From Rishyamúka's rugged side  
To Malaya's hill the Vánar hied,  
And to his royal chieftain there  
Announced the coming of the pair:  
“See, here with Lakshmaṇ Ráma stands  
Illustrious in a hundred lands.  
Whose valiant heart will never quail  
Although a thousand foes assail;  
King Daśaratha's son, the grace  
And glory of Ikshváku's race.  
Obedient to his father's will  
He cleaves to sacred duty still.  
With rites of royal pomp and pride  
His sire the Fire-God gratified;  
Ten hundred thousand kine he freed,  
And priests enriched with ample meed;  
And the broad land protected, famed  
For truthful lips and passions tamed.  
Through woman's guile his son has made  
His dwelling in the forest shade,  
Where, as he lived with every sense  
Subdued in hermit abstinence,  
Fierce Rávaṇ stole his wife, and he  
Is come a suppliant, lord, to thee.  
Now let all honour due be paid  
To these great chiefs who seek thine aid.”

Thus spake the Vánar prince, and, stirred  
 With friendly thoughts, Sugríva heard.  
 The light of joy his face o'erspread,  
 And thus to Raghu's son he said:  
 "O Prince, in rules of duty trained,  
 Caring for all with love unfeigned,  
 Hanúmán's tongue has truly shown  
 The virtues that are thine alone.  
 My chiefest glory, gain, and bliss,  
 O stranger Prince, I reckon this,  
 That Raghu's son will condescend  
 To seek the Vánar for his friend.  
 If thou my true ally wouldest be  
 Accept the pledge I offer thee,  
 This hand in sign of friendship take,  
 And bind the bond we ne'er will break."

He spoke, and joy thrilled Ráma's breast;  
 Sugríva's hand he seized and pressed  
 And, transport beaming from his eye,  
 Held to his heart his new ally.  
 In wanderer's weed disguised no more,  
 His proper form Hanúmán wore.  
 Then, wood with wood engendering,<sup>554</sup> came  
 Neath his deft hands the kindled flame.

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<sup>554</sup> Fire for sacred purposes is produced by the attrition of two pieces of wood. In marriage and other solemn covenants fire is regarded as the holy witness in whose presence the agreement is made. Spenser in a description of a marriage, has borrowed from the Roman rite what he calls the housling, or "matrimonial rite."

"His owne two hands the holy knots did knit  
 That none but death forever can divide.  
 His owne two hands, for such a turn most fit,  
 The housling fire did kindle and provide."

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Between the chiefs that fire he placed  
 With wreaths of flowers and worship graced.  
 And round its blazing glory went  
 The friends with slow steps reverent.

Thus each to other pledged and bound  
 In solemn league new transport found,  
 And bent upon his dear ally  
 The gaze he ne'er could satisfy.  
 “Friend of my soul art thou: we share  
 Each other's joy, each other's care;”  
 Thus in the bliss that thrilled his breast  
 Sugríva Raghu's son addressed.  
 From a high Sál a branch he tore  
 Which many a leaf and blossom bore,  
 And the fine twigs beneath them laid  
 A seat for him and Ráma made.  
 Then Hanumán with joyous mind,  
 Son of the God who rules the wind,  
 To Lakshmaṇ gave, his seat to be,  
 The gay branch of a Sandal tree.  
 Then King Sugríva with his eyes  
 Still trembling with the sweet surprise  
 Of the great joy he could not hide,  
 To Raghu's noblest scion cried:  
 “O Ráma, racked with woe and fear,  
 Spurned by my foes, I wander here.  
 Reft of my spouse, forlorn I dwell  
 Here in my forest citadel.  
 Or wild with terror and distress  
 Roam through the distant wilderness.  
 Vext by my brother Báli long  
 My soul has borne the scathe and wrong.  
 Do thou, whose virtues all revere,

Release me from my woe and fear.  
 From dire distress thy friend to free  
 Is a high task and worthy thee.”

He spoke, and Raghu's son who knew  
 All sacred duties men should do.  
 The friend of justice, void of guile,  
 Thus answered with a gentle smile:  
 “Great Vánar, friends who seek my aid  
 Still find their trust with fruit repaid.  
 Báli, thy foe, who stole away  
 Thy wife this vengeful hand shall slay.  
 These shafts which sunlike flash and burn,  
 Winged with the feathers of the hern,  
 Each swift of flight and sure and dread,  
 With even knot and pointed head,  
 Fierce as the crashing fire-bolt sent  
 By him who rules the firmament,<sup>555</sup>  
 Shall reach thy wicked foe and like  
 Infuriate serpents hiss and strike.  
 Thou, Vánar King, this day shalt see  
 The foe who long has injured thee  
 Lie, like a shattered mountain, low,  
 Slain by the tempest of my bow.”

Thus Ráma spake: Sugríva heard,  
 And mighty joy his bosom stirred:  
 As thus his champion he addressed:  
 “Now by thy favour, first and best  
 Of heroes, shall thy friend obtain  
 His realm and darling wife again  
 Recovered from the foe.  
 Check thou mine elder brother's might;

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<sup>555</sup> Indra.

That ne'er again his deadly spite  
 May rob me of mine ancient right,  
 Or vex my soul with woe."

The league was struck, a league to bring  
 To Sítá fiends, and Vánar king<sup>556</sup>  
 Apportioned bliss and bale.

Through her left eye quick throbings shot,<sup>557</sup>  
 Glad signs the lady doubted not,  
 That told their hopeful tale.

The bright left eye of Bálí felt  
 An inauspicious throb that dealt  
 A deadly blow that day.

The fiery left eyes of the crew  
 Of demons felt the throb, and knew  
 The herald of dismay.

## Canto VI. The Tokens.

With joy that sprang from hope restored  
 To Rámá spake the Vánar lord:  
 "I know, by wise Hanúmán taught,  
 Why thou the lonely wood hast sought.  
 Where with thy brother Lakshmaṇ thou  
 Hast sojourned, bound by hermit vow;  
 Have heard how Sítá, Janak's child,  
 Was stolen in the pathless wild,  
 How by a roving Rákshas she

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<sup>556</sup> Bálí the king *de facto*.

<sup>557</sup> With the Indians, as with the ancient Greeks, the throbbing of the right eye in a man is an auspicious sign, the throbbing of the left eye is the opposite. In a woman the significations of signs are reversed.

Weeping was reft from him and thee;  
 How, bent on death, the giant slew  
 The vulture king, her guardian true,  
 And gave thy widowed breast to know  
 A solitary mourner's woe.  
 But soon, dear Prince, thy heart shall be  
 From every trace of sorrow free;  
 For I thy darling will restore,  
 Lost like the prize of holy lore.<sup>558</sup>  
 Yea, though in heaven the lady dwell,  
 Or prisoned in the depths of hell,  
 My friendly care her way shall track  
 And bring thy ransomed darling back.  
 Let this my promise soothe thy care,  
 Nor doubt the words I truly swear.  
 Saints, fiends, and dwellers of the skies  
 Shall find thy wife a bitter prize,  
 Like the rash child who rues too late  
 The treacherous lure of poisoned cate.  
 No longer, Prince, thy loss deplore:  
 Thy darling wife will I restore.  
 'Twas she I saw: my heart infers  
 That shrinking form was doubtless hers,  
 Which gaunt Rávan, fierce and dread,  
 Bore swiftly through the clouds o'erhead  
 Still writhing in his strict embrace

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<sup>558</sup> The Vedas stolen by the demons Madhu and Kaiṭabha.

"The text has [Sanskrit text] which signifies literally 'the lost vedic tradition.' It seems that allusion is here made to the Vedas submerged in the depth of the sea, but promptly recovered by Vishṇu in one of his incarnations, as the brahmanic legend relates, with which the orthodoxy of the Bráhmans intended perhaps to allude to the prompt restoration and uninterrupted continuity of the ancient vedic tradition."

Like helpless queen of serpent race,<sup>559</sup>  
 And from her lips that sad voice came  
 Shrieking thine own and Lakshman's name.  
 High on a hill she saw me stand  
 With comrades twain on either hand.  
 Her outer robe to earth she threw,  
 And with it sent her anklets too.  
 We saw the glittering tokens fall,  
 We found them there and kept them all.  
 These will I bring: perchance thine eyes  
 The treasured spoils will recognize."

He ceased: then Raghu's son replied  
 To the glad tale, and eager cried:  
 "Bring them with all thy speed: delay  
 No more, dear friend, but haste away."

Thus Ráma spoke. Sugríva hied  
 Within the mountain's caverned side,  
 Impelled by love that stirred each thought  
 The precious tokens quickly brought,  
 And said to Raghu's son: Behold  
 This garment and these rings of gold.  
 In Ráma's hand with friendly haste  
 The jewels and the robe he placed.  
 Then, like the moon by mist assailed,  
 The tear-dimmed eyes of Ráma failed;  
 That burst of woe unmanned his frame,  
 Woe sprung from passion for his dame,  
 And with his manly strength o'erthrown,

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<sup>559</sup> Like the wife of a Nága or Serpent-God carried off by an eagle. The enmity between the King of birds and the serpent is of very frequent occurrence. It seems to be a modification of the strife between the Vedic Indra and the Ahi, the serpent or drought-fiend; between Apollôn and the Python, Adam and the Serpent.

He fell and cried, Ah me! mine own!  
Again, again close to his breast  
The ornaments and robe he pressed,  
While the quick pants that shook his frame  
As from a furious serpent came.  
On his dear brother standing nigh  
He turned at length his piteous eye;  
And, while his tears increasing ran,  
In bitter wail he thus began:  
“Look, brother, and behold once more  
The ornaments and robe she wore,  
Dropped while the giant bore away  
In cruel arras his struggling prey,  
Dropped in some quiet spot, I ween,  
Where the young grass was soft and green;  
For still untouched by spot or stain  
Their former beauty all retain.”

He spoke with many a tear and sigh,  
And thus his brother made reply:  
“The bracelets thou hast fondly shown,  
And earrings, are to me unknown,  
But by long service taught I greet  
The anklets of her honoured feet.”<sup>560</sup>

Then to Sugriva Ráma, best  
Of Raghu's sons, these words addressed:

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<sup>560</sup> He means that he has never ventured to raise his eyes to her arms and face, though he has ever been her devoted servant.

“Say to what quarter of the sky  
 The cruel fiend was seen to fly,  
 Bearing afar my captured wife,  
 My darling dearer than my life.  
 Speak, Vánar King, that I may know  
 Where dwells the cause of all my woe;  
 The fiend for whose transgression all  
 The giants by this hand shall fall.  
 He who the Maithil lady stole  
 And kindled fury in my soul,  
 Has sought his fate in senseless pride  
 And opened Death's dark portal wide.  
 Then tell me, Vánar lord, I pray,  
 The dwelling of my foe,  
 And he, beneath this hand, to-day  
 To Yáma's halls shall go.”

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## Canto VII. Ráma Consoled.

With longing love and woe oppressed  
 The Vánar chief he thus addressed:  
 And he, while sobs his utterance broke,  
 Raised up his reverent hands and spoke:

“O Raghu's son, I cannot tell  
Where now that cruel fiend may dwell,  
Declare his power and might, or trace  
The author of his cursed race.  
Still trust the promise that I make  
And let thy breast no longer ache.  
So will I toil, nor toil in vain,  
That thou thy consort mayst regain.  
So will I work with might and skill  
That joy anew thy heart shall fill:  
The valour of my soul display,  
And Rávan and his legions slay.  
Awake, awake! unmanned no more  
Recall the strength was thine of yore.  
Beseems not men like thee to wear  
A weak heart yielding to despair.  
Like troubles, too, mine eyes have seen,  
Lamenting for a long-lost queen;  
But, by despair unconquered yet,  
My strength of mind I ne'er forget.  
Far more shouldst thou of lofty soul  
Thy passion and thy tears control,  
When I, of Vánar's humbler strain,  
Weep not for her in ceaseless pain.  
Be firm, be patient, nor forget  
The bounds the brave of heart have set  
In loss, in woe, in strife, in fear,  
When the dark hour of death is near.  
Up! with thine own brave heart advise:  
Not thus despond the firm and wise.  
But he who gives his childish heart  
To choose the coward's weakling part,  
Sinks, like a foundered vessel, deep  
In waves of woe that o'er him sweep.

See, suppliant hand to hand I lay,  
 And, moved by faithful love, I pray.  
 Give way no more to grief and gloom,  
 But all thy native strength resume.  
 No joy on earth, I ween, have they  
 Who yield their souls to sorrow's sway.  
 Their glory fades in slow decline:  
 'Tis not for thee to grieve and pine.  
 I do but hint with friendly speech  
 The wiser part I dare not teach.  
 This better path, dear friend, pursue,  
 And let not grief thy soul subdue."

Sugrīva thus with gentle art  
 And sweet words soothed the mourner's heart,  
 Who brushed off with his mantle's hem  
 Tears from the eyes bedewed with them.  
 Sugrīva's words were not in vain,  
 And Rāma was himself again,  
 Around the king his arms he threw  
 And thus began his speech anew:

"Whate'er a friend most wise and true,  
 Who counsels for the best, should do,  
 Whate'er his gentle part should be,  
 Has been performed, dear friend, by thee.  
 Taught by thy counsel, O my lord,  
 I feel my native strength restored.  
 A friend like thee is hard to gain,  
 Most rare in time of grief and pain.  
 Now strain thine utmost power to trace  
 The Maithil lady's dwelling place,  
 And aid me in my search to find  
 Fierce Rāvaṇ of the impious mind.

Trust thou, in turn, thy loyal friend,  
And say what aid this arm can lend  
To speed thy hopes, as fostering rain  
Quickens in earth the scattered grain.  
Deem not those words, that seemed to spring  
From pride, are false, O Vánar King.  
None from these lips has ever heard,  
None e'er shall hear, one lying word.  
Again I promise and declare,  
Yea, by my truth, dear friend, I swear.”

Then glad was King Sugríva's breast,  
And all his lords their joy confessed,  
Stirred by sure hope of Ráma's aid,  
And promise which the prince had made.

## Canto VIII. Ráma's Promise.

Doubt from Sugríva's heart had fled,  
And thus to Raghu's son he said:  
“No bliss the Gods of heaven deny.  
Each views me with a favouring eye,  
When thou, whom all good gifts attend,  
Hast sought me and become my friend.  
Leagued, friend, with thee in bold emprise  
My arm might win the conquered skies;  
And shall our banded strength be weak  
To gain the realm which now I seek?  
A happy fate was mine above  
My kith and kin and all I love,  
When, near the witness fire, I won

Thy friendship, Raghu's glorious son.  
 Thou too in ripening time shall see  
 Thy friend not all unworthy thee.  
 What gifts I have shall thus be shown:  
 Not mine the tongue to make them known.  
 Strong is the changeless bond that binds  
 The friendly faith of noble minds,  
 In woe, in danger, firm and sure  
 Their constancy and love endure.  
 Gold, silver, jewels rich and rare  
 They count as wealth for friends to share.  
 Yea, be they rich or poor and low,  
 Blest with all joys or sunk in woe,  
 Stained with each fault or pure of blame,  
 Their friends the nearest place may claim;  
 For whom they leave, at friendship's call,  
 Their gold, their bliss, their homes and all.”

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He spoke by generous impulse moved,  
 And Raghu's son his speech approved  
 Glancing at Lakshmaṇ by his side,  
 Like Indra in his beauty's pride.  
 The Vánar monarch saw the pair  
 Of mighty brothers standing there,  
 And turned his rapid eye to view  
 The forest trees that near him grew.  
 He saw, not far from where he stood,  
 A Sál tree towering o'er the wood.  
 Amid the thick leaves many a bee  
 Graced the scant blossoms of the tree,  
 From whose dark shade a bough, that bore  
 A load of leafy twigs, he tore,  
 Which on the grassy ground he laid  
 And seats for him and Ráma made.

Hanúmán saw them sit, he sought  
 A Sál tree's leafy bough and brought  
 The burthen, and with meek request  
 Entreated Lakshmaṇ, too, to rest.  
 There on the noble mountain's brow,  
 Strewn with the young leaves of the bough,  
 Sat Raghu's son in placid ease  
 Calm as the sea when sleeps the breeze.  
 Sugríva's heart with rapture swelled,  
 And thus, by eager love impelled,  
 He spoke in gracious tone, that, oft  
 Checked by his joy, was low and soft:  
 "I, by my brother's might oppressed,  
 By ceaseless woe and fear distressed,  
 Mourning my consort far away,  
 On Rishyamúka's mountain stray.  
 Expelled by Báli's cruel hate  
 I wander here disconsolate.  
 Do thou to whom all sufferers flee,  
 From his dread hand deliver me."

He spoke, and Ráma, just and brave,  
 Whose pious soul to virtue clave,  
 Smiled as in conscious might he eyed  
 The king of Vánars, and replied:  
 "Best fruit of friendship is the deed  
 That helps the friend in hour of need;  
 And this mine arm in death shall lay  
 Thy robber ere the close of day.  
 For see, these feathered darts of mine  
 Whose points so fiercely flash and shine,  
 And shafts with golden emblem, came  
 From dark woods known by Skanda's name,<sup>561</sup>

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<sup>561</sup> The wood in which Skanda or Kártikeva was brought up:

Winged from the pinion of the hern  
 Like Indra's bolts they strike and burn.  
 With even knots and piercing head  
 Each like a furious snake is sped;  
 With these, to-day, before thine eye  
 Shall, like a shattered mountain, lie  
 Bálí, thy dread and wicked foe,  
 O'erwhelmed in hideous overthrow.”

He spoke: Sugríva's bosom swelled  
 With hope and joy unparalleled.  
 Then his glad voice the Vánar raised,  
 And thus the son of Raghu praised:  
 “Long have I pined in depth of grief;  
 Thou art the hope of all, O chief.  
 Now, Raghu's son, I hail thee friend,  
 And bid thee to my woes attend;  
 For, by my truth I swear it, now  
 Not life itself is dear as thou,  
 Since by the witness fire we met  
 And friendly hand in hand was set.  
 Friend communes now with friend, and hence  
 I tell with surest confidence,  
 How woes that on my spirit weigh  
 Consume me through the night and day.”

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“The Warrior-God  
 Whose infant steps amid the thickets strayed  
 Where the reeds wave over the holy sod.”

See also Book I, Canto XXIX.

For sobs and sighs he scarce could speak,  
And his sad voice came low and weak,  
As, while his eyes with tears o'erflowed,  
The burden of his soul he showed.  
Then by strong effort, bravely made,  
The torrent of his tears he stayed,  
Wiped his bright eyes, his grief subdued,  
And thus, more calm, his speech renewed:

“By Bálí's conquering might oppressed,  
Of power and kingship dispossessed,  
Loaded with taunts of scorn and hate  
I left my realm and royal state.  
He tore away my consort: she  
Was dearer than my life to me,  
And many a friend to me and mine  
In hopeless chains was doomed to pine.  
With wicked thoughts, unsated still,  
Me whom he wrongs he yearns to kill;  
And spies of Vánar race, who tried  
To slay me, by this hand have died.  
Moved by this constant doubt and fear  
I saw thee, Prince, and came not near.  
When woe and peril gather round  
A foe in every form is found.  
Save Hanumán, O Raghu's son,  
And these, no friend is left me, none.  
Through their kind aid, a faithful band  
Who guard their lord from hostile hand,  
Rest when their chieftain rests and bend  
Their steps where'er he lists to wend,—  
Through them alone, in toil and pain,  
My wretched life I still sustain.

Enough, for thou hast heard in brief  
 The story of my pain and grief.  
 His mighty strength all regions know,  
 My brother, but my deadly foe.  
 Ah, if the proud oppressor fell,  
 His death would all my woe dispel.  
 Yea, on my cruel conqueror's fall  
 My joy depends, my life, my all.  
 This were the end and sure relief,  
 O Ráma, of my tale of grief.  
 Fair be his lot or dark with woe,  
 No comfort like a friend I know.”

Then Ráma spoke: “O friend, relate  
 Whence sprang fraternal strife and hate,  
 That duly taught by thee, I may  
 Each foeman's strength and weakness weigh:  
 And skilled in every chance restore  
 The blissful state thou hadst before.  
 For, when I think of all the scorn  
 And bitter woe thou long hast borne,  
 My soul indignant swells with pain  
 Like waters flushed with furious rain.  
 Then, ere I string this bended bow,  
 Tell me the tale I long to know,  
 Ere from the cord my arrow fly,  
 And low in death thy foeman lie.”

He spoke: Sugríva joyed to hear,  
 Nor less his lords were glad of cheer:  
 And thus to Ráma mighty-souled  
 The cause that moved their strife he told:

## Canto IX. Sugriva's Story.<sup>562</sup>

“My brother, known by Báli's name,  
 Had won by might a conqueror's fame.  
 My father's eldest-born was he,  
 Well honoured by his sire and me.  
 My father died, and each sage lord  
 Named Báli king with one accord;  
 And he, by right of birth ordained,  
 The sovereign of the Vánars reigned.  
 He in his royal place controlled  
 The kingdom of our sires of old,  
 And I all faithful service lent  
 To aid my brother's government.  
 The fiend Máyaví,—him of yore  
 To Dundubhi<sup>563</sup> his mother bore,—  
 For woman's love in strife engaged,  
 A deadly war with Báli waged.  
 When sleep had chained each weary frame  
 To vast Kishkindhá<sup>564</sup> gates he came,  
 And, shouting through the shades of night,  
 Challenged his foeman to the fight.  
 My brother heard the furious shout,  
 And wild with rage rushed madly out,  
 Though fain would I and each sad wife  
 Detain him from the deadly strife.  
 He burned his demon foe to slay,

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<sup>562</sup> “Sugriva's story paints in vivid colours the manners, customs and ideas of the wild mountain tribes which inhabited Kishkindhya or the southern hills of the Deccan, of the people whom the poem calls monkeys, tribes altogether different in origin and civilization from the Indo-Sanskrit race.” GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>563</sup> A fiend slain by Báli.

<sup>564</sup> Báli's mountain city.

And rushed impetuous to the fray.  
His weeping wives he thrust aside,  
And forth, impelled by fury, hied;  
While, by my love and duty led,  
I followed where my brother sped.  
Máyáví looked, and at the sight  
Fled from his foes in wild affright.  
The flying fiend we quickly viewed,  
And with swift feet his steps pursued.  
Then rose the moon, whose friendly ray  
Cast light upon our headlong way.  
By the soft beams was dimly shown  
A mighty cave with grass o'ergrown.  
Within its depths he sprang, and we  
The demon's form no more might see.  
My brother's breast was all aglow  
With fury when he missed the foe,  
And, turning, thus to me he said  
With senses all disquieted:  
“Here by the cavern's mouth remain;  
Keep ear and eye upon the strain,  
While I the dark recess explore  
And dip my brand in foeman's gore.”  
I heard his angry speech, and tried  
To turn him from his plan aside.  
He made me swear by both his feet,  
And sped within the dark retreat.  
While in the cave he stayed, and I  
Watched at the mouth, a year went by.  
For his return I looked in vain,  
And, moved by love, believed him slain.  
I mourned, by doubt and fear distressed,  
And greater horror seized my breast  
When from the cavern rolled a flood,

A carnage stream of froth and blood;  
And from the depths a sound of fear,  
The roar of demons, smote mine ear;  
But never rang my brother's shout  
Triumphant in the battle rout.  
I closed the cavern with a block,  
Huge as a hill, of shattered rock.  
Gave offerings due to Bali's shade,  
And sought Kishkindha, sore dismayed.  
Long time with anxious care I tried  
From Bali's lords his fate to hide,  
But they, when once the tale was known,  
Placed me as king on Bali's throne.  
There for a while I justly reigned  
And all with equal care ordained,  
When joyous from the demon slain  
My brother Bali came again.  
He found me ruling in his stead,  
And, fired with rage, his eyes grew red.  
He slew the lords who made me king,  
And spoke keen words to taunt and sting.  
The kingly rank and power I held  
My brother's rage with ease had quelled,  
But still, restrained by old respect  
For claims of birth, the thought I checked.  
Thus having struck the demon down  
Came Bali to his royal town.  
With meek respect, with humble speech,  
His haughty heart I strove to reach.  
But all my arts were tried in vain,  
No gentle word his lips would deign,  
Though to the ground I bent and set  
His feet upon my coronet:  
Still Bali in his rage and pride

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All signs of grace and love denied."

## Canto X. Sugríva's Story.

"I strove to soothe and lull to rest  
 The fury of his troubled breast:  
 "Well art thou come, dear lord," I cried.  
 "By whose strong arm thy foe has died.  
 Forlorn I languished here, but now  
 My saviour and defence art thou.  
 Once more receive this regal shade<sup>565</sup>  
 Like the full moon in heaven displayed;  
 And let the chouries,<sup>566</sup> thus restored,  
 Wave glorious o'er the rightful lord.  
 I kept my watch, thy word obeyed,  
 And by the cave a year I stayed.  
 But when I saw that stream of blood  
 Rush from the cavern in a flood,  
 My sad heart broken with dismay,  
 And every wandering sense astray,  
 I barred the entrance with a stone,—  
 A crag from some high mountain thrown—  
 Turned from the spot I watched in vain,  
 And to Kishkindhá came again.  
 My deep distress and downcast mien  
 By citizen and lord were seen.  
 They made me king against my will:  
 Forgive me if the deed was ill.

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<sup>565</sup> The canopy or royal umbrella, one of the usual Indian regalia.

<sup>566</sup> Whisks made of the hair of the Yak or Bos grunniers, also regal insignia.

True as I ever was I see  
My honoured king once more in thee;  
I only ruled a while the state  
When thou hadst left us desolate.  
This town with people, lords, and lands,  
Lay as a trust in guardian hands:  
And now, my gracious lord, accept  
The kingdom which thy servant kept.  
Forgive me, victor of the foe,  
Nor let thy wrath against me glow.  
See joining suppliant hands I pray,  
And at thy feet my head I lay.  
Believe my words: against my will  
The royal seat they made me fill.  
Unkinged they saw the city, hence  
They made me lord for her defence.”

But Báli, though I humbly sued,  
Reviled me in his furious mood:  
“Out on thee, wretch!” in wrath he cried  
With many a bitter taunt beside.  
He summoned every lord, and all  
His subjects gathered at his call.  
Then forth his burning anger broke,  
And thus amid his friends he spoke:  
“I need not tell, for well ye know,  
How fierce Máyáví, fiend and foe,  
Came to Kishkindhá's gate by night,  
And dared me in his wrath to fight.  
I heard each word the demon said:  
Forth from my royal hall I sped;  
And, foe in brother's guise concealed,  
Sugriva followed to the field.  
The mighty demon through the shade

Beheld me come with one to aid:  
Then shrinking from unequal fight,  
He turned his back in swiftest flight.  
From vengeful foes his life to save  
He sought the refuge of a cave.  
Then when I saw the fiend had fled  
Within that cavern dark and dread,  
Thus to my brother cruel-eyed,  
Impatient in my wrath, I cried:  
“I seek no more my royal town  
Till I have struck the demon down.  
Here by the cavern's mouth remain  
Until my hand the foe have slain.”  
Upon his faith my heart relied,  
And swift within the depths I hied.  
A year went by: in every spot  
I sought the fiend, but found him not.  
At length my foe I saw and slew,  
Whom long I feared when lost to view;  
And all his kinsmen by his side  
Beneath my vengeful fury died.  
The monster, as he reeled and fell,  
Poured forth his blood with roar and yell;  
And, filling all the cavern, dyed  
The portal with the crimson tide.  
Upon my foeman slain at last  
One look, one pitying look, I cast.  
I sought again the light of day:  
The cave was closed and left no way.  
To the barred mouth I sadly came,  
And called aloud Sugrīva's name.  
But all was still: no voice replied,  
And hope within my bosom died.  
With furious efforts, vain at first,

Through bars of rock my way I burst.  
Then, free once more, the path that brought  
My feet in safety home I sought.  
'Twas thus Sugriva dared despise  
The claim of brothers' friendly ties.  
With crags of rock he barred me in,  
And for himself the realm would win."

Thus Báli spoke in words severe;  
And then, unmoved by ruth or fear,  
Left me a single robe and sent  
His brother forth in banishment.  
He cast me out with scathe and scorn,  
And from my side my wife was torn.  
Now in great fear and ill at ease  
I roam this land with woods and seas,  
Or dwell on Rishyamúka's hill,  
And sorrow for my consort still.  
Thou hast the tale how first arose  
This bitter hate of brother foes.  
Such are the griefs neathe which I pine,  
And all without a fault of mine.  
O swift to save in hour of fear,  
My prayer who dread this Báli, hear  
With gracious love assistance deign,  
And mine oppressor's arm restrain."

Then Raghu's son, the good and brave,  
With a gay laugh his answer gave:  
"These shafts of mine which ne'er can fail,  
Before whose sheen the sun grows pale,  
Winged by my fury, fleet and fierce,  
The wicked Báli's heart shall pierce.  
Yea, mark the words I speak, so long

Shall live that wretch who joys in wrong,  
 Until these angered eyes have seen  
 The robber of thy darling queen.  
 I, taught by equal suffering, know  
 What waves of grief above thee flow.  
 This hand thy captive wife shall free,  
 And give thy kingdom back to thee.”

Sugríva joyed as Ráma spoke,  
 And valour in his breast awoke.  
 His eye grew bright, his heart grew bold,  
 And thus his wondrous tale he told:

## Canto XI. Dundubhi.

“I doubt not, Prince, thy peerless might,  
 Armed with these shafts so keen and bright,  
 Like all-destroying fires of fate,  
 The worlds could burn and devastate.  
 But lend thou first thy mind and ear  
 Of Bálí's power and might to hear.  
 How bold, how firm, in battle tried,  
 Is Bálí's heart; and then decide.  
 From east to west, from south to north  
 On restless errand hurrying forth,  
 From farthest sea to sea he flies  
 Before the sun has lit the skies.  
 A mountain top he oft will seek,  
 Tear from its root a towering peak,  
 Hurl it aloft, as 'twere a ball,  
 And catch it ere to earth it fall.

And many a tree that long has stood  
 In health and vigour in the wood,  
 His single arm to earth will throw,  
 The marvels of his might to show.  
 Shaped like a bull, a monster bore  
 The name of Dundubhi of yore:  
 He matched in size a mountain height,  
 A thousand elephants in might.  
 By pride of wondrous gifts impelled,  
 And strength he deemed unparalleled,  
 To Ocean, lord of stream and brook,  
 Athirst for war, his way he took.  
 He reached the king of rolling waves  
 Whose gems are piled in sunless caves,  
 And threw his challenge to the sea;  
 "Come forth, O King, and fight with me."  
 He spoke, and from his ocean bed  
 The righteous<sup>567</sup> monarch heaved his head,  
 And gave, sedate, his calm reply  
 To him whom fate impelled to die:  
 "Not mine, not mine the power," he cried,  
 "To cope with thee in battle tried;  
 But listen to my voice, and seek  
 The worthier foe of whom I speak.  
 The Lord of Hills, where hermits live  
 And love the home his forests give,  
 Whose child is Śankar's darling queen,<sup>568</sup>  
 The King of Snows is he I mean.  
 Deep caves has he, and dark boughs shade

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<sup>567</sup> Righteous because he never transgresses his bounds, and

"over his great tides  
 Fidelity presides."

<sup>568</sup> Himálaya, the Lord of Snow, is the father of Umá the wife of Śiva or Śankar.

The torrent and the wild cascade.  
From him expect the fierce delight  
Which heroes feel in equal fight.”

He deemed that fear checked ocean's king,  
And, like an arrow from the string,  
To the wild woods that clothe the side  
Of Lord Himálaya's hills he hied.  
Then Dundubhi, with hideous roar,  
Huge fragments from the summit tore  
Vast as Airávat,<sup>569</sup> white with snow,  
And hurled them to the plains below.  
Then like a white cloud soft, serene,  
The Lord of Mountains' form was seen.  
It sat upon a lofty crest,  
And thus the furious fiend addressed:  
“Beseems thee not, O virtue's friend,  
My mountain tops to rive and rend;  
For I, the hermit's calm retreat,  
For deeds of war am all unmeet.”

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The demon's eye with rage grew red,  
And thus in furious tone he said:  
“If thou from fear or sloth decline  
To match thy strength in war with mine,  
Where shall I find a champion, say,  
To meet me burning for the fray?”  
He spoke: Himálaya, skilled in lore  
Of eloquence, replied once more,  
And, angered in his righteous mind,  
Addressed the chief of demon kind:  
“The Vánar Báli, brave and wise,

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<sup>569</sup> Indra's celestial elephant.

Son of the God who rules the skies,<sup>570</sup>  
 Sways, glorious in his high renown,  
 Kishkindhá his imperial town.  
 Well may that valiant lord who knows  
 Each art of war his might oppose  
 To thine, in equal battle set,  
 As Namuehi<sup>571</sup> and Indra met.  
 Go, if thy soul desire the fray;  
 To Báli's city speed away,  
 And that unconquered hero meet  
 Whose fame is high for warlike feat."  
 He listened to the Lord of Snow,  
 And, his proud heart with rage aglow,  
 Sped swift away and lighted down  
 By vast Kishkindhá, Báli's town.  
 With pointed horns to strike and gore  
 The semblance of a bull he bore,  
 Huge as a cloud that downward bends  
 Ere the full flood of rain descends.  
 Impelled by pride and rage and hate,  
 He thundered at Kishkindhá's gate;  
 And with his bellowing, like the sound  
 Of pealing drums, he shook the ground,  
 He rent the earth and prostrate threw  
 The trees that near the portal grew.  
 King Báli from the bowers within  
 Indignant heard the roar and din.  
 Then, moonlike mid the stars, with all  
 His dames he hurried to the wall;  
 And to the fiend this speech, expressed  
 In clear and measured words, addressed:

<sup>570</sup> Báli was the son of Indra. See p. 28.

<sup>571</sup> An Asur slain by Indra. See p. 261 Note. He is, like Vritra, a form of the demon of drought destroyed by the beneficent God of the firmament.

“Know me for monarch. Báli styled,  
Of Vánar tribes that roam the wild.  
Say why dost thou this gate molest,  
And bellowing thus disturb our rest?  
I know thee, mighty fiend: beware  
And guard thy life with wiser care.”  
He spoke: and thus the fiend returned,  
While red with rage his eyeballs burned:  
“What! speak when all thy dames are nigh  
And hero-like thy foe defy?  
Come, meet me in the fight this day,  
And learn my strength by bold assay.  
Or shall I spare thee, and relent  
Until the coming night be spent?  
Take then the respite of a night  
And yield thee to each soft delight.  
Then, monarch of the Vánar race  
With loving arms thy friends embrace.  
Gifts on thy faithful lords bestow,  
Bid each and all farewell, and go.  
Show in the streets once more thy face,  
Install thy son to fill thy place.  
Dally a while with each dear dame;  
And then my strength thy pride shall tame  
For, should I smite thee drunk with wine  
Enamoured of those dames of thine,  
Beneath diseases bowed and bent,  
Or weak, unarmed, or negligent,  
My deed would merit hate and scorn  
As his who slays the child unborn.”  
Then Báli’s soul with rage was fired,  
Queen Tára and the dames retired;  
And slowly, with a laugh of pride,  
The king of Vánars thus replied:

“Me, fiend, thou deemest drunk with wine:  
Unless thy fear the fight decline,  
Come, meet me in the fray, and test  
The spirit of my valiant breast.”  
He spoke in wrath and high disdain;  
And, laying down his golden chain,  
Gift of his sire Mahendra, dared  
The demon, for the fray prepared;  
Seized by the horns the monster, vast  
As a huge hill, and held him fast,  
Then fiercely dragged him round and round,  
And, shouting, hurled him to the ground.  
Blood streaming from his ears, he rose,  
And wild with fury strove the foes.  
Then Báli, match for Indra's might,  
With every arm renewed the fight.  
He fought with fists, and feet, and knees,  
With fragments of the rock, and trees.  
At last the monster's strength, assailed  
By Šakra's<sup>572</sup> conquering offspring, failed.  
Him Báli raised with mighty strain  
And dashed upon the ground again;  
Where, bruised and shattered, in a tide  
Of rushing blood, the demon died.  
King Báli saw the lifeless corse,  
And bending, with tremendous force  
Raised the huge bulk from where it lay,  
And hurled it full a league away.  
As through the air the body flew,  
Some blood-drops, caught by gales that blew,  
Welled from his shattered jaw and fell  
By Saint Matanga's hermit cell:

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<sup>572</sup> Another name of Indra or Mahendra.

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Matanga saw, illustrious sage,  
 Those drops defile his hermitage,  
 And, as he marvelled whence they came,  
 Fierce anger filled his soul with flame:  
 “Who is the villain, evil-souled,  
 With childish thoughts unwise and bold,  
 Who is the impious wretch,” he cried,  
 “By whom my grove with blood is dyed?”

Thus spoke Matanga in his rage,  
 And hastened from the hermitage,  
 When lo, before his wondering eyes  
 Lay the dead bull of mountain size.  
 His hermit soul was nothing slow  
 The doer of the deed to know,  
 And thus the Vánar in a burst  
 Of wild tempestuous wrath he cursed:  
 “Ne'er let that Vánar wander here,  
 For, if he come, his death is near,  
 Whose impious hand with blood has dyed  
 The holy place where I abide,  
 Who threw this demon corse and made  
 A ruin of the pleasant shade.  
 If e'er he plant his wicked feet  
 Within one league of my retreat;  
 Yea, if the villain come so nigh  
 That very hour he needs must die.  
 And let the Vánar lords who dwell  
 In the dark woods that skirt my cell  
 Obey my words, and speeding hence  
 Find them some meeter residence.  
 Here if they dare to stay, on all  
 The terrors of my curse shall fall.  
 They spoil the tender saplings, dear

As children which I cherish here,  
Mar root and branch and leaf and spray,  
And steal the ripening fruit away.  
One day I grant, no further hour,  
To-morrow shall my curse have power,  
And then each Vánar I may see  
A stone through countless years shall be.”  
The Vánars heard the curse and hied  
From sheltering wood and mountain side.  
King Báli marked their haste and dread,  
And to the flying leaders said:  
“Speak, Vánar chiefs, and tell me why  
From Saint Matanga's grove ye fly  
To gather round me: is it well  
With all who in those woodlands dwell?”  
He spoke: the Vánar leaders told  
King Báli with his chain of gold  
What curse the saint had on them laid,  
Which drove them from their ancient shade.  
Then royal Báli sought the sage,  
With reverent hands to soothe his rage.  
The holy man his suppliant spurned,  
And to his cell in anger turned.  
That curse on Báli sorely pressed,  
And long his conscious soul distressed.  
Him still the curse and terror keep  
Afar from Rishyamúka's steep.  
He dares not to the grove draw nigh,  
Nay scarce will hither turn his eye.  
We know what terrors warm him hence,  
And roam these woods in confidence.  
Look, Prince, before thee white and dry  
The demon's bones uncovered lie,  
Who, like a hill in bulk and length,

Fell ruined for his pride of strength.  
 See those high Sál trees seven in row  
 That droop their mighty branches low,  
 These at one grasp would Bálí seize,  
 And leafless shake the trembling trees.  
 These tales I tell, O Prince, to show  
 The matchless power that arms the foe.  
 How canst thou hope to slay him? how  
 Meet Bálí in the battle now?"

Sugríva spoke and sadly sighed:  
 And Lakshmaṇ with a laugh replied:  
 "What show of power, what proof and test  
 May still the doubts that fill thy breast?"

He spoke. Sugríva thus replied:  
 "See yonder Sál trees side by side.  
 King Bálí here would take his stand  
 Grasping his bow with vigorous hand,  
 And every arrow, keen and true,  
 Would strike its tree and pierce it through.  
 If Ráma now his bow will bend,  
 And through one trunk an arrow send;  
 Or if his arm can raise and throw  
 Two hundred measures of his bow,  
 Grasped by a foot and hurled through air,  
 The demon bull that moulders there,  
 My heart will own his might and fain  
 Believe my foe already slain."

Sugríva spoke inflamed with ire,  
Scanned Ráma with a glance of fire,  
Pondered a while in silent mood.  
And thus again his speech renewed:  
“All lands with Báli's glories ring,  
A valiant, strong, and mighty king;  
In conscious power unused to yield,  
A hero first in every field.  
His wondrous deeds his might declare,  
Deeds Gods might scarcely do or dare;  
And on this power reflecting still  
I roam on Rishyamúka's hill.  
Awed by my brother's might I rove,  
In doubt and fear, from grove to grove,  
While Hanumán, my chosen friend,  
And faithful lords my steps attend;  
And now, O true to friendship's tie,  
I hail in thee my best ally.  
My surest refuge from my foes,  
And steadfast as the Lord of Snows.  
Still, when I muse how strong and bold  
Is cruel Báli, evil-souled,  
But ne'er, O chief of Raghu's line,  
Have seen what strength in war is thine,  
Though in my heart I may not dare  
Doubt thy great might, despise, compare,  
Thoughts of his fearful deeds will rise  
And fill my soul with sad surmise.  
Speech, form, and trust which naught may move  
Thy secret strength and glory prove,  
As smouldering ashes dimly show  
The dormant fires that live below.”

He ceased: and Ráma answered, while  
Played o'er his lips a gracious smile:  
“Not yet convinced? This clear assay  
Shall drive each lingering doubt away.”  
Thus Ráma spoke his heart to cheer,  
To Dundubhi's vast frame drew near:  
He touched it with his foot in play  
And sent it twenty leagues away.  
Sugríva marked what easy force  
Hurled through the air that demon's corse  
Whose mighty bones were white and dried,  
And to the son of Raghu cried:  
“My brother Báli, when his might  
Was drunk and weary from the fight,  
Hurled forth the monster body, fresh  
With skin and sinews, blood and flesh.  
Now flesh and blood are dried away,  
The crumbling bones are light as hay,  
Which thou, O Raghu's son, hast sent  
Flying through air in merriment.  
This test alone is weak to show  
If thou be stronger or the foe.  
By thee a heap of mouldering bone,  
By him the recent corse was thrown.  
Thy strength, O Prince, is yet untried:  
Come, pierce one tree: let this decide.  
Prepare thy ponderous bow and bring  
Close to thine ear the straining string.  
On yonder Sál tree fix thine eye,  
And let the mighty arrow fly,  
I doubt not, chief, that I shall see  
Thy pointed shaft transfix the tree.  
Then come, assay the easy task,  
And do for love the thing I ask.

Best of all lights, the Day-God fills  
     With glory earth and sky:  
 Himálaya is the lord of hills  
     That heave their heads on high.  
 The royal lion is the best  
     Of beasts that tread the earth;  
 And thou, O hero, art confessed  
     First in heroic worth.”

## Canto XII. The Palm Trees.

Then Ráma, that his friend might know  
 His strength unrivalled, grasped his bow,  
 That mighty bow the foe's dismay,—  
 And on the string an arrow lay.  
 Next on the tree his eye he bent,  
 And forth the hurtling weapon went.  
 Loosed from the matchless hero's hold,  
 That arrow, decked with burning gold,  
 Cleft the seven palms in line, and through  
 The hill that rose behind them flew:  
 Six subterranean realms it passed,  
 And reached the lowest depth at last,  
 Whence speeding back through earth and air  
 It sought the quiver, and rested there.<sup>573</sup>  
 Upon the cloven trees amazed,  
 The sovereign of the Vánars gazed.  
 With all his chains and gold outspread  
 Prostrate on earth he laid his head.

<sup>573</sup> The Bengal recension makes it return in the form of a swan.

Then, rising, palm to palm he laid  
 In reverent act, obeisance made,  
 And joyously to Ráma, best  
 Of war-trained chiefs, these words addressed:

“What champion, Raghu's son, may hope  
 With thee in deadly fight to cope,  
 Whose arrow, leaping from the bow,  
 Cleaves tree and hill and earth below?  
 Scarce might the Gods, arrayed for strife  
 By Indra's self, escape, with life  
 Assailed by thy victorious hand:  
 And how may Báli hope to stand?  
 All grief and care are past away,  
 And joyous thoughts my bosom sway,  
 Who have in thee a friend, renowned,  
 As Varun<sup>574</sup> or as Indra, found.  
 Then on! subdue,—'tis friendship's claim,—  
 My foe who bears a brother's name.  
 Strike Báli down beneath thy feet:  
 With suppliant hands I thus entreat.”  
 Sugríva ceased, and Ráma pressed  
 The grateful Vánar to his breast;  
 And thoughts of kindred feeling woke  
 In Lakshmaṇ's bosom, as he spoke:  
 “On to Kishkindhá, on with speed!  
 Thou, Vánar King, our way shalt lead,  
 Then challenge Báli forth to fight.

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<sup>574</sup> Varuna is one of the oldest of the Vedic Gods, corresponding in name and partly in character to the Οὐρανός of the Greeks and is often regarded as the supreme deity. He upholds heaven and earth, possesses extraordinary power and wisdom, sends his messengers through both worlds, numbers the very winkings of men's eyes, punishes transgressors whom he seizes with his deadly noose, and pardons the sins of those who are penitent. In later mythology he has become the God of the sea.

Thy foe who scorns a brother's right."

They sought Kishkindhá's gate and stood  
 Concealed by trees in densest wood,  
 Sugríva, to the fight addressed,  
 More closely drew his cinctured vest,  
 And raised a wild sky-piercing shout  
 To call the foeman Bálí out.

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Forth came impetuous Bálí, stirred  
 To fury by the shout he heard.  
 So the great sun, ere night has ceased,  
 Springs up impatient to the east.  
 Then fierce and wild the conflict raged  
 As hand to hand the foes engaged,  
 As though in battle mid the stars  
 Fought Mercury and fiery Mars.<sup>575</sup>  
 To highest pitch of frenzy wrought  
 With fists like thunderbolts they fought,  
 While near them Ráma took his stand,  
 And viewed the battle, bow in hand.  
 Alike they stood in form and might,  
 Like heavenly Aśvins<sup>576</sup> paired in fight,  
 Nor might the son of Raghu know  
 Where fought the friend and where the foe;

<sup>575</sup> Budha, not to be confounded with the great reformer Buddha, is the son of Soma or the Moon, and regent of the planet Mercury. Angára is the regent of Mars who is called the red or the fiery planet. The encounter between Michael and Satan is similarly said to have been as if

"Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in midsky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres compound."

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<sup>576</sup> The Aśvins or Heavenly Twins, the Dioskuri or Castor and Pollux of the Hindus, have frequently been mentioned. See p. 36, Note.

So, while his bow was ready bent,  
No life-destroying shaft he sent.  
Crushed down by Báli's mightier stroke  
Sugríva's force now sank and broke,  
Who, hoping naught from Ráma's aid,  
To Rishyamúka fled dismayed,  
Weary, and faint, and wounded sore,  
His body bruised and dyed with gore,  
From Báli's blows, in rage and dread,  
Afar to sheltering woods he fled.

Nor Báli farther dared pursue,  
The curbing curse too well he knew.  
“Fled from thy death!” the victor cried,  
And home the mighty warrior hied.  
Hanúmán, Lakshmaṇ, Raghu's son  
Beheld the conquered Vánar run,  
And followed to the sheltering shade  
Where yet Sugríva stood dismayed.  
Near and more near the chieftains came,  
Then, for intolerable shame,  
Not daring yet to lift his eyes,  
Sugríva spoke with burning sighs:  
“Thy matchless strength I first beheld,  
And dared my foe, by thee impelled.  
Why hast thou tried me with deceit  
And urged me to a sure defeat?  
Thou shouldst have said, “I will not slay  
Thy foeman in the coming fray.”  
For had I then thy purpose known  
I had not waged the fight alone.”

The Vánar sovereign, lofty-souled,  
In plaintive voice his sorrows told.  
Then Ráma spake: "Sugríva, list,  
All anger from thy heart dismissed,  
And I will tell the cause that stayed  
Mine arrow, and withheld the aid.  
In dress, adornment, port, and height,  
In splendour, battle-shout, and might,  
No shade of difference could I see  
Between thy foe, O King, and thee.  
So like was each, I stood at gaze,  
My senses lost in wildering maze,  
Nor loosened from my straining bow  
A deadly arrow at the foe,  
Lest in my doubt the shaft should send  
To sudden death our surest friend.  
O, if this hand in heedless guilt  
And rash resolve thy blood had spilt,  
Through every land, O Vánar King,  
My wild and foolish act would ring.  
Sore weight of sin on him must lie  
By whom a friend is made to die;  
And Lakshman, I, and Sítá, best  
Of dames, on thy protection rest.  
On, warrior! for the fight prepare;  
Nor fear again thy foe to dare.  
Within one hour thine eye shall view  
My arrow strike thy foeman through;  
Shall see the stricken Báli lie  
Low on the earth, and gasp and die.  
But come, a badge about thee bind,  
O monarch of the Vánar kind,  
That in the battle shock mine eyes  
The friend and foe may recognize.

Come, Lakshman, let that creeper deck  
 With brightest bloom Sugriva's neck,  
 And be a happy token, twined  
 Around the chief of lofty mind."

Upon the mountain slope there grew  
 A threading creeper fair to view,  
 And Lakshmañ plucked the bloom and round  
 Sugriva's neck a garland wound.  
 Graced with the flowery wreath he wore,  
 The Vánar chief the semblance bore  
 Of a dark cloud at close of day  
 Engarlanded with cranes at play,  
 In glorious light the Vánar glowed  
 As by his comrade's side he strode,  
 And, still on Ráma's word intent,  
 His steps to great Kishkindhá bent.

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### Canto XIII. The Return To Kishkindhá.

Thus with Sugriva, from the side  
 Of Rishyamúka, Ráma hied,  
 And stood before Kishkindhá's gate  
 Where Báli kept his regal state.  
 The hero in his warrior hold  
 Raised his great bow adorned with gold,  
 And drew his pointed arrow bright  
 As sunbeams, finisher of fight.  
 Strong-necked Sugriva led the way  
 With Lakshmañ mighty in the fray.

Nala and Níla came behind  
With Hanumán of lofty mind,  
And valiant Tára, last in place,  
A leader of the Vánar race.  
They gazed on many a tree that showed  
The glory of its pendent load,  
And brook and limpid rill that made  
Sweet murmurs as they seaward strayed.  
They looked on caverns dark and deep,  
On bower and glen and mountain steep,  
And saw the opening lotus stud  
With roseate cup the crystal flood,  
While crane and swan and coot and drake  
Made pleasant music on the lake,  
And from the reedy bank was heard  
The note of many a happy bird.  
In open lawns, in tangled ways,  
They saw the tall deer stand at gaze,  
Or marked them free and fearless roam,  
Fed with sweet grass, their woodland home.  
At times two flashing tusks between  
The wavings of the wood were seen,  
And some mad elephant, alone,  
Like a huge moving hill, was shown.  
And scarcely less in size appeared  
Great monkeys all with dust besmeared.  
And various birds that roam the skies,  
And silvan creatures, met their eyes,  
As through the wood the chieftains sped,  
And followed where Sugríva led.

Then Ráma, as their way they made,  
Saw near at hand a lovely shade,  
And, as he gazed upon the trees,

Spake to Sugrīva words like these;  
“Those stately trees in beauty rise,  
Fair as a cloud in autumn skies.  
I fain, my friend, would learn from thee  
What pleasant grove is that I see.”

Thus Rāma spake, the mighty souled;  
And thus his tale Sugrīva told:

“That, Rāma, is a wide retreat  
That brings repose to weary feet.  
Bright streams and fruit and roots are there,  
And shady gardens passing fair.  
There, neath the roof of hanging boughs,  
The sacred Seven maintained their vows.  
Their heads in dust were lowly laid,  
In streams their nightly beds were made.  
Each seventh night they broke their fast,  
But air was still their sole repast,  
And when seven hundred years were spent  
To homes in heaven the hermits went.  
Their glory keeps the garden yet,  
With walls of stately trees beset.  
Scarce would the Gods and demons dare,  
By Indra led, to enter there.  
No beast that roams the wood is found,  
No bird of air, within the bound;  
Or, thither if they idly stray,  
They find no more their homeward way.  
You hear at times mid dulcet tones  
The chime of anklets, rings, and zones.  
You hear the song and music sound,  
And heavenly fragrance breathes around,

There duly burn the triple fires<sup>577</sup>  
 Where mounts the smoke in curling spires,  
 And, in a dun wreath, hangs above  
 The tall trees, like a brooding dove.  
 Round branch and crest the vapours close  
 Till every tree enveloped shows  
 A hill of lazulite when clouds  
 Hang round it with their misty shrouds.  
 With Lakshman, lord of Raghu's line,  
 In reverent guise thine head incline,  
 And with fixt heart and suppliant hand  
 Give honour to the sainted band.  
 They who with faithful hearts revere  
 The holy Seven who harboured here,  
 Shall never, son of Raghu, know  
 In all their lives an hour of woe."

Then Ráma and his brother bent,  
 And did obeisance reverent  
 With suppliant hand and lowly head,  
 Then with Sugríva onward sped.  
 Beyond the sainted Seven's abode  
 Far on their way the chieftains strode,  
 And great Kishkindhá's portal gained,  
 The royal town where Báli reigned.  
 Then by the gate they took their stand  
 All ready armed a noble band,  
 And burning every one  
 To slay in battle, hand to hand,  
 Their foeman, Indra's son.

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<sup>577</sup> Called respectively Gárhapatya, Áhavaniya, and Dakshiṇa, household, sacrificial, and southern.

## Canto XIV. The Challenge.

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They stood where trees of densest green  
 Wove round their forms a veiling screen.  
 O'er all the garden's pleasant shade  
 [341] The eyes of King Sugrīva strayed,  
 And, as on grass and tree he gazed,  
 The fires of wrath within him blazed.  
 Then like a mighty cloud on high,  
 When roars the tempest through the sky,  
 Girt by his friends he thundered out  
 His dread sky-rending battle-shout  
 Like some proud lion in his gait,  
 Or as the sun begins his state,  
 Sugrīva let his quick glance rest  
 On Ráma whom he thus addressed:  
 “There is the seat of Báli's sway,  
 Where flags on wall and turret play,  
 Which mighty bands of Vánars hold,  
 Rich in all arms and store of gold.  
 Thy promise to thy mind recall  
 That Báli by thy hand shall fall.  
 As kindly fruits adorn the bough.  
 So give my hopes their harvest now.”

In suppliant tone the Vánar prayed,  
 And Raghu's son his answer made:  
 “By Lakshmaṇ's hand this flowery twine  
 Was wound about thee for a sign.  
 The wreath of giant creeper throws  
 About thy form its brilliant glows,  
 As though about the sun were set  
 The bright stars for a coronet.  
 One shaft of mine this day, dear friend,

Thy sorrow and thy fear shall end.  
And, from the bowstring freed, shall be  
Giver of freedom, King, to thee.  
Then come, Sugriva, quickly show,  
Where'er he lie, thy bitter foe;  
And let my glance the wretch descry  
Whose deeds, a brother's name belie.  
Yea, soon in dust and blood o'erthrown  
Shall Bali fall and gasp and groan.  
Once let this eye the foeman see,  
Then, if he live to turn and flee,  
Despise my puny strength, and shame  
With foul opprobrium Rama's name.  
Hast thou not seen his hand, O King,  
Through seven tall trees one arrow wing?  
Still in that strength securely trust,  
And deem thy foeman in the dust.  
In all my days, though surely tried  
By grief and woe, I ne'er have lied;  
And still by duty's law restrained  
Will ne'er with falsehood's charge be stained.  
Cast doubt away: the oath I swear  
Its kindly fruit shall quickly bear,  
As smiles the land with golden grain  
By mercy of the Lord of rain.  
Oh, warrior to the gate I defy  
Thy foe with shout and battle-cry,  
Till Bali with his chain of gold  
Come speeding from his royal hold.  
Proud hearts, with warlike fire aglow,  
Brook not the challenge of a foe:  
Each on his power and might relies,  
And most before his ladies eyes.  
King Bali loves the fray too well

To linger in his citadel,  
 And, when he hears thy battle-shout,  
 All wild for war will hasten out."

He spoke. Sugrīva raised a cry  
 That shook and rent the echoing sky,  
 A shout so fierce and loud and dread  
 That stately bulls in terror fled,  
 Like dames who fly from threatened stain  
 In some ignoble monarch's reign.  
 The deer in wild confusion ran  
 Like horses turned in battle's van.  
 Down fell the birds, like Gods who fall  
 When merits fail,<sup>578</sup> at that dread call.  
 So fiercely, boldened for the fray,  
 The offspring of the Lord of Day  
 Sent forth his furious shout as loud  
 As thunder from a labouring cloud,  
 Or, where the gale blows fresh and free,  
 The roaring of the troubled sea.

## Canto XV. Tárá.

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<sup>578</sup> The store of merit accumulated by a holy or austere life secures only a temporary seat in the mansion of bliss. When by the lapse of time this store is exhausted, return to earth is unavoidable.

That shout, which shook the land with fear,  
In thunder smote on Bálí's ear,  
Where in the chamber barred and closed  
The sovereign with his dame reposed.  
Each amorous thought was rudely stilled,  
And pride and rage his bosom filled.  
His angry eyes flashed darkly red,  
And all his native brightness fled,  
As when, by swift eclipse assailed,  
The glory of the sun has failed.  
While in his fury uncontrolled  
He ground his teeth, his eyeballs rolled,  
He seemed a lake wherein no gem  
Of blossom decks the lotus stem.  
He heard, and with indignant pride  
Forth from the bower the Vánar hied.  
And the earth trembled at the beat  
And fury of his hastening feet.  
But Tárá to her consort flew,  
Her loving arms around him threw,  
And trembling and bewildered, gave  
Wise counsel that might heal and save:  
“O dear my lord, this rage control  
That like a torrent floods thy soul,  
And cast these idle thoughts away  
Like faded wreath of yesterday,  
O tarry till the morning light,  
Then, if thou wilt, go forth and fight.  
Think not I doubt thy valour, no;  
Or deem thee weaker than thy foe,  
Yet for a while would have thee stay  
Nor see thee tempt the fight to-day.  
Now list, my loving lord, and learn  
The reason why I bid thee turn.

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Thy foeman came in wrath and pride,  
And thee to deadly fight defied.  
Thou wentest out: he fought, and fled  
Sore wounded and discomfited.  
But yet, untaught by late defeat,  
He comes his conquering foe to meet,  
And calls thee forth with cry and shout:  
Hence spring, my lord, this fear and doubt.  
A heart so bold that will not yield,  
But yearns to tempt the desperate field,  
Such loud defiance, fiercely pressed,  
On no uncertain hope can rest.  
So lately by thine arm o'erthrown,  
He comes not back, I ween, alone.  
Some mightier comrade guards his side,  
And spurs him to this burst of pride.  
For nature made the Vánar wise:  
On arms of might his hope relies;  
And never will Sugríva seek  
A friend whose power to save is weak.  
Now listen while my lips unfold  
The wondrous tale my Angad told.  
Our child the distant forest sought,  
And, learnt from spies, the tidings brought.  
Two sons of Daśaratha, sprung  
From old Ikshváku, brave and young,  
Renowned in arms, in war untamed—  
Ráma and Lakshmaṇ are they named—  
Have with thy foe Sugríva made  
A league of love and friendly aid.  
Now Ráma, famed for exploit high,  
Is bound thy brother's firm ally,

Like fires of doom<sup>579</sup> that ruin all  
 He makes each foe before him fall.  
 He is the suppliant's sure defence,  
 The tree that shelters innocence.  
 The poor and wretched seek his feet:  
 In him the noblest glories meet.  
 With skill and knowledge vast and deep  
 His sire's commands he loved to keep;  
 With princely gifts and graces stored  
 As metals deck the Mountains' Lord.<sup>580</sup>  
 Thou canst not, O my hero, stand  
 Before the might of Ráma's hand;  
 For none may match his powers or dare  
 With him in deeds of war compare.  
 Hear, I entreat, the words I say,  
 Nor lightly turn my rede away.  
 O let fraternal discord cease,  
 And link you in the bonds of peace.  
 Let consecrating rites ordain  
 Sugríva partner of thy reign.  
 Let war and thoughts of conflict end,  
 And be thou his and Ráma's friend,  
 Each soft approach of love begin,  
 And to thy soul thy brother win;  
 For whether here or there he be,  
 Thy brother still, dear lord, is he.  
 Though far and wide these eyes I strain  
 A friend like him I seek in vain.  
 Let gentle words his heart incline,  
 And gifts and honours make him thine,  
 Till, foes no more, in love allied,  
 You stand as brothers side by side.

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<sup>579</sup> The conflagration which destroys the world at the end of a Yuga or age.

<sup>580</sup> Himálaya.

Thou in high rank wast wont to hold  
 Sugriva, formed in massive mould;  
 Then come, thy brother's love regain,  
 For other aids are weak and vain.  
 If thou would please my soul, and still  
 Preserve me from all fear and ill,  
 I pray thee by thy love be wise  
 And do the thing which I advise.  
 Assuage thy fruitless wrath, and shun  
 The mightier arms of Raghu's son;  
 For Indra's peer in might is he,  
 A foe too strong, my lord, for thee."

## Canto XVI. The Fall Of Báli.

Thus Tárá with the starry eyes<sup>581</sup>  
 Her counsel gave with burning sighs.  
 But Báli, by her prayers unmoved,  
 Spurned her advice, and thus reproved:  
 "How may this insult, scathe, and scorn  
 By me, dear love, be tamely born?  
 My brother, yea my foe, comes nigh  
 And dares me forth with shout and cry.  
 Learn, trembler! that the valiant, they  
 Who yield no step in battle fray,  
 Will die a thousand deaths but ne'er  
 An unavenged dishonour bear.  
 Nor, O my love, be thou dismayed

---

<sup>581</sup> Tárá means "star." The poet plays upon the name by comparing her beauty to that of the Lord of stars, the Moon.

Though Rama lend Sugriva aid,  
For one so pure and duteous, one  
Who loves the right, all sin will shun,  
Release me from thy soft embrace,  
And with thy dames thy steps retrace:  
Enough already, O mine own,  
Of love and sweet devotion shown.  
Drive all thy fear and doubt away;  
I seek Sugriva in the fray  
His boisterous rage and pride to still,  
And tame the foe I would not kill.  
My fury, armed with brandished trees,  
Shall strike Sugriva to his knees:  
Nor shall the humbled foe withstand  
The blows of my avenging hand,  
When, nerved by rage and pride, I beat  
The traitor down beneath my feet.  
Thou, love, hast lent thine own sweet aid,  
And all thy tender care displayed;  
Now by my life, by these who yearn  
To serve thee well, I pray thee turn.  
But for a while, dear dame, I go  
To come triumphant o'er the foe.”

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Thus Bali spake in gentlest tone:  
Soft arms about his neck were thrown;  
Then round her lord the lady went  
With sad steps slow and reverent.  
She stood in solemn guise to bless  
With prayers for safety and success,  
Then with her train her chamber sought  
By grief and racking fear distraught.

With serpent's pantings fierce and fast  
King Báli from the city passed.  
His glance, as each quick breath he drew,  
Around to find the foe he threw,  
And saw where fierce Sugríva showed  
His form with golden hues that glowed,  
And, as a fire resplendent, stayed  
To meet his foe in arms arrayed.  
When Báli, long-armed chieftain, found  
Sugríva stationed on the ground,  
Impelled by warlike rage he braced  
His warrior garb about his waist,  
And with his mighty arm raised high  
Rushed at Sugríva with a cry.  
But when Sugríva, fierce and bold,  
Saw Báli with his chain of gold,  
His arm he heaved, his hand he closed,  
And face to face his foe opposed.  
To him whose eyes with fury shone,  
In charge impetuous rushing on,  
Skilled in each warlike art and plan,  
Báli with hasty words began:  
“My ponderous hand, to fight addressed  
With fingers clenched and arm compressed  
Shall on thy death doomed brow descend  
And, crashing down, thy life shall end.”  
He spoke; and wild with rage and pride,  
The fierce Sugríva thus replied:  
“Thus let my arm begin the strife  
And from thy body crush the life.”

Then Báli, wounded and enraged,  
With furious blows the battle waged.  
Sugríva seemed, with blood-streams dyed,

A hill with fountains in his side.  
 But with his native force unspent  
 A Sál tree from the earth he rent,  
 And like the bolt of Indra smote  
 On Bâli's head and chest and throat.  
 Bruised by the blows he could not shield,  
 Half vanquished Bâli sank and reeled,  
 As sinks a vessel with her freight  
 Borne down by overwhelming weight.  
 Swift as Suparṇa's<sup>582</sup> swiftest flight  
 In awful strength they rushed to fight:  
 So might the sun and moon on high  
 Encountering battle in the sky.  
 Fierce and more fierce, as fought the foes,  
 The furious rage of combat rose.  
 They warred with feet and arms and knees,  
 With nails and stones and boughs and trees,  
 And blows descending fast as rain  
 Dyed each dark form with crimson stain,  
 While like two thunder-clouds they met  
 With battle-cry and shout and threat.  
 Then Ráma saw Sugríva quail,  
 Marked his worn strength grow weak and fail.  
 Saw how he turned his wistful eye  
 To every quarter of the sky.  
 His friend's defeat he could not brook,  
 Bent on his shaft an eager look,  
 Then burned to slay the conquering foe,  
 And laid his arrow on the bow.  
 As to an orb the bow he drew  
 Forth from the string the arrow flew  
 Like Fate's tremendous discus hurled

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<sup>582</sup> Suparṇa, the Well-winged, is another name of Garuḍa the King of Birds.  
 See p. 28, Note.

By Yáma<sup>583</sup> forth to end the world.  
 So loud the din that every bird  
 The bow-string's clans with terror heard,  
 And wildly fled the affrighted deer  
 As though the day of doom were near.  
 So, deadly as the serpent's fang,  
 Forth from the string the arrow sprang.  
 Like the red lightning's flash and flame  
 It flew unerring to its aim,  
 And, hissing murder through the air,  
 Pierced Báli's breast, and quivered there.  
 Struck by the shaft that flew so well  
 The mighty Vánar reeled and fell,  
 As earthward Indra's flag they pull  
 When Aśvíní's fair moon is full.<sup>584</sup>

## Canto XVII. Báli's Speech.

Like some proud tree before the blast  
 Brave Báli to the ground was cast,  
 Where prostrate in the dust he rolled  
 Clad in the sheen of glistening gold,

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<sup>583</sup> The God of Death.

<sup>584</sup> The flag-staff erected in honour of the God Indra is lowered when the festival is over. Aśvíní in astronomy is the head of Aries or the first of the twenty-eight lunar mansions or asterisms.

As when upturn the standard lies  
 Of the great God who rules the skies.  
 When low upon the earth was laid  
 The lord whom Vánar tribes obeyed,  
 Dark as a moonless sky no more  
 His land her joyous aspect wore.  
 Though low in dust and mire was rolled  
 The form of Báli lofty-souled,  
 Still life and valour, might and grace  
 Clung to their well-loved dwelling-place.  
 That golden chain with rich gems set,  
 The choicest gift of Sákra,<sup>585</sup> yet  
 Preserved his life nor let decay  
 Steal strength and beauty's light away.  
 Still from that chain divinely wrought  
 His dusky form a glory caught,  
 As a dark cloud, when day is done,  
 Made splendid by the dying sun.  
 As fell the hero, crushed in fight,  
 There beamed afar a triple light  
 From limbs, from chain, from shaft that drank  
 His life-blood as the warrior sank.  
 The never-failing shaft, impelled  
 By the great bow which Ráma held,  
 Brought bliss supreme, and lit the way  
 To Brahmá's worlds which ne'er decay.<sup>586</sup>

Ráma and Lakshmaṇ nearer drew  
 The mighty fallen foe to view,  
 Mahendra's son, the brave and bold,

<sup>585</sup> Indra the father of Báli.

<sup>586</sup> It is believed that every creature killed by Ráma obtained in consequence immediate beatitude.

“And blessed the hand that gave so dear a death.”

The monarch with his chain of gold,  
 With lustrous face and tawny eyes,  
 Broad chest, and arms of wondrous size,  
 Like Lord Mahendra fierce in fight,  
 Or Vishṇu's never-conquered might,  
 Now fallen like Yayáti<sup>587</sup> sent  
 From heaven, his store of merit spent,  
 Like the bright flame that pales and dies,  
 Like the great sun who fires the skies,  
 Doomed in the general doom to fall  
 When time shall end and ruin all.

The wounded Báli, when he saw  
 Ráma and Lakshman nearer draw,  
 Keen words to Raghu's son, impressed  
 With justice' holy stamp, addressed:

“What fame, from one thou hast not slain  
 In front of battle, canst thou gain,  
 Whose secret hand has laid me low  
 When madly fighting with my foe?  
 From every tongue thy glory rings,  
 A scion of a line of kings,  
 True to thy vows, of noblest race,  
 With every gentle gift and grace:  
 Whose tender heart for woe can feel,  
 And joy in every creature's weal:  
 Whose breast with high ambition swells,  
 Knows duty's claim and ne'er rebels.  
 They praise thy valour, patience, ruth,

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<sup>587</sup> “Yayáti was invited to heaven by Indra, and conveyed on the way thither by Mátali, Indra's chariooteer. He afterwards returned to earth where, by his virtuous administration he rendered all his subjects exempt from passion and decay.” GARRETT'S C. D. OF INDIA{FNS.

Thy firmness, self-restraint, and truth:  
 Thy hand prepared for sin's control,  
 All virtues of a princely soul.  
 I thought of all these gifts of thine,  
 And glories of an ancient line,  
 I set my Tárá's tears at naught,  
 I met Sugríva and we fought.  
 O Ráma, till this fatal morn  
 I held that thou wouldst surely scorn  
 To strike me as I fought my foe  
 And thought not of a stranger's blow,  
 But now thine evil heart is shown,  
 A yawning well with grass o'ergrown.  
 Thou wearest virtue's badge,<sup>588</sup> but guile  
 And meanest sin thy soul defile.  
 I took thee not for treacherous fire,  
 A sinner clad in saint's attire;  
 Nor deemed thou idly wouldst profess  
 The show and garb of righteousness.  
 In fenced town, in open land,  
 Ne'er hast thou suffered at this hand,  
 Nor canst of proud contempt complain:  
 Then wherefore is the guiltless slain?  
 My harmless life in woods I lead,  
 On forest fruits and roots I feed.  
 My foeman in the field I sought,  
 And ne'er with thee, O Ráma, fought.  
 Upon thy limbs, O King, I see  
 The raiment of a devotee;  
 And how can one like thee, who springs  
 From a proud line of ancient kings,  
 Beneath fair virtue's mask, disgrace

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<sup>588</sup> The ascetic's dress which he wore during his exile.

His lineage by a deed so base?  
 From Raghu is thy long descent,  
 For duteous deeds prëminent:  
 Why, sinner clad in saintly dress,  
 Roamest thou through the wilderness?  
 Truth, valour, justice free from spot,  
 The hand that gives and grudges not,  
 The might that strikes the sinner down,  
 These bring a prince his best renown.  
 Here in the woods, O King, we live  
 [345] On roots and fruit which branches give.<sup>589</sup>  
 Thus nature framed our harmless race:  
 Thou art a man supreme in place.  
 Silver and gold and land provoke  
 The fierce attack, the robber's stroke,  
 Canst thou desire this wild retreat,  
 The berries and the fruit we eat?  
 'Tis not for mighty kings to tread  
 The flowery path, by pleasure led.  
 Theirs be the arm that crushes sin,  
 Theirs the soft grace to woo and win:  
 The steadfast will that guides the state,  
 Wise favour to the good and great;  
 And for all time are kings renowned  
 Who blend these arts and ne'er confound.  
 But thou art weak and swift to ire,  
 Unstable, slave of each desire.  
 Thou tramplest duty in the dust,  
 And in thy bow is all thy trust.

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<sup>589</sup> There is much inconsistency in the passages of the poem in which the Vánars are spoken of, which seems to point to two widely different legends. The Vánars are generally represented as semi-divine beings with preternatural powers, living in houses and eating and drinking like men sometimes as here, as monkeys pure and simple, living in woods and eating fruit and roots.

Thou carest naught for noble gain,  
And treatest virtue with disdain,  
While every sense its captive draws  
To follow pleasure's changing laws.  
I wronged thee not in word or deed,  
But by thy deadly dart I bleed.  
What wilt thou, mid the virtuous, say  
To purge thy lasting stain away?  
All these, O King, must sink to hell,  
The regicide, the infidel,  
He who in blood and slaughter joys,  
A Brâhman or a cow destroys,  
Untimely weds in law's despite  
Scorning an elder brother's right,<sup>590</sup>  
Who dares his Teacher's bed ascend,  
The miser, spy, and treacherous friend.  
These impious wretches, one and all,  
Must to the hell of sinners fall.  
My skin the holy may not wear,  
Useless to thee my bones and hair;  
Nor may my slaughtered body be  
The food of devotees like thee.  
These five-toed things a man may slay  
And feed upon the fallen prey;  
The mailed rhinoceros may die,  
And, with the hare his food supply.  
Iguanas he may kill and eat,

<sup>590</sup> For a younger brother to marry before the elder is a gross violation of Indian law and duty. The same law applied to daughters with the Hebrews: "It must not be so done in our country to give the younger before the first-born." GENESIS {FNS xix. 26.

With porcupine and tortoise meat.<sup>591</sup>  
 But all the wise account it sin  
 To touch my bones and hair and skin.  
 My flesh they may not eat; and I  
 A useless prey, O Ráma, die.  
 In vain my Tárá reasoned well,  
 On dull deaf ears her counsel fell.  
 I scorned her words though sooth and sweet,  
 And hither rushed my fate to meet.  
 Ah for the land thou rulest! she  
 Finds no protection, lord, from thee,  
 Neglected like some noble dame  
 By a vile husband dead to shame.  
 Mean-hearted coward, false and vile,  
 Whose cruel soul delights in guile,  
 Could Daśaratha, noblest king,  
 Beget so mean and base a thing?  
 Alas! an elephant, in form  
 Of Ráma, in a maddening storm  
 Of passion casting to the ground  
 The girth of law<sup>592</sup> that clipped him round,  
 Too wildly passionate to feel  
 The prick of duty's guiding steel,<sup>593</sup>  
 Has charged me unawares, and dead  
 I fall beneath his murderous tread.  
 How, stained with this my base defeat,

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<sup>591</sup> “The hedgehog and porcupine, the lizard, the rhinoceros, the tortoise, and the rabbit or hare, wise legislators declare lawful food among five-toed animals.” MANU{FNS, v. 18.

<sup>592</sup>

“He can not buckle his distempered cause  
 Within the belt of rule.”

MACBETH{FNS.

<sup>593</sup> The *Ankuś* or iron hook with which an elephant is driven and guided.

How wilt thou dare, where good men meet,  
 To speak, when every tongue will blame  
 With keen reproach this deed of shame?  
 Such hero strength and valour, shown  
 Upon the innocent alone,  
 Thou hast not proved in manly strife  
 On him who robbed thee of thy wife.  
 Hadst thou but fought in open field  
 And met me boldly unconcealed,  
 This day had been thy fate to fall,  
 Slain by this hand, to Yáma's hall.  
 In vain I strove, and struck by thee  
 Fell by a hand I could not see.  
 Thus bites a snake, for sins of yore,  
 A sleeping man who wakes no more.  
 Sugríva's foeman thou hast killed,  
 And thus his heart's desire fulfilled;  
 But, Ráma, hadst thou sought me first,  
 And told the hope thy soul has nursed,  
 That very day had I restored  
 The Maithil lady to her lord;  
 And, binding Rávaṇ with a chain,  
 Had laid him at thy feet unslain.  
 Yea, were she sunk in deepest hell,  
 Or whelmed beneath the ocean's swell,  
 I would have followed on her track  
 And brought the rescued lady back,  
 As Hayagríva<sup>594</sup> once set free

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<sup>594</sup> Hayagríva, Horse-necked, is a form of Vishṇu.

From hell the white Aśvatarí.<sup>595</sup>  
 That when my spirit wings its flight  
 Sugríva reign, is just and right.  
 But most unjust, O King, that I,  
 Slain by thy treacherous hand, should lie.  
 Be still, my heart: this earthly state  
 Is darkly ruled by sovereign Fate.  
 The realm is lost and won: defy  
 Thy questioners with apt reply.”<sup>596</sup>

## Canto XVIII. Ráma's Reply.

He ceased: and Ráma's heart was stirred  
 At every keen reproach he heard.  
 There Báli lay, a dim dark sun,  
 His course of light and glory run:  
 Or like the bed of Ocean dried  
 Of his broad floods from side to side,  
 Or helpless, as the dying fire,  
 Hushed his last words of righteous ire.  
 Then Ráma, with his spirit moved,  
 The Vánar king in turn reproved:

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<sup>595</sup> “Aśvatara is the name of a chief of the Nágas or serpents which inhabit the regions under the earth; it is also the name of a Gandharva. Aśvatarí ought to be the wife of one of the two, but I am not sure that this conjecture is right. The commentator does not say who this Aśvatarí is, or what tradition or myth is alluded to. Vimalabodha reads Aśvatarí in the nominative case, and explains, Aśvatarí is the sun, and as the sun with his rays brings back the moon which has been sunk in the ocean and the infernal regions, so will I bring back Sítá.” GORRESIO{FNS.

<sup>596</sup> That is, “Consider what answer you can give to your accusers when they charge you with injustice in killing me.”

“Why dost thou, Báli, thus revile,  
And castest not a glance the while  
On claims of duty, love, and gain,  
And customs o'er the world that reign?  
Why dost thou blame me, rash and blind,  
Fickle as all thy Vánar kind,  
Slighting each rule of ancient days  
Which all the good and prudent praise?  
This land, each hill and woody chase,  
Belongs to old Ikshváku's race:  
With bird and beast and man, the whole  
Is ours to cherish and control.  
Now Bharat, prompt at duty's call,  
Wise, just, and true, is lord of all.  
Each claim of law, love, gain he knows,  
And wrath and favour duly shows.  
A king from truth who never bends,  
And grace with vigour wisely blends;  
With valour worthy of his race,  
He knows the claims of time and place.  
Now we and other kings of might,  
By his ensample taught aright,  
The lands of every region tread  
That justice may increase and spread.  
While royal Bharat, wise and just,  
Rules the broad earth, his glorious trust,  
Who shall attempt, while he is lord,  
A deed by Justice held abhorred?  
We now, as Bharat has decreed,  
Let justice guide our every deed,  
And toil each sinner to repress  
Who scorns the way of righteousness.  
Thou from that path hast turned aside,  
And virtue's holy law defied,

Left the fair path which kings should tread,  
And followed pleasure's voice instead.  
The man who cleaves to duty's law  
Regards these three with filial awe—  
The sire, the elder brother, third  
Him from whose lips his lore he heard.  
Thus too, for duty's sake, the wise  
Regard with fond paternal eyes  
The well-loved younger brother, one  
Their lore has ripened, and a son.  
Fine are the laws which guide the good,  
Abstruse, and hardly understood;  
Only the soul, enthroned within  
The breast of each, knows right from sin.  
But thou art wild and weak of soul,  
And spurnest, like thy race, control;  
The true and right thou canst not find,  
The blind consulting with the blind.  
Incline thine ear and I will teach  
The cause that prompts my present speech.  
This tempest of thy soul assuage,  
Nor blame me in thine idle rage.  
On this great sin thy thoughts bestow,  
The sin for which I lay thee low.  
Thou, Báli, in thy brother's life  
Hast robbed him of his wedded wife,  
And keepest, scorning ancient right,  
His Rumá for thine own delight.  
Thy son's own wife should scarcely be  
More sacred in thine eyes than she.  
All duty thou hast scorned, and hence  
Comes punishment for dire offence.  
For those who blindly do amiss  
There is, I ween, no way but this:

To check the rash who dare to stray  
 From customs which the good obey,  
 I may not, sprung of Kshatriya line,  
 Forgive this heinous sin of thine:  
 The laws for those who sin like thee  
 The penalty of death decree.  
 Now Bharat rules with sovereign sway,  
 And we his royal word obey.  
 There was no hope of pardon, none,  
 For the vile deed that thou hast done,  
 That wisest monarch dooms to die  
 The wretch whose crimes the law defy;  
 And we, chastising those who err,  
 His righteous doom administer.  
 My soul accounts Sugríva dear  
 E'en as my brother Lakshmaṇ here.  
 He brings me blessing, and I swore  
 His wife and kingdom to restore:  
 A bond in solemn honour bound  
 When Vánar chieftains stood around.  
 And can a king like me forsake  
 His friend, and plighted promise break?  
 Reflect, O Vánar, on the cause,  
 The sanction of eternal laws,  
 And, justly smitten down, confess  
 Thou diest for thy wickedness.  
 By honour was I bound to lend  
 Assistance to a faithful friend;  
 And thou hast met a righteous fate  
 Thy former sins to expiate.  
 And thus wilt thou some merit win  
 And make atonement for thy sin.  
 For hear me, Vánar King, rehearse

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What Manu<sup>597</sup> spake in ancient verse,—  
 This holy law, which all accept  
 Who honour duty, have I kept:  
 “Pure grow the sinners kings chastise,  
 And, like the virtuous, gain the skies;  
 By pain or full atonement freed,  
 They reap the fruit of righteous deed,  
 While kings who punish not incur  
 The penalties of those who err.”  
 Mándhátá<sup>598</sup> once, a noble king,  
 Light of the line from which I spring,  
 Punished with death a devotee  
 When he had stooped to sin like thee;  
 And many a king in ancient time  
 Has punished frantic sinners' crime,  
 And, when their impious blood was spilt,  
 Has washed away the stain of guilt.  
 Cease, Báli, cease: no more complain:  
 Reproaches and laments are vain,  
 For thou art justly punished: we  
 Obey our king and are not free.  
 Once more, O Báli, lend thine ear  
 Another weightiest plea to hear.  
 For this, when heard and pondered well,  
 Will all complaint and rage dispel.  
 My soul will ne'er this deed repent,  
 Nor was my shaft in anger sent.  
 We take the silvan tribes beset  
 With snare and trap and gin and net,

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<sup>597</sup> Manu, Book VIII. 318. “But men who have committed offences and have received from kings the punishment due to them, go pure to heaven and become as clear as those who have done well.”

<sup>598</sup> Mándhátá was one of the earlier descendants of Ikshváku. His name is mentioned in Ráma's genealogy, p. 81.

And many a heedless deer we smite  
 From thickest shade, concealed from sight.  
 Wild for the slaughter of the game,  
 At stately stags our shafts we aim.  
 We strike them bounding scared away,  
 We strike them as they stand at bay,  
 When careless in the shade they lie,  
 Or scan the plain with watchful eye.  
 They turn away their heads; we aim,  
 And none the eager hunter blame.  
 Each royal saint, well trained in law  
 Of duty, loves his bow to draw  
 And strike the quarry, e'en as thou  
 Hast fallen by mine arrow now,  
 Fighting with him or unaware,—  
 A Vánar thou.—I little care.<sup>599</sup>  
 But yet, O best of Vánars, know  
 That kings who rule the earth bestow  
 Fruit of pure life and virtuous deed,  
 And lofty duty's hard-won meed.  
 Harm not thy lord the king: abstain  
 From act and word that cause him pain;  
 For kings are children of the skies  
 Who walk this earth in men's disguise.  
 But thou, in duty's claims untaught,  
 Thy breast with blinding passion fraught,  
 Assailest me who still have clung  
 To duty, with thy bitter tongue.”

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<sup>599</sup> I cannot understand how Válmíki could put such an excuse as this into Ráma's mouth. Ráma with all solemn ceremony, has made a league of alliance with Báli's younger brother whom he regards as a dear friend and almost as an equal, and now he winds up his reasons for killing Báli by coolly saying: “Besides you are only a monkey, you know, after all, and as such I have every right to kill you how, when, and where I like.”

He ceased: and Báli sore distressed  
 The sovereign claims of law confessed,  
 And freed, o'erwhelmed with woe and shame,  
 The lord of Raghu's race from blame.  
 Then, reverent palm to palm applied,  
 To Ráma thus the Vánar cried:  
 “True, best of men, is every word  
 That from thy lips these ears have heard,  
 It ill beseems a wretch like me  
 To bandy empty words with thee.  
 Forgive the angry taunts that broke  
 From my wild bosom as I spoke.  
 And lay not to my charge, O King,  
 My mad reproaches' idle sting.  
 Thou, in the truth by trial trained,  
 Best knowledge of the right hast gained:  
 And layest, just and pure within,  
 The meetest penalty on sin.  
 Through every bond of law I burst,  
 The boldest sinner and the worst.  
 O let thy right-instructing speech  
 Console my heart and wisely teach.”

Like some sad elephant who stands  
 Fast sinking in the treacherous sands,  
 Thus Báli raised despairing eyes;  
 Then spake again with sobs and sighs:

“Not for myself, O King, I grieve,  
 For Tárá or the friends I leave,  
 As for sweet Angad, my dear son,  
 My noble, only little one.  
 For, nursed in luxury and bliss,  
 His father he will mourn and miss,

And like a stream whose fount is dry  
 Will waste away and sink and die,—  
 My own dear child, my only boy,  
 His mother Tárá's hope and joy.  
 Spare him, O son of Raghu, spare  
 The child entrusted to thy care.  
 My Angad and Sugríva treat  
 E'en as thy heart considers meet,  
 For thou, O chief of men, art strong  
 To guard the right and punish wrong.  
 O, if thou wilt thine ear incline  
 To hear these dying words of mine,  
 He and Sugríva will to thee  
 As Bharat and as Lakshman be.  
 Let not my Tárá, left forlorn,  
 Weep for Sugríva's wrathful scorn;  
 Nor let him, for her lord's offence,  
 Condemn her faithful innocence.  
 And well and wisely may he reign  
 If thy dear grace his power sustain:  
 If, following thee his friend and guide,  
 He turn not from thy hest aside:  
 Thus may he reign with glory, nay  
 Thus to the skies will win his way.  
 Though stayed by Tárá's fond recall,  
 By thy dear hand I longed to fall.  
 Against my brother rushed and fought,  
 And gained the death I long have sought.”

Then Ráma thus the prince consoled  
 From whose clear eyes the mists were rolled:  
 “Grieve not for those thou leavest thus,  
 Nor tremble for thyself or us,  
 For we will deal with thine and thee

As duty and the laws decree.  
He who exacts and he who pays,  
Is justly slain or justly slays,  
Shall in the life to come have bliss;  
For each has done his task in this.  
Thou, wandering from the right, art made  
Pure by the forfeit thou hast paid.  
Thy weight of sins is cast aside,  
And duty's claim is satisfied.  
Then grieve no more, O Prince, but clear  
Thy bosom from all doubt and fear,  
For fate, inexorably stern,  
Thou hast no power to move or turn.  
Thy princely Angad still will share  
My tender love, Sugrīva's care;  
And to thy offspring shall be shown  
Affection that shall match thine own.”

## Canto XIX. Tárá's Grief.

No answer gave the Vánar king  
To Ráma's prudent counselling.  
Battered and bruised by tree and stone,  
By Ráma's arrow overthrown,  
Fainting upon the ground he lay,  
Gasping his troubled life away.

But Tárá in the Vánar's hall  
Heard tidings of her husband's fall;  
Heard that a shaft from Ráma's bow  
Had laid the royal Bálí low.  
Her darling Angad by her side,  
Distracted from her home she hied.  
Then nigh the place of battle drew  
The Vánars, Angad's retinue.  
They saw the bow-armed Ráma: dread  
Fell on them, and they turned and fled.  
Like helpless deer, their leaders slain,  
So wildly fled the startled train.  
But Tárá saw, and nearer pressed,  
And thus the flying band addressed:  
“O Vánars, ye who ever stand  
About our king, a trusty band,  
Where is the lion master? why  
Forsake ye thus your lord and fly?  
Say, lies he dead upon the plain,  
A brother by a brother slain,  
Or pierced by shafts from Ráma's bow  
That rain from far upon the foe?”

Thus Tárá questioned, and was still:  
Then, wearers of each shape at will,  
The Vánars thus with one accord  
Answered the Lady of their lord:  
“Turn, Tárá turn, and half undone  
Save Angad thy beloved son.  
There Ráma stands in death's disguise,  
And conquered Bálí faints and dies.  
He by whose strong arm, thick and fast,  
Uprooted trees and rocks were cast,  
Lies smitten by a shaft that came

Resistless as the lightning flame.  
When he, whose splendour once could vie  
With Indra's, regent of the sky,  
Fell by that deadly arrow, all  
The Vánars fled who marked his fall.  
Let all our chiefs their succours bring,  
And Angad be anointed king;  
For all who come of Vánar race  
Will serve him set in Báli's place.  
Or else our conquering foes to-day  
Within our wall will force their way,  
Polluting with their hostile feet  
The chambers of thy loved retreat.  
Great fear is on us, all and one.  
Those who have wives and who have none,  
They lust for power, are fierce and bold,  
Or hate us for the strife of old.”

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She heard their speech as, sore afraid,  
Arrested in their flight, they stayed,  
And gave her answer as became  
The spirit of so true a dame:  
“Nay, what have I to do with pelf,  
With son, with kingdom, or with self,  
When he, my noble lord, who leads  
The Vánars like a lion, bleeds?  
His high-souled victor will I meet,  
And throw me prostrate at his feet.”

She hastened forth, her bosom rent  
With anguish, weeping as she went,  
And striking, mastered by her woes,  
Her head and breast with frantic blows.  
She hurried to the field and found  
Her husband prostrate on the ground,  
Who quelled the hostile Vánars' might,  
Whose bank was never turned in flight:  
Whose arm a massy rock could throw  
As Indra hurls his bolts below:  
Fierce as the rushing tempest, loud  
As thunder from a labouring cloud:  
Whene'er he roared his voice of fear  
Struck terror on the boldest ear:  
Now slain, as, hungry for the prey,  
A tiger might a lion slay:  
Or when, his serpent foe to seek,  
Suparṇa<sup>600</sup> with his furious beak  
Tears up a sacred hillock, long  
The reverence of a village throng,  
Its altar with their offerings spread,  
And the gay flag that waved o'erhead.  
She looked and saw the victor stand  
Resting upon his bow his hand:  
And fierce Sugríva she descried,  
And Lakshmaṇ by his brother's side.  
She passed them by, nor stayed to view,  
Swift to her husband's side she flew;  
Then as she looked, her strength gave way,  
And in the dust she fell and lay.  
Then, as if startled ere the close  
Of slumber, from the earth she rose.

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<sup>600</sup> A name of Garuḍa the king of birds, the great enemy of the Serpents.

Upon her dying husband, round  
Whose soul the coils of Death were wound,  
Her eyes in agony she bent  
And called him with a shrill lament.  
Sugrīva, when he heard her cries,  
And saw the queen with weeping eyes,  
And youthful Angad standing there,  
His load of grief could hardly bear.

## Canto XX. Tárá's Lament.

Again she bent her to the ground,  
Her arms about her husband wound.  
Sobbed on his breast, and sick and faint  
With anguish poured her wild complaint:  
“Brave in the charge of battle, boast  
And glory of the Vánar host,  
Why on the cold earth wilt thou lie  
And give no answer when I cry?  
Up, warrior, from thy lowly bed!  
A meeter couch for thee is spread.  
It ill beseems a glorious king  
On the bare ground his limbs to fling.  
Ah, surely must thy love be strong  
For her whom thou hast governed long,  
If thou, my hero, canst recline  
On her cold breast forsaking mine.  
Or, famed for justice through the land,  
Thou on the road to heaven hast planned  
Some city fairer far than this  
To be thy new metropolis.

Are all our pleasures ended now,  
With those delicious hours which thou  
And I, dear lord, together spent  
In woods that breathed the honey's scent?  
Whelmed in my sorrow's boundless sea,  
There is no joy, no hope, for me,  
When my beloved lord, who led  
The Vánars to the fight, is dead,  
My widowed heart is stern and cold.  
Or, at the sight mine eyes behold,  
O'ermastered would it end this ache  
And in a thousand fragments break.  
Ah noble Vánar, doomed to pay  
The penalty of all today—  
Sugríva from his home expelled,  
And Rumá<sup>601</sup> from his arms withheld.  
Our Vánar race and thee to save,  
Wise counsel for thy weal I gave;  
But thou, by wildest folly stirred,  
Wouldst give no credence to my word,  
And now wilt woo the nymphs above,  
And shake their souls with pangs of love.  
Ah, never could it be that thou  
Beneath Sugríva's power shouldst bow,  
Thy conqueror is none but Fate  
Whose mandates all who breathe await.  
And does no thrill of anguish run  
Through the stern breast of Raghu's son,  
Whose base hand dealt a coward's blow,  
And smote thee fighting with thy foe?  
Reft of my lord my days, alas!  
In bitter woe will pass:

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<sup>601</sup> Sugríva's wife.

And I, long blest with every good,  
Must bear my dreary widowhood.  
And when his uncle's brow is stern,  
When his fierce eyes with fury burn,  
Ah, what will be my Angad's fate,  
So fair and young and delicate?  
Come, darling, for the last sad sight,  
Of thy dear sire who loved the right;  
For soon thine eyes will long in vain  
A look at that loved face to gain.  
And, hero, as thy child draws near,  
With tender words his spirit cheer;  
Thy dying wishes gently speak,  
And kiss him on the brows and cheek.  
High fame, I ween, has Ráma won  
By this great deed his hand has done,  
His debt to brave Sugríva paid  
And kept the promise that he made.  
Be happy, King Sugríva, lord  
Of Ramá to thine arms restored:  
Enjoy uninterrupted reign,  
For he, thy foe, at length is slain.  
Dost thou not hear me speak, and why  
Hast thou no word of soft reply?  
Will thou not lift thine eyes and see  
These dames who look to none but thee?"

From their sad eyes, as Tárá spoke,  
The floods of bitter sorrow broke:  
Then, pressing close to Angad's side,  
Each lifted up her voice and cried:

“How couldst thou leave thine Angad thus,  
And go, for ever go, from us—  
Thy child so dear in brave attire,  
Graced with the virtues of his sire?  
If e'er in want of thought, O chief,  
One deed of mine have caused thee grief,  
Forgive my folly, I entreat,  
And with my head I touch thy feet.”

Again the hapless Tárá wept  
As to her husband's side she crept,  
And wild with sorrow and dismay  
Sat on the ground where Báli lay.

## Canto XXI. Hanumán's Speech.

There, like a fallen star, the dame  
Fell by her lord's half lifeless frame;  
And Hanumán drew softly near,  
And strove her grieving heart to cheer:

“By changeless law our bliss and woe  
 From ancient worth and folly flow.  
 What fruits soe'er we cull, the seeds  
 Were scattered by our former deeds.<sup>602</sup>  
 Why mourn another's mournful fate,  
 And weep, thyself unfortunate?  
 Be calm, O thou whose heart is wise,  
 For none deserves another's sighs.  
 Look up, with idle sorrow strive:  
 Thy child, his heir, is yet alive.  
 Let needful rites be duly done,  
 Nor in thy woe forget thy son.  
 Regard the law which all obey:  
 They spring to life, they pass away.  
 Begin the task that bids thee rise,  
 And stay these tears, for thou art wise.  
 Our lord the king is doomed to die,  
 On whom ten million hearts rely.  
 Kind, liberal, patient, true, and just  
 Was he in whom they place their trust,  
 And now he seeks the land of those  
 Who for the right subdue their foes.  
 Each Vánar lord with all his train,  
 Each ranger of this wild domain,  
 And Angad here, thy darling, see  
 A governor and friend in thee.  
 These twain<sup>603</sup> whose hearts with sorrow ache  
 The funeral rites shall undertake,  
 And Angad by his mother's care  
 Be king, his father's rightful heir.  
 Now let him pay, as laws require,

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<sup>602</sup> “Our deeds still follow with us from afar. And what we have been makes us what we are.”

<sup>603</sup> Sugríva and Angad.

His sacred duty to his sire,  
Nor one solemnity omit  
Of all that mighty kings befit.  
And when thy fond eye sees thine own  
Dear Angad on his father's throne,  
Then, lightened of its load of pain,  
Thy spirit will have rest again."

She heard his speech, she heaved her head,  
Looked upon Hanumán and said:

"Sweeter my slain lord's limbs to touch,  
Than Angad or a hundred such.  
No rule or right, a widowed dame,  
O'er Angad or the realm I claim.  
Sugríva is the uncle, he  
In every act supreme must be.  
I pray thee, chief, this plan resign,  
Nor claim from me what ne'er is mine.  
The father with his tender care  
Guards the dear child the mother bare,  
Where'er I be, no sweeter task,  
No happier joy I hope or ask  
Than thus to sit with loving eyes  
And watch the bed where Báli lies.

## Canto XXII. Báli Dead.

There breathing still with slow faint sighs  
Lay Báli on the ground: his eyes,

Damp with the tears of death, he raised,  
 On conquering Sugriva gazed,  
 And then in clearest speech expressed  
 The tender feelings of his breast:  
 “Not to my charge, Sugriva, lay  
 Thine injuries avenged to-day;  
 But rather blame resistless Fate  
 That urged me on infuriate.  
 Fate ne'er agreed our lives to bless  
 With simultaneous happiness:  
 To dwell like brothers side by side  
 In tender love was still denied.  
 The Vánars' realm is thine to-day:  
 Begin, O King, thy rightful sway;<sup>604</sup>  
 For I must go at Yáma's call  
 To sojourn in his gloomy hall;  
 Must part and leave this very hour  
 My life, my realm, my kingly power,  
 And go instead of these to gain  
 Bright glory free from spot and stain.  
 Now at thy hands one boon I seek  
 With the last words my lips shall speak,  
 And, though it be no easy thing,  
 Perform the task I give thee, King.  
 This son of mine, no foolish boy,  
 Worthy of bliss and nursed in joy,—  
 See, prostrate on the ground he lies,  
 The hot tears welling from his eyes—  
 The child I love so well, more sweet  
 Than life itself, for woe unmeet,—  
 To him be kindly favour shown:  
 O guard and keep him as thine own.

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<sup>604</sup> Angad himself, being too young to govern, would be Yuvarája or heir-apparent.

Retain him ever by thy side,  
 His father, helper, friend, and guide.  
 From fear and woe his young life save,  
 And give him all his father gave.  
 Then Tárá's son in time shall be  
 Brave, resolute, and famed like thee,  
 And march before thee to the fight  
 Where stricken fiends shall own his might.  
 While yet a tender stripling, fame  
 Shall bruit abroad his warrior name,  
 And brightly shall his glory shine  
 For exploits worthy of his line.  
 Child of Susheṇ,<sup>605</sup> my Tárá well  
 Obscurest lore can read and tell;  
 And, trained in wondrous art, divines  
 Each mystery of boding signs.  
 Her solemn warning ne'er despise,  
 Do boldly what her lips advise;  
 For things to come her eye can see,  
 And with her words events agree.  
 And for the son of Raghu's sake  
 The toil and danger undertake:  
 For breach of faith were grievous wrong,  
 Nor wouldest thou be unpunished long.  
 Now, brother, take this chain of gold,  
 Gift of celestial hands of old,  
 Or when I die its charm will flee,  
 And all its might be lost with me."

The loving speech Sugríva heard,  
 And all his heart with woe was stirred.  
 Remorse and gentle pity stole  
 Each thought of triumph from his soul:

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<sup>605</sup> Susheṇ was the son of Varuṇa the God of the sea.

Thus fades the light when Ráhu<sup>606</sup> mars  
 The glory of the Lord of Stars.<sup>607</sup>  
 All angry thoughts were stayed and stilled  
 And kindly love his bosom filled.  
 His brother's word the chief obeyed  
 And took the chain as Bálí prayed.  
 On little Angad standing nigh  
 The dying hero fixed his eye,  
 And, ready from this world to part,  
 Spoke the fond utterance of his heart:

“Let time and place thy thoughts employ:  
 In woe be strong, be meek in joy.  
 Accept both pain and pleasure, still  
 Obedient to Sugríva's will.  
 Thou hast, my darling, from the first  
 With tender care been softly nursed;  
 But harder days, if thou wouldest win  
 Sugríva's love, must now begin.  
 To those who hate him ne'er incline,  
 Nor count his foe a friend of thine.  
 In all thy thoughts his welfare seek,  
 Obedient, lowly, faithful, meek.  
 Let no rash suit his bosom pain,  
 Nor yet from due requests abstain.<sup>608</sup>  
 Each is a grievous fault, between  
 The two is found the happy mean.”

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<sup>606</sup> A demon with the tail of a dragon, that causes eclipses by endeavouring to swallow the sun and moon.

<sup>607</sup> The Lord of Stars is the Moon.

<sup>608</sup> Or the passage may be interpreted: “Be neither too obsequious or affectionate, nor wanting in due respect or love.”

Then Báli ceased: his eyeballs rolled  
 In stress of anguish uncontrolled  
 His massive teeth were bared to view,  
 And from the frame the spirit flew.  
 Their lord and leader dead, the crowd  
 Of noblest Vánars shrieked aloud:  
 “Since thou, O King, hast sought the skies  
 All desolate Kishkindhá lies.  
 Her woods, where Vánars loved to rove,  
 Are empty now, and hill and grove.  
 From every eye the light is fled,  
 Since thou, our mighty lord, art dead.  
 Thine was the unwearied arm that bore  
 The brunt of deadly fight of yore  
 With Golabh the Gandharva, when,  
 Lasting through five long years and ten,  
 The dreadful conflict knew no stay  
 In gloom of night, in glare of day;  
 And when the fifteenth year had past  
 Thy dire opponent fell at last.  
 If such a foeman fell beneath  
 Our hero's arm and awful teeth  
 Who freed us from our terror, how  
 Is conquering Báli fallen now?”

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Then when they saw their leader slain  
 Great anguish seized the Vánar train,  
 Weeping their mighty chief, as when  
 In pastures near a lion's den  
 The cows by sudden fear are stirred,  
 Slain the bold bull who led the herd.  
 And hapless Tárá sank below  
 The whelming waters of her woe,  
 Looked upon Báli's face and fell

Beside him whom she loved go well,  
Like a young creeper clinging round  
A tall tree prostrate on the ground.

## Canto XXIII. Tárá's Lament.

She kissed her lifeless husband's face,  
She clasped him in a close embrace,  
Laid her soft lips upon his head;  
Then words like these the mourner said:

“No words of mine wouldst thou regard,  
And now thy bed is cold and hard.  
Upon the rude rough ground o'erthrown,  
Beneath thee naught but sand and stone.  
To thee the earth is dearer far  
Than I and my caresses are,  
If thou upon her breast wilt lie,  
And to my words make no reply.  
Ah my beloved, good and brave,  
Bold to attack and strong to save,  
Fate is Sugríva's thrall, and we  
In him our lord and master see.  
Lo, by thy bed, a mournful band,  
Thy Vánar chiefs lamenting stand.  
O hear thy nobles' groans and cries,  
O mark thy Angad's weeping eyes,  
O list to my entreaties, break  
The chains of slumber and awake.  
Ah me, my lord, this lowly bed  
Where rest thy limbs and fallen head,

Is the cold couch where smitten lay  
Thy foemen in the bloody fray.  
O noble heart from blemish free,  
Lover of war, beloved by me.  
Why hast thou fled away and left  
Thy Tárá of all hope bereft?  
Unwise the father who allows  
His child to be a warrior's spouse,  
For, hero, see thy consort's fate,  
A widow now most desolate,  
For ever broken is my pride,  
My hope of lasting bliss has died,  
And sinking in the lowest deep  
Of sorrow's sea I pine and weep.  
Ah, surely not of earthly mould,  
This stony heart is stern and cold,  
Or, in a hundred pieces rent,  
It had not lingered to lament.  
Dead, dead! my husband, friend, and lord  
In whom my loving hopes were stored,  
First in the field, his foemen's dread,  
My own victorious Báli, dead!  
A woman when her lord has died,  
Though children flourish by her side,  
Though stores of gold her coffers fill,  
Is called a lonely widow still.  
Alas, thy bleeding gashes make  
Around thy limbs a purple lake:  
Thus slumbering was thy wont to lie  
On cushions bright with crimson dye.  
Dark streams of welling blood besmear  
Thy limbs where dust and mire adhere,  
Nor have I strength, weighed down by woe,  
Mine arms about thy form to throw.

The issue of this day has brought  
 Sugríva all his wishes sought,  
 For Ráma shot one shaft and he  
 Is freed from fear and jeopardy.  
 Alas, alas, I may not rest  
 My head upon thy wounded breast,  
 Obstructed by the massive dart  
 Deep buried in thy bleeding heart.”

Then Níla from his bosom drew  
 The fatal shaft that pierced him through,  
 Like some tremendous serpent deep  
 In caverns of a hill asleep.  
 As from the hero's wound it came,  
 Shot from the shaft a gleam of flame,  
 Like the last flashes of the sun  
 Descending when his course is run.  
 From the wide rent in crimson flood  
 Rushed the full stream of Báli's blood,  
 Like torrents down a mountain's side  
 With golden ore and copper dyed.  
 Then Tárá brushed with tender care  
 The dust of battle from his hair,  
 While her sad eyes poured down their rain  
 Upon her lord untimely slain.  
 Once more she looked upon the dead;  
 Then to her bright-eyed child she said:  
 “Turn hither, turn thy weeping eyes  
 Where low in death thy father lies.  
 By sinful deed and bitter hate  
 Our lord has met his mournful fate.  
 Bright as the sun at early morn  
 To Yáma's halls is Báli borne.  
 Then go, my child, salute the king,

From whom our bliss and honour spring.”

Obedient to his mother's hest  
 His father's feet he gently pressed  
 With twining arms and lingering hands:  
 “Father,” he cried, “here Angad stands.”

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Then Tárá: “Art thou stern and mute,  
 Regardless of thy child's salute?  
 Hast thou no blessing for thy son,  
 No word for little Angad, none?  
 O, hero, at thy lifeless feet  
 Here with my boy I take my seat,  
 As some sad mother of the herd,  
 By the fierce lion undeterred,  
 Lies moaning by the grassy dell  
 Wherein her lord and leader fell.  
 How, having wrought that awful rite,  
 The sacrifice of deadly fight,  
 Wherein the shaft by Ráma sped  
 Supplied the place of water shed,  
 How hast thou bathed thee at the end  
 Without thy wife her aid to lend?<sup>609</sup>  
 Why do mine eyes no more behold  
 Thy bright beloved chain of gold,  
 Which, pleased with thee, the Immortals' King  
 About thy neck vouchsafed to fling?  
 Still lingering on thy lifeless face  
 I see the pride of royal race:  
 Thus when the sun has set, his glow  
 Still rests upon the Lord of Snow.

<sup>609</sup> Sacrifices and all religious rites begin and end with ablution, and the wife of the officiating Bráhma takes an important part in the performance of the holy ceremonies.

Alas my hero! undeterred  
 Thou wouldest not listen to my word.  
 With tears and prayers I sued in vain:  
 Thou wouldest not listen, and art slain.  
 Gone is my bliss, my glory: I  
 And Angad now with thee will die.”

## Canto XXIV. Sugrīva's Lament.

But when Sugrīva saw her weep  
 O'erwhelmed in sorrow's rushing deep,  
 Swift through his bosom pierced the sting  
 Of anguish for the fallen king.  
 At the sad sight his eyes beheld  
 A flood of bitter tears outwelled,  
 And, with his bosom racked and rent,  
 To Rāma with his train he went.  
 He came with faltering steps and slow  
 Where Rāma held his mighty bow  
 And arrow like a venomous snake,  
 And to the son of Raghu spake:  
 “Well hast thou kept, O King, thy vow:  
 The promised fruit is gathered now.  
 But life is marred, my soul to-day  
 Turns sickening from all joy away.  
 For, while this queen laments and sighs  
 Amid a mourning people's cries,  
 And Angad weeps his father slain,  
 How can my heart delight to reign?  
 For outrage, fury, senseless pride,  
 My brother, doomed of yore, has died.

Yet, Raghu's son, in bitter woe  
 I mourn his fated overthrow.  
 Ah, better far in pain and ill  
 To dwell on Rishyamúka still  
 Than gain the heaven of Gods and all  
 Its pleasures by my brother's fall.  
 Did not he cry,—great-hearted foe,—  
 “Go, for I will not slay thee, Go”?  
 With his brave soul those words agree:  
 My speech, my deeds, are worthy me.  
 How can a brother counterweigh  
 His grievous loss with joys of sway,  
 And see with dull unpitying eye  
 So brave and good a brother die?  
 His lofty soul was nobly blind:  
 My death alas, he ne'er designed;  
 But I, urged blindly on by hate,  
 Sought with his life my rage to sate.  
 He smote me with a splintered tree:  
 I groaned aloud and turned to flee,  
 From stern reproaches he forbore,  
 And gently bade me sin no more.  
 Serene and dutiful and good  
 He kept the laws of brotherhood:  
 I, fierce and greedy, vengeful, base,  
 Showed all the vices of our race.  
 Ah me, dear friend, my brother's fate  
 Lays on my soul a crushing weight:  
 A sin no heart should e'er conceive,  
 But at the thought each soul should grieve:  
 Sin such as Indra's when his blow  
 Laid heavenly Viśvarúpa<sup>610</sup> low.

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<sup>610</sup> Viśvarúpa, a son of Twashṭri or Viśvakarmá the heavenly architect, was a three-headed monster slain by Indra.

Yet earth, the waters of the seas,  
The race of women and the trees  
Were fain upon themselves to take  
The weight of sin for Indra's sake.  
But who a Vánar's soul will free,  
Or ease the load that crushes me?  
Wretch that I am, I may not claim  
The reverence due to royal name.  
How shall I reign supreme, or dare  
Affect the power I should not share?  
Ah me, I sorrow for my sin,  
The ruin of my race and kin,  
Polluted by a hideous crime  
World-hated till the end of time.  
Alas, the floods of sorrow roll  
With whelming force upon my soul:  
So gathers the descending rain  
In the deep hollow of the plain.”

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### Canto XXV. Ráma's Speech.

Then Raghu's son, whose feeling breast  
Shared the great woe that moved the rest,  
Strove with wise charm their grief to ease  
And gently spoke in words like these:

“You ne'er can raise the dead to bliss  
By agony of grief like this.  
Cease your lament, nor leave undone  
The funeral task you may not shun.  
As nature orders o'er the dead.  
Your tributary tears are shed,  
But Fate, directing each event,  
Is still the lord preëminent.  
Yes, all obey the changeless laws  
Of Fate the universal cause.  
By Fate, the lives of all proceed,  
That governs every word and deed,  
None acts, none sees his hest obeyed,  
But each and all by Fate are swayed.  
The world its ordered course maintains,  
And o'er that course Fate ever reigns.  
Fate ne'er exceeds the rule of Fate:  
Is ne'er too swift, is ne'er too late,  
And making nature its ally  
Forgets no life, nor passes by.  
No kith and kin, no power and force  
Can check or stay its settled course,  
No friend or client, grace or charm,  
That victor of the world disarm.  
So all who see with prudent eyes  
The hand of Fate must recognize,  
For virtue rules, or love, or gain,  
As Fate's unchanged decrees ordain.  
Báli has died and won the meed  
That waits in heaven on noble deed,  
Throned in the seats the brave may reach  
By liberal hand and gentle speech,  
True to a warrior's duty, bold  
In fight, the hero lofty-souled

Deigned not to guard his life: he died,  
And now in heaven is glorified.  
Then cease these tears and wild despair:  
Turn to the task that claims your care,  
For Bálí's is the glorious fate  
Which warriors count most fortunate.”

When Ráma's speech had found a close,  
Brave Lakshmaṇ, terror of his foes,  
With wise and soothing words addressed  
Sugríva still with woe oppressed:  
“Arise Sugríva,” thus he said,  
“Perform the service of the dead.  
Prepare with Tárá and her son  
That Bálí's rites be duly done.  
A store of funeral wood provide  
Which wind and sun and time have dried  
And richest sandal fit to grace  
The pyre of one of royal race.  
With words of comfort soft and kind  
Console poor Angad's troubled mind,  
Nor let thy heart be thus cast down,  
For thine is now the Vánars' town.  
Let Angad's care a wreath supply,  
And raiment rich with varied dye,  
And oil and perfumes for the fire,  
And all the solemn rites require.  
Go, hasten to the town, O King,  
And Tárá's little quickly bring.  
A virtue is despatch: and speed  
Is best of all in hour of need.  
Go, let a chosen band prepare  
The litter of the dead to bear.  
For stout and tall and strong of limb

Must be the chiefs who carry him."

He spoke,—his friends' delight and pride,—  
 Then stood again by Ráma's side.  
 When Tára<sup>611</sup> heard the words he said  
 Within the town he quickly sped,  
 And brought, on stalwart shoulders laid,  
 The litter for the rites arrayed,  
 Framed like a car for Gods, complete  
 With painted sides and royal seat,  
 With latticed windows deftly made,  
 And golden birds and trees inlaid:  
 Well joined and wrought in every part,  
 A marvel of ingenious art.  
 Where pleasure mounds in carven wood  
 And many a graven figure stood.  
 The best of jewels o'er it hung,  
 And wreaths of flowers around it clung,  
 And over all was raised on high  
 A canopy of saffron dye,  
 While like the sun of morning shone  
 The brilliant blooms that lay thereon.  
 That glorious litter Ráma eyed.  
 And spake to Lakshmaṇ by his side:  
 "Let Báli on the bier be placed  
 And with all funeral service graced."  
 Sugríva then with many a tear  
 Drew Báli's body to the bier  
 Wheron, with weeping Angad's aid,  
 The relics of the chief were laid  
 Neath many a vesture's varied fold,  
 And wreaths and ornaments and gold.  
 Then King Sugríva bade them speed

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<sup>611</sup> The Vánar chief, not to be confounded with Tára.

The obsequies by law decreed:  
“Let Vánars lead the way and throw  
Rich gems around them as they go,  
And be the chosen bearers near  
Behind them laden with the bier.  
No costly rite may you deny,  
Used when the proudest monarchs die:  
As for a king of widest sway.  
Perform his obsequies to-day.”  
Sugríva gave his high behest;  
Then Princely Tára and the rest,  
With little Angad weeping, led  
The long procession of the dead.  
Behind the funeral litter came,  
With Tárá first, each widowed dame,  
In tears and shrieks her loss deplored,  
And cried aloud, My lord! My lord!  
While wood and hill and valley sent  
In echoes back the shrill lament.  
Then on a low and sandy isle  
Was reared the hero's funeral pile  
By crowds of toiling Vánars, where  
The mountain stream ran fresh and fair,  
The Vánar chiefs, a noble band,  
Had laid the litter on the sand,  
And stood a little space apart,  
Each mourning in his inmost heart.  
But Tárá, when her weeping eye  
Saw Báli, on the litter lie,  
Laid his dear head upon her lap,  
And wailed aloud her dire mishap;  
“O mighty Vánar, lord and king,  
To whose fond breast I loved to cling,  
Of goodly arms, wise, brave, and bold,

Rise, look upon me as of old.  
Rise up, my sovereign, dost thou see  
A crowd of subjects weep for thee?  
Still o'er thy face, though breath has fled,  
The joyous light of life is spread:  
Thus around the sun, although he set,  
A crimson glory lingers yet.  
Death clad in Ráma's form to-day  
Hast dragged thee from the world away.  
One shaft from his tremendous bow  
Dooms us to widowhood and woe.  
Hast thou, O Vánar King, no eyes  
Thy weeping wives to recognize,  
Who for the length of way unmeet  
Have followed thee with weary feet?  
Yet every moon-faced beauty here  
By thee, O King was counted dear.  
Lord of the Vánar race, hast thou  
No eyes to see Sugríva now?  
About thee stands in mournful mood  
A sore-afflicted multitude,  
And Tára and thy lords of state  
Around their monarch weep and wait.  
Arise my lord, with gentle speech,  
As was thy wont, dismissing each,  
Then in the forest will we play  
And love shall make our spirits gay."

The Vánar dames raised Tárá, drowned  
In floods of sorrow, from the ground;  
And Angad with Sugríva's aid,  
O'erwhelmed with anguish and dismayed,  
Weeping for his departed sire,  
Placed Báli's body on the pyre:

Then lit the flame, and round the dead  
 Passed slowly with a mourner's tread.  
 Thus with full rites the funeral train  
 Performed the service for the slain,  
 Then sought the flowing stream and made  
 Libations to the parted shade.  
 There, setting Angad first in place,  
 The chieftains of the Vánar race,  
 With Tárá and Sugríva, shed  
 The water that delights the dead.

## Canto XXVI. The Coronation.

Each Vánar councillor and peer  
 In crowded numbers gathered near  
 Sugríva, mournful king, while yet  
 His vesture from the wave was wet,  
 Before the chief of Raghu's seed  
 Unwearied in each arduous deed,  
 They stood and raised the reverent hand  
 As saints before Lord Brahmá stand.  
 Then Hanumán of massive mould,  
 Like some tall hill of glistering gold,  
 Son of the God whose wild blasts shake  
 The forest, thus to Ráma spake:  
 “By thy kind favour, O my lord,  
 Sugríva, to his home restored  
 Triumphant, has regained to-day  
 His rank and power and royal sway.  
 He now will call each faithful friend,  
 Enter the city, and attend

With sage advice and prudent care  
To every task that waits him there.  
Then balm and unguent shall anoint  
Our monarch, as the laws appoint,  
And gems and precious wreaths shall be  
His grateful offering, King, to thee.  
Do thou, O Ráma, with thy friend  
Thy steps within the city bend;  
Our ruler on his throne install,  
And with thy presence cheer us all.”

Then, skilled in lore and arts that guide  
The speaker, Raghu's son replied:  
“For fourteen years I might not break  
The mandate that my father spake;  
Nor can I, till that time be fled,  
The street of town or village tread.  
Let King Sugríva seek the town  
Most worthy of her high renown,  
There let him be without delay  
Anointed, and begin his sway.”

This answered, to Sugríva then  
Thus spake anew the king of men:  
“Do thou who knowest right ordain  
Prince Angad consort of thy reign;  
For he is noble, true, and bold,  
And trained a righteous course to hold  
Gifts like his sire's that youth adorn  
Born eldest to the eldest born.

This is the month of Śrávan,<sup>612</sup> first  
 Of those that see the rain-clouds burst.  
 Four months, thou knowest well, extends  
 The season when the rain descends.  
 No time for deeds of war is this:  
 Seek thou thy fair metropolis,  
 And I with Lakshmaṇ, O my friend,  
 The time upon this hill will spend.  
 An ample cavern opens there  
 Made lovely by the mountain air,  
 And lotuses and lilies fill  
 The pleasant lake and murmuring rill.  
 When Kártik's<sup>613</sup> month shall clear the skies,  
 Then tempt the mighty enterprise.  
 Now, chieftain to thy home repair,  
 And be anointed sovereign there."

Sugríva heard: he bowed his head:  
 Within the lovely town he sped  
 Which Báli's royal will had swayed,  
 Where thousand Vánar chiefs arrayed  
 Gathered in order round their king,  
 And led him on with welcoming.  
 Low on the earth the lesser crowd  
 Fell in prostration as they bowed.  
 Sugríva looked with grateful eyes,  
 Spake to them all and bade them rise.  
 Then through the royal bowers he strode  
 Wherein the monarch's wives abode.

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<sup>612</sup> Śrávan: July-August. But the rains begin a month earlier, and what follows must not be taken literally. The text has *púrvó' yam várshiko másah Śrávaṇah salilágamdh*. The Bengal recension has the same, and Gorresio translates: "Equesto ilmese Srâvana (luglio-agosto) primo della stagione piovosa, in cui dilagano le acque."

<sup>613</sup> Kártik: October-November.

Soon from the inner chambers came  
The Vánar of exalted fame;  
And joyful friends drew near and shed  
King-making balm upon his head,  
Like Gods anointing in the skies  
Their sovereign of the thousand eyes.<sup>614</sup>  
Then brought they, o'er their king to hold  
The white umbrella decked with gold,  
And chouries with their waving hair  
In golden handles wondrous fair;  
And fragrant herbs and seed and spice,  
And sparkling gems exceeding price,  
And every bloom from woods and leas,  
And gum distilled from milky trees;  
And precious ointment white as milk,  
And spotless robes of cloth and silk,  
Wreaths of sweet flowers whose glories gleam  
In grassy grove, on lake or stream.  
And fragrant sandal and each scent  
That makes the soft breeze redolent;  
Grain, honey, odorous seed, and store  
Of oil and curd and golden ore;  
A noble tiger's skin, a pair  
Of sandals wrought with costliest care,  
Eight pairs of damsels drawing nigh  
Brought unguents stained with varied dye.  
Then gems and cates and robes displayed  
Before the twice-born priests were laid,  
That they would deign in order due

<sup>614</sup> "Indras, as the nocturnal sun, hides himself, transformed, in the starry heavens: the stars are his eyes. The hundred-eyed or all-seeing (panoptēs) Argos placed as a spy over the actions of the cow beloved by Zeus, in the Hellenic equivalent of this form of Indras." DE GUBERNATIS {FNS, *Zoological Mythology*, Vol. I, p. 418.

To consecrate the king anew.  
 The sacred grass was duly spread  
 And sacrificial flame was fed,  
 Which Scripture-learned priests supplied  
 With oil which texts had sanctified.  
 Then, with all rites ordained of old,  
 High on the terrace bright with gold,  
 Whereon a glorious carpet lay,  
 And fresh-culled garlands sweet and gay,  
 Placed on his throne, Sugrīva bent  
 His looks toward the Orient.  
 In horns from forehead of the bull,  
 In pitchers bright and beautiful,  
 In urns of gold the Vánara took  
 Pure water brought from stream and brook,  
 From every consecrated strand  
 And every sea that beats the land.  
 Then, as prescribed by sacred lore  
 And many a mighty sage of yore,<sup>615</sup>  
 The leaders of the Vánars poured  
 The sacred water on their lord.<sup>616</sup>  
 From every Vánar at the close  
 Of that imperial rite arose  
 Shouts of glad triumph, loud and long  
 Repeated by the high-souled throng.  
 Sugrīva, when the rite was done,  
 Obeyed the hest of Raghu's son,  
 Prince Angad to his breast he strained,  
 And partner of his sway ordained.

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<sup>615</sup> Baudháyana and others.

<sup>616</sup> Sugrīva appears to have been consecrated with all the ceremonies that attended the *Abhisheka* or coronation of an Indian prince of the Aryan race. Compare the preparations made for Ráma's consecration, Book II, Canto III. Thus Homer frequently introduces into Troy the rites of Hellenic worship.

Once more from all the host rang out  
 The loud huzza and joyful shout.  
 “Well done! well done!” each Vánar cried,  
 And good Sugríva glorified.  
 Then with glad voices loudly raised  
 Were Ráma and his brother praised;  
 And bright Kishkindhá shone that day  
 With happy throngs and banners gay.

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## Canto XXVII. Ráma On The Hill.

But when the solemn rite was o'er,  
 And bold Sugríva reigned once more,  
 The sons of Raghu sought the hill,  
 Praśravaṇ of the rushing rill,  
 Where roamed the tiger and the deer,  
 And lions raised their voice of fear;  
 Thick set with trees of every kind,  
 With trailing shrubs and plants entwined;  
 Home of the ape and monkey, lair  
 Of mountain cat and pard and bear.  
 In cloudy gloom against the sky  
 The sanctifying hills rose high.  
 Pierced in their crest, a spacious cave  
 To Raghu's sons a shelter gave.  
 Then Ráma, pure from every crime,  
 In words well suited to the time  
 To Lakshmaṇ spake, whose faithful zeal  
 Watched humbly for his brother's weal:  
 “I love this spacious cavern where  
 There breathes a fresh and pleasant air.

Brave brother, let us here remain  
Throughout the season of the rain.  
For in mine eyes this mountain crest  
Is above all, the loveliest.  
Where copper-hued and black and white  
Show the huge blocks that face the height;  
Where gleams the shine of varied ore,  
Where dark clouds hang and torrents roar;  
Where waving woods are fair to see,  
And creepers climb from tree to tree;  
Where the gay peacock's voice is shrill,  
And sweet birds carol on the hill;  
Where odorous breath is wafted far  
From Jessamine and Sinduvár,<sup>617</sup>  
And opening flowers of every hue  
Give wondrous beauty to the view.  
See, too, this pleasant water near  
Our cavern home is fresh and clear;  
And lilies gay with flower and bud  
Are glorious on the lovely flood.  
This cave that fares north and east  
Will shelter us till rain has ceased;  
And towering hills that rise behind  
Will screen us from the furious wind.  
Close by the cavern's portal lies  
And level stone of ample size  
And sable hue, a mighty block  
Long severed from the parent rock.  
Now let thine eye bent northward rest  
A while upon that mountain crest,  
High as a cloud that brings the rain,  
And dark as iron rent in twain.

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<sup>617</sup> Vitex Negundo.

Look southward, brother, now and view  
A cloudy pile of paler hue  
Like Mount Kailásá's topmost height  
Where ores of every tint are bright.  
See, Lakshman, see before our cave  
That clear brook eastward roll its wave  
As though 'twere Gangá's infant rill  
Down streaming from the three-peaked hill.  
See, by the water's gentle flow  
Ásoka, sál, and sandal grow.  
And every lovely tree most fair  
With leaf and bud and flower is there.  
See there, beneath the bending trees  
That fringe her bank, the river flees,  
Clothed with their beauty like a maid  
In all her robes and gems arrayed,  
While from the sedgy banks are heard  
The soft notes of each amorous bird.  
O see what lovely islets stud  
Like gems the bosom of the flood,  
And sárases and wild swans crowd  
About her till she laughs aloud.  
See, lotus blooms the brook o'erspread,  
Some tender blue, some dazzling red,  
And opening lilies white as snow  
Their buds in rich profusion show.  
There rings the joyous peacock's scream,  
There stands the curlew by the stream,  
And holy hermits love to throng  
Where the sweet waters speed along.  
Ranged on the grassy margin shine  
Gay sandal trees in glittering line,  
And all the wondrous verdure seems  
The offspring of creative dreams.

O conquering Prince, there cannot be  
 A lovelier place than this we see.  
 Here sheltered on the beauteous height  
 Our days will pass in calm delight.  
 Nor is Kishkindhá's city, gay  
 With grove and garden, far away.  
 Thence will the breeze of evening bring  
 Sweet music as the minstrels sing;  
 And, when the Vánars dance, will come  
 The sound of tabour and of drum.  
 Again to spouse and realm restored,  
 Girt by his friends, the Vánar lord  
 Great glory has acquired; and how  
 Can he be less than happy now?"

This said, the son of Raghu made  
 His dwelling in that pleasant shade  
 Upon the mountain's shelving side  
 That sweetly all his wants supplied.  
 But still the hero's troubled mind  
 No comfort in his woe could find,  
 Yet mourning for his stolen wife  
 Dearer to Ráma than his life,  
 Chief when he saw the Lord of Night  
 Rise slowly o'er the eastern height,  
 He tossed upon his leafy bed  
 With eyes by sleep unvisited.  
 Outwelled the tears in ceaseless flow,  
 And every sense was numbed by woe.  
 Each pang that pierced the mourner through  
 Smote Lakshman's faithful bosom too,  
 Who, troubled for his brother's sake,  
 With wisest words the prince bespeak:  
 "Arise, my brother, and be strong:

Thy hero heart has mourned too long.  
Thou knowest well that tears and sighs  
Will mar the mightiest enterprise.  
Thine was the soul that loved to dare:  
To serve the Gods was still thy care;  
And ne'er may sorrow's sting subdue  
A heart so resolute and true.  
How canst thou hope to slay in fight  
The giant cruel in his might?  
Unwearied must the champion be  
Who strives with such a foe as he.  
Tear out this sorrow by the root;  
Again be bold and resolute.  
Arise, my brother, and subdue  
The demon and his wicked crew.  
Thou canst destroy the earth, her seas,  
Her rooted hills and giant trees  
Unseated by thy furious hand:  
And shall one fiend thy power withstand?  
Wait through this season of the rain  
Till suns of autumn dry the plain,  
Then shall thy giant foe, and all  
His host and realm, before thee fall.  
I wake thy valour that has slept  
Amid the tears thine eyes have wept;  
As drops of oil in worship raise  
The dormant flame to sudden blaze.”

The son of Raghu heard: he knew  
His brother's rede was wise and true;  
And, honouring his friendly guide,  
In gentle words he thus replied:  
“Whate'er a hero firm and bold,  
Devoted, true, and lofty-souled

Should speak by deep affection led,  
 Such are the words which thou hast said.  
 I cast away each pensive thought  
 That brings the noblest plans to naught,  
 And each uninjured power will strain  
 Until the purposed end we gain.  
 Thy prudent words will I obey,  
 And till the close of rain-time stay,  
 When King Sugriva will invite  
 To action, and the streams be bright.  
 The hero saved in hour of need  
 Repays the debt with friendly deed:  
 But hated by the good are they  
 Who take the boon and ne'er repay.”

## Canto XXVIII. The Rains.

“See, brother, see” thus Ráma cried  
 On Mályavat's<sup>618</sup> dark-wooded side,  
 “A chain of clouds, like lofty hills,  
 The sky with gathering shadow fills.  
 Nine months those clouds have borne the load  
 Conceived from sunbeams as they glowed,  
 And, having drunk the seas, give birth,  
 And drop their offspring on the earth.  
 Easy it seems at such a time  
 That flight of cloudy stairs to climb,

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<sup>618</sup> Mályavat: “The name of this mountain appears to me to be erroneous, and I think that instead of Mályavat should be read Malayavat, Malaya is a group of mountains situated exactly in that southern part of India where Ráma now was, while Mályavat is placed to the north east.” GORRESIO{FNS.

And, from their summit, safely won,  
 Hang flowery wreaths about the sun.  
 See how the flash of evening's red  
 Fringes the fleecy clouds o'erhead  
 Till all the sky is streaked and lined  
 With bleeding wounds incarnadined,  
 Or the wide firmament above  
 Shows like a lover sick with love  
 And, pale with cloudlets, heaves a sigh  
 In the soft breeze that wanders by.  
 See, by the fervent heat embrowned,  
 How drenched with recent showers, the ground  
 Pours out in floods her gushing tears,  
 Like Sítá wild with torturing fears.  
 So softly blows this cloud-born breeze  
 Cool through the boughs of camphor trees  
 That one might hold it in the cup  
 Of hollowed hands and drink it up.  
 See, brother, where that rocky steep,  
 Where odorous shrubs in rain-drops weep,  
 Shows like Sugríva when they shed  
 The royal balm upon his head.  
 Like students at their task appear  
 These hills whose misty peaks are near:  
 Black deerskin<sup>619</sup> garments wrought of cloud  
 Their forms with fitting mantles shroud,  
 Each torrent from the summit poured  
 Supplies the place of sacred cord.<sup>620</sup>  
 And winds that in their caverns moan

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<sup>619</sup> Mantles of the skin of the black antelope were the prescribed dress of ascetics and religious students.

<sup>620</sup> The sacred cord worn as the badge of religious initiation by men of the three twice-born castes.

Sound like the voice's undertone.<sup>621</sup>  
 From east to west red lightnings flash,  
 And, quivering neath the golden lash,  
 The great sky like a generous steed  
 Groans inly at each call to speed.  
 Yon lightning, as it flashes through  
 The giant cloud of sable hue,  
 Recalls my votaress Sítá pressed  
 Mid struggles to the demon's breast.  
 See, on those mountain ridges stand  
 Sweet shrubs that bud and bloom expand.  
 The soft rain ends their pangs of grief,  
 And drops its pearls on flower and leaf.  
 But all their raptures stab me through  
 And wake my pining love anew.<sup>622</sup>  
 Now through the air no wild bird flies,  
 Each lily shuts her weary eyes;  
 And blooms of opening jasmin show  
 The parting sun has ceased to glow.  
 No captain now for conquest burns,  
 But homeward with his host returns;  
 For roads and kings' ambitious dreams  
 Have vanished neath descending streams.  
 This is the watery month<sup>623</sup> wherein

<sup>621</sup> The hum with which students conduct their tasks.

<sup>622</sup> I omit here a long general description of the rainy season which is not found in the Bengal recension and appears to have been interpolated by a far inferior and much later hand than Valmiki's. It is composed in a metre different from that of the rest of the Canto, and contains figures of poetical rhetoric and common-places which are the delight of more recent poets.

<sup>623</sup> Praushtapada or Bhadra, the modern Bhadon, corresponds to half of August and half of September.

The Sámar's<sup>624</sup> sacred chants begin.  
 Áshádha<sup>625</sup> past, now Kośal's lord<sup>626</sup>  
 The harvest of the spring has stored,<sup>627</sup>  
 And dwells within his palace freed  
 From every care of pressing need.  
 Full is the moon, and fierce and strong  
 Impetuous Sarjú<sup>628</sup> roars along  
 As though Ayodhyá's crowds ran out  
 To greet their king with echoing shout.  
 In this sweet time of ease and rest  
 No care disturbs Sugríva's breast,  
 The foe that marred his peace o'erthrown,  
 And queen and realm once more his own.  
 Alas, a harder fate is mine,  
 Reft both of realm and queen to pine,  
 And, like the bank which floods erode,  
 I sink beneath my sorrow's load.  
 Sore on my soul my miseries weigh,  
 And these long rains our action stay,  
 While Rávan seems a mightier foe  
 Than I dare hope to overthrow.  
 I saw the roads were barred by rain,  
 I knew the hopes of war were vain;  
 Nor could I bid Sugríva rise,  
 Though prompt to aid my enterprise.  
 E'en now I scarce can urge my friend

<sup>624</sup> The Sáman or Sáma-veda, the third of the four Vedas, is really merely a reproduction of parts of the Rig-veda, transposed and scattered about piecemeal, only 78 verses in the whole being, it is said, untraceable to the present recension of the Rig-veda.

<sup>625</sup> Áshádha is the month corresponding to parts of June and July.

<sup>626</sup> Bharat, who was regent during Ráma's absence.

<sup>627</sup> Or with Gorresio, following the gloss of another commentary: "Has completed every holy rite and accumulated stores of merit."

<sup>628</sup> The river on which Ayodhyá was built.

On whom his house and realm depend,  
 Who, after toil and peril past,  
 Is happy with his queen at last.  
 Sugríva after rest will know  
 The hour is come to strike the blow,  
 Nor will his grateful soul forget  
 My succour, or deny the debt  
 I know his generous heart, and hence  
 Await the time with confidence  
 When he his friendly zeal will show,  
 And brooks again untroubled flow.”<sup>629</sup>

## Canto XXIX. Hanumán's Counsel.

No flash of lightning lit the sky,  
 No cloudlet marred the blue on high.  
 The Saras<sup>630</sup> missed the welcome rain,  
 The moon's full beams were bright again.  
 Sugríva, lapped in bliss, forgot  
 The claims of faith, or heeded not;  
 And by alluring joys misled  
 The path of falsehood learned to tread.  
 In careless ease he passed each hour,  
 And dallied in his lady's bower.  
 Each longing of his heart was stilled,  
 And every lofty hope fulfilled.  
 With royal Rumá by his side,  
 Or Tárá yet a dearer bride,

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<sup>629</sup> I omit a *śloka* or four lines on gratitude and ingratitude repeated word for word from the last Canto.

<sup>630</sup> The Indian crane; a magnificent bird easily domesticated.

He spent each joyous day and night  
In revelry and wild delight,  
Like Indra whom the nymphs entice  
To taste the joys of Paradise.  
The power to courtiers' hands resigned,  
To all their acts his eyes were blind.  
All doubt, all fear he cast aside  
And lived with pleasure for his guide.  
But sage Hanúmán, firm and true,  
Whose heart the lore of Scripture knew,  
Well trained to meet occasion, trained  
In all by duty's law ordained,  
Strove with his prudent speech to find  
Soft access to the monarch's mind.  
He, skilled in every gentle art  
Of eloquence that wins the heart,  
Sugríva from his trance to wake,  
His salutary counsel spake:

“The realm is won, thy name advanced,  
The glory of thy house enhanced,  
And now thy foremost care should be  
To aid the friends who succoured thee.  
He who is firm and faithful found  
To friendly ties in honour bound,  
Will see his name and fame increase  
And his blest kingdom thrive in peace.  
Wide sway is his who truly boasts  
That friends and treasure, self and hosts,  
All blent in one harmonious whole,  
Are subject to his firm control.  
Do thou, whose footsteps never stray  
From the clear bounds of duty's way,  
Assist, as honour bids thee, now

Thy friends, observant of thy vow.  
For if all cares we lay not by,  
And to our friend's assistance fly,  
We, after, toil in idle haste,  
And all the late endeavour waste.  
Up! nor the promised help delay  
Until the hour have slipped away.  
Up! and with Raghu's son renew  
The search for Sítá lost to view.  
The hour is come: he hears the call,  
But not on thee reproaches fall  
From him who labours to repress  
His eager spirit's restlessness.  
Long joined to thee in friendly ties  
He made thy fame and fortune rise,  
In gentle gifts by none excelled.  
In splendid might unparalleled.  
Up, to his succour, King! repay  
The favour of that prosperous day,  
And to thy bravest captains send  
Prompt mandates to assist thy friend.  
The cry for help thou wilt not spurn  
Although no grace demands return:  
And wilt thou not thine aid afford  
To him who realm and life restored?  
Exert thy power, and thou hast won  
The love of Daśaratha's son:  
And wilt thou for his summons wait,  
And, till he call thee, hesitate?  
Think not the hero needs thy power  
To save him in the desperate hour:  
He with his arrows could subdue  
The Gods and all the demon crew,  
And only waits that he may see

Redeemed the promise made by thee.  
 For thee he risked his life and fought,  
 For thee that great deliverance wrought.  
 Then let us trace through earth and skies  
 His lady wheresoe'er she lies.  
 Through realms above, beneath, we flee,  
 And plant our footsteps on the sea.  
 Then why, O Lord of Vánars, still  
 Delay us waiting for thy will?  
 Give thy commands, O King, and say  
 What task has each and where the way.  
 Before thee myriad Vánars stand  
 To sweep through heaven, o'er seas and land.”

Sugríva heard the timely rede  
 That roused him in the day of need,  
 And thus to Níla prompt and brave  
 His hest the imperial Vánar gave:  
 “Go, Níla, to the distant hosts  
 That keep in arms their several posts,  
 And all the armies that protect  
 The quarters,<sup>631</sup> with their chiefs, collect.  
 To all the luminaries placed  
 In intermediate regions haste,  
 And bid each captain rise and lead  
 His squadrons to their king with speed.  
 Do thou meanwhile with strictest care  
 All that the time requires prepare.  
 The loitering Vánar who delays  
 To gather here ere thrice five days,  
 Shall surely die for his offence,  
 Condemned for sinful negligence.”

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<sup>631</sup> The troops who guard the frontiers on the north, south, east and west.

## Canto XXX. Ráma's Lament.

But Ráma in the autumn night  
Stood musing on the mountain height,  
While grief and love that scorned control  
Shook with wild storms the hero's soul.  
Clear was the sky, without a cloud  
The glory of the moon to shroud.  
And bright with purest silver shone  
Each hill the soft beams looked upon.  
He knew Sugríva's heart was bent  
On pleasure, gay and negligent.  
He thought on Janak's child forlorn  
From his fond arms for ever torn.  
He mourned occasion slipping by,  
And faint with anguish heaved each sigh.  
He sat where many a varied streak  
Of rich ore marked the mountain peak.  
He raised his eyes the sky to view,  
And to his love his sad thoughts flew.  
He heard the Sáras cry, and faint  
With sorrow poured his love-born plaint:  
“She, she who mocked the softest tone  
Of wild birds' voices with her own,—  
Where strays she now, my love who played  
So happy in our hermit shade?  
How can my absent love behold  
The bright trees with their flowers of gold,  
And all their gleaming glory see  
With eyes that vainly look for me?  
How is it with my darling when  
From the deep tangles of the glen  
Float carols of each bird elate  
With rapture singing to his mate?

In vain my weary glances rove  
 From lake to hill, from stream to grove:  
 I find no rapture in the scene,  
 And languish for my fawn-eyed queen.  
 Ah, does strong love with wild unrest,  
 Born of the autumn, stir her breast?  
 And does the gentle lady pine  
 Till her bright eyes shall look in mine?"

Thus Raghu's son in piteous tone,  
 O'erwhelmed with sorrow, made his moan.  
 E'en as the bird that drinks the rains<sup>632</sup>  
 To Indra thousand-eyed complains.  
 Then Lakshman who had wandered through  
 The copses where the berries grew,  
 Returning to the cavern found  
 His brother chief in sorrow drowned,  
 And pitying the woes that broke  
 The spirit of the hero spoke:

"Why cast thy strength of soul away,  
 And weakly yield to passion's sway?  
 Arise, my brother, do and dare  
 Ere action perish in despair.  
 Recall the firmness of thy heart,  
 And nerve thee for a hero's part.  
 Whose is the hand unscathed to sieze  
 The red flame quickened by the breeze?  
 Where is the foe will dare to wrong  
 Or keep the Maithil lady long?"  
 Then with pale lips that sorrow dried  
 The son of Raghu thus replied:

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<sup>632</sup> The Chátaka, Cucus, Melanoleucus, is supposed to drink nothing but the water for the clouds.

“Lord Indra thousand-eyed, has sent  
 The sweet rain from the firmament,  
 Sees the rich promise of the grain,  
 And turns him to his rest again.  
 The clouds with voices loud and deep,  
 Veiling each tree upon the steep,  
 Up on the thirsty earth have shed  
 Their precious burden and are fled.  
 Now in kings' hearts ambition glows:  
 They rush to battle with their foes;<sup>633</sup>  
 But in Sugrīva's sloth I see  
 No care for deeds of chivalry.  
 See, Lakshmaṇ, on each breezy height  
 A thousand autumn blooms are bright.  
 See how the wings of wild swans gleam  
 On every islet of the stream.  
 Four months of flood and rain are past:  
 A hundred years they seemed to last  
 To me whom toil and trouble tried,  
 My Sítá severed from my side.  
 She, gentlest woman, weak and young,  
 Still to her lord unwearied clung.  
 Still by the exile's side she stood  
 In the wild ways of Dāṇḍak wood,  
 Like a fond bird disconsolate  
 If parted from her darling mate.  
 Sugrīva, lapped in soft repose,  
 Untouched by pity for my woes,  
 Scorns the poor exile, dispossessed,  
 By Rávaṇ's mightier arm oppressed,  
 The wretch who comes to sue and pray  
 From his lost kingdom far away.

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<sup>633</sup> The time for warlike expeditions began when the rains had ceased.

Hence falls on me the Vánar's scorn,  
 A suitor friendless and forlorn.  
 The time is come: with heedless eye  
 He sees the hour of action fly,—  
 Unmindful, now his hopes succeed,  
 Of promise made in stress of need.  
 Go seek him sunk in bliss and sloth,  
 Forgetful of his royal oath,  
 And as mine envoy thus upbraid  
 The monarch for his help delayed:  
 “Vile is the wretch who will not pay  
 The favour of an earlier day,  
 Hope in the suppliant's breast awakes,  
 And then his plighted promise breaks.  
 Noblest, mid all of women born,  
 Who keeps the words his lips have sworn,  
 Yea, if those words be good or ill,  
 Maintains his faith unbroken still.  
 The thankless who forgot to aid  
 The friend who helped them when they prayed,  
 Dishonoured in their death shall lie,  
 And dogs shall pass their corpses by.  
 Sure thou wouldst see my strained arm hold  
 My bow of battle backed with gold,  
 Wouldst gaze upon its awful form  
 Like lightning flashing through the storm,  
 And hear the clanging bowstring loud  
 As thunder from a labouring cloud.”

His valour and his strength I know:  
 But pleasure's sway now sinks them low,  
 With thee, my brother, for ally  
 That strength and valour I defy.

He promised, when the rains should end,  
 The succour of his arm to lend.  
 Those months are past: he dares forget,  
 And, lapped in pleasure, slumbers yet.  
 No thought disturbs his careless breast  
 For us impatient and distressed,  
 And, while we sadly wait and pine,  
 Girt by his lords he quaffs the wine.  
 Go, brother, go, his palace seek,  
 And boldly to Sugrīva speak,  
 Thus give the listless king to know  
 What waits him if my anger glow:  
 Still open, to the gloomy God,  
 Lies the sad path that Bāli trod.  
 “Still to thy plighted word be true,  
 Lest thou, O King, that path pursue.  
 I launched the shaft I pointed well.  
 And Bāli, only Bāli, fell.  
 But, if from truth thou dare to stray,  
 Both thee and thine this hand shall slay.”  
 Thus be the Vánar king addressed,  
 Then add thyself what seems the best.”

## Canto XXXI. The Envoy.

Thus Ráma spoke, and Lakshmaṇ then  
 Made answer to the prince of men:  
 “Yea, if the Vánar, undeterred  
 By fear of vengeance, break his word,  
 Loss of his royal power ere long  
 Shall pay the traitor for the wrong.

Nor deem I him so void of sense  
To brave the bitter consequence.  
But if enslaved to joy he lie,  
And scorn thy grace with blinded eye,  
Then let him join his brother slain:  
Unmeet were such a wretch to reign.  
Quick rises, kindling in my breast,  
The wrath that will not be repressed,  
And bids me in my fury slay  
The breaker of his faith to-day.  
Let Bálí's son thy consort trace  
With bravest chiefs of Vánar race.”

Thus spoke the hero, and aglow  
With rage of battle seized his bow.  
But Ráma thus in gentler mood  
With fitting words his speech renewed:  
“No hero with a soul like thine  
To paths of sin will e'er incline,  
He who his angry heart can tame  
Is worthiest of a hero's name.  
Not thine, my brother, be the part  
So alien from the tender heart,  
Nor let thy feet by wrath misled  
Forsake the path they loved to tread.  
From harsh and angry words abstain:  
With gentle speech a hearing gain,  
And tax Sugríva with the crime  
Of failing faith and wasted time.”

Then Lakshman, bravest of the brave,  
 Obeyed the hest that Ráma gave,  
 To whom devoting every thought  
 The Vánar's royal town he sought.  
 As Mandar's mountain heaves on high  
 His curved peak soaring to the sky,  
 So Lakshman showed, his dread bow bent  
 Like Indra's<sup>634</sup> in the firmament.  
 His brother's wrath, his brother's woe  
 Inflamed his soul to fiercest glow.  
 The tallest trees to earth were cast  
 As furious on his way he passed,  
 And where he stepped, so fiercely fleet,  
 The stones were shivered by his feet.  
 He reached Kishkindhá's city deep  
 Embosomed where the hills were steep,  
 Where street and open square were lined  
 With legions of the Vánar kind.  
 Then, as his lips with fury swelled,  
 The lord of Raghu's line beheld  
 A stream of Vánar chiefs outpoured  
 To do obeisance to their lord.  
 But when the mighty prince in view  
 Of the thick coming Vánars drew,  
 They turned them in amaze to seize  
 Crags of the rock and giant trees.  
 He saw, and fiercer waxed his ire,  
 As oil lends fury to the fire.  
 Scarce had the Vánar chieftains seen  
 That wrathful eye, that troubled mien  
 Fierce as the God's who rules the dead,  
 When, turned in wild affright, they fled.

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<sup>634</sup> The rainbow.

Speeding in breathless terror all  
Sought King Sugriva's council hall,  
And there made known their tale of fear,  
That Lakshmaṇ wild with rage, was near.  
The king, untroubled by alarms,  
Held Tárá in his amorous arms,  
And in the distant bower with her  
Heard not each clamorous messenger.  
Then, summoned at the lords' behest  
Forth from the city portals pressed,  
Each like some elephant or cloud,  
The Vánars in a trembling crowd:  
Fierce warriors all with massive jaws  
And terrors of their tiger claws,  
Some matched ten elephants, and some  
A hundred's strength could overcome.  
Some chieftains, mightier than the rest,  
Ten times a hundred's force possessed.  
With eyes of fury Lakshmaṇ viewed  
The Vánars' tree-armed multitude.  
Thus garrisoned from side to side  
The city walls assault defied.  
Beyond the moat that girt the wall  
Advanced the Vánar chiefs; and all  
Upon the plain in firm brigade,  
Impetuous warriors, stood arrayed.  
Red at the sight flashed Lakshmaṇ's eyes,  
His bosom heaved tumultuous sighs,  
And forth the fire of fury broke  
Like flame that flashes through the smoke.  
Like some fierce snake the hero stood:  
His bow recalled the expanded hood,  
And in his shaft-head bright and keen  
The flickering of its tongue was seen:

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And in his own all-conquering might  
 The venom of its deadly bite.  
 Prince Angad marked his angry look,  
 And every hope his heart forsook.  
 Then, his large eyes with fury red,  
 To Angad Lakshmaṇ turned and said:

“Go tell the king that Lakshmaṇ waits  
 For audience at the city gates,  
 Whose heart, O tamer of thy foes,  
 Is heavy with his brother's woes.  
 Bid him to Ráma's word attend,  
 And ask if he will aid his friend.  
 Go, let the king my message learn:  
 Then hither with all speed return.”

Prince Angad heard and wild with grief  
 Cried as he looked upon the chief:  
 “Tis Lakshmaṇ's self: impelled by ire  
 He seeks the city of my sire.”  
 At the fierce words and furious look  
 Of Raghu's son he quailed and shook.  
 Back through the city gates he sped,  
 And, laden with the tale of dread,  
 Sought King Sugríva, filled his ears  
 And Rumá's with his doubts and fears.  
 To Rumá and the king he bent,  
 And clasped their feet most reverent,  
 Clasped the dear feet of Tárá, too,  
 And told the startling tale anew.

But King Sugriva's ear was dulled,  
By love and wine and languor lulled,  
Nor did the words that Angad spake  
The slumberer from his trance awake.  
But soon as Raghu's son came nigh  
The startled Vánars raised a cry,  
And strove to win his grace, while dread  
Each anxious heart disquieted.  
They saw, and, as they gathered round,  
Rose from the mighty throng a sound  
Like torrents when they downward dash,  
Or thunder with the lightning's flash.  
The shouting of the Vánars broke  
Sugriva's slumber, and he woke:  
Still with the wine his eyes were red,  
His neck with flowers was garlanded.  
Roused at the voice of Angad came  
Two Vánar lords of rank and fame;  
One Yaksha, one Prabháva hight,—  
Wise counsellors of gain and right.  
They came and raised their voices high,  
And told that Raghu's son was nigh:  
“Two brothers steadfast in their truth,  
Each glorious in the bloom of youth,  
Worthy of rule, have left the skies,  
And clothed their forms in men's disguise.  
One at thy gates, in warlike hands  
Holding his mighty weapon, stands.  
His message is the charioteer  
That brings the eager envoy near,  
Urged onward by his bold intent,  
And by the hest of Ráma sent.”  
The gathered Vánars saw and fled,  
And raised aloud their cry of dread.

Son of Queen Tárá, Angad ran  
 To parley with the godlike man.  
 Still fiery-eyed with rage and hate  
 Stands Lakshman at the city gate,  
 And trembling Vánars scarce can fly  
 Scathed by the lightning of his eye.  
 “Go with thy son, thy kith and kin,  
 The favour of the prince to win,  
 And bow thy reverent head that so  
 His fiery wrath may cease to glow.  
 What righteous Ráma bids thee, do,  
 And to thy plighted word be true.”

### Canto XXXII. Hanumán's Counsel.

Sugríva heard, and, trained and tried  
 In counsel, to his lords replied:  
 “No deed of mine, no hasty word  
 The anger of the prince has stirred.  
 But haply some who hate me still  
 And watch their time to work me ill,  
 Have slandered me to Raghu's son,  
 Accused of deeds I ne'er have done.  
 Now, O my lords—for you are wise—  
 Speak truly what your hearts advise,  
 And, pondering each event, inquire  
 The reason of the prince's ire.  
 No fear have I of Lakshman: none:  
 No dread of Raghu's mightier son.  
 But wrath, that fires a friendly breast  
 Without due cause, disturbs my rest.

With labour light is friendship gained,  
But with severest toil maintained.  
And doubt is strong, and faith is weak,  
And friendship dies when traitors speak.  
Hence is my troubled bosom cold  
With fear of Ráma lofty-souled;  
For heavy on my spirit weigh  
His favours I can ne'er repay."

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He ceased: and Hanumán of all  
The Vánars in the council hall  
In wisdom first, and rank, expressed  
The thoughts that filled his prudent breast:  
"No marvel thou rememberest yet  
The service thou shouldst ne'er forget,  
How the brave prince of Raghu's seed  
Thy days from fear and peril freed;  
And Báli for thy sake o'erthrew,  
Whom Indra's self might scarce subdue.  
I doubt not Ráma's anger burns  
For the scant love thy heart returns.  
For this he sends his brother, him  
Whose glory never waxes dim.  
Sunk in repose thy careless eye  
Marks not the seasons as they fly,  
Nor sees that autumn has begun  
With dark blooms opening to the sun.  
Clear is the sky: no cloudlet mars  
The splendour of the shining stars.  
The balmy air is soft and still,  
And clear and bright are lake and rill.  
Thou heedest not with blinded eyes  
The hour for warlike enterprise.  
Hence Lakshmaṇ hither comes to break

Thy slothful trance and bid thee wake.  
 Then, Monarch, with a patient ear  
 The high-souled Ráma's message hear,  
 Which, reft of wife and realm and friends,  
 Thus by another's mouth he sends.  
 Thou, Vánar King, hast done amiss:  
 And now I see no way but this:  
 Before his envoy humbly stand  
 And sue for peace with suppliant hand.  
 High duty bids a courtier seek  
 His master's weal, and freely speak.  
 So by no thought of fear controlled  
 My speech, O King, is free and bold,  
 For Ráma, if his anger glow,  
 Can, with the terrors of his bow  
 This earth with all the Gods subdue,  
 Gandharvas,<sup>635</sup> and the demon crew.  
 Unwise to stir his wrathful mood  
 Whose favour must again be wooed.  
 And, most of all, unwise for one  
 Grateful like thee for service done.  
 Go with thy son and kinsmen: bend  
 Thy humble head and greet thy friend.  
 And, like a fond obedient spouse,  
 Be faithful to thy plighted vows.”

## Canto XXXIII. Lakshman's Entry.

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<sup>635</sup> Indra's associates in arms, and musicians of his heaven.

Through the fair city Lakshmaṇ came,  
 Invited in Sugrīva's name.  
 Within the gates the guardian bands,  
 Of Vánars raised their suppliant hands,  
 And in their ordered ranks, amazed,  
 Upon the princely hero gazed,  
 They marked each burning breath he drew,  
 The fury of his soul they knew.  
 Their hearts were chilled with sudden fear:  
 They gazed, but dared not venture near,  
 Before his eyes the city, gay  
 With gems and flowery gardens, lay,  
 Where fane and palace rose on high,  
 And things of beauty charmed the eye.  
 Where trees of every blossom grew  
 Yielding their fruit in season due  
 To Vánars of celestial seed  
 Who wore each varied form at need,  
 Fair-faced and glorious with the shine  
 Of heavenly robes and wreaths divine.  
 There sandal, aloe, lotus bloomed,  
 And there delicious breath perfumed  
 The city's broad street, redolent  
 Of sugary mead<sup>636</sup> and honey scent.  
 There many a lofty palace rose  
 Like Vindhya or the Lord of Snows,  
 And with sweet murmur sparkling rills  
 Leapt lightly down the sheltering hills.  
 On many a glorious palace, raised  
 For prince and noble,<sup>637</sup> Lakshmaṇ gazed:

<sup>636</sup> Maireya, a spirituous liquor from the blossoms of the Lythrum fruticosum, with sugar, &c.

<sup>637</sup> Their names are as follows: Angad, Maínda, Dwida, Gavaya, Gaváksha, Gaja, Šarabha, Vidyumáli, Sampáti, Súryáksa, Hanumán, Vírabáhu, Subáhu,

Like clouds of paly hue they shone  
 With fragrant wreaths that hung thereon:  
 There wealth of jewels was enshrined,  
 And fairer gems of womankind.  
 There gleamed, of noble height and size,  
 Like Indra's mansion in the skies,  
 Protected by a crystal fence  
 Of rock, the royal residence,  
 With roof and turret high and bright  
 Like Mount Kailásá's loftiest height.  
 There blooming trees, Mahendra's gift,  
 High o'er the walls were seen to lift  
 Their golden fruited boughs, that made  
 With leaf and flower delicious shade.

[365] He saw a band of Vánars wait,  
 Wielding their weapons, at the gate  
 Where golden portals flashed between  
 Celestial garlands red and green.  
 Within Sugríva's fair abode  
 Unchecked the mighty hero strode,  
 As when the sun of autumn shrouds  
 His glory in a pile of clouds.  
 Through seven wide courts he quickly passed,  
 And reached the royal tower at last,  
 Where seats were set with couch and bed  
 Of gold and silver richly spread.  
 While the young chieftain's feet drew near  
 The sound of music reached his ear,  
 As the soft breathings of the flute  
 Came blending with the voice and lute.  
 Then beauty showed her youth and grace  
 And varied charm of form and face:

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Nala, Kúmuda, Susheṇa, Tára, Jámbuvatu, Dadhivakra, Níla, Supátala, and Sunetra.

Soft bright-eyed creatures, fair and young,—  
Gay garlands round their necks were hung,  
And greater charms to each were lent  
By richest dress and ornament.  
He saw the calm attendants wait  
About their lord in careless state,  
Heard women's girdles chime in sweet  
Accordance with their tinkling feet.  
He heard the anklet's silvery sound,  
He saw the calm that reigned around,  
And o'er him, as he listened, came  
A rush of rage, a flood of shame.  
He drew his bowstring: with the clang  
From ease to west the welkin rang:  
Then in his modest mood withdrew  
A little from the ladies' view.  
And sternly silent stood apart,  
While wrath for Ráma filled his heart.  
Sugríva knew the sounding string,  
And at the call the Vánar king  
Sprang swiftly from his golden seat,  
And feared the coming prince to meet.  
Then with cold lips that terror dried  
To beauteous Tárá thus he cried:  
“What cause of anger, O my spouse  
Fair with the charm of lovely brows,  
Sets Lakshmaṇ's gentle breast on fire,  
And brings him in unwonted ire?  
Say, canst thou see, O faultless dame,  
A cause to fill his soul with flame?  
For there must be a reason when  
Such fury stirs the king of men.  
Reveal the sin, if sin of mine  
Anger the lord of Raghu's line.

Or go thyself, his rage subdue,  
 And with soft words his favour woo.  
 Soon as on thee his eyes are set  
 His heart this anger will forget,  
 For men like him of lofty mind  
 Are never stern with womankind.  
 First let thy gentle speech disarm  
 His fury, and his spirit charm,  
 And I, from fear of peril free,  
 The conqueror of his foes will see.”

She heard: with faltering steps and slow,  
 With eyes that shone with trembling glow,  
 With gold-girt body gently bent  
 To meet the stranger prince she went.  
 When Lakshmaṇ saw the Vánar queen  
 With tranquil eyes and modest mien,  
 Before the dame he bent his head,  
 And anger, at her presence, fled.  
 Made bold by draughts of wine, and cheered  
 By Lakshmaṇ's look no more she feared,  
 And in the trust his favour lent  
 She thus addressed him eloquent:  
 “Whence springs thy burning fury? say:  
 Who dares thy will to disobey?  
 Who checks the maddened flames that seize  
 On forests full of withered trees?”

Then Lakshmaṇ spoke, her mind to ease,  
 His kind reply in words like these:

“Thy lord his days in pleasure spends,  
Hedless of duty and of friends,  
Nor dost thou mark, though fondly true,  
The evil path his steps pursue.  
He cares not for affairs of state,  
Nor us forlorn and desolate,  
But sits a mere spectator still,  
A sensual slave to pleasure's will.  
Four months were fixed, the time agreed  
When he should help us in our need:  
But, bound in toils of pleasure fast,  
He sees not that the months are past.  
Where beats the heart which draughts of wine  
To virtue or to gain incline?  
Hast thou not heard those draughts destroy  
Virtue and gain and love and joy?  
For those who, helped at need, refuse  
Their aid in turn, their virtue lose:  
And they who scorn a friend disdain  
A treasure naught may buy again.  
Thy lord has cast his friend away,  
Nor feared from virtue's path to stray,  
If this be true, declare, O dame  
Who knowest duty's every claim,  
What further work remains for us  
Deceived and disappointed thus.”

She listened, for his words were kind,  
Where virtue showed with gain combined,  
And thus in turn the prince addressed,  
As hope was rising in his breast:  
“No time, no cause of wrath I see  
With those who live and honour thee:  
And thou shouldst bear without offence

Thy servant's fitful negligence.  
I know the seasons glide away,  
While Ráma maddens at delay  
I know what deed our thanks has earned,  
I know that grace should be returned.  
But still I know, whate'er befall,  
That conquering love is lord of all;  
Know where Sugríva's thoughts, possessed  
By one absorbing passion, rest.  
But he whom sensual joys debase  
Heeds not the claim of time and place,  
And sees not with his blinded sight  
His duty or his gain aright.  
O pardon him who loves me! spare  
The Vánar caught in pleasure's snare,  
And once again let Ráma grace  
With favour him who rules our race.  
E'en royal saints, whose chief delight  
Was penance and austerest rite,  
At love's commandment have unbent,  
Beguiled by sweetest blandishment.  
And know, Sugríva, roused at last,  
The order to his lords has passed,  
And, long by love and bliss delayed,  
Wakes all on fire your hopes to aid.  
A countless host his city fills,  
New-gathered from a thousand hills:  
Impetuous chiefs, who wear at need  
Each varied form, his legions lead.  
Come then, O hero, kept aloof  
By modest awe, nor fear reproof:  
A faithful friend untouched by blame  
May look upon another's dame.”

He passed within, by Tárá pressed,  
 And by his own impatient breast,  
 Refulgent there in sunlike sheen  
 Sugríva on his throne was seen.  
 Gay garlands round his neck were twined,  
 And Rumá by her lord recline.

## Canto XXXIV. Lakshman's Speech.

Sugríva started from his rest  
 With doubt and terror in his breast.  
 He heard the prince's furious tread  
 He saw his eyes glow fiercely red.  
 Swift sprang the monarch to his feet  
 Upstarting from his golden seat.  
 Rose Rumá and her fellows, too,  
 And closely round Sugríva drew,  
 As round the moon's full glory stand  
 Attendant stars in glittering band.  
 Sugríva glanced with reddened eyes,  
 Raised his joined hands in suppliant guise  
 Flew to the door, and rooted there  
 Stood like the tree that grants each prayer.<sup>638</sup>  
 And Lakshmaṇ saw, and, fiercely moved,  
 With angry speech the king reproved:

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<sup>638</sup> The Kalpadruma or Wishing-tree is one of the trees of Svarga or Indra's Paradise: it has the power of granting all desires.

“Famed is the prince who loves the truth,  
 Whose soul is touched with tender ruth,  
 Who, liberal, keeps each sense subdued,  
 And pays the debt of gratitude.  
 But all unmeet a king to be,  
 The meanest of the mean is he  
 Who basely breaks the promise made  
 To trusting friends who lent him aid.  
 He sins who for a steed has lied,  
 As if a hundred steeds had died:  
 Or if he lie, a cow to win,  
 Tenfold as heavy is the sin.  
 But if the lie a man betray,  
 Both he and his shall all decay.<sup>639</sup>  
 O Vánar King, the thankless man  
 Is worthy of the general ban,  
 Who takes assistance of his friends,  
 And in his turn no service lends.  
 This verse of old by Brahmá sung  
 Is echoed now by every tongue.  
 Hear what He cried in angry mood  
 Bewailing man's ingratitude:  
 “For draughts of wine, for slaughtered cows,  
 For treacherous theft, for broken vows  
 A pardon is ordained: but none  
 For thankless scorn of service done.”  
 Ungrateful, Vánar King, art thou,  
 And faithless to thy plighted vow.  
 For Ráma brought thee help, and yet  
 Thou shunnest to repay the debt:  
 Or, grateful, thou hadst surely pressed  
 To aid the hero in his quest.

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<sup>639</sup> The meaning is that if a man promises to give a horse and then breaks his word he commits a sin as great as if he had killed a hundred horses.

Thou art, in vulgar pleasures drowned,  
False to thy bond in honour bound.  
Nor yet has Ráma's guileless heart  
Discerned thee for the thing thou art—  
A snake who holds the frogs that cries  
And lures fresh victims as it dies.  
Brave Ráma, born for glorious fate,  
Has set thee in thy high estate,  
And to the Vánars' throne restored,  
Great-souled himself, their mean-souled lord.  
Now if thy pride disown what he,  
High thoughted prince, has done for thee,  
Struck by his arrows shalt thou fall,  
And Bálí meet in Yáma's hall.  
Still open, to the gloomy God,  
Lies the sad path thy brother trod.  
Then to thy plighted word be true,  
Nor let thy steps that path pursue.  
Methinks the shafts of Ráma, shot  
Like thunderbolts, thou heedest not,  
Who canst, absorbed in sensual bliss,  
Thy promise from thy mind dismiss."

[367]

He ceased: and Tárá starry-eyed  
 Thus to the angry prince replied:  
 “Not to my lord shouldst thou address  
 A speech so fraught with bitterness:  
 Not thus reproached my lord should be,  
 And least of all, O Prince, by thee.  
 He is no thankless coward—no—  
 With spirit dead to valour's glow.  
 From paths of truth he never strays,  
 Nor wanders in forbidden ways.  
 Ne'er will Sugríva's heart forget,  
 By Ráma saved, the lasting debt.  
 Still in his grateful breast will live  
 The succour none but he could give.  
 Restored to fame by Ráma's grace,  
 To empire o'er the Vánar race,  
 From ceaseless dread and toil set free,  
 Restored to Rumá and to me:  
 By grief and care and exile tried,  
 New to the bliss so long denied,  
 Like Viśvámitra once, alas,  
 He marks not how the seasons pass.  
 That saint ten thousand years remained,  
 By sweet Ghritáchí's<sup>640</sup> love enchanted,  
 And deemed those years, that flew away  
 So lightly, but a single day.  
 O, if those years unheeded flew  
 By him who times and seasons knew,  
 Unequalled for his lofty mind,  
 What marvel meaner eyes are blind?  
 Then be not angry, Raghu's son,  
 And let thy brother feel for one

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<sup>640</sup> The story is told in Book I, Canto LXIII, but the charmer there is called Menaká.

Who many a weary year has spent  
 Stranger to love and blandishment.  
 Let not this wrath thy soul inflame,  
 Like some mean wretch unknown to fame:  
 For high and noble hearts like thine  
 Love mercy and to ruth incline,  
 Calm and deliberate, and slow  
 With anger's raging fire to glow.  
 At length, O righteous prince, relent,  
 Nor let my words in vain be spent,  
 This sudden blaze of fury slake,  
 I pray thee for Sugríva's sake.  
 He would renounce at Ráma's call  
 Rumá and Angad, me and all  
 Who call him lord: his gold and grain,  
 The favour of his friend to gain.  
 His arm shall slay the fiend more base  
 In soul than all his impious race,  
 And happy Ráma reunite  
 To Sítá, rival in delight  
 Of the triumphant Moon when he  
 Rejoins his darling Rohiní.<sup>641</sup>  
 Ten million million demons guard  
 The gates of Lanká firmly barred.  
 All hope until that host be slain,  
 To smite the robber king is vain.  
 Nor with Sugríva's aid alone  
 May king and host be overthrown.  
 Thus ere he died—for well he knew—  
 Spake Báli, and his words are true.  
 I know not what his proofs might be,

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<sup>641</sup> Rohiní is the name of the ninth Nakshatra or lunar asterism personified as a daughter of Daksha, and the favourite wife of the Moon. Aldebaran is the principal star in the constellation.

But speak the words he spake to me.  
 Hence far and wide our lords are sent  
 To raise the mightiest armament,  
 For their return Sugriva waits  
 Ere he can sally from his gates.  
 Still is the oath Sugriva swore  
 Kept firmly even as before:  
 And the great host this day will be  
 Assembled by the king's decree,  
 Ten thousand thousand troops, who wear  
 The form of monkey and of bear,  
 Prepared for thee the war to wage:  
 Then let thy wrath no longer rage.  
 The matrons of the Vánar race  
 See marks of fury in thy face;  
 They see thine eyes like blood are red,  
 And will not yet be comforted."

### Canto XXXVI. Sugriva's Speech.

She ceased: and Lakshman gave assent,  
 Won by her gentle argument.  
 So Tárá's pleading, just and mild,  
 His softening heart had reconciled.  
 His altered mood Sugriva saw,  
 And cast aside the fear and awe  
 Like raiment heavy with the rain  
 Which on his troubled soul had lain.  
 Then quickly to the ground he threw  
 His flowery garland, bright of hue,  
 Which round his royal neck he wore,

And, sobered, was himself once more.  
 Then turning to the princely man  
 In soothing words the king began:  
 "My glory, wealth, and royal sway  
 To other hands had passed away:  
 But Ráma to my rescue came,  
 And gave me back my power and fame.  
 O Lakshmaṇ, say, whose grateful heart  
 Could nurse the hope to pay in part,  
 By service of a life, the deed  
 Of Ráma sprung of heavenly seed?  
 His foeman Rávaṇ shall be slain,  
 And Sítá shall be his again.  
 The hero's side I will not leave,  
 But he the conquest shall achieve.  
 What need of help has he who drew  
 His bow, and one great arrow flew  
 Through seven tall trees, a mountain rent,  
 And cleft the earth with force unspent?  
 What aid needs he who shook his bow,  
 And at the sound the earth below  
 With hill and wood and rooted rock  
 Quaked feverous with the thunder shock?  
 Yet all my legions will I bring,  
 And follow close the warrior king  
 Marching on his impetuous way  
 Fierce Rávaṇ and his hosts to slay.  
 If I be guilty of offence,  
 Careless through love or negligence,  
 Let him his loyal slave forgive;  
 For error cleaves to all who live."

[368]

Thus king Sugriva, good and brave,  
 In humble words his answer gave,

Softened was Lakshmaṇ's angry mood  
 Who thus his friendly speech renewed:  
 “My brother, Vánar King, will see  
 A champion and a friend in thee.  
 So strong art thou, so brave and bold,  
 So pure in thought, so humble-souled,  
 That thou deservest well to reign  
 And all a monarch's bliss to gain.  
 Lend thou my brother aid, and all  
 His foes beneath his arm will fall.  
 Full well the words thou speakest suit  
 A chieftain wise and resolute.  
 With grateful heart that loves the right,  
 And foot that never yields in fight.  
 O come, and my sad brother cheer  
 Who mourns the wife he holds so dear.  
 O pardon, friend, my harsh address,  
 And Ráma's frantic bitterness.”

## Canto XXXVII. The Gathering.

He ceased: and King Sugríva cried  
 To sage Hanúmán<sup>642</sup> by his side:  
 “Summon the Vánar legions, those  
 Who dwell about the Lord of Snows:  
 Those who in Vindhyan groves delight,  
 Kailása's, or Mahendra's height,  
 Dwell on the Five bright Peaks, or where

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<sup>642</sup> Válmíki and succeeding poets make the second vowel in this name long or short at their pleasure.

Mandar's white summit cleaves the air:  
 Wherever they are wandering free  
 In highlands by the western sea,  
 On that east hill whence springs the sun,  
 Or where he sinks when day is done.  
 Call the great chiefs whose legions fill  
 The forests of the Lotus Hill,<sup>643</sup>  
 Where every one in strength and size  
 With the stupendous Anjan<sup>644</sup> vies.  
 Call those, with tints of burnished gold  
 Whom Mahásaila's caverns hold:  
 Those who on Dhúmra roam, or hide  
 In the wild woods on Meru's side.  
 Call those who, brilliant as the sun,  
 On high Maháruṇ leap and run,  
 Quaffing sweet juices that distil  
 From odorous trees upon the hill,  
 Call those whom tranquil haunts delight,  
 Where dwell the sage and anchorite  
 In groves that through their wide extent  
 Exhale a thousand blossoms' scent.  
 Send out, send out: from coast to coast  
 Assemble all the Vánar host:  
 With force, with words, with gifts of price  
 Compel, admonish and entice.  
 Already envoys have been sent

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<sup>643</sup> Some of the mountains here mentioned are fabulous and others it is impossible to identify. Sugríva means to include all the mountains of India from Kailás the residence of the God Kuvera, regarded as one of the loftiest peaks of the Himálayas, to Mahendra in the extreme south, from the mountain in the east where the sun is said to rise to Astáchal or the western mountain where he sets. The commentators give little assistance: that Mahásaila, &c. are certain mountains is about all the information they give.

<sup>644</sup> One of the celestial elephants of the Gods who protect the four quarters and intermediate points of the compass.

To warn them of their lord's intent.  
 Let others urged by thee repeat  
 My mandate that their steps be fleet.  
 Those lords who yielding to the sway  
 Of love's delight would fain delay,  
 Urge hither with the utmost speed,  
 Or with thee to my presence lead:  
 And those who linger to the last  
 Until ten days be come and passed,  
 And dare their sovereign to defy,  
 For their offence shall surely die.  
 Thousands, yea millions, shall there be,  
 Obedient to their king's decree,  
 The lions of the Vánar race,  
 Assembled from each distant place,  
 Forth shall they haste like hills in size,  
 Or mighty clouds that veil the skies,  
 And swiftly speeding on their way  
 Bring all our legions in array."

[369] He ceased: the son of Váyu<sup>645</sup> heard,  
 Submissive to his sovereign's word;  
 And sent his rapid envoys forth  
 To east and west and south and north.  
 They bent their airy course afar  
 Along the paths of bird and star,  
 And sped through ether farther yet  
 Where Vishṇu's splendid sphere is set.<sup>646</sup>  
 By sea, on hill, by wood and lake  
 They called to arms for Ráma's sake,  
 As each with terror in his breast  
 Obeyed his awful king's behest.

<sup>645</sup> Váyu or the Wind was the father of Hanumán.

<sup>646</sup> The path or station of Vishṇu is the space between the seven Rishis or Ursa Major, and Dhruva or the polar star.

Three million Vánars, fierce and strong  
 As Anjan's self, a wondrous throng  
 Sped from the spot where Ráma still  
 Gazed restless from the woody hill.  
 Ten million others, brave and bold,  
 With coats that shone like burning gold,  
 Came flying from the mountain crest  
 Where sinks the weary sun to rest.  
 Impetuous from the northern skies,  
 Where Mount Kailásá's summits rise,  
 Ten hundred millions hasted, hued  
 Like manes of lions, ne'er subdued:  
 The dwellers on Himálaya's side,  
 Whose food his roots and fruit supplied,  
 With rangers of the Vindhyan chain  
 And neighbours of the Milky Main.<sup>647</sup>  
 Some from the palm groves where they fed,  
 Some from the woods of betel sped:  
 In countless numbers, fierce and brave,  
 They came from mountain, lake, and cave.

As on their way the Vánars went  
 To rouse each distant armament,  
 They chanced that wondrous tree to view  
 That on Himálaya's summit grew.  
 Of old upon that sacred height  
 Was wrought Maheśvar's<sup>648</sup> glorious rite,  
 Which every God in heaven beheld,  
 And his glad heart with triumph swelled.  
 There from pure seed at random sown  
 Bright plants with luscious fruit had grown,

<sup>647</sup> One of the seven seas which surround the earth in concentric circles.

<sup>648</sup> The title of Maheśvar or Mighty Lord is sometimes given to Indra, but more generally to Śiva whom it here denotes.

And, sweet as Amrit to the taste,  
The summit of the mountain graced.  
Who once should eat the virtuous fruit  
That sprang from so divine a root,  
One whole revolving moon should be  
From every pang of hunger free.  
The Vánars culled the fruit they found  
Ripe on the sacrificial ground  
With rare celestial odours sweet,  
To lay them at Sugríva's feet.  
Those noble envoys scoured the land  
To summon every Vánar band  
Then swiftly homeward at the head  
Of countless armaments they sped.  
They gathered by Kishkindhá's wall.  
They thronged Sugríva's palace hall,  
And, richly laden, bare within  
That fruit of heavenly origin.  
Their gifts before their king they spread,  
And thus in tones of triumph said:

“Through every land our way we took  
To visit hill and wood and brook,  
And all thy hosts from east to west  
Flock hither at their lord's behest.”  
Sugríva with delighted look  
The present of his envoys took,  
Then bade them go, with gracious speech  
Rewarding and dismissing each.

## Canto XXXVIII. Sugriva's Departure.

Thus all the princely Vánars, true  
 To their appointed tasks, withdrew.  
 Sugriva deemed already done  
 The work he planned for Raghu's son.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ gently spoke and cheered  
 Sugriva for his valour feared:  
 "Now, chieftain, if thy will be so,  
 Forth from Kishkindhá let us go."  
 Sugriva's heart swelled high with pride  
 As to the prince he thus replied:  
 "Come, speed we forth without delay:  
 'Tis mine thy mandate to obey."  
 Sugriva bade the dames adieu,  
 And Tárá and the rest withdrew.  
 Then at their chieftain's summons came  
 The Vánars first in rank and fame,  
 A trusty brave and reverent band,  
 Meet e'en before a queen to stand.  
 They at his call made haste to bring  
 The litter of the glorious king.  
 "Mount, O my friend." Sugriva cried,  
 And straight Sumitrá's son complied.  
 Then took by Lakshmaṇ's side his place  
 The sovereign of the woodland race,  
 Upraised by Vánars, fleet and strong,  
 Who bore the glittering load along.  
 On high above his royal head  
 A paly canopy was spread,  
 And chouries white in many a hand  
 The forehead of the monarch fanned,  
 And shell and drum and song and shout  
 Pealed round him as the king passed out.

About the monarch went a throng  
Of Vánar warriors brave and strong,  
As onward to the mountain shade  
Where Ráma dwelt his way he made.  
Soon as the lovely spot he viewed  
Where Ráma lived in solitude,  
The Vánar monarch, far-renowned,  
With Lakshmaṇ, lightly stepped to ground,  
And to the son of Raghu went  
Joining his raised hands reverent.  
As their great leader raised his hands,  
So suppliant stood the Vánar bands.  
Well pleased the son of Raghu saw  
Those legions, hushed in reverent awe,  
Stand silent like the tranquil floods  
That raise their hands of lotus buds.  
But Ráma, when the king, to greet  
His friend, had bowed him at his feet,  
Raised him who ruled the Vánar race,  
And held him in a close embrace:  
Then, when his arms he had unknit,  
Besought him by his side to sit,  
And thus with gentle words the best  
Of men the Vánar king addressed:

“The prince who well his days divides,  
And knows aright the times and tides  
To follow duty, joy, or gain,  
He, only he, deserves to reign.  
But he who wealth and virtue leaves,  
And every hour to pleasure cleaves,  
Falls from his bliss like him who wakes  
From slumber on a branch that breaks.  
True king is he who smites his foes,

And favour to his servants shows,  
 And of that fruit makes timely use  
 Which virtue, wealth, and joy produce.  
 The hour is come that bids thee rise  
 To aid me in my enterprise.  
 Then call thy nobles to debate,  
 And with their help deliberate.”

“Lost was my power,” the king replied,  
 “All strength had fled, all hope had died.  
 The Vánars owned another lord,  
 But by thy grace was all restored.  
 All this, O conqueror of the foe,  
 To thee and Lakshman’s aid I owe.  
 And his should be the villain’s shame  
 Who durst deny the sacred claim.  
 These Vánar chiefs of noblest birth  
 Have at my bidding roamed the earth,  
 And brought from distant regions all  
 Our legions at their monarch’s call:  
 Fierce bears with monkey troops combined,  
 And apes of every varied kind,  
 Terrific in their forms, who dwell  
 In grove and wood and bosky dell:  
 The bright Gandharvas’ brood, the seed  
 Of Gods,<sup>649</sup> they change their shapes at need.  
 Each with his legions in array,  
 Hither, O Prince, they make their way.  
 They come: and tens of millions swell  
 To numbers that no tongue may tell.<sup>650</sup>  
 For thee their armies will unite

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<sup>649</sup> See Book I, Canto XVI.

<sup>650</sup> The numbers are unmanageable in English verse. The poet speaks of hundreds of *arbudas*; and an *arbuda* is a hundred millions.

With chiefs, Mahendra's peers in might.  
From Meru and from Vindhya's chain  
They come like clouds that bring the rain.  
These round thee to the war will go,  
To smite to earth thy demon foe;  
Will slay the Rákshas and restore  
Thy consort when the fight is o'er."

## Canto XXXIX. The Vánar Host.

Then Ráma, best of all who guide  
Their steps by duty, thus replied:  
"What marvel if Lord Indra send  
The kindly rain, O faithful friend?  
If, thousand-rayed, the God of Day  
Drive every darksome cloud away?  
Or, rising high, the Lord of Night  
Flood the broad heaven with silver light?  
What marvel, King, that one like thee  
The glory of his friends should be?  
No marvel, O my lord, that thou  
Hast shown thy noble nature now.  
Thy heart, Sugríva, well I know:  
Naught from thy lips but truth may flow,  
With thee for friend and champion all  
My foes beneath my arm will fall.  
The Rákshas, when my queen he stole,  
Brought sure destruction on his soul,

Like Anuhláda<sup>651</sup> who beguiled  
 Queen Šachí called Puloma's child.  
 Yes, near, Sugríva, is the day  
 When I my demon foe shall slay,  
 As conquering Indra in his ire  
 Slew Queen Paulomí's haughty sire.”<sup>652</sup>  
 He ceased: thick clouds of dust rose high  
 To every quarter of the sky:  
 The very sun grew faint and pale  
 Behind the darkly-gathering veil.  
 The mighty clouds that hung o'erhead  
 From east to west thick darkness spread,  
 And earth to her foundations shook  
 With hill and forest, lake and brook.  
 Then hidden was the ground beneath  
 Fierce warriors armed with fearful teeth,  
 Hosts numberless, each lord in size  
 A match for him who rules the skies:  
 From many a sea and distant hill,  
 From rock and river, lake and rill.  
 Some like the morning sun were bright,  
 Some, like the moon, were silver white:  
 These green as lotus fibres, those  
 White-coated from their native snows.<sup>653</sup>

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<sup>651</sup> Anuhláda or Anuhráda is one of the four sons of the mighty Hiranyakáśipu, an Asur or a Daitya son of Kaśyapa and Diti and killed by Vishṇu in his incarnation of the Man-Lion *Narasinha*. According to the Bhágavata Puráṇa the Daitya or Asur Hiranyakáśipu and Hiranyakásha his brother, both killed by Vishṇu, were born again as Rávaṇ and Kumbhakarṇa his brother.

<sup>652</sup> Puloma, a demon, was the father-in-law of Indra who destroyed him in order to avert an imprecation. Paulomí is a patronymic denoting Šachí the daughter of Puloma.

<sup>653</sup> “Observe the variety of colours which the poem attributes to all these inhabitants of the different mountainous regions, some white, others yellow, &c. Such different colours were perhaps peculiar and distinctive characteristics of those various races.” GORRESSIO{FNS.

Then Šatabali came in view  
 Girt by a countless retinue.  
 Like some gold mountain high in air  
 Tárá's illustrious sire<sup>654</sup> was there.  
 There Rumá's father,<sup>655</sup> far-renowned,  
 With tens of thousands ranged around.  
 There, tinted like the tender green  
 Of lotus filaments, was seen,  
 Compassed by countless legions, one  
 Whose face was as the morning sun,  
 Hanúmán's father good and great,  
 Kesarí,<sup>656</sup> wisest in debate.  
 There the proud king Gaváksha, feared  
 For his strong warrior arm, appeared.  
 There Dhúmra, mighty lord, the dread  
 Of foes, his ursine legions led.  
 There Panas, first for warlike fame,  
 With twenty million warriors came.  
 There glorious Níla, dark of hue,  
 Arrayed his countless troops in view.  
 There moved lord Gavya brave and bold,  
 Resplendent like a hill of gold,  
 And near him Darímukha stood  
 With millions from the hill and wood  
 And Dwivid famed for strength and speed,  
 And Mamda, both of Aśvin seed.  
 There Gaja, strong and glorious, led  
 The countless troops around him spread,

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<sup>654</sup> Sushen.

<sup>655</sup> Tára.

<sup>656</sup> Kesarí was the husband of Hanúmán's mother, and is here called his father.

And Jámbarván<sup>657</sup> the king whose sway  
 The bears delighted to obey,  
 With swarming myriads onward pressed  
 True to his lord Sugríva's hest;  
 And princely Ruman, dear to fame,  
 Led millions whom no hosts could tame,  
 All these and many a chief beside<sup>658</sup>  
 Came onward fierce in warlike pride.  
 They covered all the plain, and still  
 Pressed forward over wood and hill.  
 In rows for many a league around  
 They rested on the grassy ground;  
 Or to Sugríva made their way,  
 Like clouds about the Lord of Day,  
 And to the king their proud heads bent  
 In power and might preeminent.  
 Sugríva then to Ráma sped,  
 And raised his reverent hands, and said  
 That every chief from coast to coast  
 Was present with his warrior host.

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<sup>657</sup> “I here unite under one heading two animals of very diverse nature and race, but which from some gross resemblances, probably helped by an equivoque in the language, are closely affiliated in the Hindoo myth ... a reddish colour of the skin, want of symmetry and ungainliness of form, strength in hugging with the fore paws or arms, the faculty of climbing, shortness of tail(?), sensuality, capacity of instruction in dancing and in music, are all characteristics which more or less distinguish and meet in bears as well as in monkeys. In the *Rámáyaṇam*, the wise Jámnavant, the Odysseus of the expedition of Lanká, is called now king of the bears (*rikshaparthivah*), now great monkey (*Mahákapih*).” DE GUBERNATIS {FNS: *Zoological Mythology*, Vol. II. p. 97.}

<sup>658</sup> Gandhamádana, Angad, Tára, Indrajánu, Rambha, Durmukha, Hanumán, Nala, Da mukha, Šarabha, Kumuda, Vahni.

## Canto XL. The Army Of The East.

With practised eye the king reviewed  
 The Vánars' countless multitude,  
 And, joying that his hest was done,  
 Thus spake to Raghu's mighty son:  
 "See, all the Vánar hosts who fear  
 My sovereign might are gathered here.  
 Chiefs strong as Indra's self, who speed  
 Wher'er they list, these armies lead.  
 Fierce and terrific to the view  
 As Daityas or the Dánav<sup>659</sup> crew,  
 Famed in all lands for souls afire  
 With lofty thoughts, they never tire,  
 O'er hill and vale they wander free,  
 And islets of the distant sea.  
 And these gathered myriads, all  
 Will serve thee, Ráma, at thy call.  
 Whate'er thy heart advises, say:  
 Thy mandates will the host obey."

Then answered Ráma, as he pressed  
 The Vánar monarch to his breast:  
 "O search for my lost Sítá, strive  
 To find her if she still survive:  
 And in thy wondrous wisdom trace  
 Fierce Rávaṇ to his dwelling-place.  
 And when by toil and search we know  
 Where Sítá lies and where the foe,  
 With thee, dear friend, will I devise  
 Fit means to end the enterprise.

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<sup>659</sup> Daityas and Dánavas are fiends and enemies of the Gods, like the Titans of Greek mythology.

Not mine, not Lakshman's is the power  
 To guide us in the doubtful hour.  
 Thou, sovereign of the Vánars, thou  
 Must be our hope and leader now."

He ceased: at King Sugriva's call  
 Near came a Vánar strong and tall.  
 Huge as a towering mountain, loud  
 As some tremendous thunder cloud,  
 A prince who warlike legions led:  
 To him his sovereign turned and said:  
 "Go, take ten thousand<sup>660</sup> of our race  
 Well trained in lore of time and place,  
 And search the eastern region; through  
 Groves, woods, and hills thy way pursue.  
 There seek for Sítá, trace the spot  
 Where Rávan hides, and weary not.  
 Search for the captive in the caves  
 Of mountains, and by woods and waves.  
 To Sarjú,<sup>661</sup> Kaušíkí,<sup>662</sup> repair,  
 Bhagírath's daughter<sup>663</sup> fresh and fair.  
 Search mighty Yamun's<sup>664</sup> peak, explore  
 Swift Yamuná's<sup>665</sup> delightful shore,

<sup>660</sup> I reduce the unwieldy numbers of the original to more modest figures.

<sup>661</sup> Sarayú now Sarjú is the river on which Ayodhyá was built.

<sup>662</sup> Kaušíkí is a river which flows through Behar, commonly called Kosi.

<sup>663</sup> Bhagírath's daughter is Gangá or the Ganges. The legend is told at length in Book I Canto XLIV. *The Descent of Gangá*.

<sup>664</sup> A mountain not identified.

<sup>665</sup> The Jumna. The river is personified as the twin sister of Yáma, and hence regarded as the daughter of the Sun.

Sarasvati<sup>666</sup> and Sindhu's<sup>667</sup> tide,  
 And rapid Sona's<sup>668</sup> pebbly side.  
 Then roam afar by Mahí's<sup>669</sup> bed  
 Where Kálamahí's groves are spread.  
 Go where the silken tissue shines,  
 Go to the land of silver mines.<sup>670</sup>  
 Visit each isle and mountain steep  
 And city circled by the deep,  
 And distant villages that high  
 About the peaks of Mandar lie.  
 Speed over Yavadwipa's land,<sup>671</sup>  
 And see Mount Śíśir<sup>672</sup> proudly stand  
 Uplifting to the skies his head  
 By Gods and Dánavs visited.  
 Search each ravine and mountain pass,  
 Each tangled thicket deep in grass.  
 Search every cave with utmost care  
 If haply Ráma's queen be there.  
 Then pass beyond the sounding sea  
 Where heavenly beings wander free,

<sup>666</sup> The Sarasvatí (corruptly called Sursooty, is supposed to join the Ganges and Jumna at Prayág or Allahabad. It rises in the mountains bounding the north-east part of the province of Delhi, and running in a south-westerly direction becomes lost in the sands of the great desert.

<sup>667</sup> The Sindhu is the Indus, the Sanskrit *s* becoming *h* in Persian and being in this instance dropped by the Greeks.

<sup>668</sup> The Sone which rises in the district of Nagpore and falls into the Ganges above Patna.

<sup>669</sup> Mahí is a river rising in Malwa and falling into the gulf of Cambay after a westerly course of 280 miles.

<sup>670</sup> There is nothing to show what parts of the country the poet intended to denote as silk-producing and silver-producing.

<sup>671</sup> Yavadwipa means the island of Yava, wherever that may be.

<sup>672</sup> Śíśir is said to be a mountain ridge projecting from the base of Meru on the south. Wilson's *Vishnu Purána*, ed. Hall, Vol. II. p. 117.

And Šona's<sup>673</sup> waters swift and strong  
 With ruddy billows foam along.  
 Search where his shelving banks descend,  
 Search where the hanging woods extend.  
 Try if the pathless thickets screen  
 The robber and the captive queen.  
 Search where the torrent floods that rend  
 The mountain to the plains descend:  
 Search dark abysses where they rave,  
 Search mountain slope and wood and cave  
 Then on with rapid feet and gain  
 The inlands of the fearful main  
 Where, tortured by the tempest's lash,  
 Against rude rocks the billows dash:  
 An ocean like a sable cloud,  
 Whose margent monstrous serpents crowd:  
 An ocean rising with a roar  
 To beat upon an iron shore.  
 On, onward still! your feet shall tread  
 Shores of the sea whose waves are red,  
 Where spreading wide your eyes shall see  
 The guilt-tormenting cotton tree<sup>674</sup>  
 And the wild spot where Garud<sup>675</sup> dwells  
 Which gems adorn and ocean shells,  
 High as Kailása, nobly decked,  
 Wrought by the heavenly architect.<sup>676</sup>

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<sup>673</sup> This appears to be some mythical stream and not the well-known Šone. The name means red-coloured.

<sup>674</sup> A fabulous thorny rod of the cotton tree used for torturing the wicked in hell. The tree gives its name, Šálmalí, to one of the seven Dwípas, or great divisions of the known continent: and also to a hell where the wicked are tormented with the pickles of the tree.

<sup>675</sup> The king of the feathered creation.

<sup>676</sup> Viśvakarmá, the Mulciber of the Indian heaven.

Huge giants named Mandehas<sup>677</sup> there  
 In each foul shape they love to wear,  
 Numbing the soul with terror's chill,  
 Hang from the summit of the hill.  
 When darts the sun his earliest beam  
 They plunge them in the ocean stream,  
 New vigour from his rays obtain,  
 And hang upon the rocks again.  
 Speed onward still: your steps shall be  
 At length beside the Milky Sea  
 Whose every ripple as it curls  
 Gleams glorious with its wealth of pearls.  
 Amid that sea like pale clouds spread  
 The white Mount Rishabh<sup>678</sup> rears his head.  
 About the mountain's glorious waist  
 Woods redolent of bloom are braced.  
 A lake where lotuses unfold  
 Their silver buds with threads of gold,  
 Sudarśan ever bright and fair  
 Where white swans sport, lies gleaming there,  
 The wandering Kinnar's<sup>679</sup> dear resort,  
 Where heavenly nymphs and Yakshas<sup>680</sup> sport.  
 On! leave the Milky Sea behind:  
 Another flood your search shall find,  
 A waste of waters, wild and drear,  
 That chills each living heart with fear.  
 There see the horse's awful head,

<sup>677</sup> "The terrific fiends named Mandehas attempt to devour the sun: for Brahmá denounced this curse upon them, that without the power to perish they should die every day (and revive by night) and therefore a fierce contest occurs (daily) between them and the sun." WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*. Vol. II. p. 250.

<sup>678</sup> Said in the *Vishṇu Purāṇa* to be a ridge projecting from the base of Meru to the north.

<sup>679</sup> Kinnars are centaurs reversed, beings with equine head and human bodies.

<sup>680</sup> Yakshas are demi-gods attendant on Kuvera the God of wealth.

Wrath-born, that flames in Ocean's bed.<sup>681</sup>  
 There rises up a fearful cry  
 From the sea things that move thereby,  
 When, helpless, powerless for flight,  
 They gaze upon the horrid sight.  
 Past to the northern shore, and then  
 Beyond the flood three leagues and ten  
 Your wondering glances will behold  
 Mount Játarúpa<sup>682</sup> bright with gold.  
 There like the young moon pale of hue  
 The monstrous serpent<sup>683</sup> will ye view,  
 The earth's supporter, whose bright eyes  
 Resemble lotus leaves in size.  
 He rests upon the mountain's brow,  
 And all the Gods before him bow.  
 Ananta with a thousand heads  
 His length in robes of azure spreads.  
 A triple-headed palm of gold—  
 Meet standard for the lofty-souled—  
 Springs towering from the mountain's crest  
 Beneath whose shade he loves to rest,  
 So that in eastern realms each God  
 May use it as a measuring-rod.  
 Beyond, with burning gold aglow,  
 The eastern steep his peaks will show,  
 Which in unrivalled glory rise  
 A hundred leagues to pierce the skies,

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<sup>681</sup> Aurva was one of the descendants of Bhrigu. From his wrath proceeded a flame that threatened to destroy the world, had not Aurva cast it into the ocean where it remained concealed, and having the face of a horse. The legend is told in the *Mahábhárata*. I. 6802.

<sup>682</sup> The word Játarúpa means gold.

<sup>683</sup> The celebrated mythological serpent king Sesha, called also Ananta or the infinite, represented as bearing the earth on one of his thousand heads.

And all the neighbouring air is bright  
 With golden trees that clothe the height.  
 A lofty peak uprises there  
 Ten leagues in height and one league square  
 Saumanas, wrought of glistering gold,  
 Ne'er to be loosened from its hold.  
 There his first step Lord Vishṇu placed  
 When through the universe he paced,  
 And with his second lightly pressed  
 The loftiest peak of Meru's crest.  
 When north of Jambudwíp<sup>684</sup> the sun  
 A portion of his course has run,  
 And hangs above this mountain height,  
 Then creatures see the genial light.  
 Vaikhánases,<sup>685</sup> saints far renowned,  
 And Bálakhilyas<sup>686</sup> love the ground  
 Where in their glory half divine,  
 Touched by the morning glow, they shine  
 The light that flashes from that steep  
 Illumines all Sudarśandwíp,<sup>687</sup>  
 And on each creature, as it glows,  
 The sight and strength of life bestows.  
 Search well that mountain's woody side  
 If Rávaṇ there his captive hide.  
 The rising sun, the golden hill

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<sup>684</sup> Jambudwípa is in the centre of the seven great *dwípas* or continents into which the world is divided, and in the centre of Jambudwípa is the golden mountain Meru 84,000 yojans high, and crowned by the great city of Brahmá. See WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 110.

<sup>685</sup> Vaikhánases are a race of hermit saints said to have sprung from the nails of Prajápati.

<sup>686</sup> "The wife of Kratu, Samnati, brought forth the sixty thousand Válakhilyas, pigmy sages, no bigger than a joint of the thumb, chaste, pious, resplendent as the rays of the Sun." WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*.

<sup>687</sup> The continent in which Sudarśan or Meru stands, *i.e.* Jambudwíp.

The air with growing splendours fill,  
Till flashes from the east the red  
Of morning with the light they shed.  
This, where the sun begins his state,  
Is earth and heaven's most eastern gate.  
Through all the mountain forest seek  
By waterfall and cave and peak.  
Search every nook and bosky dell,  
If Rávan there with Sítá dwell.  
There, Vánars, there your steps must stay:  
No farther eastward can ye stray.  
Beyond no sun, no moon gives light,  
But all is sunk in endless night.  
Thus far, O Vánar lords, may you  
O'er sea and land your search pursue.  
But wild and dark and known to none  
Is the drear space beyond the sun.  
That mountain whence the sun ascends  
Your long and weary journey ends.<sup>688</sup>  
Now go, and in a month return,  
And let success my praises earn.  
He who beyond tho month shall stay  
Will with his life the forfeit pay."

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<sup>688</sup> The names of some historical peoples which occur in this Canto and in the Cantos describing the south and north will be found in the ADDITIONAL NOTES{FNS. They are bare lists, not susceptible of a metrical version.

## Canto XLI. The Army Of The South.

He gathered next a chosen band  
 For service in the southern land.  
 He summoned Níla son of Fire,  
 And, offspring of the eternal Sire,  
 Jámaván bold and strong and tall,  
 And Hanumán, the best of all,  
 And many a valiant lord beside,<sup>689</sup>  
 With Angad for their chief and guide.  
 “Go forth,” he cried, “with all this host  
 Exploring to the southern coast:  
 The thousand peaks that Vindhya shows  
 Where every tree and creeper grows:  
 Where Narmadá's<sup>690</sup> sweet waters run,  
 And serpents bask them in the sun:  
 Where Krishṇavení's<sup>691</sup> currents flee,  
 And sparkles fair Godávarí.<sup>692</sup>  
 Through Mekhal<sup>693</sup> pass and Utkal's<sup>694</sup> land:  
 Go where Daśárna's<sup>695</sup> cities stand.  
 Avanti<sup>696</sup> seek, of high renown,

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<sup>689</sup> Suhotra, Śarári, Śaragulma, Gayá, Gaváksha, Gavaya, Susheṇa, Gandhamá-dana, Ulkámukha, and Ananga.

<sup>690</sup> The modern Nerbudda.

<sup>691</sup> Krishṇavení is mentioned in the *Vishṇu Puráṇa* as “the deep Krishṇavení” but there appears to be no clue to its identification.

<sup>692</sup> The modern Godavery.

<sup>693</sup> The Mekhalas or Mekalas according to the Paráṇas live in the Vindhya hills, but here they appear among the peoples of the south.

<sup>694</sup> Utkal is still the native name of Orissa.

<sup>695</sup> The land of the people of the “ten forts.” Professor Hall in a note on WILSON'S{FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. p. 160 says: “The oral traditions of the vicinity to this day assign the name of Daśárna to a region lying to the east of the District of Chundeyree.”

<sup>696</sup> Avantí is one of the ancient names of the celebrated Ujjayin or Oujein in Central India.

And Abravanti's<sup>697</sup> glorious town.  
 Search every hill and brook and cave  
 Where Dañdak's woods their branches wave  
 Ayomukh's<sup>698</sup> woody hill explore  
 Whose sides are bright with richest ore,  
 Lifting his glorious head on high  
 From bloomy groves that round him lie.  
 Search well his forests where the breeze  
 Blows fragrant from the sandal trees.  
 Then will you see Káverí's<sup>699</sup> stream  
 Whose pleasant waters glance and gleam,  
 And to the lovely banks entice  
 The sportive maids of Paradise.  
 High on the top of Malaya's<sup>700</sup> hill,  
 In holy musing, calm and still,  
 Sits, radiant as the Lord of Light,  
 Agastya,<sup>701</sup> noblest anchorite.  
 Soon as that lofty-thoughted lord  
 His high permission shall accord,  
 Pass Támráparṇí's<sup>702</sup> flood whose isles  
 Are loved by basking crocodiles.  
 The sandal woods that fringe her side  
 Those islets and her waters hide;  
 While, like an amorous matron, she  
 Speeds to her own dear lord the sea.  
 Thence hastening on your way behold

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<sup>697</sup> Not identified.<sup>698</sup> Ayomukh means iron faced. The mountain is not identified.<sup>699</sup> The Káverí or modern Cauvery is well known and has always borne the same appellation, being the Chaberis of Ptolemy.<sup>700</sup> One of the seven principal mountain chains: the southern portion of the Western Gháts.<sup>701</sup> Agastya is the great sage who has already frequently appeared as Ráma's friend and benefactor.<sup>702</sup> Támráparṇí is a river rising in Malaya.

The Páñdyas<sup>703</sup> gates of pearl and gold.  
 Then, with your task maturely planned,  
 On ocean's shore your feet will stand.  
 Where, by Agastya's high decree,  
 Mahendra,<sup>704</sup> planted in the sea,  
 With tinted peaks against the tide  
 Rises in solitary pride,  
 And glorious in his golden glow  
 Spurns back the waves that beat below.  
 Fair mountain, bright with creepers' bloom  
 And every tint that trees assume,  
 Where Yaksha, God, and heavenly maid  
 Meet wandering in the lovely shade,  
 At changing moon and solemn tide  
 By Indra's presence glorified.  
 One hundred leagues in fair extent  
 An island<sup>705</sup> fronts the continent:  
 No man may tread its glittering shore,  
 With utmost heed that isle explore,  
 For the fair country owns the sway  
 Of Rávaṇ whom we burn to slay.  
 A mighty monster stands to keep  
 The passage of the southern deep.  
 Lifting her awful arms on high  
 She grasps e'en shadows as they fly.  
 Speed through that isle, and onward still  
 Where in mid sea the Flowery Hill<sup>706</sup>  
 Raises on high his bloomy head

<sup>703</sup> The Páñdyas are a people of the Deccan.

<sup>704</sup> Mahendra is the chain of hills that extends from Orissa and the northern Sircars to Gondwána, part of which near Ganjam is still called Mahendra Malay or hills of Mahendra.

<sup>705</sup> Lanká, Sinhaladvípa, Sarandib, or Ceylon.

<sup>706</sup> The Flowery Hill of course is mythical.

By saints and angels visited.  
 There, with a hundred gleaming peaks  
 Bright as the sun, the sky he seeks,  
 One glorious peak the Lord of Day  
 Gilds ever with his loving ray;  
 Thereon ne'er yet the glances fell  
 Of thankless wretch or infidel.  
 Bow to that hill in reverence due,  
 And then once more your search pursue.  
 Beyond that glorious mountain hie,  
 And Súryaván,<sup>707</sup> proud hill is nigh.  
 Your rapid course yet farther bend  
 Where Vaidyut's<sup>708</sup> airy peaks ascend.  
 There trees of noblest sort, profuse  
 Of wealth, their kindly gifts produce.  
 Their precious fruits, O Vánars, taste,  
 The honey sip, and onward haste.  
 Next will ye see Mount Kunjar rise,  
 Who cheers with beauty hearts and eyes.  
 There is Agastya's<sup>709</sup> mansion, decked  
 By heaven's all moulding architect.  
 Near Bhogavati<sup>710</sup> stands, the place  
 Where dwell the hosts of serpent race:  
 A broad-wayed city, walled and barred,  
 Which watchful legions keep and guard,  
 The fiercest of the serpent youth,  
 Each awful for his venom'd tooth:

<sup>707</sup> The whole of the geography south of Lanká is of course mythical. Súryaván means Sunny.

<sup>708</sup> Vaidyut means connected with lightning.

<sup>709</sup> Agastya is here placed far to the south of Lanká. Earlier in this Canto he was said to dwell on Malaya.

<sup>710</sup> Bhogavatí has been frequently mentioned: it is the capital of the serpent Gods or demons, and usually represented as being in the regions under the earth.

And throned in his imperial hall  
 Is Vásuki<sup>711</sup> who rules them all.  
 Explore the serpent city well,  
 Search town and tower and citadel,  
 And scan each field and wood that lies  
 Around it, with your watchful eyes.  
 Beyond that spot your way pursue:  
 A noble mountain shall ye view,  
 Named Rishabh, like a mighty bull,  
 With gems made bright and beautiful.  
 [376] All trees of sandal flourish there  
 Of heavenly fragrance, rich and rare.  
 But, though they tempt your longing eyes,  
 Avoid to touch them, and be wise.  
 For Rohitas, a guardian band  
 Of fierce Gandharvas, round them stand,  
 Who five bright sovereign lords<sup>712</sup> obey,  
 In glory like the God of Day.  
 Here by good deeds a home is won  
 With shapes like fire, the moon, the sun.  
 Here they who merit heaven by worth  
 Dwell on the confines of the earth.  
 There stay: beyond it, dark and drear,  
 Lies the departed spirits' sphere,  
 And, girt with darkness, far from bliss,  
 Is Yáma's sad metropolis.<sup>713</sup>  
 So far, my lords, o'er land and sea  
 Your destined course is plain and free.  
 Beyond your steps you may not set,

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<sup>711</sup> Vásuki is according to some accounts the king of the Nágas or serpent Gods.

<sup>712</sup> Sáilúsha, Gramíni, Siksha, Suka, Babhrú.

<sup>713</sup> The distant south beyond the confines of the earth is the home of departed spirits and the city of Yáma the God of Death.

Where living thing ne'er journeyed yet.  
 With utmost care these realms survey,  
 And all you meet upon the way.  
 And, when the lady's course is traced,  
 Back to your king, O Vánars, haste.  
 And he who tells me he has seen.  
 After long search, the Maithil queen,  
 Shall gain a noble guerdon: he  
 In power and bliss shall equal me.  
 Dear as my very life, above  
 His fellows in his master's love;  
 I call him, yea though stained with crime.  
 My kinsman from that happy time.”

## Canto XLII. The Army Of The West.

Then to Susheṇ Sugríva bent,  
 And thus addressed him reverent:  
 “Two hundred thousand of our best  
 With thee, my lord, shall seek the west.  
 Explore Suráshṭra's<sup>714</sup>] distant plain,  
 Explore Váhlíka's<sup>715</sup> wild domain,  
 And all the pleasant brooks that flee  
 Through mountains to the western sea.  
 Search clustering groves on mountain heights,  
 And woods the home of anchorites.  
 Search where the breezy hills are high,  
 Search where the desert regions lie.

<sup>714</sup> Suráshṭra, the “good country,” is the modern Sura

<sup>715</sup> A country north-west of Afghanistan, Bafkh.

Search all the western land beset  
 With woody mountains like a net.  
 The country's farthest limit reach,  
 And stand upon the ocean beach.  
 There wander through the groves of palm  
 Where the soft air is full of balm.  
 Through grassy dell and dark ravine  
 Seek Rávaṇ and the Maithil queen.  
 Go visit Somagiri's<sup>716</sup> steep  
 Where Sindhu<sup>717</sup> mingles with the deep.  
 There lions, borne on swift wings, roam  
 The levels of their mountain home,  
 And elephants and monsters bear,  
 Caught from the ocean, to their lair.  
 You Vánars, changing forms at will,  
 With rapid search must scour the hill,  
 And his sky-kissing peak of gold  
 Where loveliest trees their blooms unfold.  
 There golden-peaked, ablaze with light,  
 Uprises Páriyátra's<sup>718</sup> height  
 Where wild Gandharvas, fierce and fell,  
 In bands of countless myriads dwell.  
 Pluck ye no fruit within the wood;  
 Beware the impious neighbourhood,  
 Where, very mighty, strong, and hard  
 To overcome, the fruit they guard.  
 Yet search for Janak's daughter still,  
 For Vánars there need fear no ill.  
 Near, bright as turkis, Vajra<sup>719</sup> named,

<sup>716</sup> The Moon-mountain here is mythical.

<sup>717</sup> Sindhu is the Indus.

<sup>718</sup> Páriyátra, or as more usually written Páripátra, is the central or western portion of the Vindhya chain which skirts the province of Malwa.

<sup>719</sup> Vajra means both diamond and thunderbolt, the two substances being

There stands a hill of diamond framed.  
 Soaring a hundred leagues in pride,  
 With trees and creepers glorified.  
 Search there each cave and dark abyss  
 By waterfall and precipice.  
 Far in that sea the wild waves beat  
 On Chakraván's<sup>720</sup> firm-rooted feet.  
 Where the great discus,<sup>721</sup> thousand rayed,  
 By Vísvakarmá's<sup>722</sup> art was made.  
 When Panchajan<sup>723</sup> the fiend was slain.  
 And Hayagríva,<sup>724</sup> fierce in vain,  
 Thence taking shell and discus went  
 Lord Vishṇu, God preëminent.  
 On! sixty thousand hills of gold  
 With wondering eyes shall ye behold,  
 Where in his glory every one  
 Is brilliant as the morning sun.  
 Full in the midst King Meru,<sup>725</sup> best  
 Of mountains, lifts his lofty crest,

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supposed to be identical.

<sup>720</sup> Chakraván means the discus-bearer.

<sup>721</sup> The discus is the favourite weapon of Vishnu.

<sup>722</sup> The Indian Hephaistos or Vulcan.

<sup>723</sup> Panchajan was a demon who lived in the sea in the form of a conch shell.

WILSON'S{FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, V. 21.

<sup>724</sup> Hayagríva, Horse-necked, is the name of a Daitya who at the dissolution of the universe caused by Brahmá's sleep, seized and carried off the Vedas. Vishṇu slew him and recovered the sacred treasures.

<sup>725</sup> Meru stands in the centre of Jambudwípa and consequently of the earth. "The sun travels round the world, keeping Meru always on his right. To the spectator who fronts him, therefore, as he rises Meru must be always on the north; and as the sun's rays do not penetrate beyond the centre of the mountain, the regions beyond, or to the north of it must be in darkness, whilst those on the south of it must be in light: north and south being relative, not absolute, terms, depending on the position of the spectator with regard to the Sun and Meru." WILSON'S{FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. p. 243. Note.

On whom of yore, as all have heard,  
 The sun well-pleased this boon conferred:  
 “On thee, O King, on thee and thine  
 Light, day and night, shall ever shine.  
 Gandharvas, Gods who love thee well  
 And on thy sacred summits dwell,  
 Undimmed in lustre, bright and fair,  
 The golden sheen shall ever share.”  
 The Viśvas,<sup>726</sup> Vasus,<sup>727</sup> they who ride  
 The tempest,<sup>728</sup> every God beside,  
 Draw nigh to Meru's lofty crest  
 When evening darkens in the west,  
 And to the parting Lord of Day  
 The homage of their worship pay,  
 Ere yet a while, unseen of all,  
 Behind Mount Asta's<sup>729</sup> peaks he fall.  
 Wrought by the heavenly artist's care  
 A glorious palace glitters there,  
 And round about it sweet birds sing  
 Where the gay trees are blossoming:  
 The home of Varuṇa<sup>730</sup> high-souled lord,  
 Wrist-girded with his deadly cord.<sup>731</sup>  
 With ten tall stems, a palm between

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<sup>726</sup> The Viśvadevas are a class of deities to whom sacrifices should be daily offered, as part of the ordinary worship of the householder. According to the *Váyu Puráṇa*, this is a privilege conferred on them by Brahmá and the Pitríes as a reward for religious austerities practised by them upon Himálaya.

<sup>727</sup> The eight Vasus were originally personifications like other Vedic deities, of natural phenomena, such as Fire, Wind, &c. Their appellations are variously given by different authorities.

<sup>728</sup> The Maruts or Storm-Gods, frequently addressed and worshipped as the attendants and allies of Indra.

<sup>729</sup> The mountain behind which the sun sets.

<sup>730</sup> One of the oldest and mightiest of the Vedic deities; in later mythology regarded as the God of the sea.

<sup>731</sup> The knotted noose with which he seizes and punishes transgressors.

Meru and Asta's hill is seen:  
Pure silver from the base it springs,  
And far and wide its lustre flings.  
Seek Rávaṇ and the dame by brook,  
In pathless glen, in leafy nook  
On Meru's crest a hermit lives  
Bright with the light that penance gives:  
Sávarṇī<sup>732</sup> is he named, renowned  
As Brahmá's peer, with glory crowned.  
There bowing down in reverence speak  
And ask him of the dame you seek.  
Thus far the splendid Lord of Day  
Pursues through heaven his ceaseless way,  
Shedding on every spot his light;  
Then sinks behind Mount Asta's height,  
Thus far advance: the sunless sea  
Beyond is all unknown to me.  
Susheṇ of mighty arm, long tried  
In peril, shall your legions guide.  
Receive his words with high respect,  
And ne'er his lightest wish neglect.  
He is my consort's sire, and hence  
Deserves the utmost reverence.”

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<sup>732</sup> Sávarṇī is a Manu, offspring of the Sun by Chháyá.

## Canto XLIII. The Army Of The North.

Forth went the legions of the west:  
 And wise Sugríva addressed  
 Šatabal, summoned from the crowd.  
 To whom the sovereign cried aloud:  
 “Go forth, O Vánar chief, go forth,  
 Explore the regions of the north.  
 Thy host a hundred thousand be,  
 And Yáma's sons<sup>733</sup> attend on thee.  
 With dauntless courage, strength, and skill  
 Search every river, wood, and hill.  
 Through every land in order go  
 Right onward to the Hills of Snow.  
 Search mid the peaks that shine afar,  
 In woods of Lodh and Deodár.<sup>734</sup>  
 Search if with Janak's daughter, screened  
 By sheltering rocks, there lie the fiend.  
 The holy grounds of Soma tread  
 By Gods and minstrels visited.  
 Reach Kála's mount, and flats that lie  
 Among the peaks that tower on high.  
 Then leave that hill that gleams with ore,  
 And fair Sudarśan's heights explore.  
 Then on to Devasakhá<sup>735</sup> hie,  
 Loved by the children of the sky.  
 A dreary land you then will see  
 Without a hill or brook or tree,  
 A hundred leagues, bare, wild, and dread

<sup>733</sup> The poet has not said who the sons of Yáma are.

<sup>734</sup> The Lodhra or Lodh (*Symplocos Racemosa*) and the Devadáru or Deodar are well known trees.

<sup>735</sup> The hills mentioned are not identifiable. Soma means the Moon. Kála, black; Sudaraśan, fair to see; and Devasakhá friend of the Gods.

In lifeless desolation, spread.  
 Pursue your onward way, and haste  
 Through the dire horrors of the waste  
 Until triumphant with delight  
 You reach Kailásá's glittering height.  
 There stands a palace decked with gold,  
 For King Kuvera<sup>736</sup> wrought of old,  
 A home the heavenly artist planned  
 And fashioned with his cunning hand.  
 There lotuses adorn the flood  
 With full-blown flower and opening bud  
 Where swans and mallards float, and gay  
 Apsarases<sup>737</sup> come down to play.  
 There King Vaiśravan's<sup>738</sup> self, the lord  
 By all the universe adored,  
 Who golden gifts to mortals sends,  
 Lives with the Guhyakas<sup>739</sup> his friends.  
 Search every cavern in the steep,  
 And green glens where the moonbeams sleep,  
 If haply in that distant ground  
 The robber and the dame be found.  
 Then on to Krauncha's hill,<sup>740</sup> and through  
 His fearful pass your way pursue:  
 Though dark and terrible the vale  
 Your wonted courage must not fail.  
 There through abyss and cavern seek,  
 On lofty ridge, and mountain peak,

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<sup>736</sup> The God of Wealth.

<sup>737</sup> The nymphs of Paradise.

<sup>738</sup> Kuvera the son of Viśravas.

<sup>739</sup> A class of demigods who, like the Yakshas, are the attendants of Kuvera, and the guardians of his treasures.

<sup>740</sup> Situated in the eastern part of the Himálaya chain, on the north of Assam. The mountain was torn asunder and the pass formed by the War-God Kártikeya and Paraśuráma.

On, on! pursue your journey still  
 By valley, lake, and towering hill.  
 Reach the North Kurus' land, where rest  
 The holy spirits of the blest:  
 Where golden buds of lilies gleam  
 Resplendent on the silver stream,  
 And leaves of azure turkis throw  
 Soft splendour on the waves below.  
 Bright as the sun at early morn  
 Fair pools that happy clime adorn,  
 Where shine the loveliest flowers on stems  
 Of crystal and all valued gems.  
 Blue lotuses through all the land  
 The glories of their blooms expand,  
 And the resplendent earth is strown  
 With peerless pearl and precious stone.  
 There stately trees can scarce uphold  
 The burthen of their fruits of gold,  
 And ever flaunt their gay attire  
 Of flower and leaf like flames of fire.  
 All there sweet lives untroubled spend  
 In bliss and joy that know not end,  
 While pearl-decked maidens laugh, or sing  
 To music of the silvery string.<sup>741</sup>.  
 Still on your forward journey keep,  
 And rest you by the northern deep,  
 Where springing from the billows high

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<sup>741</sup> "The Uttara Kurus, it should be remarked, may have been a real people, as they are mentioned in the Aitareya Bráhmaṇa, VIII. 14.... Wherefore the several nations who dwell in this northern quarter, beyond the Himavat, the Uttara Kurus and the Uttara Madras are consecrated to glorious dominion, and people term them the glorious. In another passage of the same work, however, the Uttara Kurus are treated as belonging to the domain of mythology." MUIR'S{FNS Sanskrit Texts. Vol. I. p. 494. See ADDITIONAL NOTES{FNS

Mount Somagiri<sup>742</sup> seeks the sky,  
 And lightens with perpetual glow  
 The sunless realm that lies below.  
 There, present through all life's extent,  
 Dwells Brahmá Lord preëminent,  
 And round the great God, manifest  
 In Rudra<sup>743</sup> forms high sages rest.  
 Then turn, O Vánars: search no more,  
 Nor tempt the sunless, boundless shore.”

## Canto XLIV. The Ring.

But special counselling he gave  
 To Hanumán the wise and brave:  
 To him on whom his soul relied,  
 With friendly words the monarch cried:  
 “O best of Vánars, naught can stay  
 By land or sea thy rapid way,  
 Who through the air thy flight canst bend,  
 And to the Immortals' home ascend.  
 All realms, I ween, are known to thee  
 With every mountain, lake, and sea.  
 In strength and speed which naught can tire  
 Thou, worthy rival of thy sire  
 The mighty monarch of the wind,  
 Where'er thou wilt a way canst find.

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<sup>742</sup> The Moon-mountain.

<sup>743</sup> The Rudras are the same as the storm winds, more usually called Maruts, and are often associated with Indra. In the later mythology the Rudras are regarded as inferior manifestations of Śiva, and most of their names are also names of Śiva.

Exert thy power, O swift and strong,  
Bring back the lady lost so long,  
For time and place, O thou most wise,  
Lie open to thy searching eyes."

When Ráma heard that special hest  
To Hanumán above the rest,  
He from the monarch's favour drew  
Hope of success and trust anew  
That he on whom his lord relied,  
In toil and peril trained and tried,  
Would to a happy issue bring  
The task commanded by the king.  
He gave the ring that bore his name,  
A token for the captive dame,  
That the sad lady in her woe  
The missive of her lord might know.  
"This ring," he said, "my wife will see,  
Nor fear an envoy sent by me.  
Thy valour and thy skill combined,  
Thy resolute and vigorous mind,  
And King Sugríva's high behest,  
With joyful hopes inspire my breast."

Canto XLV. The Departure.

Away, away the Vánars sped  
Like locusts o'er the land outspread.  
To northern realms where rising high  
The King of Mountains cleaves the sky,  
Fierce Satabal with vast array  
Of Vánar warriors led the way.  
Far southward, as his lord decreed,  
Wise Hanumán, the Wind-God's seed,  
With Angad his swift way pursued,  
And Tára's warlike multitude,  
Strong Vinata with all his band  
Betook him to the eastern land,  
And brave Susheṇ in eager quest  
Sped swiftly to the gloomy west.  
Each Vánar chieftain sought with speed  
The quarter by his king decreed,  
While from his legions rose on high  
The shout and boast and battle cry:  
“We will restore the dame and beat  
The robber down beneath our feet.  
My arm alone shall win the day  
From Rávan met in single fray,  
Shall rob the robber of his life,  
And rescue Ráma's captive wife  
All trembling in her fear and woe.  
Here, comrades, rest: no farther go:  
For I will vanquish hell, and she  
Shall by this arm again be free.  
The rooted mountains will I rend,  
The mightiest trees will break and bend,  
Earth to her deep foundations cleave,  
And make the calm sea throb and heave.  
A hundred leagues from steep to steep  
In desperate bound my feet shall leap.

My steps shall tread unchecked and free,  
 Through woods, o'er land and hill and sea,  
 Range as they list from flood to fell,  
 And wander through the depths of hell."

## Canto XLVI. Sugríva's Tale.

"How, King," cried Ráma, "didst thou gain  
 Thy lore of sea and hill and plain?"  
 "I told thee how," Sugríva said,  
 "From Báli's arm Máyaví fled<sup>744</sup>  
 To Malaya's hill, and strove to save  
 His life by hiding in the cave.  
 I told how Báli sought, to kill  
 His foe, the hollow of the hill;  
 Nor need I, King, again unfold  
 The wondrous tale already told.  
 Then, wandering forth, my way I took  
 By many a town and wood and brook.  
 I roamed the earth from place to place,  
 Till, like a mirror's polished face,  
 The whole broad disk, that lies between  
 Its farthest bounds, mine eyes had seen.  
 I wandered first to eastern skies  
 Where fairest trees rejoiced mine eyes,  
 And many a cave and wooded hill  
 Where lilies robed the lake and rill.  
 There metal dyes that hill<sup>745</sup> adorn

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<sup>744</sup> Canto IX.

<sup>745</sup> Udayagiri or the hill from which the sun rises.

Whence springs the sun to light the morn.  
 There, too, I viewed the Milky sea,  
 Where nymphs of heaven delight to be.  
 Then to the south I made my way  
 From regions of the rising day,  
 And roamed o'er Vindhya, where the breeze  
 Is odorous of sandal trees.  
 Still in my fear I found no rest:  
 I sought the regions of the west,  
 And gazed on Asta,<sup>746</sup> where the sun  
 Sinks when his daily course is run.  
 Then from that noblest hill I fled  
 And to the northern country sped,  
 Saw Himaván,<sup>747</sup> and Meru's steep,  
 And stood beside the northern deep.  
 But when, by Báli's might oppressed,  
 E'en in those wilds I could not rest,  
 Came Hanumán the wise and brave,  
 And thus his prudent counsel gave:  
 "I told thee how Matanga<sup>748</sup> cursed  
 Thy tyrant, that his head should burst  
 In pieces, should he dare invade  
 The precincts of that tranquil shade.  
 There may we dwell in peace and be  
 From thy oppressor's malice free."  
 We went to Rishyamúka's hill,  
 And spent our days secure from ill  
 Where, with that curse upon his head,  
 The cruel Báli durst not tread."

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<sup>746</sup> Asta is the mountain behind which the sun sets.<sup>747</sup> Himálaya, the Hills of Snow.<sup>748</sup> Canto XI.

## Canto XLVII. The Return.

Thus forth in quest of Sítá went  
The legions King Sugríva sent.  
To many a distant town they hied  
By many a lake and river's side.  
As their great sovereign's order taught,  
Through valleys, plains, and groves they sought.  
They toiled unresting through the day:  
At night upon the ground they lay  
Where the tall trees, whose branches swayed  
Beneath their fruit, gave pleasant shade.  
Then, when a weary month was spent,  
Back to Praśravaṇ's hill they went,  
And stood with faces of despair  
Before their king Sugríva there.  
Thus, having wandered through the east,  
Great Vinata his labours ceased,  
And weary of the fruitless pain  
Returned to meet the king again,  
Brave Šatabali to the north  
Had led his Vánar legions forth.  
Now to Sugríva he sped  
With all his host dispirited.  
Susheṇ the western realms had sought,  
And homeward now his legions brought.  
All to Sugríva came, where still  
He sat with Ráma on the hill.  
Before their sovereign humbly bent  
And thus addressed him reverent:  
“On every hill our steps have been,  
By wood and cave and deep ravine;  
And all the wandering brooks we know  
Throughout the land that seaward flow,

Our feet by thy command have traced  
 The tangled thicket and the waste,  
 And dens and dingles hard to pass  
 for creeping plants and matted grass.  
 Well have we searched with toil and pain,  
 And monstrous creatures have we slain  
 But Hanumán of noblest mind  
 The Maithil lady yet will find;  
 For to his quarter of the sky<sup>749</sup>  
 The robber fiend was seen to fly.”

## Canto XLVIII. The Asur's Death.

But Hanumán still onward pressed  
 With Tára, Angad, and the rest,  
 Through Vindhya's pathless glens he sped  
 And left no spot unvisited.  
 He gazed from every mountain height,  
 He sought each cavern dark as night,  
 And wandered through the bloomy shade  
 By pool and river and cascade,  
 But, though they sought in every place,  
 Of Sítá yet they found no trace.  
 On fruit and woodland berries fed  
 Through many a lonely wild they sped,  
 And reached at last, untouched by fear,  
 A desert terrible and drear:  
 A fruitless waste, a land of gloom

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<sup>749</sup> Hanumán was the leader of the army of the south which was under the nominal command of Angad the heir apparent.

Where trees were bare of leaf and bloom,  
Where every scanty stream was dried,  
And niggard earth her roots denied.  
No elephants through all the ground,  
No buffaloes or deer are found.  
There roams no tiger, pard, or bear,  
No creature of the wood is there.  
No bird displays his glittering wings,  
No tree, no shrub, no creeper springs.  
There rise no lilies from the flood,  
Resplendent with their flower and bud,  
Where the delighted bees may throng  
About the fragrance with their song.  
There lived a hermit Kaṇḍu named,  
For truth and wealth of penance famed.  
Whom fervent zeal and holy rite  
Had dowered with all-surpassing might.  
His little son, a ten year child—  
So chanced it—perished in the wild.  
His death with fury stirred the sage,  
Who cursed the forest in his rage,  
Doomed from that hour to shelter none,  
A waste for bird and beast to shun.  
They searched by every forest edge,  
They searched each cave and mountain ledge,  
And thickets whence the water fell  
Wandering through the tangled dell.  
Striving to do Sugrīva's will  
They roamed along each leafy rill.  
But vain were all endeavours, vain  
The careful search, the toil and pain.  
Through one dark grove they scarce could wind,  
So thick were creepers intertwined.  
There as they struggled through the wood

Before their eyes an Asur<sup>750</sup> stood.  
 High as a towering hill, his pride  
 The very Gods in heaven defied.  
 When on the fiend their glances fell  
 Each braced him for the combat well.  
 The demon raised his arm on high,  
 And rushed upon them with a cry.  
 Him Angad smote,—for, sure, he thought  
 This was the fiend they long had sought.  
 From his huge mouth by Angad felled,  
 The blood in rushing torrents welled,  
 As, like a mountain from his base  
 Uptorn, he dropped upon his face.  
 Thus fell the mighty fiend: and they  
 Through the thick wood pursued their way;  
 Then, weary with the toil, reclined  
 Where leafy boughs to shade them twined.

## Canto XLIX. Angad's Speech.

Then Angad spake: “We Vánars well  
 Have searched each valley, cave, and dell,  
 And hill, and brook, and dark recess,  
 And tangled wood, and wilderness.  
 But all in vain: no eye has seen  
 The robber or the Maithil queen.  
 A dreary time has passed away,  
 And stern is he we all obey.

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<sup>750</sup> The Bengal recension—Gorresio's edition—calls this Asur or demon the son of Márícha.

Come, cast your grief and sloth aside:  
 Again be every effort tried;  
 So haply may our toil attain  
 The sweet success that follows pain.  
 Laborious effort, toil, and skill,  
 The firm resolve, the constant will  
 Secure at last the ends we seek:  
 Hence, O my friends, I boldly speak.  
 Once more then, noble hearts, once more  
 Let us to-day this wood explore,  
 And, languor and despair subdued,  
 Purchase success with toil renewed.  
 Sugríva is a king austere,  
 And Ráma's wrath we needs must fear.  
 Come, Vánars, ye think it wise,  
 And do the thing that I advise.”

Then Gandhamádan thus replied  
 With lips that toil and thirst had dried;  
 “Obey his words, for wise and true  
 Is all that he has counselled you.  
 Come, let your hosts their toil renew  
 And search each grove and desert through,  
 Each towering hill and forest glade.  
 By lake and brook and white cascade,  
 Till every spot, as our great lord  
 Commanded, be again explored.”

Uprose the Vánars one and all,  
 Obedient to the chieftain's call,  
 And over the southern region sped  
 Where Vindhya's tangled forests spread.  
 They climb that hill that towers on high  
 Like a huge cloud in autumn's sky,

Where many a cavern yawns, and streaks  
Of radiant silver deck the peaks.  
In eager search they wandered through  
The forests where the Lodh trees grew,  
Where the dark leaves were thick and green,  
But found not Ráma's darling queen.  
Then faint with toil, their hearts depressed,  
Descending from the mountain's crest,  
Their weary limbs a while to ease  
They lay beneath the spreading trees.

## Canto L. The Enchanted Cave.

Angad and Tára by his side,  
Again rose Hanumán and tried  
Each mountain cavern, dark and deep,  
And stony pass and wooded steep,  
The lion's and the tiger's home,  
By rushing torrents white with foam.  
Then with new ardour, south and west,  
O'er Vindhya's height the search they pressed.  
The day prescribed was near and they  
Still wandered on their weary way.  
They reached the southern land beset  
With woody mountains like a net.  
At length a mighty cave they spied  
That opened in a mountain's side.  
Where many a verdant creeper grew  
And o'er the mouth its tendrils threw.  
Thence issued crane, and swan, and drake,  
And trooping birds that love the lake.

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The Vánars rushed within to cool  
 Their fevered lips in spring or pool.  
 Vast was the cavern dark and dread,  
 Where not a ray of light was shed;  
 Yet not the more their eyesight failed,  
 Their courage sank or valour quailed.  
 On through the gloom the Vánars pressed  
 With hunger, thirst, and toil distressed,  
 Poor helpless wanderers, sad, forlorn,  
 With wasted faces wan and worn.  
 At length, when life seemed lost for aye,  
 They saw a splendour as of day,  
 A wondrous forest, fair and bright,  
 Where golden trees shot flamy light.  
 And lotus-covered pools were there  
 With pleasant waters fresh and fair,  
 And streams their rippling currents rolled  
 By seats of silver and of gold.  
 Fair houses reared their stately height  
 Of burnished gold and lazulite,  
 And glorious was the lustre thrown  
 Through lattices of precious stone.  
 And there were flowers and fruit on stems  
 Of coral decked with rarest gems,  
 And emerald leaves on silver trees,  
 And honeycomb and golden bees.  
 Then as the Vánars nearer drew,  
 A holy woman met their view,  
 Around her form was duly tied  
 A garment of the blackdeer's hide.<sup>751</sup>  
 Pure votaress she shone with light  
 Of fervent zeal and holy rite.

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<sup>751</sup> The skin of the black antelope was the ascetic's proper garb.

Then Hanumán before the rest  
With reverent words the dame addressed:  
“Who art thou? say: and who is lord  
Of this vast cave with treasures stored?”

## Canto LI. Svayamprabhá.

“Assailed by thirst and hunger, dame,  
Within a gloomy vault we came.  
We saw the cavern opening wide,  
And straight within its depths we hied.  
But utterly amazed are we  
At all the marvels that we see.  
Whose are the golden trees that gleam  
With splendour like the morning's beam?  
These cates of noblest sort? these roots?  
This wondrous store of rarest fruits?  
Whose are these calm and cool retreats,  
These silver homes and golden seats,  
And lattices of precious stones?  
Who is the happy lord that owns  
The golden trees, of rarest scent,  
Neath loads of fruit and blossom bent?  
Who, strong in holy zeal, had power  
To deck the streams with richest dower,  
And bade the lilies bright with gold  
The glory of their blooms unfold,  
Where fish in living gold below  
The sheen of changing colours show?  
Thine is the holy power, I ween,  
That beautified the wondrous scene;

But if another's, lady, deign  
To tell us, and the whole explain."

To him the lady of the cave  
In words like these her answer gave:  
"Skilled Maya framed in days of old  
This magic wood of growing gold.  
The chief artificer in place  
Was he of all the Dánav race.  
He, for his wise enchantments famed,  
This glorious dwelling planned and framed  
He for a thousand years endured  
The sternest penance, and secured  
From Brahmá of all boons the best,  
The knowledge Uśanas<sup>752</sup> possessed.  
Lord, by that boon, of all his will,  
He fashioned all with perfect skill;  
And, with his blissful state content,  
In this vast grove a season spent.  
By Indra's jealous bolt he fell  
For loving Hemá's<sup>753</sup> charms too well.  
And Brahmá on that nymph bestowed  
The treasures of this fair abode,  
Wherein her tranquil days to spend  
In happiness that ne'er may end.  
Sprung of a lineage old and high,  
Merusávarṇi's<sup>754</sup> daughter, I  
Guard ever for that heavenly dame

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<sup>752</sup> Uśanas is the name of a sage mentioned in the Vedas. In the epic poems he is identified with Śukra, the regent of the planet Venus, and described as the preceptor of the Asuras or Daityas, and possessor of vast knowledge.

<sup>753</sup> Hemá is one of the nymphs of Paradise.

<sup>754</sup> Merusávarṇi is a general name for the last four of the fourteen Manus.

This home, Svayamprabhá<sup>755</sup> my name,—  
 For I have loved the lady long,  
 So skilled in arts of dance and song.  
 But say what cause your steps has led  
 The mazes of this grove to tread.  
 How, strangers did ye chance to spy  
 The wood concealed from wanderer's eye?  
 Tell clearly why ye come: but first  
 Eat of this fruit and quench your thirst.”

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## Canto LII. The Exit.

“Ráma,” he cried, “a prince whose sway  
 All peoples of the earth obey,  
 To Dāṇḍak's tangled forest came  
 With his brave brother and his dame.  
 From that dark shade of forest boughs  
 The giant Rávaṇ stole his spouse.  
 Our king Sugríva's orders send  
 These Vánars forth to aid his friend,  
 That so the lady be restored  
 Uninjured to her sorrowing lord.  
 With Angad and the rest, this band  
 Has wandered through the southern land,

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<sup>755</sup> Svayamprabhá, the “self-luminous,” is according to DE GUBERNATIS {FNS the moon: “In the *Svayamprabhá* too, we meet with the moon as a good fairy who, from the golden palace which she reserves for her friend Hemá (the golden one:) is during a month the guide, in the vast cavern of Hanumant and his companions, who have lost their way in the search of the dawn Sítá.” This is not quite accurate: Hanumán and his companions wander for a month in the cavern without a guide, and then Svayamprabhá leads them out.

With careful search in every place  
The lady and the fiend to trace.  
We roamed the southern region o'er,  
And stood upon the ocean's shore.  
By hunger pressed our strength gave way;  
Beneath the spreading trees we lay,  
And cried, worn out with toil and woe,  
"No farther, comrades, can we go."  
Then as our sad eyes looked around  
We spied an opening in the ground,  
Where all was gloomy dark behind  
The creeping plants that o'er it twined.  
Forth trooping from the dark-recess  
Came swans and mallards numberless,  
With drops upon their shining wings  
As newly bathed where water springs.  
"On, comrades, to the cave," I cried  
And all within the portal hied.  
Each clasping fast another's hand  
Far onward pressed the Vánar band;  
And still, as thirst and hunger drove,  
We traced the mazes of the grove.  
Here thou with hospitable care  
Hast fed us with the noblest fare,  
Preserving us, about to die,  
With this thy plentiful supply.  
But how, O pious lady, say,  
May we thy gracious boon repay?"

He ceased: the ascetic dame replied:  
"Well, Vánars, am I satisfied.  
A life of holy works I lead,  
And from your hands no service need."  
Then spake again the Vánar chief:

“We came to thee and found relief.  
Now listen to a new distress,  
And aid us, holy votaress.  
Our wanderings in this vasty cave  
Exhaust the time Sugrīva gave.  
Once more then, lady, grant release,  
And let thy suppliants go in peace  
Again upon their errand sped,  
For King Sugrīva's ire we dread.  
And the great task our sovereign set,  
Alas, is unaccomplished yet.”

Thus Hanumán their leader prayed,  
And thus the dame her answer made:  
“Scarce may the living find their way  
Returning hence to light of day;  
But I will free you through the might  
Of penance, fast, and holy rite.  
Close for a while your eyes, or ne'er  
May you return to upper air.”  
She ceased: the Vánars all obeyed;  
Their fingers on their eyes they laid,  
And, ere a moment's time had fled,  
Were through the mazy cavern led.  
Again the gracious lady spoke,  
And joy in every bosom woke:  
“Lo, here again is Vindhya's hill,  
Whose valleys trees and creepers fill;  
And, by the margin of the sea,  
Praśravaṇ where you fain would be.”  
With blessings then she bade adieu,  
And swift within the cave withdrew.

### Canto LIII. Angad's Counsel.

They looked upon the boundless main  
 The awful seat of Varuṇ's reign.  
 And heard his waters roar and rave  
 Terrific with each crested wave.  
 Then, in the depths of sorrow drowned,  
 They sat upon the bosky ground,  
 And sadly, as they pondered, grieved  
 For days gone by and naught achieved.  
 Pain pierced them through with sharper sting  
 When, gazing on the trees of spring,  
 They saw each waving bough that showed  
 The treasures of its glorious load,  
 And helpless, fainting with the weight  
 Of woe they sank disconsolate.  
 Then, lion-shouldered, stout and strong,  
 The noblest of the Vánar throng,  
 Angad the prince imperial rose,  
 And, deeply stricken by the woes  
 That his impetuous spirit broke,  
 Thus gently to the chieftains spoke:  
 "Mark ye not, Vánars, that the day  
 Our monarch fixed has passed away?  
 The month is lost in toil and pain,  
 And now, my friends, what hopes remain?  
 On you, in lore of counsel tried,  
 Our king Sugríva most relied.  
 Your hearts, with strong affection fraught,  
 His weal in every labour sought,  
 And the true valour of your band  
 Was blazoned wide in every land.  
 Forth on the toilsome search you sped,  
 By me—for so he willed it—led,

To us, of every hope bereft,  
Death is the only refuge left.  
For none a happy life may see  
Who fails to do our king's decree.  
Come, let us all from food abstain,  
And perish thus, since hope is vain.  
Stern is our king and swift to ire,  
Imperious, proud, and fierce like fire,  
And ne'er will pardon us the crime  
Of fruitless search and wasted time.  
Far better thus to end our lives,  
And leave our wealth, our homes and wives,  
Leave our dear little ones and all,  
Than by his vengeful hand to fall.  
Think not Sugríva's wrath will spare  
Me Báli's son, imperial heir:  
For Raghu's royal son, not he,  
To this high place anointed me.  
Sugríva, long my bitter foe,  
With eager hand will strike the blow,  
And, mindful of the old offence,  
Will slay me now for negligence,  
Nor will my pitying friends have power  
To save me in the deadly hour.  
No—here, O chieftains, will I lie  
By ocean's marge, and fast and die.”

They heard the royal prince declare  
The purpose of his fixt despair;  
And all, by common terror moved,  
His speech in these sad words approved:  
“Sugríva's heart is hard and stern,  
And Ráma's thoughts for Sítá yearn.  
Our forfeit lives will surely pay

For idle search and long delay,  
And our fierce king will bid us die  
The favour of his friend to buy."

Then Tára softly spake to cheer  
The Vánars' hearts oppressed by fear:  
"Despair no more, your doubts dispel:  
Come in this ample cavern dwell.  
There may we live in blissful ease  
Mid springs and fruit and bloomy trees,  
Secure from every foe's assault,  
For magic framed the wondrous vault.  
Protected there we need not fear  
Though Ráma and our king come near;  
Nor dread e'en him who batters down  
The portals of the foeman's town."<sup>756</sup>

## Canto LIV. Hanumán's Speech.

But Hanumán, while Tára, best  
Of splendid chiefs his thought expressed,  
Perceived that Bálí's princely son  
A kingdom for himself had won.<sup>757</sup>  
His keen eye marked in him combined  
The warrior's arm, the ruler's mind,

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<sup>756</sup> Purandara, the destroyer of cities; the cities being the clouds which the God of the firmament bursts open with his thunderbolts, to release the waters imprisoned in these fortresses of the demons of drought.

<sup>757</sup> Perceived that Angad had secured, through the love of the Vánars, the reversion of Sugríva's kingdom; or, as another commentator explains it, perceived that Angad had obtained a new kingdom in the enchanted cave which the Vánars, through love of him, would consent to occupy.

And every noble gift should grace  
 The happy sovereign of his race:  
 Marked how he grew with ripening age  
 More glorious and bold and sage,—  
 Like the young moon that night by night  
 Shines on with ever waxing light,—  
 Brave as his royal father, wise  
 As he who counsels in the skies:<sup>758</sup>  
 Marked how, forewaried with the quest,  
 He heeded not his liege's hest,  
 But Tára's every word obeyed  
 Like Indra still by Šukra<sup>759</sup> swayed.  
 Then with his prudent speech he tried  
 To better thoughts the prince to guide,  
 And by division's skilful art  
 The Vánars and the youth to part:  
 “Illustrious Angad, thou in fight  
 Hast far surpassed thy father's might,  
 Most worthy, like thy sire of old,  
 The empire of our race to hold.  
 The Vánars' fickle people range  
 From wish to wish and welcome change.  
 Their wives and babes they will not leave  
 And to their new-made sovereign cleave.  
 No art, no gifts will draw away  
 The Vánars from Sugríva's sway,  
 Through hope of wealth, through fear of pain  
 Still faithful will they all remain.  
 Thou fondly hopest in this cave  
 The vengeance of the foe to brave.  
 But Lakshmaṇ's arm a shower will send  
 Of deadly shafts those walls to rend.

<sup>758</sup> Vṛihaspati, Lord of Speech, the Preceptor of the Gods.

<sup>759</sup> Šukra is the regent of the planet Venus, and the preceptor of the Daityas.

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Like Indra's bolts his shafts have power  
To cleave the mountain like a flower.  
O Angad, mark my counsel well:  
If in this cave thou choose to dwell,  
These Vánar hosts with one accord  
Will quit thee for their lawful lord,  
And turn again with thirsty eyes  
To wife and babe and all they prize.  
Thou in the lonely cavern left  
Of followers and friends bereft,  
Wilt be in all thy woe, alas,  
Weak as a blade of trembling grass:  
And Lakshman's arrows, keen and fierce  
From his strong bow, thy heart will pierce.  
But if in lowly reverence meek  
Sugríva's court with us thou seek,  
He, as thy birth demands, will share  
The kingdom with the royal heir.  
Thy loving kinsman, true and wise,  
Looks on thee still with favouring eyes.  
Firm in his promise, pure is he,  
And ne'er will vex or injure thee.  
He loves thy mother, lives for her  
A faithful friend and worshipper.  
That mother's love thou mayst not spurn:  
Her only child, return, return."

Canto LV. Angad's Reply.

“What truth or justice canst thou find,”  
Cried Angad, “in Sugríva's mind?  
Where is his high and generous soul,  
His purity and self-control?  
How is he worthy of our trust,  
Righteous, and true, and wise, and just,  
Who, shrinking not from sin and shame,  
Durst take his living brother's dame?  
Who, when, in stress of mortal strife  
His noble brother fought for life,  
Against the valiant warrior barred  
The portal which he stood to guard?  
Can he be grateful—he who took  
The hand of Ráma, and forsook  
That friend who saved him in his woes,  
To whom his life and fame he owes?  
Ah no! his heart is cold and mean,  
What bids him search for Ráma's queen?  
Not honour's law, not friendship's debt,  
But angry Lakshman's timely threat.  
No prudent heart will ever place  
Its trust in one so false and base,  
Who heeds not friendship, kith or kin,  
Who scorns the law and cleaves to sin.  
But true or false, whate'er he be,  
One consequence I clearly see;  
Me, in my youth anointed heir  
Against his wish, he will not spare,  
But strike with eager hand the blow  
That rids him of a household foe.  
Shall I of power and friends despoiled,  
In all my purpose crossed and foiled,—  
Shall I Kishkindhá seek, and wait,  
Like some poor helpless thing, my fate?

The cruel wretch through lust of sway  
 Will seize upon his hapless prey,  
 And to a prison's secret gloom  
 The remnant of my years will doom.  
 'Tis better far to fast and die  
 Than hopeless bound in chains to lie,  
 Your steps, O Vánars, homeward bend  
 And leave me here my life to end.  
 Better to die of hunger here  
 Than meet at home the fate I fear.  
 Go, bow you at Sugríva's feet,  
 And in my name the monarch greet.  
 Before the sons of Raghu bend,  
 And give the greeting that I send.  
 Greet kindly Rumá too, for she  
 A son's affection claims from me,  
 And gently calm with friendly care  
 My mother Tárá's wild despair;  
 Or when she hears her darling's fate  
 The queen will die disconsolate."

Thus Angad bade the chiefs adieu:  
 Then on the ground his limbs he threw  
 Where sacred Darbha<sup>760</sup> grass was spread,  
 And wept as every hope had fled.  
 The moving words of Angad drew  
 Down aged cheeks the piteous dew.  
 And, as the chieftains' eyes grew dim,  
 They swore to stay and die with him.  
 On holy grass whose every blade

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<sup>760</sup> The name of various kinds of grass used at sacrificial ceremonies, especially, of the Kuśa grass, *Poa cynosuroides*, which was used to strew the ground in preparing for a sacrifice, the officiating Brahmans being purified by sitting on it.

Was duly, pointing southward, laid,  
The Vánars sat them down and bent  
Their faces to the orient,  
While “Here, O comrades, let us die  
With Angad,” was the general cry.

## Canto LVI. Sampáti.

Then came the vultures' mighty king  
Where sat the Vánars sorrowing,—  
Sampáti,<sup>761</sup> best of birds that fly  
On sounding pinions through the sky,  
Jaṭáyus' brother, famed of old,  
Most glorious and strong and bold.  
Upon the slope of Vindhya's hill  
He saw the Vánars calm and still.  
These words he uttered while the sight  
Filled his fierce spirit with delight:  
“Behold how Fate with changeless laws  
Within his toils the sinner draws,  
And brings me, after long delay,  
A rich and noble feast to-day,  
These Vánars who are doomed to die  
My hungry maw to satisfy.”

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<sup>761</sup> Sampáti is the eldest son of the celebrated Garuḍa the king of birds.

He spoke no more: and Angad heard  
 The menace of the mighty bird;  
 And thus, while anguish filled his breast,  
 The noble Hanumán addressed:  
 “Vivasvat's<sup>762</sup> son has sought this place  
 For vengeance on the Vánar race.  
 See, Yáma, wroth for Sítá's sake,  
 Is come our guilty lives to take.  
 Our king's decree is left undone,  
 And naught achieved for Raghu's son.  
 In duty have we failed, and hence  
 Comes punishment for dire offence.  
 Have we not heard the marvels wrought  
 By King Jaṭáyus,<sup>763</sup> how he fought  
 With Rávaṇ's might, and, nobly brave,  
 Perished, the Maithil queen to save?  
 There is no living creature, none,  
 But loves to die for Raghu's son,  
 And in long toils and dangers we  
 Have placed our lives in jeopardy.  
 Blest is Jaṭáyus, he who gave  
 His life the Maithil queen to save,  
 And proved his love for Ráma well  
 When by the giant's hand he fell.  
 Now raised to bliss and high renown  
 He fears not fierce Sugríva's frown.  
 Alas, alas! what miseries spring  
 From that rash promise of the king!<sup>764</sup>  
 His own sad death, and Ráma sent  
 With Lakshmaṇ forth to banishment:  
 The Maithil lady borne away:

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<sup>762</sup> Vivasvat or the Sun is the father of Yáma the God of Death.

<sup>763</sup> Book III, Canto LI.

<sup>764</sup> Daśaratha's rash oath and fatal promise to his wife Kaikeyí.

Jatáyus slain in mortal fray:  
The fall of Bálí when the dart  
Of Ráma quivered in his heart:  
And, after toil and pain and care,  
Our misery and deep despair."

He ceased: the feathered monarch heard,  
His heart with ruth and wonder stirred:  
"Whose is that voice," the vulture cried,  
"That tells me how Jatáyus died,  
And shakes my inmost soul with woe  
For a loved brother's overthrow?  
After long days at length I hear  
The glorious name of one so dear.  
Once more, O Vánar chieftains, tell  
How King Jatáyus fought and fell.  
But first your aid, I pray you, lend,  
And from this peak will I descend.  
The sun has burnt my wings, and I  
No longer have the power to fly."

## Canto LVII. Angad's Speech.

Though grief and woe his utterance broke  
They trusted not the words he spoke;  
But, looking still for secret guile,  
Reflected in their hearts a while:  
"If on our mangled limbs he feed,  
We gain the death ourselves decreed."

Then rose the Vánar chiefs, and lent  
Their arms to aid the bird's descent;  
And Angad spake: "There lived of yore  
A noble Vánar king who bore  
The name of Riksharajas, great  
And brave and strong and fortunate.  
His sons were like their father: fame  
Knows Báli and Sugríva's name.  
Praised in all lands, a glorious king  
Was Báli, and from him I spring.  
Brave Ráma, Daśaratha's heir,  
A glorious prince beyond compare,  
His sire and duty's law obeyed,  
And sought the depths of Daṇḍak' shade  
Sítá his well-beloved dame,  
And Lakshmaṇ, with the wanderer came.  
A giant watched his hour, and stole  
The sweet delight of Ráma's soul.  
Jaṭáyus, Daśaratha's friend,  
Swift succour to the dame would lend.  
Fierce Rávaṇ from his car he felled,  
And for a time the prize withheld.  
But bleeding, weak with years, and tired,  
Beneath the demon's blows expired,  
Due rites at Ráma's hands obtained,  
And bliss that ne'er shall minish, gained.  
Then Ráma with Sugríva made  
A covenant for mutual aid,  
And Báli, to the field defied,  
By conquering Ráma's arrow died.  
Sugríva then, by Ráma's grace,  
Was monarch of the Vánar race.  
By his command a mighty host  
Seeks Ráma's queen from coast to coast.

Sent forth by him, in every spot  
 We looked for her, but find her not.  
 Vain is the toil, as though by night  
 We sought to find the Day-God's light.  
 In lands unknown at length we found  
 A spacious cavern under ground,  
 Whose vaults that stretch beneath the hill  
 Were formed by Maya's magic skill.  
 Through the dark maze our steps were bent,  
 And wandering there a month we spent,  
 And lost, in fruitless error, thus  
 The days our king allotted us.  
 Thus we though faithful have transgressed,  
 And failed to keep our lord's behest.  
 No chance of safety can we see,  
 No lingering hope of life have we.  
 Sugríva's wrath and Ráma's hate  
 Press on our souls with grievous weight:  
 And we, because 'tis vain to fly,  
 Resolve at length to fast and die.”

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## Canto LVIII. Tidings Of Sítá.

The piteous tears his eye bedewed  
 As thus his speech the bird renewed;  
 “Alas my brother, slain in fight  
 By Rávaṇ's unresisted might!  
 I, old and wingless, weak and worn,  
 O'er his sad fate can only mourn.  
 Fled is my youth: in life's decline  
 My former strength no more is mine.

Once on the day when Vritra<sup>765</sup> died,  
 We brothers, in ambitious pride,  
 Sought, mounting with adventurous flight,  
 The Day-God garlanded with light.  
 On, ever on we urged our way  
 Where fields of ether round us lay,  
 Till, by the fervent heat assailed,  
 My brother's pinions flagged and failed.  
 I marked his sinking strength, and spread  
 My stronger wings to screen his head,  
 Till, all my feathers burnt away,  
 On Vindhya's hill I fell and lay.  
 There in my lone and helpless state  
 I heard not of my brother's fate.”

Thus King Sampáti spoke and sighed:  
 And royal Angad thus replied:  
 “If, brother of Jatáyus, thou  
 Hast heard the tale I told but now,  
 Obedient to mine earnest prayer  
 The dwelling of that fiend declare.  
 O, say where cursed Rávaṇ dwells,  
 Whom folly to his death impels.”

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<sup>765</sup> Vritra, “the coverer, hider, obstructor (of rain)” is the name of the Vedic personification of an imaginary malignant influence or demon of darkness and drought supposed to take possession of the clouds, causing them to obstruct the clearness of the sky and keep back the waters. Indra is represented as battling with this evil influence, and the pent-up clouds being practically represented as mountains or castles are shattered by his thunderbolt and made to open their receptacles.

He ceased. Again Sampáti spoke,  
 And hope in every breast awoke:  
 "Though lost my wings, and strength decayed,  
 Yet shall my words lend Ráma aid.  
 I know the worlds where Vishṇu trod,<sup>766</sup>  
 I know the realm of Ocean's God;  
 How Asurs fought with heavenly foes,  
 And Amrit from the churning rose.<sup>767</sup>  
 A mighty task before me lies,  
 To prosper Ráma's enterprise,  
 A task too hard for one whom length  
 Of days has rifled of his strength.  
 I saw the cruel Rávaṇ bear  
 A gentle lady through the air.  
 Bright was her form, and fresh and young,  
 And sparkling gems about her hung.  
 "O Ráma, Ráma!" cried the dame,  
 And shrieked in terror Lakshman's name,  
 As, struggling in the giant's hold,  
 She dropped her gauds of gems and gold.  
 Like sun-light on a mountain shone  
 The silken garments she had on,  
 And glistened o'er his swarthy form  
 As lightning flashes through the storm.  
 That giant Rávaṇ, famed of old,  
 Is brother of the Lord of Gold.<sup>768</sup>  
 The southern ocean roars and swells  
 Round Lanká, where the robber dwells  
 In his fair city nobly planned

<sup>766</sup> Frequent mention has been made of the three steps of Vishṇu typifying the rising, culmination, and setting of the sun.

<sup>767</sup> For the *Churning of the Sea*, see Book I, Canto XLV.

<sup>768</sup> Kuvera, the God of Wealth.

And built by Viśvakarmá's<sup>769</sup> hand.  
 Within his bower securely barred,  
 With monsters round her for a guard,  
 Still in her silken vesture clad  
 Lies Sítá, and her heart is sad.  
 A hundred leagues your course must be  
 Beyond this margin of the sea.  
 Still to the south your way pursue,  
 And there the giant Rávaṇ view.  
 Then up, O Vánars, and away!  
 For by my heavenly lore I say,  
 There will you see the lady's face,  
 And hither soon your steps retrace.  
 In the first field of air are borne  
 The doves and birds that feed on corn.  
 The second field supports the crows  
 And birds whose food on branches grows.  
 Along the third in balanced flight  
 Sail the keen osprey and the kite.  
 Swift through the fourth the falcon springs  
 The fifth the slower vulture wings.  
 Up to the sixth the gay swans rise,  
 Where royal Vainateya<sup>770</sup> flies.  
 We too, O chiefs, of vulture race,  
 Our line from Vinatá may trace,  
 Condemned, because we wrought a deed  
 Of shame, on flesh and blood to feed.  
 But all Suparṇa's<sup>771</sup> wondrous powers  
 And length of keenest sight are ours,  
 That we a hundred leagues away  
 Through fields of air descry our prey.

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<sup>769</sup> The architect of the gods.

<sup>770</sup> Garuḍa, son of Vinatá, the sovereign of the birds.

<sup>771</sup> "The well winged one," Garuḍa.

Now from this spot my gazing eye  
 Can Rávaṇ and the dame descry.  
 Devise some plan to overleap  
 This barrier of the briny deep.  
 Find the Videhan lady there,  
 And joyous to your home repair.  
 Me too, O Vánars, to the side  
 Of Varuṇ's<sup>772</sup> home the ocean, guide,  
 Where due libations shall be paid  
 To my great-hearted brother's shade."

## Canto LIX. Sampáti's Story.

They heard his counsel to the close,  
 Then swiftly to their feet they rose;  
 And Jábaván with joyous breast  
 The vulture king again addressed:

“Where, where is Sítá? who has seen,  
 Who borne away the Maithil queen?  
 Who would the lightning flight withstand  
 by Lakshmaṇ's hand?”

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<sup>772</sup> The god of the sea.

Again Sampáti spoke to cheer  
 The Vánars as they bent to hear:  
 “Now listen, and my words shall show  
 What of the Maithil dame I know,  
 And in what distant prison lies  
 The lady of the long dark eyes.  
 Scorched by the fiery God of Day,  
 High on this mighty hill I lay.  
 A long and weary time had passed,  
 And strength and life were failing fast.  
 Yet, ere the breath had left my frame,  
 My son, my dear Supárśva, came.  
 Each morn and eve he brought me food,  
 And filial care my life renewed.  
 But serpents still are swift to ire,  
 Gandharvas slaves to soft desire,  
 And we, imperial vultures, need  
 A full supply our maws to feed.  
 Once he turned at close of day,  
 Stood by my side, but brought no prey.  
 He looked upon my ravenous eye,  
 Heard my complaint and made reply:  
 “Borne on swift wings ere day was light  
 I stood upon Mahendra's<sup>773</sup> height,  
 And, far below, the sea I viewed  
 And birds in countless multitude.  
 Before mine eyes a giant flew  
 Whose monstrous form was dark of hue  
 And struggling in his grasp was borne  
 A lady radiant as the morn.  
 Swift to the south his course he bent,  
 And cleft the yielding element.

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<sup>773</sup> Mahendra is chain of mountains generally identified with part of the Gháts of the Peninsula.

The holy spirits of the air  
Came round me as I marvelled there,  
And cried as their bright legions met:  
“O say, is Sítá living yet?”  
Thus cried the saints and told the name  
Of him who held the struggling dame.  
Then while mine eye with eager look  
Pursued the path the robber took,  
I marked the lady's streaming hair,  
And heard her cry of wild despair.  
I saw her silken vesture rent  
And stripped of every ornament,  
Thus, O my father, fled the time:  
Forgive, I pray, the heedless crime.”  
In vain the mournful tale I heard  
My pitying heart to fury stirred,  
What could a helpless bird of air,  
Reft of his boasted pinions, dare?  
Yet can I aid with all that will  
And words can do, and friendly skill.”

## Canto LX. Sampáti's Story.

Then from the flood Sampáti paid  
Due offerings to his brother's shade.  
He bathed him when the rites were done,  
And spake again to Báli's son:  
“Now listen, Prince, while I relate  
How first I learned the lady's fate.  
Burnt by the sun's resistless might  
I fell and lay on Vindhya's height.

Seven nights in deadly swoon I passed,  
 But struggling life returned at last.  
 Around I bent my wondering view,  
 But every spot was strange and new.  
 I scanned the sea with eager ken,  
 And rock and brook and lake and glen,  
 I saw gay trees their branches wave,  
 And creepers mantling o'er the cave.  
 I heard the wild birds' joyous song,  
 And waters as they foamed along,  
 And knew the lovely hill must be  
 Mount Vindhya by the southern sea.  
 Revered by heavenly beings, stood  
 Near where I lay, a sacred wood,  
 Where great Niśākar dwelt of yore  
 And pains of awful penance bore.  
 Eight thousand seasons winged their flight  
 Over the toiling anchorite—  
 Upon that hill my days were spent,—  
 And then to heaven the hermit went.  
 At last, with long and hard assay,  
 Down from that height I made my way,  
 And wandered through the mountain pass  
 Rough with the spikes of Darbha grass.  
 I with my misery worn, and faint  
 Was eager to behold the saint:  
 For often with Jatāyus I  
 Had sought his home in days gone by.  
 As nearer to the grove I drew  
 The breeze with cooling fragrance blew,  
 And not a tree that was not fair,  
 With richest flower and fruit was there.  
 With anxious heart a while I stayed  
 Beneath the trees' delightful shade,

And soon the holy hermit, bright  
With fervent penance, came in sight.  
Behind him bears and lions, tame  
As those who know their feeder, came,  
And tigers, deer, and snakes pursued  
His steps, a wondrous multitude,  
And turned obeisant when the sage  
Had reached his shady hermitage.  
Then came Niśakar to my side  
And looked with wondering eyes, and cried:  
“I knew thee not, so dire a change  
Has made thy form and feature strange.  
Where are thy glossy feathers? where  
The rapid wings that cleft the air?  
Two vulture brothers once I knew:  
Each form at will could they endue.  
They of the vulture race were kings,  
And flew with Mátariśva's<sup>774</sup> wings.  
In human shape they loved to greet  
Their hermit friend, and clasp his feet.  
The younger was Jaṭáyus, thou  
The elder whom I gaze on now.  
Say, has disease or foeman's hate  
Reduced thee from thy high estate?”

## Canto LXI. Sampáti's Story.

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<sup>774</sup> Mátariśva is identified with Váyu, the wind.

“Ah me! o'erwhelmed with shame and weak  
With wounds,” I cried, “I scarce can speak.  
My hapless brother once and I  
Our strength of flight resolved to try.  
And by our foolish pride impelled  
Our way through realms of ether held.  
We vowed before the saints who tread  
The wilds about Kailása's head,  
That we with following wings would chase  
The swift sun to his resting place.  
Up on our soaring pinions through  
The fields of cloudless air we flew.  
Beneath us far, and far away,  
Like chariot wheels bright cities lay,  
Whence in wild snatches rose the song  
Of women mid the gay-clad throng,  
With sounds of sweetest music blent  
And many a tinkling ornament.  
Then as our rapid wings we strained  
The pathway of the sun we gained.  
Beneath us all the earth was seen  
Clad in her garb of tender green,  
And every river in her bed  
Meandered like a silver thread.  
We looked on Meru far below  
And Vindhya and the Lord of Snow,  
Like elephants that bend to cool  
Their fever in a lilded pool.  
But fervent heat and toil o'ercame  
The vigour of each yielding frame,  
Our weary hearts began to quail,  
And wildered sense to reel and fail.  
We knew not, fainting and distressed,  
The north or south or east or west.

With a great strain mine eyes I turned  
 Where the fierce sun before me burned,  
 And seemed to my astonished eyes  
 The equal of the earth in size.<sup>775</sup>  
 At length, o'erpowered, Jatáyus fell  
 Without a word to say farewell,  
 And when to earth I saw him hie  
 I followed headlong from the sky.<sup>776</sup>  
 With sheltering wings I intervened  
 And from the sun his body screened,  
 But lost, for heedless folly doomed,  
 My pinions which the heat consumed.  
 In Janasthán, I hear them say,  
 My hapless brother fell and lay.  
 I, pinionless and faint and weak,  
 Dropped upon Vindhya's woody peak.  
 Now with my swift wings burnt away,  
 Reft of my brother and my sway,  
 From this tall mountain's summit I  
 Will cast me headlong down and die.”

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## Canto LXII. Sampáti's Story.

<sup>775</sup> Of course not equal to the whole earth, says the Commentator, but equal to Janasthán.

<sup>776</sup> This appears to be the Indian form of the stories of Phaethon and Dædalus and Icarus.

“As to the saint I thus complained  
 My bitter tears fell unrestrained.  
 He pondered for a while, then broke  
 The silence, and thus calmly spoke:  
 “Forth from thy sides again shall spring,  
 O royal bird, each withered wing,  
 And all thine ancient power and might  
 Return to thee with strength of sight.  
 A noble deed has been foretold  
 In prophecy pronounced of old:  
 Nor dark to me are future things,  
 Seen by the light which penance brings.  
 A glorious king shall rise and reign,  
 The pride of old Ikshváku's strain.  
 A good and valiant prince, his heir,  
 Shall the dear name of Ráma bear.  
 With his brave brother Lakshmaṇ he  
 An exile in the woods shall be,  
 Where Rávaṇ, whom no God may slay,<sup>777</sup>  
 Shall steal his darling wife away.  
 In vain the captive will be wooed  
 With proffered love and dainty food,  
 She will not hear, she will not taste:  
 But, lest her beauty wane and waste,  
 Lord Indra's self will come to her  
 With heavenly food, and minister.  
 Then envoys of the Vánar race  
 By Ráma sent will seek this place.  
 To them, O roamer of the air,  
 The lady's fate shalt thou declare.  
 Thou must not move—so maimed thou art  
 Thou canst not from this spot depart.

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<sup>777</sup> According to the promise, given him by Brahmá. See Book I, Canto XIV.

Await the day and moment due,  
And thy burnt wings will sprout anew.  
I might this day the boon bestow  
And bid again thy pinions grow,  
But wait until thy saving deed  
The nations from their fear have freed.  
Then for this glorious aid of thine  
The princes of Ikshváku's line,  
And Gods above and saints below  
Eternal gratitude shall owe.  
Fain would mine aged eyes behold  
That pair of whom my lips have told,  
Yet wearied here I must not stay,  
But leave my frame and pass away.”

## Canto LXIII. Sampáti's Story.

“With this and many a speech beside  
My failing heart he fortified,  
With glorious hope my breast inspired,  
And to his holy home retired.  
I scaled the mountain height, to view  
The region round, and looked for you.  
In ceaseless watchings night and day  
A hundred seasons passed away,  
And by the sage's words consoled  
I wait the hour and chance foretold.  
But since Niśakar sought the skies.  
And cast away all earthly ties,  
Full many a care and doubt has pressed  
With grievous weight upon my breast.

But for the saint who turned aside  
 My purpose I had surely died.  
 Those hopeful words the hermit spake,  
 That bid me live for Ráma's sake,  
 Dispel my anguish as the light  
 Of lamp and torch disperse the night.”

He ceased: and in the Vánars' view  
 Forth from his side young pinions grew,  
 And boundless rapture filled his breast  
 As thus the chieftains he addressed:  
 “Joy, joy! the pinions, which the Lord  
 Of Day consumed, are now restored  
 Through the dear grace & boundless might  
 Of that illustrious anchorite.  
 The fire of youth within me burns,  
 And all my wonted strength returns.  
 Onward, ye Vánars, toil strive,  
 And you shall find the dame alive.  
 Look on these new-found wings, and hence  
 Be strong in surest confidence.”

Swift from the crag he sprang to try  
 His pinions in his native sky.  
 His words the chieftains' doubts had stilled,  
 And every heart with courage filled.<sup>778</sup>

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<sup>778</sup> In the Bengal recension the fourth Book ends here, the remaining Cantos being placed in the fifth.

## Canto LXIV. The Sea.

Shouts of triumphant joy outrang  
As to their feet the Vánars sprang:  
And, on the mighty task intent,  
Swift to the sea their steps they bent.  
They stood and gazed upon the deep,  
Whose billows with a roar and leap  
On the sea banks ware wildly hurled,—  
The mirror of the mighty world.  
There on the strand the Vánars stayed  
And with sad eyes the deep surveyed,  
Here, as in play, his billows rose,  
And there he slumbered in repose.  
Here leapt the boisterous waters, high  
As mountains, menacing the sky,  
And wild infernal forms between  
The ridges of the waves were seen.  
They saw the billows rave and swell,  
And their sad spirits sank and fell;  
For ocean in their deep despair  
Seemed boundless as the fields of air.  
Then noble Angad spake to cheer  
The Vánars and dispel their fear:  
“Faint not: despair should never find  
Admittance to a noble mind.  
Despair, a serpent's mortal bite,  
Benumbs the hero's power and might.”

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Then passed the weary night, and all  
 Assembled at their prince's call,  
 And every lord of high estate  
 Was gathered round him for debate.  
 Bright was the chieftains' glorious band  
 Round Angad on the ocean strand,  
 As when the mighty Storm-Gods meet  
 Round Indra on his golden seat.  
 Then princely Angad looked on each,  
 And thus began his prudent speech:  
 "What chief of all our host will leap  
 A hundred leagues across the deep?  
 Who, O illustrious Vánars, who  
 Will make Sugríva's promise true,  
 And from our weight of fear set free  
 The leaders of our band and me?  
 To whom, O warriors, shall we owe  
 A sweet release from pain and woe,  
 And proud success, and happy lives  
 With our dear children and our wives,  
 Again permitted by his grace  
 To look with joy on Ráma's face,  
 And noble Lakshmaṇ, and our lord  
 The king, to our sweet homes restored?"

Thus to the gathered lords he spoke;  
 But no reply the silence broke.  
 Then with a sterner voice he cried:  
 "O chiefs, the nation's boast and pride,  
 Whom valour strength and power adorn,  
 Of most illustrious lineage born,  
 Where'er you will you force a way,  
 And none your rapid course can stay.  
 Now come, your several powers declare.

And who this desperate leap will dare?"

## Canto LXV. The Council.

But none of all the host was found  
 To clear the sea with desperate bound,  
 Though each, as Angad bade, declared  
 His proper power and what he dared.<sup>779</sup>  
 Then spake good Jámaván the sage,  
 Chief of them all for reverend age;  
 "I, Vánar chieftains, long ago  
 Limbs light to leap could likewise show,  
 But now on frame and spirit weighs  
 The burthen of my length of days.  
 Still task like this I may not slight,  
 When Ráma and our king unite.  
 So listen while I tell, O friends,  
 What lingering strength mine age attends.  
 If my poor leap may aught avail,  
 Of ninety leagues, I will not fail.  
 Far other strength in youth's fresh prime  
 I boasted, in the olden time,  
 When, at Prahláda's<sup>780</sup> solemn rite,  
 I circled in my rapid flight  
 Lord Vishṇu, everlasting God,  
 When through the universe he trod.

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<sup>779</sup> Each chief comes forward and says how far he can leap. Gaja says he can leap ten yojans. Gavaksha can leap twenty. Gavaya thirty, and so on up to ninety.

<sup>780</sup> Prahláda, the son of Hirányakaśípu, was a pious Datya remarkable for his devotion to Vishṇu, and was on this account persecuted by his father.

But now my limbs are weak and old,  
 My youth is fled, its fire is cold,  
 And these exhausted nerves to strain  
 In such a task were idle pain.”

Then Angad due obeisance paid,  
 And to the chief his answer made:  
 “Then I, ye noble Vánars, I  
 Myself the mighty leap will try:  
 Although perchance the power I lack  
 To leap from Lanká's island back.”

Thus the impetuous chieftain cried,  
 And Jámaván the sage replied:  
 “Whate'er thy power and might may be,  
 This task, O Prince, is not for thee.  
 Kings go not forth themselves, but send  
 The servants who their best attend.  
 Thou art the darling and the boast,  
 The honoured lord of all the host.  
 In thee the root, O Angad, lies  
 Of our appointed enterprise;  
 And thee, on whom our hopes depend,  
 Our care must cherish and defend.”

Then Báli's noble son replied:  
 “Needs must I go, whate'er betide,  
 For, if no chief this exploit dare,  
 What waits us all save blank despair,—  
 Upon the ground again to lie  
 In hopeless misery, fast, and die?  
 For not a hope of life I see  
 If we neglect our king's decree.”  
 Then spoke the aged chief again:  
 “Nay our attempt shall not be vain,

For to the task will I incite  
A chieftain of sufficient might.”

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## Canto LXVI. Hanumán.

The chieftain turned his glances where  
The legions sat in mute despair;  
And then to Hanumán, the best  
Of Vánar lords, these words addressed:  
“Why still, and silent, and apart,  
O hero of the dauntless heart?  
Thou keepest treasured in thy mind  
The laws that rule the Vánar kind,  
Strong as our king Sugríva, brave  
As Ráma's self to slay or save.  
Through every land thy praise is heard,  
Famous as that illustrious bird,  
Aríshṭanemi's son,<sup>781</sup> the king  
Of every fowl that plies the wing.  
Oft have I seen the monarch sweep  
With sounding pinions o'er the deep,  
And in his mighty talons bear  
Huge serpents struggling through the air.  
Thy arms, O hero, match in might  
The ample wings he spreads for flight;

<sup>781</sup> The Bengal recension calls him Aríshṭanemi's brother. “The commentator says ‘Aríshṭanemi is Aruṇa.’ Aruṇa the charioteer of the sun is the son of Kaśyapa and Vinatá and by consequence brother of Garuḍa, called Vainateya from Vinatá, his mother.” GORRESSIO{FNS.

And thou with him mayest well compare  
 In power to do, in heart to dare.  
 Why, rich in wisdom, power, and skill,  
 O hero, art thou lingering still?  
 An Apsaras<sup>782</sup> the fairest found  
 Of nymphs for heavenly charms renowned,  
 Sweet Punjikasthalá, became  
 A noble Vánar's wedded dame.  
 Her heavenly title heard no more,  
 Anjaná was the name she bore,  
 When, cursed by Gods, from heaven she fell  
 In Vánar form on earth to dwell,  
 New-born in mortal shape the child  
 Of Kunjar monarch of the wild.  
 In youthful beauty wondrous fair,  
 A crown of flowers about her hair,  
 In silken robes of richest dye  
 She roamed the hills that kiss the sky.  
 Once in her tinted garments dressed  
 She stood upon the mountain crest,  
 The God of Wind beside her came,  
 And breathed upon the lovely dame.  
 And as he fanned her robe aside  
 The wondrous beauty that he eyed  
 In rounded lines of breast and limb  
 And neck and shoulder ravished him;  
 And captured by her peerless charms  
 He strained her in his amorous arms.  
 Then to the eager God she cried  
 In trembling accents, terrified:  
 “Whose impious love has wronged a spouse  
 So constant in her nuptial vows?”

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<sup>782</sup> A nymph of Paradise.

He heard, and thus his answer made:  
 “O, be not troubled, nor afraid,  
 But trust, and thou shalt know ere long  
 My love has done thee, sweet, no wrong,  
 So strong and brave and wise shall be  
 The glorious child I give to thee.  
 Might shall be his that naught can tire,  
 And limbs to spring as springs his sire.”  
 Thus spoke the God; the conquered dame  
 Rejoiced in heart nor feared the shame.  
 Down in a cave beneath the earth  
 The happy mother gave thee birth.  
 Once o'er the summit of the wood  
 Before thine eyes the new sun stood.  
 Thou sprangest up in haste to seize  
 What seemed the fruitage of the trees.  
 Up leapt the child, a wondrous bound,  
 Three hundred leagues above the ground,  
 And, though the angered Day-God shot  
 His fierce beams on him, feared him not.  
 Then from the hand of Indra came  
 A red bolt winged with wrath and flame.  
 The child fell smitten on a rock,  
 His cheek was shattered by the shock,  
 Named Hanumán<sup>783</sup> thenceforth by all  
 In memory of the fearful fall.  
 The wandering Wind-God saw thee lie  
 With bleeding cheek and drooping eye,  
 And stirred to anger by thy woe  
 Forbade each scented breeze to blow.  
 The breath of all the worlds was stilled,  
 And the sad Gods with terror filled

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<sup>783</sup> Hanu or Hanú means jaw. Hanumán or Hanúmán means properly one with a large jaw.

Prayed to the Wind, to calm the ire  
 And soothe the sorrow of the sire.  
 His fiery wrath no longer glowed,  
 And Brahmá's self the boon bestowed  
 That in the brunt of battle none  
 Should slay with steel the Wind-God's son.  
 Lord Indra, sovereign of the skies,  
 Bent on thee all his thousand eyes,  
 And swore that ne'er the bolt which he  
 Hurls from the heaven should injure thee.  
 'Tis thine, O mighty chief, to share  
 The Wind-God's power, his son and heir.  
 Sprung from that glorious father thou,  
 And thou alone, canst aid us now.  
 This earth of yore, through all her climes,  
 I circled one-and-twenty times,  
 And gathered, as the Gods decreed,  
 Great store of herbs from hill and mead,  
 Which, scattered o'er the troubled wave,  
 The Amrit to the toilers gave.  
 But now my days are wellnigh told,  
 My strength is gone, my limbs are old,  
 And thou, the bravest and the best,  
 Art the sure hope of all the rest.  
 Now, mighty chief, the task assay:  
 Thy matchless power and strength display.  
 Rise up, O prince, our second king,  
 And o'er the flood of ocean spring.  
 So shall the glorious exploit vie  
 With his who stepped through earth and sky."<sup>784</sup>

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<sup>784</sup> Vishnu, the God of the Three Steps.

He spoke: the younger chieftain heard,  
 His soul to vigorous effort stirred,  
 And stood before their joyous eyes  
 Dilated in gigantic size.

## Canto LXVII. Hanumán's Speech.

Soon as his stature they beheld,  
 Their fear and sorrow were dispelled;  
 And joyous praises loud and long  
 Rang out from all the Vánar throng.  
 On the great chief their eyes they bent  
 In rapture and astonishment,  
 As, when his conquering foot he raised,  
 The Gods upon Náráyan<sup>785</sup> gazed.  
 He stood amid the joyous crowd,  
 Bent to the chiefs, and cried aloud:  
 “The Wind-God, Fire's eternal friend,  
 Whose blasts the mountain summits rend,  
 With boundless force that none may stay,  
 Takes where he lists his viewless way.  
 Sprung from that glorious father, I  
 In power and speed with him may vie,  
 A thousand times with airy leap  
 Can circle loftiest Meru's steep:  
 With my fierce arms can stir the sea  
 Till from their bed the waters flee  
 And rush at my command to drown

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<sup>785</sup> Náráyan, “He who moved upon the waters,” is Vishnu. The allusion is to the famous three steps of that God.

This land with grove and tower and town.  
 I through the fields of air can spring  
 Far swifter than the feathered King,  
 And leap before him as he flies,  
 On sounding pinions through the skies.  
 I can pursue the Lord of Light  
 Uprising from the eastern height,  
 And reach him ere his course be sped  
 With burning beams engarlanded.  
 I will dry up the mighty main,  
 Shatter the rocks and rend the plain.  
 O'er earth and ocean will I bound,  
 And every flower that grows on ground,  
 And bloom of climbing plants shall show  
 Strewn on the ground, the way I go,  
 Bright as the lustrous path that lies  
 Athwart the region of the skies.<sup>786</sup>  
 The Maithil lady will I find,—  
 Thus speaks mine own prophetic mind,—  
 And cast in hideous ruin down  
 The shattered walls of Lanká's town.”

Still on the chief in rapt surprise  
 The Vánar legions bent their eyes,  
 And thus again sage Jábaván  
 Addressed the glorious Hanumán:  
 “Son of the Wind, thy promise cheers  
 The Vánars' hearts, and calms their fears,  
 Who, rescued from their dire distress,  
 With prospering vows thy way will bless.  
 The holy saints their favour lend,  
 And all our chiefs the deed commend  
 Urging thee forward on thy way:

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<sup>786</sup> The Milky Way.

Arise then, and the task assay.  
Thou art our only refuge; we,  
Our lives and all, depend on thee.”

Then sprang the Wind-God's son the best  
Of Vánars, on Mahendra's crest,  
And the great mountain rocked and swayed  
By that unusual weight dismayed,  
As reels an elephant beneath  
The lion's spring and rending teeth.  
The shady wood that crowned him shook,  
The trembling birds the boughs forsook,  
And ape and pard and lion fled  
From brake and lair disquieted.

## BOOK V.<sup>787</sup>

### Canto I. Hanumán's Leap.

Thus Rávaṇ's foe resolved to trace  
The captive to her hiding-place  
Through airy pathways overhead  
Which heavenly minstrels visited.  
With straining nerve and eager brows,  
Like some strong husband of the cows,  
In ready might he stood prepared  
For the bold task his soul has dared.  
O'er gem-like grass that flashed and glowed  
The Vánar like a lion strode.  
Roused by the thunder of his tread,  
The beasts to shady coverts fled.  
Tall trees he crushed or hurled aside,  
And every bird was terrified.  
Around him loveliest lilies grew,  
Pale pink, and red, and white, and blue,  
And tints of many a metal lent

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<sup>787</sup> This Book is called Sundar or the Beatiful. To a European taste it is the most intolerably tedious of the whole poem, abounding in repetition, overloaded description, and long and useless speeches which impede the action of the poem. Manifest interpolations of whole Cantos also occur. I have omitted none of the action of the Book, but have occasionally omitted long passages of common-place description, lamentation, and long stories which have been again and again repeated.

The light of varied ornament.  
 Gandharvas, changing forms at will,  
 And Yakshas roamed the lovely hill,  
 And countless Serpent-Gods were seen  
 Where flowers and grass were fresh and green.  
 As some resplendent serpent takes  
 His pastime in the best of lakes,  
 So on the mountain's woody height  
 The Vánar wandered with delight.  
 Then, standing on the flowery sod,  
 He paid his vows to saint and God.  
 Svayambhu<sup>788</sup> and the Sun he prayed,  
 And the swift Wind to lend him aid,  
 And Indra, sovereign of the skies,  
 To bless his hardy enterprise.  
 Then once again the chief addressed  
 The Vánars from the mountain crest:  
 "Swift as a shaft from Ráma's bow  
 To Rávaṇ's city will I go,  
 And if she be not there will fly  
 And seek the lady in the sky;  
 Or, if in heaven she be not found,  
 Will hither bring the giant bound."

He ceased; and mustering his might  
 Sprang downward from the mountain height,  
 While, shattered by each mighty limb,  
 The trees unrooted followed him.  
 The shadow on the ocean cast  
 By his vast form, as on he passed,  
 Flew like a ship before the gale  
 When the strong breeze has filled the sail,  
 And where his course the Vánar held

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<sup>788</sup> Brahmá the Self-Existent.

The sea beneath him raged and swelled.  
 Then Gods and all the heavenly train  
 Poured flowerets down in gentle rain;  
 Their voices glad Gandharvas raised,  
 And saints in heaven the Vánar praised.  
 Fain would the Sea his succour lend  
 And Raghu's noble son befriend.  
 He, moved by zeal for Ráma's sake,  
 The hill Maináka<sup>789</sup> thus bespake:  
 "O strong Maináka, heaven's decree  
 In days of old appointed thee  
 To be the Asurs bar, and keep  
 The rebels in the lowest deep.  
 Thou guardest those whom heaven has cursed  
 Lest from their prison-house they burst,  
 And standest by the gates of hell  
 Their limitary sentinel.  
 To thee is given the power to spread  
 Or spring above thy watery bed.  
 Now, best of noble mountains, rise  
 And do the thing that I advise.  
 E'en now above thy buried crest  
 Flies mighty Hanumán, the best  
 Of Vánars, moved for Ráma's sake  
 A wonderous deed to undertake.  
 Lift up thy head that he may stay  
 And rest him on his weary way."

He heard, and from his watery shroud,  
 As bursts the sun from autumn cloud,  
 Rose swifty, crowned with plant and tree,  
 And stood above the foamy sea.<sup>790</sup>

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<sup>789</sup> Maináka was the son of Himálaya and Mená or Menaká.

<sup>790</sup> Thus Milton makes the hills of heaven self-moving at command:

There with his lofty peaks upraised  
 Bright as a hundred suns he blazed,  
 And crest and crag of burnished gold  
 Flashed on the flood that round him rolled.  
 The Vánar thought the mountain rose  
 A hostile bar to interpose,  
 And, like a wind-swept cloud, o'erthrew  
 The glittering mountain as he flew.  
 Then from the falling hill rang out  
 A warning voice and joyful shout.  
 Again he raised him high in air  
 To meet the flying Vánar there,  
 And standing on his topmost peak  
 In human form began to speak:<sup>791</sup>  
 "Best of the Vánars' noblest line,  
 A mighty task, O chief, is thine.  
 Here for a while, I pray thee, light  
 And rest upon the breezy height.  
 A prince of Raghu's line was he  
 Who gave his glory to the Sea,<sup>792</sup>  
 Who now to Ráma's envoy shows  
 High honour for the debt he owes.  
 He bade me lift my buried head  
 Uprising from my watery bed,  
 And woo the Vánar chief to rest  
 A moment on my glittering crest.  
 Refresh thy weary limbs, and eat

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"At his command the uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious"

<sup>791</sup> The spirit of the mountain is separable from the mountain. Himalaya has also been represented as standing in human form on one of his own peaks.

<sup>792</sup> Ságár or the Sea is said to have derived its name from Sagar. The story is fully told in Book I, Cantos XLII, XLIII, and XLIV.

My mountain fruits for they are sweet.  
 I too, O chieftain, know thee well;  
 Three worlds thy famous virtues tell;  
 And none, I ween, with thee may vie  
 Who spring impetuous through the sky.  
 To every guest, though mean and low.  
 The wise respect and honour show;  
 And how shall I neglect thee, how  
 Slight the great guest so near me now?  
 Son of the Wind, 'tis thine to share  
 The might of him who shakes the air;  
 And,—for he loves his offspring,—he  
 Is honoured when I honour thee.  
 Of yore, when Krita's age<sup>793</sup> was new,  
 The little hills and mountains flew  
 Where'er they listed, borne on wings  
 More rapid than the feathered king's.<sup>794</sup>  
 But mighty terror came on all  
 The Gods and saints who feared their fall.  
 And Indra in his anger rent  
 Their pinions with the bolts he sent.  
 When in his ruthless fury he  
 Levelled his flashing bolt at me,  
 The great-souled Wind inclined to save,  
 And laid me neath the ocean's wave.  
 Thus by the favour of the sire  
 I kept my cherished wings entire;  
 And for this deed of kindness done  
 I honour thee his noble son.

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<sup>793</sup> Kritu is the first of the four ages of the world, the golden age, also called Satya.

<sup>794</sup> *Parvata* means a mountain and in the Vedas a cloud. Hence in later mythology the mountains have taken the place of the clouds as the objects of the attacks of Indra the Sun-God. The feathered king is Garuḍa.

O come, thy weary limbs relieve,  
 And honour due from me receive.”  
 “I may not rest,” the Vánar cried;  
 “I must not stay or turn aside.  
 Yet pleased am I, thou noblest hill,  
 And as the deed accept thy will.”

Thus as he spoke he lightly pressed  
 With his broad hand the mountain's crest,  
 Then bounded upward to the height  
 Of heaven, rejoicing in his might,  
 And through the fields of boundless blue,  
 The pathway of his father, flew.  
 Gods, saints, and heavenly bards beheld  
 That flight that none had paralleled,  
 Then to the Nágas' mother<sup>795</sup> came  
 And thus addressed the sun-bright dame:  
 “See, Hanumán with venturous leap  
 Would spring across the mighty deep,—  
 A Vánar prince, the Wind-God's seed:  
 Come, Surasá, his course impede.  
 In Rákshas form thy shape disguise,  
 Terrific, like a hill in size:  
 Let thy red eyes with fury glow,  
 And high as heaven thy body grow.  
 With fearful tusks the chief defy,  
 That we his power and strength may try.  
 He will with guile thy hold elude,  
 Or own thy might, by thee subdued.”

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<sup>795</sup> “The children of Surasá were a thousand mighty many-headed serpents, traversing the sky.” WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. p. 73.

Pleased with the grateful honours paid,  
 The godlike dame their words obeyed,  
 Clad in a shape of terror she  
 Sprang from the middle of the sea,  
 And, with fierce accents that appalled  
 All creatures, to the Vánar called:  
 “Come, prince of Vánars, doomed to be  
 My food this day by heaven's decree.  
 Such boon from ages long ago  
 To Brahmá's favouring will I owe.”

She ceased, and Hanumán replied,  
 By shape and threat unterrified:  
 “Brave Ráma with his Maithil spouse  
 Lodged in the shade of Dandak's boughs,  
 Thence Rávan king of giants stole  
 Sítá the joy of Ráma's soul.  
 By Ráma's high behest to her  
 I go a willing messenger;  
 And never shouldst them hinder one  
 Who toils for Daśaratha's son.  
 First captive Sítá will I see,  
 And him who sent and waits for me,  
 Then come and to thy will submit,  
 Yea, by my truth I promise it.”  
 “Nay, hope not thus thy life to save;  
 Not such the boon that Brahmá gave.  
 Enter my mouth,” was her reply,  
 “Then forward on thy journey hie!”<sup>796</sup>

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<sup>796</sup> She means, says the Commentator, pursue thy journey if thou can.

“Stretch, wider stretch thy jaws,” exclaimed  
 The Vánar chief, to ire inflamed;  
 And, as the Rákshas near him drew,  
 Ten leagues in height his stature grew.  
 Then straight, her threatening jaws between,  
 A gulf of twenty leagues was seen.  
 To fifty leagues he waxed, and still  
 Her mouth grew wider at her will.  
 Then smaller than a thumb became,  
 Shrunk by his power, the Vánar's frame.<sup>797</sup>  
 He leaped within, and turning round  
 Sprang through the portal at a bound.  
 Then hung in air a moment, while  
 He thus addressed her with a smile:  
 “O Daksha's child,<sup>798</sup> farewell at last!  
 For I within thy mouth have passed.  
 Thou hast the gift of Brahmá's grace:  
 I go, the Maithil queen to trace.”  
 Then, to her former shape restored,  
 She thus addressed the Vánar lord:  
 “Then forward to the task, and may  
 Success and joy attend thy way!  
 Go, and the rescued lady bring  
 In triumph to her lord and king.”

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<sup>797</sup> If Milton's spirits are allowed the power of infinite self-extension and compression the same must be conceded to Válmíki's supernatural beings. Given the power as in Milton the result in Válmíki is perfectly consistent.

<sup>798</sup> “Daksha is the son of Brahmá and one of the Prajápatis or divine progenitors. He had sixty daughters, twenty-seven of whom married to Kaśyapa produced, according to one of the Indian cosmogonies, all mundane beings. Does the epithet, Descendant of Daksha, given to Surasá, mean that she is one of those daughters? I think not. This epithet is perhaps an appellation common to all created beings as having sprung from Daksha.” GORRESSIO{FNS.

Then hosts of spirits as they gazed  
 The daring of the Vánar praised.  
 Through the broad fields of ether, fast  
 Garuḍ's royal self, he passed,  
 The region of the cloud and rain,  
 Loved by the gay Gandharva train,  
 Where mid the birds that came and went  
 Shone Indra's glorious bow unbent,  
 And like a host of wandering stars  
 Flashed the high Gods' celestial cars.  
 Fierce Sinhiká<sup>799</sup> who joyed in ill  
 And changed her form to work her will,  
 Descried him on his airy way  
 And marked the Vánar for her prey.  
 "This day at length," the demon cried,  
 "My hunger shall be satisfied,"  
 And at his passing shadow caught  
 Delighted with the cheering thought.  
 The Vánar felt the power that stayed  
 And held him as she grasped his shade,  
 Like some tall ship upon the main  
 That struggles with the wind in vain.  
 Below, above, his eye he bent  
 And scanned the sea and firmament.  
 High from the briny deep upreared  
 The monster's hideous form appeared,  
 "Sugríva's tale," he cried, "is true:  
 This is the demon dire to view  
 Of whom the Vánar monarch told,  
 Whose grasp a passing shade can hold."  
 Then, as a cloud in rain-time grows  
 His form, dilating, swelled and rose.

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<sup>799</sup> Sinhiká is the mother of Ráhu the dragon's head or ascending node, the chief agent in eclipses.

Wide as the space from heaven to hell  
 Her jaws she opened with a yell,  
 And rushed upon her fancied prey  
 With cloud-like roar to seize and slay.  
 The Vánar swift as thought compressed  
 His borrowed bulk of limb and chest,  
 And stood with one quick bound inside  
 The monstrous mouth she opened wide.  
 Hid like the moon when Ráhu draws  
 The orb within his ravening jaws.  
 Within that ample cavern pent  
 The demon's form he tore and rent,  
 And, from the mangled carcass freed,  
 Came forth again with thought-like speed.<sup>800</sup>  
 Thus with his skill the fiend he slew,  
 Then to his wonted stature grew.  
 The spirits saw the demon die  
 And hailed the Vánar from the sky:  
 "Well hast thou fought a wondrous fight  
 Nor spared the fiend's terrific might,  
 On, on! perform the blameless deed,  
 And in thine every wish succeed.  
 Ne'er can they fail in whom combine  
 Such valour, thought, and skill as thine."

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<sup>800</sup> According to De Gubernatis, the author of the very learned, ingenious, and interesting though too fanciful *Zoological Mythology*. Hanumán here represents the sun entering into and escaping from a cloud. The biblical Jonah, according to him, typifies the same phenomenon. Sá'dí, speaking of sunset, says *Yūnas andar-i-dihán-imáhi shud*: Jonas was within the fish's mouth. See ADDITIONAL NOTES{FNS.

Pleased with their praises as they sang,  
 Again through fields of air he sprang,  
 And now, his travail wellnigh done,  
 The distant shore was almost won.  
 Before him on the margent stood  
 In long dark line a waving wood,  
 And the fair island, bright and green  
 With flowers and trees, was clearly seen,  
 And every babbling brook that gave  
 Her lord the sea a tribute wave.  
 He lighted down on Lamba's peak  
 Which tinted metals stain and streak,  
 And looked where Lanká's splendid town  
 Shone on the mountain like a crown.

## Canto II. Lanká.

The glorious sight a while he viewed,  
 Then to the town his way pursued.  
 Around the Vánar as he went  
 Breathed from the wood delicious scent,  
 And the soft grass beneath his feet  
 With gem-like flowers was bright and sweet.  
 Still as the Vánar nearer drew  
 More clearly rose the town to view.  
 The palm her fan-like leaves displayed,  
 Priyálas<sup>801</sup> lent their pleasant shade,  
 And mid the lower greenery far  
 Conspicuous rose the Kovidár.<sup>802</sup>

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<sup>801</sup> The Buchanania Latifolia.

<sup>802</sup> The Bauhinia Variegata.

A thousand trees mid flowers that glowed  
 Hung down their fruit's delicious load,<sup>803</sup>  
 And in their crests that rocked and swayed  
 Sweet birds delightful music made.  
 And there were pleasant pools whereon  
 The glories of the lotus shone;  
 And gleams of sparkling fountains, stirred  
 By many a joyous water-bird.  
 Around, in lovely gardens grew  
 Blooms sweet of scent and bright of hue,  
 And Lanká, seat of Rávan's sway,  
 Before the wondering Vánar lay:  
 With stately domes and turrets tall,  
 Encircled by a golden wall,  
 And moats whose waters were aglow  
 With lily blossoms bright below:  
 For Sítá's sake defended well  
 With bolt and bar and sentinel,  
 And Rákshases who roamed in bands  
 With ready bows in eager hands.  
 He saw the stately mansions rise  
 Like pale-hued clouds in autumn skies;  
 Where noble streets were broad and bright,  
 And banners waved on every height.  
 Her gates were glorious to behold  
 Rich with the shine of burnished gold:  
 A lovely city planned and decked  
 By heaven's creative architect,<sup>804</sup>  
 Fairest of earthly cities meet  
 To be the Gods' celestial seat.  
 The Vánar by the northern gate

<sup>803</sup> Through the power that Rávan's stern mortifications had won for him his trees bore flowers and fruit simultaneously.

<sup>804</sup> Viśvakarmá is the architect of the Gods.

Thus in his heart began debate  
 “Our mightiest host would strive in vain  
 To take this city on the main:  
 A city that may well defy  
 The chosen warriors of the sky;  
 A city never to be won  
 E'en by the arm of Raghu's son.  
 Here is no hope by guile to win  
 The hostile hearts of those within.  
 'Twere vain to war, or bribe, or sow  
 Dissension mid the Vánar foe.  
 But now my search must I pursue  
 Until the Maithil queen I view:  
 And, when I find the captive dame,  
 Make victory mine only aim.  
 But, if I wear my present shape,  
 How shall I enter and escape  
 The Rákshas troops, their guards and spies,  
 And sleepless watch of cruel eyes?  
 The fiends of giant race who hold  
 This mighty town are strong and bold;  
 And I must labour to elude  
 The fiercely watchful multitude.  
 I in a shape to mock their sight  
 Must steal within the town by night,  
 Blind with my art the demons' eyes,  
 And thus achieve my enterprise.  
 How may I see, myself unseen  
 Of the fierce king, the captive queen,  
 And meet her in some lonely place,  
 With none beside her, face to face?”

When the bright sun had left the skies  
 The Vánar dwarfed his mighty size,

And, in the straitest bounds restrained,  
The bigness of a cat retained.<sup>805</sup>  
Then, when the moon's soft light was spread,  
Within the city's walls he sped.

## Canto III. The Guardian Goddess.

There from the circling rampart's height  
He gazed upon the wondrous sight;  
Broad gates with burnished gold displayed,  
And courts with turkises inlaid;  
With gleaming silver, gems, and rows  
Of crystal stairs and porticoes.  
In semblance of a Rákshas dame  
The city's guardian Goddess came,—  
For she with glances sure and keen  
The entrance of a foe had seen,—  
And thus with fury in her eye  
Addressed him with an angry cry:  
“Who art thou? what has led thee, say,  
Within these walls to find thy way?  
Thou mayst not enter here in spite  
Of Rávan and his warriors' might.”  
“And who art thou?” the Vánar cried,  
By form and frown unterrified,  
“Why hast thou met me by the gate,  
And chid me thus infuriate?”

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<sup>805</sup> So in Paradise Lost Satan when he has stealthily entered the garden of Eden assumes the form of a cormorant.

He ceased: and Lanká made reply:  
 “The guardian of the town am I,  
 Who watch for ever to fulfil  
 My lord the Rákshas monarch's will.  
 But thou shalt fall this hour, and deep  
 Shall be thy never-ending sleep.”

Again he spake: “In spite of thee  
 This golden city will I see.  
 Her gates and towers, and all the pride  
 Of street and square from side to side,  
 And freely wander where I please  
 Amid her groves of flowering trees;  
 On all her beauties sate mine eye.  
 Then, as I came, will homeward hie.”

Swift with an angry roar she smote  
 With her huge hand the Vánar's throat.  
 The smitten Vánar, rage-impelled,  
 With fist upraised the monster felled:  
 But quick repented, stirred with shame  
 And pity for a vanquished dame,  
 When with her senses troubled, weak  
 With terror, thus she strove to speak:  
 “O spare me thou whose arm is strong:  
 O spare me, and forgive the wrong.  
 The brave that law will ne'er transgress  
 That spares a woman's helplessness.  
 Hear, best of Vánars, brave and bold,  
 What Brahmá's self of yore foretold;  
 “Beware,” he said, “the fatal hour  
 When thou shalt own a Vánar's power.  
 Then is the giants' day of fear,  
 For terror and defeat are near.”

Now, Vánar chief, o'ercome by thee,  
I own the truth of heaven's decree.  
For Sítá's sake will ruin fall  
On Rávan, and his town, and all."

## Canto IV. Within The City.

The guardian goddess thus subdued,  
The Vánar chief his way pursued,  
And reached the broad imperial street  
Where fresh-blown flowers were bright and sweet.  
The city seemed a fairer sky  
Where cloud-like houses rose on high,  
Whence the soft sound of tabors came  
Through many a latticed window frame,  
And ever and anon rang out  
The merry laugh and joyous shout.  
From house to house the Vánar went  
And marked each varied ornament,  
Where leaves and blossoms deftly strung  
About the crystal columns hung.  
Then soft and full and sweet and clear  
The song of women charmed his ear,  
And, blending with their dulcet tones,  
Their anklets' chime and tinkling zones.  
He heard the Rákshas minstrel sing  
The praises of their matchless king;  
And softly through the evening air  
Came murmurings of text and prayer.  
Here moved a priest with tonsured head,  
And there an eager envoy sped,

Mid crowds with hair in matted twine  
Clothed in the skins of deer and kine,—  
Whose only arms, which none might blame,  
Were blades of grass and holy flame<sup>806</sup>  
There savage warriors roamed in bands  
With clubs and maces in their hands,  
Some dwarfish forms, some huge of size,  
With single ears and single eyes.  
Some shone in glittering mail arrayed  
With bow and mace and flashing blade;  
Fiends of all shapes and every hue,  
Some fierce and foul, some fair to view.

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He saw the grisly legions wait  
In strictest watch at Rávaṇ's gate,  
Whose palace on the mountain crest  
Rose proudly towering o'er the rest,  
Fenced with high ramparts from the foe,  
And lotus-covered moats below.  
But Hanumán, unhindered, found  
Quick passage through the guarded bound,  
Mid elephants of noblest breed,  
And gilded car and neighing steed.

[I omit Canto V. which corresponds to chapter XI. in Gorresio's edition. That scholar justly observes: "The eleventh chapter, Description of Evening, is certainly the work of the Rhapsodists and an interpolation of later date. The chapter might be omitted without any injury to the action of the poem, and besides the metre, style, conceits and images differ from the general tenour of the poem; and that continual repetition of the same sounds at the end of each hemistich which is not exactly rime, but assonance,

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<sup>806</sup> Priests who fought only with the weapons of religion, the sacred grass used like the verbena of the Romans at sacred rites and the consecrated fire to consume the offering of ghee.

reveals the artificial labour of a more recent age." The following sample will probably be enough.

Fair shone the moon, as if to lend  
His cheering light to guide a friend,  
And, circled by the starry host,  
Looked down upon the wild sea-coast.  
The Vánar cheiftain raised his eyes,  
And saw him sailing through the skies  
Like a bright swan who joys to take  
His pastime on a silver lake;  
Fair moon that calms the mourner's pain.  
Heaves up the waters of the main,  
And o'er the life beneath him throws  
A tender light of soft repose,  
The charm that clings to Mandar's hill,  
Gleams in the sea when winds are still,  
And decks the lilly's opening flower,  
Showed in that moon her sweetest power.

I am unable to show the difference of style in a translation.]

## Canto VI. The Court.

The palace gates were guarded well  
By many a Rákshas sentinel,  
And far within, concealed from view,  
Were dames and female retinue  
For charm of form and face renowned;  
Whose tinkling armlets made a sound,  
Clashed by the wearers in their glee,  
Like music of a distant sea.

The hall beyond the palace gate,  
 Rich with each badge of royal state,  
 Where lines of noble courtiers stood,  
 Showed like a lion-guarded wood.  
 There the wild music rose and fell  
 Of drum and tabor and of shell,  
 Through chambers at each holy tide  
 By solemn worship sanctified.  
 Through grove and garden, undismayed,  
 From house to house the Vánar strayed,  
 And still his wondering glances bent  
 On terrace, dome, and battlement:  
 Then with a light and rapid tread  
 Prahasta's<sup>807</sup> home he visited,  
 And Kumbhakarṇa's<sup>808</sup> courtyard where  
 A cloudy pile rose high in air;  
 And, wandering o'er the hill, explored  
 The garden of each Rákshas lord.  
 Each court and grove he wandered through,  
 Then nigh to Rávan's palace drew.  
 She-demons watched it foul of face,  
 Each armed with sword and spear and mace,  
 And warrior fiends of every hue,  
 A strange and fearful retinue.  
 There elephants in many a row,  
 The terror of the stricken foe.  
 Huge Airávat,<sup>809</sup> deftly trained  
 In battle-fields, stood ready chained.  
 Fair litters on the ground were set  
 Adorned with gems and golden net.  
 Gay bloomy creepers clothed the walls;

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<sup>807</sup> One of the Rákshas lords.

<sup>808</sup> The brother Rávan.

<sup>809</sup> Indra's elephant.

Green bowers were there and picture halls,  
 And chambers made for soft delight.  
 Broad banners waved on every height.  
 And from the roof like Mandar's hill  
 The peacock's cry came loud and shrill.<sup>810</sup>

## Canto VII. Rávan's Palace.

He passed within the walls and gazed  
 On gems and gold that round him blazed,  
 And many a latticed window bright  
 With turkis and with lazulite.  
 Through porch and ante-rooms he passed [400]  
 Each richer, fairer than the last;  
 And spacious halls where lances lay,  
 And bows and shells, in fair array:  
 A glorious house that matched in show  
 All Paradise displayed below.  
 Upon the polished floor were spread  
 Fresh buds and blossoms white and red,  
 And women shone, a lovely crowd,  
 As lightning flashes through a cloud:  
 A palace splendid as the sky  
 Which moon and planets glorify:  
 Like earth whose towering hills unfold  
 Their zones and streaks of glittering gold;

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<sup>810</sup> Rávan's palace appears to have occupied the whole extent of ground, and to have contained within its outer walls the mansions of all the great Rákshas chiefs. Rávan's own dwelling seems to have been situated within the enchanted chariot Pushpak: but the description is involved and confused, and it is difficult to say whether the chariot was inside the palace or the palace inside the chariot.

Where waving on the mountain brows  
 The tall trees bend their laden boughs,  
 And every bough and tender spray  
 With a bright load of bloom is gay,  
 And every flower the breeze has bent  
 Fills all the region with its scent.

Near the tall palace pale of hue  
 Shone lovely lakes where lilies blew,  
 And lotuses with flower and bud  
 Gleamed on the bosom of the flood.  
 There shone with gems that flashed afar  
 The marvel of the Flower-named<sup>811</sup> car,  
 Mid wondrous dwellings still confessed  
 Supreme and nobler than the rest.  
 Thereon with wondrous art designed  
 Were turkis birds of varied kind.  
 And many a sculptured serpent rolled  
 His twisted coil in burnished gold.  
 And steeds were there of noblest form  
 With flying feet as fleet as storm:  
 And elephants with deftest skill  
 Stood sculptured by a silver rill,  
 Each bearing on his trunk a wreath  
 Of lilies from the flood beneath.  
 There Lakshmí,<sup>812</sup> beauty's heavenly queen,  
 Wrought by the artist's skill, was seen  
 Beside a flower-clad pool to stand  
 Holding a lotus in her hand.

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<sup>811</sup> Pushpak from *pushpa* a flower. The car has been mentioned before in Rávan's expedition to carry off Sítá, Book III, Canto XXXV.

<sup>812</sup> Lakshmí is the wife of Vishṇu and the Goddess of Beauty and Felicity. She rose, like Aphrodite, from the foam of the sea. For an account of her birth and beauty, see Book I, Canto XLV.

## Canto VIII. The Enchanted Car.

There gleamed the car with wealth untold  
 Of precious gems and burnished gold;  
 Nor could the Wind-God's son withdraw  
 His rapt gaze from the sight he saw,  
 By Viśvakarmá's<sup>813</sup> self proclaimed  
 The noblest work his hand had framed.  
 Uplifted in the air it glowed  
 Bright as the sun's diurnal road.  
 The eye might scan the wondrous frame  
 And vainly seek one spot to blame,  
 So fine was every part and fair  
 With gems inlaid with lavish care.  
 No precious stones so rich adorn  
 The cars wherein the Gods are borne,  
 Prize of the all-resistless might  
 That sprang from pain and penance rite,<sup>814</sup>  
 Obedient to the master's will  
 It moved o'er wood and towering hill,  
 A glorious marvel well designed  
 By Viśvakarmá's artist mind,  
 Adorned with every fair device  
 That decks the cars of Paradise.  
 Swift moving as the master chose  
 It flew through air or sank or rose,<sup>815</sup>  
 And in its fleetness left behind  
 The fury of the rushing wind:

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<sup>813</sup> Viśvakarmá is the architect of the Gods, the Hephaestos or Mulciber of the Indian heaven.

<sup>814</sup> Rávaṇ in the resistless power which his long austerities had endowed him with, had conquered his brother Kuvera the God of Gold and taken from him his greatest treasure this enchanted car.

<sup>815</sup> Like Milton's heavenly car, "Itself instinct with spirit."

Meet mansion for the good and great,  
 The holy, wise, and fortunate.  
 Throughout the chariot's vast extent  
 Were chambers wide and excellent,  
 All pure and lovely to the eyes  
 As moonlight shed from cloudless skies.  
 Fierce goblins, rovers of the night  
 Who cleft the clouds with swiftest flight  
 In countless hosts that chariot drew,  
 With earrings clashing as they flew.

## Canto IX. The Ladies' Bower.

Where stately mansions rose around,  
 A palace fairer still he found,  
 Whose royal height and splendour showed  
 Where Rávaṇ's self, the king, abode.  
 A chosen band with bow and sword  
 Guarded the palace of their lord,  
 Where Ráksha's dames of noble race  
 And many a princess fair of face  
 Whom Rávaṇ's arm had torn away  
 From vanquished kings in slumber lay.  
 There jewelled arches high o'erhead  
 An ever-changing lustre shed  
 From ruby, pearl, and every gem  
 On golden pillars under them.  
 Delicious came the tempered air  
 That breathed a heavenly summer there,  
 Stealing through bloomy trees that bore  
 Each pleasant fruit in endless store.

No check was there from jealous guard,  
No door was fast, no portal barred;  
Only a sweet air breathed to meet  
The stranger, as a host should greet  
A wanderer of his kith and kin  
And woo his weary steps within.  
He stood within a spacious hall  
With fretted roof and painted wall,  
The giant Rávan's boast and pride,  
Loved even as a lovely bride.  
'Twere long to tell each marvel there,  
The crystal floor, the jewelled stair,  
The gold, the silver, and the shine  
Of chrysolite and almandine.  
There breathed the fairest blooms of spring;  
There flashed the proud swan's silver wing,  
The splendour of whose feathers broke  
Through fragrant wreaths of aloe smoke.  
"Tis Indra's heaven," the Vánar cried,  
Gazing in joy from side to side;  
"The home of all the Gods is this,  
The mansion of eternal bliss."  
There were the softest carpets spread,  
Delightful to the sight and tread,  
Where many a lovely woman lay  
O'ercome by sleep, fatigued with play.  
The wine no longer cheered the feast,  
The sound of revelry had ceased.  
The tinkling feet no longer stirred,  
No chiming of a zone was heard.  
So when each bird has sought her nest,  
And swans are mute and wild bees rest,  
Sleep the fair lilies on the lake  
Till the sun's kiss shall bid them wake.

Like the calm field of winter's sky  
Which stars unnumbered glorify,  
So shone and glowed the sumptuous room  
With living stars that chased the gloom.  
“These are the stars,” the chieftain cried,  
“In autumn nights that earth-ward glide,  
In brighter forms to reappear  
And shine in matchless lustre here.”  
With wondering eyes a while he viewed  
Each graceful form and attitude.  
One lady's head was backward thrown,  
Bare was her arm and loose her zone.  
The garland that her brow had graced  
Hung closely round another's waist.  
Here gleamed two little feet all bare  
Of anklets that had sparkled there,  
Here lay a queenly dame at rest  
In all her glorious garments dressed.  
There slept another whose small hand  
Had loosened every tie and band,  
In careless grace another lay  
With gems and jewels cast away,  
Like a young creeper when the tread  
Of the wild elephant has spread  
Confusion and destruction round,  
And cast it flowerless to the ground.  
Here lay a slumberer still as death,  
Save only that her balmy breath  
Raised ever and anon the lace  
That floated o'er her sleeping face.  
There, sunk in sleep, an amorous maid  
Her sweet head on a mirror laid,  
Like a fair lily bending till  
Her petals rest upon the rill.

Another black-eyed damsel pressed  
Her lute upon her heaving breast,  
As though her loving arms were twined  
Round him for whom her bosom pined.  
Another pretty sleeper round  
A silver vase her arms had wound,  
That seemed, so fresh and fair and young  
A wreath of flowers that o'er it hung.  
In sweet disorder lay a throng  
Weary of dance and play and song,  
Where heedless girls had sunk to rest  
One pillow'd on another's breast,  
Her tender cheek half seen beneath  
Bed roses of the falling wreath,  
The while her long soft hair concealed  
The beauties that her friend revealed.  
With limbs at random interlaced  
Round arm and leg and throat and waist,  
That wreath of women lay asleep  
Like blossoms in a careless heap.

## Canto X. Rávan Asleep.

Apart a dais of crystal rose  
With couches spread for soft repose,  
Adorned with gold and gems of price  
Meet for the halls of Paradise.  
A canopy was o'er them spread  
Pale as the light the moon beams shed,

And female figures,<sup>816</sup> deftly planned,  
 The faces of the sleepers fanned,  
 There on a splendid couch, asleep  
 On softest skins of deer and sheep.  
 Dark as a cloud that dims the day  
 The monarch of the giants lay,  
 Perfumed with sandal's precious scent  
 And gay with golden ornament.

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His fiery eyes in slumber closed,  
 In glittering robes the king reposed  
 Like Mandar's mighty hill asleep  
 With flowery trees that clothe his steep.  
 Near and more near the Vánar  
 The monarch of the fiends to view,  
 And saw the giant stretched supine  
 Fatigued with play and drunk with wine.  
 While, shaking all the monstrous frame,  
 His breath like hissing serpents' came.  
 With gold and glittering bracelets gay  
 His mighty arms extended lay  
 Huge as the towering shafts that bear  
 The flag of Indra high in air.  
 Scars by Airávat's tusk impressed  
 Showed red upon his shaggy breast.  
 And on his shoulders were displayed  
 The dints the thunder-bolt had made.<sup>817</sup>  
 The spouses of the giant king  
 Around their lord were slumbering,  
 And, gay with sparkling earrings, shone

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<sup>816</sup> Women, says Válmíki. But the Commentator says that automatic figures only are meant. Women would have seen Hanumán and given the alarm.

<sup>817</sup> Rávan had fought against Indra and the Gods, and his body was still scarred by the wounds inflicted by the tusks of Indra's elephant and by the fiery bolts of the Thunderer.

Fair as the moon to look upon.  
There by her husband's side was seen  
Mandodarí the favourite queen,  
The beauty of whose youthful face  
Beamed a soft glory through the place.  
The Vánar marked the dame more fair  
Than all the royal ladies there,  
And thought, "These rarest beauties speak  
The matchless dame I come to seek.  
Peerless in grace and splendour, she  
The Maithil queen must surely be."

## Canto XI. The Banquet Hall.

But soon the baseless thought was spurned  
And longing hope again returned:  
"No: Ráma's wife is none of these,  
No careless dame that lives at ease.  
Her widowed heart has ceased to care  
For dress and sleep and dainty fare.  
She near a lover ne'er would lie  
Though Indra wooed her from the sky.  
Her own, her only lord, whom none  
Can match in heaven, is Raghu's son."

Then to the banquet hall intent  
On strictest search his steps he bent.  
He passed within the door, and found  
Fair women sleeping on the ground,  
Where wearied with the song, perchance,  
The merry game, the wanton dance,  
Each girl with wine and sleep oppressed  
Had sunk her drooping head to rest.  
That spacious hall from side to side  
With noblest fare was well supplied,  
There quarters of the boar, and here  
Roast of the buffalo and deer,  
There on gold plate, untouched as yet  
The peacock and the hen were set.  
There deftly mixed with salt and curd  
Was meat of many a beast and bird,  
Of kid and porcupine and hare,  
And dainties of the sea and air.  
There wrought of gold, ablaze with shine  
Of precious stones, were cups of wine.  
Through court and bower and banquet hall  
The Vánar passed and viewed them all;  
From end to end, in every spot,  
For Sítá searched, but found her not.

## Canto XII. The Search Renewed.

Again the Vánar chief began  
Each chamber, bower, and hall to scan.  
In vain: he found not her he sought,  
And pondered thus in bitter thought:

“Ah me the Maithil queen is slain:  
She, ever true and free from stain,  
The fiend's entreaty has denied,  
And by his cruel hand has died.  
Or has she sunk, by terror killed,  
When first she saw the palace filled  
With female monsters evil miened  
Who wait upon the robber fiend?  
No battle fought, no might displayed,  
In vain this anxious search is made;  
Nor shall my steps, made slow by shame,  
Because I failed to find the dame,  
Back to our lord the king be bent,  
For he is swift to punishment.  
In every bower my feet have been,  
The dames of Rávaṇ have I seen;  
But Ráma's spouse I seek in vain,  
And all my toil is fruitless pain.  
How shall I meet the Vánar band  
I left upon the ocean strand?  
How, when they bid me speak, proclaim  
These tidings of defeat and shame?  
How shall I look on Angad's eye?  
What words will Jámaván reply?  
Yet dauntless hearts will never fail  
To win success though foes assail,  
And I this sorrow will subdue  
And search the palace through and through,  
Exploring with my cautious tread  
Each spot as yet unvisited.”

Again he turned him to explore  
Each chamber, hall, and corridor,  
And arbour bright with scented bloom,

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And lodge and cell and picture-room.  
With eager eye and noiseless feet  
He passed through many a cool retreat  
Where women lay in slumber drowned;  
But Sítá still was nowhere found.

### Canto XIII. Despair And Hope.

Then rapid as the lightning's flame  
From Rávan's halls the Vánar came.  
Each lingering hope was cold and dead,  
And thus within his heart he said:  
“Alas, my fruitless search is done:  
Long have I toiled for Raghu's son;  
And yet with all my care have seen  
No traces of the ravished queen.  
It may be, while the giant through  
The lone air with his captive flew,  
The Maithil lady, tender-souled,  
Slipped struggling from the robber's hold,  
And the wild sea is rolling now  
O'er Sítá of the beauteous brow.  
Or did she perish of alarm  
When circled by the monster's arm?  
Or crushed, unable to withstand  
The pressure of that monstrous hand?  
Or when she spurned his suit with scorn,  
Her tender limbs were rent and torn.  
And she, her virtue unsubdued,  
Was slaughtered for the giant's food.  
Shall I to Raghu's son relate

His well-beloved consort's fate,  
My crime the same if I reveal  
The mournful story or conceal?  
If with no happier tale to tell  
I seek our mountain citadel,  
How shall I face our lord the king,  
And meet his angry questioning?  
How shall I greet my friends, and brook  
The muttered taunt, the scornful look?  
How to the son of Raghu go  
And kill him with my tale of woe?  
For sure the mournful tale I bear  
Will strike him dead with wild despair.  
And Lakshmaṇ ever fond and true,  
Will, undivided, perish too.  
Bharat will learn his brother's fate,  
And die of grief disconsolate,  
And sad Śatrughna with a cry  
Of anguish on his corpse will die.  
Our king Sugrīva, ever found  
True to each bond in honour bound,  
Will mourn the pledge he vainly gave,  
And die with him he could not save.  
Then Rumā his devoted wife  
For her dead lord will leave her life,  
And Tárá, widowed and forlorn,  
Will die in anguish, sorrow-worn.  
On Angad too the blow will fall  
Killing the hope and joy of all.  
The ruin of their prince and king  
The Vánars' souls with woe will wring.  
And each, overwhelmed with dark despair,  
Will beat his head and rend his hair.  
Each, graced and honoured long, will miss

His careless life of easy bliss,  
 In happy troops will play no more  
 On breezy rock and shady shore,  
 But with his darling wife and child  
 Will seek the mountain top, and wild  
 With hopeless desolation, throw  
 Himself, his wife, and babe, below.  
 Ah no: unless the dame I find  
 I ne'er will meet my Vánar kind.  
 Here rather in some distant dell  
 A lonely hermit will I dwell,  
 Where roots and berries will supply  
 My humble wants until I die;  
 Or on the shore will raise a pyre  
 And perish in the kindled fire.  
 Or I will strictly fast until  
 With slow decay my life I kill,  
 And ravening dogs and birds of air  
 The limbs of Hanumán shall tear.  
 Here will I die, but never bring  
 Destruction on my race and king.  
 But still unsearched one grove I see  
 With many a bright Aśoka tree.  
 There will I enter in, and through  
 The tangled shade my search renew.  
 Be glory to the host on high,  
 The Sun and Moon who light the sky,  
 The Vasus<sup>818</sup> and the Maruts<sup>819</sup> train,

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<sup>818</sup> The Vasus are a class of eight deities, originally personifications of natural phenomena.

<sup>819</sup> The Maruts are the winds or Storm-Gods.

Ádityas<sup>820</sup> and the Aśvins<sup>821</sup> twain.  
 So may I win success, and bring  
 The lady back with triumphing."

## Canto XIV. The Asoka Grove.

He cleared the barrier at a bound;  
 He stood within the pleasant ground,  
 And with delighted eyes surveyed  
 The climbing plants and varied shade,  
 He saw unnumbered trees unfold  
 The treasures of their pendent gold,  
 As, searching for the Maithil queen,  
 He strayed through alleys soft and green;  
 And when a spray he bent or broke  
 Some little bird that slept awoke.  
 Whene'er the breeze of morning blew,  
 Where'er a startled peacock flew,  
 The gaily coloured branches shed  
 Their flowery rain upon his head  
 That clung around the Vánar till  
 He seemed a blossom-covered hill,<sup>822</sup>  
 The earth, on whose fair bosom lay  
 The flowers that fell from every spray,  
 Was glorious as a lovely maid  
 In all her brightest robes arrayed,

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<sup>820</sup> The Ádityas originally seven deities of the heavenly sphere of whom Varuṇa is the chief. The name Áditya was afterwards given to any God, specially to Súrya the Sun.

<sup>821</sup> The Aśvins are the Heavenly Twins, the Castor and Pollux of the Hindus.

<sup>822</sup> The poet forgets that Hanumán has reduced himself to the size of a cat.

He saw the breath of morning shake  
 The lilies on the rippling lake  
 Whose waves a pleasant lapping made  
 On crystal steps with gems inlaid.  
 Then roaming through the enchanted ground,  
 A pleasant hill the Vánar found,  
 And grottoes in the living stone  
 With grass and flowery trees o'ergrown.  
 Through rocks and boughs a brawling rill  
 Leapt from the bosom of the hill,  
 Like a proud beauty when she flies  
 From her love's arms with angry eyes.

He climb a tree that near him grew  
 And leafy shade around him threw.  
 "Hence," thought the Vánar, "shall I see  
 The Maithil dame, if here she be,  
 These lovely trees, this cool retreat  
 Will surely tempt her wandering feet.  
 Here the sad queen will roam apart.  
 And dream of Ráma in her heart."

## Canto XV. Sítá.

Fair as Kailásá white with snow  
 He saw a palace flash and glow,  
 A crystal pavement gem-inlaid,  
 And coral steps and colonnade,  
 And glittering towers that kissed the skies,  
 Whose dazzling splendour charmed his eyes.  
 There pallid, with neglected dress,

Watched close by fiend and giantess,  
Her sweet face thin with constant flow  
Of tears, with fasting and with woe;  
Pale as the young moon's crescent when  
The first faint light returns to men:  
Dim as the flame when clouds of smoke  
The latent glory hide and choke;  
Like Rohiní the queen of stars  
Oppressed by the red planet Mars;  
From her dear friends and husband torn,  
Amid the cruel fiends, forlorn,  
Who fierce-eyed watch around her kept,  
A tender woman sat and wept.  
Her sobs, her sighs, her mournful mien,  
Her glorious eyes, proclaimed the queen.  
“This, this is she,” the Vánar cried,  
“Fair as the moon and lotus-eyed,  
I saw the giant Rávan bear  
A captive through the fields of air.  
Such was the beauty of the dame;  
Her form, her lips, her eyes the same.  
This peerless queen whom I behold  
Is Ráma's wife with limbs of gold.  
Best of the sons of men is he,  
And worthy of her lord is she.”

Then, all his thoughts on Sítá bent,  
 The Vánar chieftain made lament:  
 “The queen to Ráma's soul endeared,  
 By Lakshman's pious heart revered,  
 Lies here,—for none may strive with Fate,  
 A captive, sad and desolate.  
 The brothers' might full well she knows,  
 And bravely bears the storm of woes,  
 As swelling Gangá in the rains  
 The rush of every flood sustains.  
 Her lord, for her, fierce Bálí slew,  
 Virádha's monstrous might o'erthrew,  
 For her the fourteen thousand slain  
 In Janasthán bedewed the plain.  
 And if for her Ikshváku's son  
 Destroyed the world 'twere nobly done.  
 This, this is she, so far renowned,  
 Who sprang from out the furrowed ground,<sup>823</sup>  
 Child of the high-souled king whose sway  
 The men of Míthilá obey:  
 The glorious lady wooed and won  
 By Daśaratha's noblest son;  
 And now these sad eyes look on her  
 Mid hostile fiends a prisoner.  
 From home and every bliss she fled  
 By wifely love and duty led,  
 And heedless of a wanderer's woes,  
 A life in lonely forests chose.  
 This, this is she so fair of mould.  
 Whose limbs are bright as burnished gold.  
 Whose voice was ever soft and mild,  
 Who sweetly spoke and sweetly smiled.

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<sup>823</sup> Sítá “not of woman born,” was found by King Janak as he was turning up the ground in preparation for a sacrifice. See Book II, Canto CXVIII.

O, what is Rámá's misery! how  
He longs to see his darling now!  
Pining for one of her fond looks  
As one athirst for water brooks.  
Absorbed in woe the lady sees  
No Rákshas guard, no blooming trees.  
Her eyes are with her thoughts, and they  
Are fixed on Rámá far away.”

## Canto XVII. Sítá's Guard.

His pitying eyes with tears bedewed,  
The weeping queen again he viewed,  
And saw around the prisoner stand  
Her demon guard, a fearful band.  
Some earless, some with ears that hung  
Low as their feet and loosely swung:  
Some fierce with single ears and eyes,  
Some dwarfish, some of monstrous size:  
Some with their dark necks long and thin  
With hair upon the knotty skin:  
Some with wild locks, some bald and bare,  
Some covered o'er with bristly hair:  
Some tall and straight, some bowed and bent  
With every foul disfigurement:  
All black and fierce with eyes of fire,  
Ruthless and stern and swift to ire:  
Some with the jackal's jaw and nose,  
Some faced like boars and buffaloes:  
Some with the heads of goats and kine,  
Of elephants, and dogs, and swine:

With lions' lips and horses' brows,  
 They walked with feet of mules and cows:  
 Swords, maces, clubs, and spears they bore  
 In hideous hands that reeked with gore,  
 And, never sated, turned afresh  
 To bowls of wine and piles of flesh.  
 Such were the awful guards who stood  
 Round Sítá in that lovely wood,  
 While in her lonely sorrow she  
 Wept sadly neath a spreading tree.  
 He watched the spouse of Rámá there  
 Regardless of her tangled hair,  
 Her jewels stripped from neck and limb,  
 Decked only with her love of him.

## Canto XVIII. Rávan.

While from his shelter in the boughs  
 The Vánar looked on Rámá's spouse  
 He heard the gathered giants raise  
 The solemn hymn of prayer and praise.—  
 Priests skilled in rite and ritual, who  
 The Vedas and their branches<sup>824</sup> knew.  
 Then, as loud strains of music broke  
 His sleep, the giant monarch woke.  
 Swift to his heart the thought returned

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<sup>824</sup> The six *Angas* or subordinate branches of the Vedas are 1. *Sikshá*, the science of proper articulation and pronunciation: 2. *Chandas*, metre: 3. *Vyákarana*, linguistic analysis or grammar: 4. *Nirukta*, explanation of difficult Vedic words: 5. *Jyotishṭom*, Astronomy, or rather the Vedic Calendar: 6. *Kalpa*, ceremonial.

Of the fair queen for whom he burned;  
 Nor could the amorous fiend control  
 The passion that absorbed his soul.  
 In all his brightest garb arrayed  
 He hastened to that lovely shade,  
 Where glowed each choicest flower and fruit,  
 And the sweet birds were never mute,  
 And tall deer bent their heads to drink  
 On the fair streamlet's grassy brink.  
 Near that Aśoka grove he drew,—  
 A hundred dames his retinue.  
 Like Indra with the thousand eyes  
 Girt with the beauties of the skies.  
 Some walked beside their lord to hold  
 The chouries, fans, and lamps of gold.  
 And others purest water bore  
 In golden urns, and paced before.  
 Some carried, piled on golden plates,  
 Delicious food of dainty cates;  
 Some wine in massive bowls whereon  
 The fairest gems resplendent shone.  
 Some by the monarch's side displayed,  
 Wrought like a swan, a silken shade:  
 Another beauty walked behind,  
 The sceptre to her care assigned.  
 Around the monarch gleamed the crowd  
 As lightnings flash about a cloud,  
 And each made music as she went  
 With zone and tinkling ornament.  
 Attended thus in royal state  
 The monarch reached the garden gate,  
 While gold and silver torches, fed  
 With scented oil a soft light shed.<sup>825</sup>

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<sup>825</sup> There appears to be some confusion of time here. It was already morning

He, while the flame of fierce desire  
 Burnt in his eyes like kindled fire,  
 Seemed Love incarnate in his pride,  
 His bow and arrows laid aside.<sup>826</sup>  
 His robe, from spot and blemish free  
 Like Amrit foamy from the sea,<sup>827</sup>  
 Hung down in many a loosened fold  
 Inwrought with flowers and bright with gold.  
 The Vánar from his station viewed,  
 Amazed, the wondrous multitude,  
 Where, in the centre of that ring  
 Of noblest women, stood the king,  
 As stands the full moon fair to view,  
 Girt by his starry retinue.

## Canto XIX. Sítá's Fear.

Then o'er the lady's soul and frame  
 A sudden fear and trembling came,  
 When, glowing in his youthful pride,  
 She saw the monarch by her side.  
 Silent she sat, her eyes depressed,  
 Her soft arms folded o'er her breast,  
 And,—all she could,—her beauties screened  
 From the bold gazes of the fiend.

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when Hanumán entered the grove, and the torches would be needless.

<sup>826</sup> Rávan is one of those beings who can “climb them as they will,” and can of course assume the loveliest form to please human eyes as well as the terrific shape that suits the king of the Rákshases.

<sup>827</sup> White and lovely as the Arant or nectar recovered from the depths of the Milky Sea when churned by the assembled Gods. See Book I, Canto XLV.

There where the wild she-demons kept  
Their watch around, she sighed and wept.  
Then, like a severed bough, she lay  
Prone on the bare earth in dismay.  
The while her thoughts on love's fleet wings  
Flew to her lord the best of kings.  
She fell upon the ground, and there  
Lay struggling with her wild despair,  
Sad as a lady born again  
To misery and woe and pain,  
Now doomed to grief and low estate,  
Once noble fair and delicate:  
Like faded light of holy lore,  
Like Hope when all her dreams are o'er;  
Like ruined power and rank debased,  
Like majesty of kings disgraced:  
Like worship foiled by erring slips,  
The moon that labours in eclipse;  
A pool with all her lilies dead,  
An army when its king has fled:  
So sad and helpless wan and worn,  
She lay among the fiends forlorn.

## Canto XX. Rávan's Wooing.

With amorous look and soft address  
The fiend began his suit to press:  
“Why wouldst thou, lady lotus-eyed,  
From my fond glance those beauties hide?  
Mine eager suit no more repel:  
But love me, for I love thee well.

Dismiss, sweet dame, dismiss thy fear;  
 No giant and no man is near.  
 Ours is the right by force to seize  
 What dames soe'er our fancy please.<sup>828</sup>  
 But I with rude hands will not touch  
 A lady whom I love so much.  
 Fear not, dear queen: no fear is nigh:  
 Come, on thy lover's love rely,  
 Some little sign of favor show,  
 Nor lie enamoured of thy woe.  
 Those limbs upon that cold earth laid,  
 Those tresses twined in single braid,<sup>829</sup>  
 The fast and woe that wear thy frame,  
 Beseeem not thee, O beauteous dame.  
 For thee the fairest wreaths were meant,  
 The sandal and the aloe's scent,  
 Rich ornaments and pearls of price,  
 And vesture meet for Paradise.  
 With dainty cates shouldst thou be fed,  
 And rest upon a sumptuous bed.  
 And festive joys to thee belong,  
 The music, and the dance and song.  
 Rise, pearl of women, rise and deck  
 With gems and chains thine arms and neck.  
 Shall not the dame I love be seen  
 In vesture worthy of a queen?

---

<sup>828</sup> Rávan in his magic car carrying off the most beautiful women reminds us of the magician in *Orlando Furioso*, possessor of the flying horse.

“Volando talor s'alza ne le stelle,  
 E poi quasi talor la terra rade;  
 E ne porta con lui tutte le belle  
 Donne che trova per quelle contrade.”

<sup>829</sup> Indian women twisted their long hair in a single braid as a sign of mourning for their absent husbands.

Methinks when thy sweet form was made  
 His hand the wise Creator stayed;  
 For never more did he design  
 A beauty meet to rival thine.  
 Come, let us love while yet we may,  
 For youth will fly and charms decay,  
 Come cast thy grief and fear aside,  
 And be my love, my chosen bride.  
 The gems and jewels that my hand  
 Has reft from every plundered land,—  
 To thee I give them all this day,  
 And at thy feet my kingdom lay.  
 The broad rich earth will I o'errun,  
 And leave no town unconquered, none;  
 Then of the whole an offering make  
 To Janak,<sup>830</sup> dear, for thy sweet sake.  
 In all the world no power I see  
 Of God or man can strive with me.  
 Of old the Gods and Asurs set  
 In terrible array I met:  
 Their scattered hosts to earth I beat,  
 And trod their flags beneath my feet.  
 Come, taste of bliss and drink thy fill,  
 And rule the slave who serves thy will.  
 Think not of wretched Ráma: he  
 Is less than nothing now to thee.  
 Stript of his glory, poor, dethroned,  
 A wanderer by his friends disowned,  
 On the cold earth he lays his head,  
 Or is with toil and misery dead.  
 And if perchance he lingers yet,  
 His eyes on thee shall ne'er be set.

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<sup>830</sup> Janak, king of Míthilá, was Sítá's father.

Could he, that mighty monarch, who  
 Was named Hiranyaśipu,  
 Could he who wore the garb of gold  
 Win Glory back from Indra's hold?<sup>831</sup>  
 O lady of the lovely smile,  
 Whose eyes the sternest heart beguile,  
 In all thy radiant beauty dressed  
 My heart and soul thou ravishest.  
 What though thy robe is soiled and worn,  
 And no bright gems thy limbs adorn,  
 Thou unadorned art dearer far  
 Than all my loveliest consorts are.  
 My royal home is bright and fair;  
 A thousand beauties meet me there,  
 But come, my glorious love, and be  
 The queen of all those dames and me.”

## Canto XXI. Sítá's Scorn.

She thought upon her lord and sighed,  
 And thus in gentle tones replied:  
 “Beseems thee not, O King, to woo  
 A matron, to her husband true.  
 Thus vainly one might hope by sin  
 And evil deeds success to win.  
 Shall I, so highly born, disgrace  
 My husband's house, my royal race?

---

<sup>831</sup> Hiranyaśipu was a king of the Daityas celebrated for his blasphemous impieties. When his pious son Prahlada praised Vishṇu the Daitya tried to kill him, when the God appeared in the incarnation of the man-lion and tore the tyrant to pieces.

Shall I, a true and loyal dame,  
Defile my soul with deed of shame?"

Then on the king her back she turned,  
And answered thus the prayer she spurned:  
"Turn, Rávan, turn thee from thy sin;  
Seek virtue's paths and walk therein.  
To others dames be honour shown;  
Protect them as thou wouldest thine own.  
Taught by thyself, from wrong abstain  
Which, wrought on thee, thy heart would pain.<sup>832</sup>  
Beware: this lawless love of thine  
Will ruin thee and all thy line;  
And for thy sin, thy sin alone,  
Will Lanká perish overthrown.  
Dream not that wealth and power can sway  
My heart from duty's path to stray.  
Linked like the Day-God and his shine,  
I am my lord's and he is mine.  
Repent thee of thine impious deed;  
To Ráma's side his consort lead.  
Be wise; the hero's friendship gain,  
Nor perish in his fury slain.  
Go, ask the God of Death to spare,  
Or red bolt flashing through the air,  
But look in vain for spell or charm  
To stay my Ráma's vengeful arm.  
Thou, when the hero bends his bow,  
Shalt hear the clang that heralds woe,  
Loud as the clash when clouds are rent

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<sup>832</sup> Do unto others as thou wouldest they should do unto thee, is a precept frequently occurring in the old Indian poems. This charity is to embrace not human beings only, but bird and beast as well: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

And Indra's bolt to earth is sent.  
 Then shall his furious shafts be sped,  
 Each like a snake with fiery head,  
 And in their flight shall hiss and flame  
 Marked with the mighty archer's name.<sup>833</sup>  
 Then in the fiery deluge all  
 Thy giants round their king shall fall."

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## Canto XXII. Rávan's Threat.

Then anger swelled in Rávaṇ's breast,  
 Who fiercely thus the dame addressed:  
 "Tis ever thus: in vain we sue  
 To woman, and her favour woo.  
 A lover's humble words impel  
 Her wayward spirit to rebel.  
 The love of thee that fills my soul  
 Still keeps my anger in control,  
 As charioteers with bit and rein  
 The swerving of the steed restrain.  
 The love that rules me bids me spare  
 Thy forfeit life, O thou most fair.  
 For this, O Sítá, have I borne

---

<sup>833</sup> It was the custom of Indian warriors to mark their arrows with their ciphers or names, and it seems to have been regarded as a point of honour to give an enemy the satisfaction of knowing who had shot at him. This passage however contains, if my memory serves me well, the first mention in the poem of this practice, and as arrows have been so frequently mentioned and described with almost every conceivable epithet, its occurrence here seems suspicious. No mention of, or allusion to writing has hitherto occurred in the poem.

The keen reproach, the bitter scorn,  
 And the fond love thou boastest yet  
 For that poor wandering anchoret;  
 Else had the words which thou hast said  
 Brought death upon thy guilty head.  
 Two months, fair dame, I grant thee still  
 To bend thee to thy lover's will.  
 If when that respite time is fled  
 Thou still refuse to share my bed,  
 My cooks shall mince thy limbs with steel  
 And serve thee for my morning meal.”<sup>834</sup>

The minstrel daughters of the skies  
 Looked on her woe with pitying eyes,  
 And sun-bright children of the Gods<sup>835</sup>  
 Consoled the queen with smiles and nods.  
 She saw, and with her heart at ease,  
 Addressed the fiend in words like these;  
 “Hast thou no friend to love thee, none  
 In all this isle to bid thee shun  
 The ruin which thy crime will bring  
 On thee and thine, O impious King?  
 Who in all worlds save thee could woo  
 Me, Ráma's consort pure and true,  
 As though he tempted with his love  
 Queen Sachi<sup>836</sup> on her throne above?  
 How canst thou hope, vile wretch, to fly  
 The vengeance that e'en now is nigh,  
 When thou hast dared, untouched by shame,  
 To press thy suit on Ráma's dame?

<sup>834</sup> This threat in the same words occurs in Book III, Canto LVI.

<sup>835</sup> Rávaṇ carried off and kept in his palace not only earthly princesses but the daughters of Gods and Gandharvas.

<sup>836</sup> The wife of Indra.

Where woods are thick and grass is high  
 A lion and a hare may lie;  
 My Ráma is the lion, thou  
 Art the poor hare beneath the bough.  
 Thou raillest at the lord of men,  
 But wilt not stand within his ken.  
 What! is that eye unstricken yet  
 Whose impious glance on me was set?  
 Still moves that tongue that would not spare  
 The wife of Daśaratha's heir?"

Then, hissing like a furious snake,  
 The fiend again to Sítá spake:  
 "Deaf to all prayers and threats art thou,  
 Devoted to thy senseless vow.  
 No longer respite will I give,  
 And thou this day shalt cease to live;  
 For I, as sunlight kills the morn,  
 Will slay thee for thy scathe and scorn."

The Rákshas guard was summoned: all  
 The monstrous crew obeyed the call,  
 And hastened to the king to take  
 The orders which he fiercely spake:  
 "See that ye guard her well, and tame,  
 Like some wild thing, the stubborn dame,  
 Until her haughty soul be bent  
 By mingled threat and blandishment."<sup>837</sup>

The monsters heard: away he strode,  
 And passed within his queens' abode.

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<sup>837</sup> These four lines have occurred before. Book III, Canto LVI.

## Canto XXIII. The Demons' Threats.

Then round the helpless Sítá drew  
 With fiery eyes the hideous crew,  
 And thus assailed her, all and each,  
 With insult, taunt, and threatening speech:  
 “What! can it be thou prizest not  
 This happy chance, this glorious lot,  
 To be the chosen wife of one  
 So strong and great, Pulastya's son?  
 Pulastya—thus have sages told—  
 Is mid the Lords of Life<sup>838</sup> enrolled.  
 Lord Brahmá's mind-born son was he,  
 Fourth of that glorious company.  
 Viśravas from Pulastya sprang,—  
 Through all the worlds his glory rang.  
 And of Viśravas, large-eyed dame!  
 Our king the mighty Rávaṇ came.  
 His happy consort thou mayst be:  
 Scorn not the words we say to thee.”

One awful demon, fiery-eyed,  
 Stood by the Maithil queen and cried:  
 'Come and be his, if thou art wise,  
 Who smote the sovereign of the skies,  
 And made the thirty Gods and three,<sup>839</sup>  
 O'ercome in furious battle, flee.

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<sup>838</sup> Prajápatis are the ten lords of created beings first created by Brahmá; somewhat like the Demiurgi of the Gnostics.

<sup>839</sup> “This is the number of the Vedic divinities mentioned in the Rig-veda. In Ashṭaka I. Súkta XXXIV, the Rishi Hiranyakástúpa invoking the Aśvins says: Á Násatyá tribhirekádaśairiha devebniryátam: ‘O Násatya (Aśvins) come hither with the thrice eleven Gods.’ And in Súkta XLV, the Rishi Praskanva addressing his hymn to Agni (ignis, fire), thus invokes him: ‘Lord of the red steeds,

Thy lover turns away with scorn  
 From wives whom grace and youth adorn.  
 Thou art his chosen consort, thou  
 Shall be his pride and darling now.”

Another, Vikatá by name,  
 In words like these addressed the dame:  
 “The king whose blows, in fury dealt,  
 The Nágas<sup>840</sup> and Gandharvas<sup>841</sup> felt,  
 In battle's fiercest brunt subdued,  
 Has stood by thee and humbly wooed.  
 And wilt thou in thy folly miss  
 The glory of a love like this?  
 Scared by his eye the sun grows chill,  
 The wanderer wind is hushed and still.  
 The rains at his command descend,  
 And trees with new-blown blossoms bend.  
 His word the hosts of demons fear,  
 And wilt thou, dame, refuse to hear?  
 Be counselled; with his will comply,  
 Or, lady, thou shalt surely die.”

propitiated by our prayers lead hither the thirty-three Gods.’ This number must certainly have been the actual number in the early days of the Vedic religion: although it appears probable enough that the thirty-three Vedic divinities could not then be found co-ordinated in so systematic a way as they were arranged more recently by the authors of the Upanishads. In the later ages of Bramanism the number went on increasing without measure by successive mythical and religious creations which peopled the Indian Olympus with abstract beings of every kind. But through lasting veneration of the word of the Veda the custom regained of giving the name of ‘the thirty-three Gods’ to the immense phalanx of the multiplied deities.” GORRESIO.{FNS

<sup>840</sup> Serpent-Gods who dwell in the regions under the earth.

<sup>841</sup> In the mythology of the epics the Gandharvas are the heavenly singers or musicians who form the orchestra at the banquets of the Gods, and they belong to the heaven of India in whose battles they share.

## Canto XXIV. Sítá's Reply.

Still with reproaches rough and rude  
Those fiends the gentle queen pursued:  
“What! can so fair a life displease,  
To dwell with him in joyous ease?  
Dwell in his bowers a happy queen  
In silk and gold and jewels' sheen?  
Still must thy woman fancy cling  
To Ráma and reject our king?  
Die in thy folly, or forget  
That wretched wandering anchorét.  
Come, Sítá, in luxurious bowers  
Spend with our lord thy happy hours;  
The mighty lord who makes his own  
The treasures of the worlds o'erthrown.”

Then, as a tear bedewed her eye,  
The hapless lady made reply:  
“I loathe, with heart and soul detest  
The shameful life your words suggest.  
Eat, if you will, this mortal frame:  
My soul rejects the sin and shame.  
A homeless wanderer though he be,  
In him my lord, my life I see,  
And, till my earthly days be done,  
Will cling to great Ikshváku's son.”

Then with fierce eyes on Sítá set  
 They cried again with taunt and threat:  
 Each licking with her fiery tongue  
 The lip that to her bosom hung,  
 And menacing the lady's life  
 With axe, or spear or murderous knife:  
 "Hear, Sítá, and our words obey,  
 Or perish by our hands to-day.  
 Thy love for Raghu's son forsake,  
 And Rávan for thy husband take,  
 Or we will rend thy limbs apart  
 And banquet on thy quivering heart.  
 Now from her body strike the head,  
 And tell the king the dame is dead.  
 Then by our lord's commandment she  
 A banquet for our band shall be.  
 Come, let the wine be quickly brought  
 That frees each heart from saddening thought.  
 Then to the western gate repair,  
 And we will dance and revel there."

## Canto XXV. Sítá's Lament.

On the bare earth the lady sank,  
 And trembling from their presence shrank  
 Like a strayed fawn, when night is dark,  
 And hungry wolves around her bark.

Then to a shady tree she crept,  
 And thought upon her lord and wept.  
 By fear and bitter woe oppressed  
 She bathed the beauties of her breast  
 With her hot tears' incessant flow,  
 And found no respite from her woe.  
 As shakes a plantain in the breeze  
 She shook, and fell on trembling knees;  
 While at each demon's furious look  
 Her cheek its native hue forsook.  
 She lay and wept and made her moan  
 In sorrow's saddest undertone,  
 And, wild with grief, with fear appalled,  
 On Rámá and his brother called:  
 "O dear Kauśalyá,<sup>842</sup> hear me cry!  
 Sweet Queen Sumitrá,<sup>843</sup> list my sigh!  
 True is the saw the wise declare:  
 Death comes not to relieve despair.  
 'Tis vain for dame or man to pray;  
 Death will not hear before his day;  
 Since I, from Rámá's sight debarred,  
 And tortured by my cruel guard,  
 Still live in hopeless woe to grieve  
 And loathe the life I may not leave,  
 Here, like a poor deserted thing,  
 My limbs upon the ground I fling,  
 And, like a bark beneath the blast,  
 Shall sink oppressed with woes at last.  
 Ah, blest are they, supremely blest,  
 Whose eyes upon my lord may rest;  
 Who mark his lion port, and hear  
 His gentle speech that charms the ear.

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<sup>842</sup> The mother of Rámá.

<sup>843</sup> The mother of Lakshmaṇ.

Alas, what antenatal crime,  
What trespass of forgotten time  
Weighs on my soul, and bids me bow  
Beneath this load of misery now?"

## Canto XXVI. Sítá's Lament.

"I Ráma's wife, on that sad day,  
By Rávaṇ's arm was borne away,  
Seized, while I sat and feared no ill,  
By him who wears each form at will.  
A helpless captive, left forlorn  
To demons' threats and taunts and scorn,  
Here for my lord I weep and sigh,  
And worn with woe would gladly die.  
For what is life to me afar  
From Ráma of the mighty car?  
The robber in his fruitless sin  
Would hope his captive's love to win.  
My meaner foot shall never touch  
The demon whom I loathe so much.  
The senseless fool! he knows me not,  
Nor the proud soul his love would blot.  
Yea, limb from limb will I be rent,  
But never to his prayer consent;  
Be burnt and perish in the fire,  
But never meet his base desire.  
My lord was grateful, true and wise,  
And looked on woe with pitying eyes;  
But now, recoiling from the strife  
He pities not his captive wife.

Alone in Janasthán he slew  
The thousands of the Rákshas crew.  
His arm was strong, his heart was brave,  
Why comes he not to free and save?  
Why blame my lord in vain surmise?  
He knows not where his lady lies.  
O, if he knew, o'er land and sea  
His feet were swift to set me free;  
This Lanká, girdled by the deep,  
Would fall consumed, a shapeless heap,  
And from each ruined home would rise  
A Rákshas widow's groans and cries."

## Canto XXVII. Trijatá's Dream.

Their threats unfear'd, their counsel spurned,  
The demons' breasts with fury burned.  
Some sought the giant king to bear  
The tale of Sítá's fixt despair.  
With threats and taunts renewed the rest  
Around the weeping lady pressed.  
But Trijatá, of softer mould,  
A Rákshas matron wise and old,  
With pity for the captive moved,  
In words like these the fiends reproved:  
"Me, me," she cried, "eat me, but spare  
The spouse of Daśaratha's heir.  
Last night I dreamt a dream; and still  
The fear and awe my bosom chill;  
For in that dream I saw foreshown  
Our race by Ráma's hand o'erthrown.

I saw a chariot high in air,  
 Of ivory exceeding fair.  
 A hundred steeds that chariot drew  
 As swiftly through the clouds it flew,  
 And, clothed in white, with wreaths that shone,  
 The sons of Raghu rode thereon.  
 I looked and saw this lady here,  
 Clad in the purest white, appear  
 High on the snow white hill whose feet  
 The angry waves of ocean beat.  
 And she and Ráma met at last  
 Like light and sun when night is past.  
 Again I saw them side by side.  
 On Rávaṇ's car they seemed to ride,  
 And with the princely Lakshmaṇ flee  
 To northern realms beyond the sea.  
 [411] Then Rávaṇ, shaved and shorn, besmeared  
 With oil from head to foot, appeared.  
 He quaffed, he raved: his robes were red:  
 Fierce was his eye, and bare his head.  
 I saw him from his chariot thrust;  
 I saw him rolling in the dust.  
 A woman came and dragged away  
 The stricken giant where he lay,  
 And on a car which asses drew  
 The monarch of our race she threw.  
 He rose erect, he danced and laughed,  
 With thirsty lips the oil he quaffed,  
 Then with wild eyes and streaming mouth  
 Sped on the chariot to the south.<sup>844</sup>  
 Then, dropping oil from every limb,  
 His sons the princes followed him,

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<sup>844</sup> In the south is the region of Yáma the God of Death, the place of departed spirits.

And Kumbhakarṇa,<sup>845</sup> shaved and shorn,  
 Was southward on a camel borne.  
 Then royal Lanká reeled and fell  
 With gate and tower and citadel.  
 This ancient city, far-renowned:  
 All life within her walls was drowned;  
 And the wild waves of ocean rolled  
 O'er Lanká and her streets of gold.  
 Warned by these signs I bid you fly;  
 Or by the hand of Ráma die,  
 Whose vengeance will not spare the life  
 Of one who vexed his faithful wife.  
 Your bitter taunts and threats forgo:  
 Comfort the lady in her woe,  
 And humbly pray her to forgive;  
 For so you may be spared and live.”

[I omit the 28th and 29th Cantos as an unmistakeable interpolation. Instead of advancing the story it goes back to Canto XVII, containing a lamentation of Sítá after Rávaṇ has left her, and describes the auspicious signs sent to cheer her, the throbbing of her left eye, arm, and side. The Canto is found in the Bengal recension. Gorresio translates it. and observes: “I think that Chapter XXVIII.—The Auspicious Signs—is an addition, a later interpolation by the Rhapsodists. It has no bond of connexion either with what precedes or follows it, and may be struck out not only without injury to, but positively to the advantage of the poem. The metre in which this chapter is written differs from that which is generally adopted in the course of the poem.”]

## Canto XXX. Hanumán's Deliberation.

<sup>845</sup> Kumbhakarṇa was one of Rávaṇ's brothers.

The Vánar watched concealed: each word  
 Of Sítá and the fiends he heard,  
 And in a maze of anxious thought  
 His quick-conceiving bosom wrought.  
 “At length my watchful eyes have seen,  
 Pursued so long, the Maithil queen,  
 Sought by our Vánar hosts in vain  
 From east to west, from main to main.  
 A cautious spy have I explored  
 The palace of the Rákshas lord,  
 And thoroughly learned, concealed from sight,  
 The giant monarch's power and might.  
 And now my task must be to cheer  
 The royal dame who sorrows here.  
 For if I go, and soothe her not,  
 A captive in this distant spot,  
 She, when she finds no comfort nigh,  
 Will sink beneath her woes and die.  
 How shall my tale, if unconsoled  
 I leave her, be to Rámá told?  
 How shall I answer Raghu's son,  
 “No message from my darling, none?”  
 The husband's wrath, to fury fanned,  
 Will scorch me lifeless where I stand,  
 Or if I urge my lord the king  
 To Lanká's isle his hosts to bring,  
 In vain will be his zeal, in vain  
 The toil, the danger, and the pain.  
 Yea, this occasion must I seize  
 That from her guard the lady frees,<sup>846</sup>  
 To win her ear with soft address  
 And whisper hope in dire distress.

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<sup>846</sup> The guards are still in the grove, but they are asleep; and Sítá has crept to a tree at some distance from them.

Shall I, a puny Vánar, choose  
 The Sanskrit men delight to use?  
 If, as a man of Bráhman kind,  
 I speak the tongue by rules refined,  
 The lady, yielding to her fears,  
 Will think 'tis Rávan's voice she hears.  
 I must assume my only plan—  
 The language of a common<sup>847</sup> man.  
 Yet, if the lady sees me nigh,  
 In terror she will start and cry;  
 And all the demon band, alarmed,  
 Will come with various weapons armed,  
 With their wild shouts the grove will fill,  
 And strive to take me, or to kill.  
 And, at my death or capture, dies  
 The hope of Ráma's enterprise.  
 For none can leap, save only me,  
 A hundred leagues across the sea.  
 It is a sin in me, I own,  
 To talk with Janak's child alone.  
 Yet greater is the sin if I  
 Be silent, and the lady die.  
 First I will utter Ráma's name,  
 And laud the hero's gifts and fame.  
 Perchance the name she holds so dear

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<sup>847</sup> “As the reason assigned in these passages for not addressing Sítá in Sanskrit such as a Bráhman would use is not that she would not understand it, but that it would alarm her and be unsuitable to the speaker, we must take them as indicating that Sanskrit, if not spoken by women of the upper classes at the time when the Rámáyaṇa was written (whenever that may have been), was at least understood by them, and was commonly spoken by men of the priestly class, and other educated persons. By the Sanskrit proper to an [ordinary] man, alluded to in the second passage, may perhaps be understood not a language in which words different from Sanskrit were used, but the employment of formal and elaborate diction.” MUIR'S {FNS *Sanskrit Texts*, Part II. p. 166.

Will soothe the faithful lady's fear."

## Canto XXXI. Hanumán's Speech.

Then in sweet accents low and mild  
 The Vánar spoke to Janak's child:  
 "A noble king, by sin unstained,  
 The mighty Daśaratha reigned.  
 Lord of the warrior's car and steed,  
 The pride of old Ikshváku's seed.  
 A faithful friend, a blameless king,  
 Protector of each living thing.  
 A glorious monarch, strong to save,  
 Blest with the bliss he freely gave.  
 His son, the best of all who know  
 The science of the bended bow,  
 Was moon-bright Ráma, brave and strong,  
 Who loved the right and loathed the wrong,  
 Who ne'er from kingly duty swerved,  
 Loved by the lands his might preserved.  
 His feet the path of law pursued;  
 His arm rebellious foes subdued.  
 His sire's command the prince obeyed  
 And, banished, sought the forest shade,  
 Where with his wife and brother he  
 Wandered a saintly devotee.  
 There as he roamed the wilds he slew  
 The bravest of the Rákshas crew.  
 The giant king the prince beguiled,  
 And stole his consort, Janak's child.  
 Then Ráma roamed the country round,

And a firm friend, Sugríva, found,  
 Lord of the Vánar race, expelled  
 From his own realm which Báli held,  
 He conquered Báli and restored  
 The kingdom to the rightful lord.  
 Then by Sugríva's high decree  
 The Vánar legions searched for thee,  
 Sampáti's counsel bade me leap  
 A hundred leagues across the deep.  
 And now my happy eyes have seen  
 At last the long-sought Maithil queen.  
 Such was the form, the eye, the grace  
 Of her whom Ráma bade me trace."

He ceased: her flowing locks she drew  
 To shield her from a stranger's view;  
 Then, trembling in her wild surprise,  
 Raised to the tree her anxious eyes.

## Canto XXXII. Sítá's Doubt.

Her eyes the Maithil lady raised  
 And on the monkey speaker gazed.  
 She looked, and trembling at the sight  
 Wept bitter tears in wild affright.  
 She shrank a while with fear distraught,  
 Then, nerved again, the lady thought:  
 "Is this a dream mine eyes have seen,  
 This creature, by our laws unclean?  
 O, may the Gods keep Ráma, still,  
 And Lakshmaṇ, and my sire, from ill!

It is no dream: I have not slept,  
 But, trouble-worn, have watched and wept  
 Afar from that dear lord of mine  
 For whom in ceaseless woe I pine,  
 No art may soothe my wild distress  
 Or lull me to forgetfulness.  
 I see but him: my lips can frame  
 No syllable but Ráma's name.  
 Each sight I see, each sound I hear,  
 Brings Ráma to mine eye or ear,  
 The wish was in my heart, and hence  
 The sweet illusion mocked my sense.  
 'Twas but a phantom of the mind,  
 And yet the voice was soft and kind.  
 Be glory to the Eternal Sire,<sup>848</sup>  
 Be glory to the Lord of Fire,  
 The mighty Teacher in the skies,<sup>849</sup>  
 And Indra with his thousand eyes,  
 And may they grant the truth to be  
 E'en as the words that startled me."

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## Canto XXXIII. The Colloquy.

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<sup>848</sup> Svayambhu, the Self-existent, Brahmá.

<sup>849</sup> Vṛihaspati or Váchaspati, the Lord of Speech and preceptor of the Gods.

Down from the tree Hanumán came  
 And humbly stood before the dame.  
 Then joining reverent palm to palm  
 Addressed her thus with words of balm:  
 "Why should the tears of sorrow rise,  
 Sweet lady, to those lovely eyes,  
 As when the wind-swept river floods  
 Two half expanded lotus buds?  
 Who art thou, O most fair of face?  
 Of Asur,<sup>850</sup> or celestial race?  
 Did Nága mother give thee birth?  
 For sure thou art no child of earth.  
 Do Rudras<sup>851</sup> claim that heavenly form?  
 Or the swift Gods<sup>852</sup> who ride the storm?  
 Or art thou Rohiní<sup>853</sup> the blest,  
 That star more lovely than the rest,—  
 Reft from the Moon thou lovest well  
 And doomed a while on earth to dwell?  
 Or canst thou, fairest wonder, be  
 The starry queen Arundhatí,<sup>854</sup>  
 Fled in thy wrath or jealous pride  
 From her dear lord Vaśishṭha's side?  
 Who is the husband, father, son  
 Or brother, O thou loveliest one,  
 Gone from this world in heaven to dwell,  
 For whom those eyes with weeping swell?  
 Yet, by the tears those sweet eyes shed,

<sup>850</sup> The Asurs were the fierce enemies of the Gods.

<sup>851</sup> The Rudras are manifestations of Śiva.

<sup>852</sup> The Maruts or Storm Gods.

<sup>853</sup> Rohiní is an asterism personified as the daughter of Daksha and the favourite wife of the Moon. The chief star in the constellation is Aldebaran.

<sup>854</sup> Arundhatí was the wife of the great sage Vaśishṭha, and regarded as the pattern of conjugal excellence. She was raised to the heavens as one of the Pleiades.

Yet, by the earth that bears thy tread,<sup>855</sup>  
 By calling on a monarch's name,  
 No Goddess but a royal dame.  
 Art thou the queen, fair lady, say,  
 Whom Rávaṇ stole and bore away?  
 Yea, by that agony of woe,  
 That form unrivalled here below,  
 That votive garb, thou art, I ween,  
 King Janak's child and Ráma's queen.”

Hope at the name of Ráma woke,  
 And thus the gentle lady spoke:  
 “I am that Sítá wooed and won  
 By Daśaratha's royal son,  
 The noblest of Ikshváku's line;  
 And every earthly joy was mine.  
 But Ráma left his royal home  
 In Daṇḍak's tangled wilds to roam.  
 Where with Sumitrá's son and me,  
 He lived a saintly devotee.  
 The giant Rávaṇ came with guile  
 And bore me thence to Lanká's isle.  
 Some respite yet the fiend allows,  
 Two months of life, to Ráma's spouse.  
 Two moons of hopeless woe remain,  
 And then the captive will be slain.”

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<sup>855</sup> The Gods do not shed tears; nor do they touch the ground when they walk or stand. Similarly Milton's angels marched above the ground and “the passive air upbore their nimble tread.” Virgil's “vera incessu patuit dea” may refer to the same belief.

## Canto XXXIV. Hanumán's Speech.

Thus spoke the dame in mournful mood,  
And Hanumán his speech renewed:  
“O lady, by thy lord's decree  
I come a messenger to thee.  
Thy lord is safe with steadfast friends,  
And greeting to his queen he sends,  
And Lakshmaṇ, ever faithful bows  
His reverent head to Ráma's spouse.”

Through all her frame the rapture ran,  
As thus again the dame began:  
“Now verily the truth I know  
Of the wise saw of long ago:  
“Once only in a hundred years  
True joy to living man appears.”

He marked her rapture-beaming hue,  
And nearer to the lady drew,  
But at each onward step he took  
Suspicious fear her spirit shook.  
“Alas, Alas,” she cried in fear.  
“False is the tale I joyed to hear.  
'Tis Rávaṇ, 'tis the fiend, who tries  
To mock me with a new disguise.  
If thou, to wring my woman's heart,  
Hast changed thy shape by magic art,  
And wouldest a helpless dame beguile,  
The wicked deed is doubly vile.  
But no: that fiend thou canst not be:  
Such joy I had from seeing thee.  
But if my fancy does not err,  
And thou art Ráma's messenger,

The glories of my lord repeat:  
For to these ears such words are sweet."

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The Vánar knew the lady's thought,<sup>856</sup>  
And gave the answer fondly sought:  
"Bright as the sun that lights the sky  
Dear as the Moon to every eye.  
He scatters blessings o'er the land  
Like bounties from Vaiśravaṇ's<sup>857</sup> hand.  
Like Viṣṇu strong and unsubdued,  
Unmatched in might and fortitude.  
Wise, truthful as the Lord of Speech,  
With gentle words he welcomes each.  
Of noblest mould and form is he,  
Like love's incarnate deity.  
He quells the fury of the foe,  
And strikes when justice prompts the blow.  
Safe in the shadow of his arm  
The world is kept from scathe and harm.  
Now soon shall Rávaṇ rue his theft,  
And fall, of realm and life bereft.  
For Ráma's wrathful hand shall wing  
His shafts against the giant king.  
The day, O Maithil Queen, is near  
When he and Lakshmaṇ will be here,  
And by their side Sugríva lead  
His countless hosts of Vánar breed.  
Sugríva's servant, I, by name  
Hanumán, by his order came.  
With desperate leap I crossed the sea  
To Lanká's isle in search of thee,

---

<sup>856</sup> That a friend of Ráma would praise him as he should be praised, and that if the stranger were Rávaṇ in disguise he would avoid the subject.

<sup>857</sup> Kuvera the God of Gold.

No traitor, gentle dame, am I:  
Upon my word and faith rely.”

## Canto XXXV. Hanumán's Speech.

With joyous heart she heard him tell  
Of the great lord she loved so well,  
And in sweet accents, soft and low,  
Spoke, half forgetful of her woe:  
“How didst thou stand by Ráma's side?  
How came my lord and thou allied?  
How met the people of the wood  
With men on terms of brotherhood?  
Declare each grace and regal sign  
That decks the lords of Raghu's line.  
Each circumstance and look relate:  
Tell Ráma's form and speech, and gait.”

“Thy fear and doubt,” he cried, “dispelled,  
Hear, lady, what mine eyes beheld.  
Hear the imperial signs that grace  
The glory of Ikshváku's race.  
With moon-bright face and lotus eyes,  
Most beautiful and good and wise,  
With sun-like glory round his head,  
Long-suffering as the earth we tread,  
He from all foes his realm defends.  
Yea, o'er the world his care extends.  
He follows right in all his ways,  
And ne'er from royal duty strays.  
He knows the lore that strengthens kings;

His heart to truth and honour clings.  
 Each grace and gift of form and mind  
 Adorns that prince of human kind;  
 And virtues like his own endue  
 His brother ever firm and true.  
 O'er all the land they roamed distraught,  
 And thee with vain endeavour sought,  
 Until at length their wandering feet  
 Trod wearily our wild retreat.  
 Our banished king Sugríva spied  
 The princes from the mountain side.  
 By his command I sought the pair  
 And led them to our monarch there.  
 Thus Ráma and Sugríva met,  
 And joined the bonds that knit them yet,  
 When each besought the other's aid,  
 And friendship and alliance made.  
 An arrow launched from Ráma's bow  
 Laid Báli dead, Sugríva's foe.  
 Then by commandment of our lord  
 The Vánar hosts each land explored.  
 We reached the coast: I crossed the sea  
 And found my way at length to thee.”<sup>858</sup>

## Canto XXXVI. Ráma's Ring.

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<sup>858</sup> Sítá of course knows nothing of what has happened to Ráma since the time when she was carried away by Rávan. The poet therefore thinks it necessary to repeat the whole story of the meeting between Ráma and Sugríva, the defeat of Báli, and subsequent events. I give the briefest possible outline of the story.

“Receive,” he cried, “this precious ring,<sup>859</sup>  
 Sure token from thy lord the king:  
 The golden ring he wont to wear:  
 See, Ráma's name engraven there.”  
 Then, as she took the ring he showed,  
 The tears that spring of rapture flowed.  
 She seemed to touch the hand that sent  
 The dearly valued ornament,  
 And with her heart again at ease,  
 Replied in gentle words like these:  
 “O thou, whose soul no fears deter,  
 Wise, brave, and faithful messenger!  
 And hast thou dared, o'er wave and foam,  
 To seek me in the giants' home?  
 In thee, true messenger, I find  
 The noblest of thy woodland kind.  
 Who couldst, unmoved by terror, brook  
 On Rávan, king of fiends, to look.  
 Now may we commune here as friends,  
 For he whom royal Ráma sends  
 Must needs be one in danger tried,  
 A valiant, wise, and faithful guide.  
 Say, is it well with Ráma still?  
 Lives Lakshmaṇ yet untouched by ill?  
 Then why should Ráma's hand be slow  
 To free his consort from her woe?  
 Why spare to burn, in search of me,  
 The land encircled by the sea?  
 Can Bharat send no army out  
 With banners, cars and battle shout?  
 Cannot thy king Sugríva lend  
 His legions to assist his friend?”

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<sup>859</sup> DE GUBERNATIS {FNS thinks that this ring which the Sun Ráma sends to the Dawn Sítá is a symbol of the sun's disc.

His hands upon his head he laid  
 And thus again his answer made:  
 “Not yet has Ráma learnt where lies  
 His lady of the lotus eyes,  
 Or he like Indra from the sky  
 To Śachi’s<sup>860</sup> aid, to thee would fly.  
 Soon will he hear the tale, and then,  
 Roused to revenge, the lord of men  
 Will to the giants’ island lead  
 Fierce myriads of the woodland breed,  
 Bridging his conquering way, and make  
 The town a ruin for thy sake.  
 Believe my words, sweet dame; I swear  
 By roots and fruit, my woodland fare,  
 By Meru’s peak and Vindhva’s chain,  
 And Mandar of the Milky Main,  
 Soon shalt thou see thy lord, though now  
 He waits upon Praśravan̄’s<sup>861</sup> brow,  
 Come glorious as the breaking morn,  
 Like Indra on Airávat<sup>862</sup> borne.  
 For thee he looks with longing eyes;  
 The wood his scanty food supplies.  
 For thee his brow is pale and worn,  
 For thee are meat and wine forsworn.  
 Thine image in his heart he keeps,  
 For thee by night he wakes and weeps.  
 Or if perchance his eyes he close  
 And win brief respite from his woes,  
 E’en then the name of Sítá slips  
 In anguish from his murmuring lips.

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<sup>860</sup> Śachi is the loved and lovely wife of Indra, and she is taken as the type of a woman protected by a jealous and all-powerful husband.

<sup>861</sup> The mountain near Kishkindhá.

<sup>862</sup> Airávat is the mighty elephant on which Indra delights to ride.

If lovely flowers or fruit he sees,  
 Which women love, upon the trees,  
 To thee, to thee his fancy flies.  
 And 'Sítá! O my love!' he cries."

## Canto XXXVII. Sítá's Speech.

"Thou bringest me," she cried again,  
 "A mingled draught of bliss and pain:  
 Bliss, that he wears me in his heart,  
 Pain, that he wakes and weeps apart,  
 O, see how Fate is king of all,  
 Now lifts us high, now bids us fall,  
 And leads a captive bound with cord  
 The meanest slave, the proudest lord,  
 Thus even now Fate's stern decree  
 Has struck with grief my lord and me.  
 Say, how shall Ráma reach the shore  
 Of sorrow's waves that rise and roar,  
 A shipwrecked sailor, well nigh drowned  
 In the wild sea that foams around?  
 When will he smite the demon down,  
 Lay low in dust the giants' town,  
 And, glorious from his foes' defeat,  
 His wife, his long-lost Sítá, meet?  
 Go, bid him speed to smite his foes  
 Before the year shall reach its close.  
 Ten months are fled but two remain,  
 Then Rávaṇ's captive must be slain.  
 Oft has Vibhishan̄,<sup>863</sup> just and wise,

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<sup>863</sup> Vibhishan̄ is the wicked Rávaṇ's good brother.

Besought him to restore his prize.  
 But deaf is Rávan's senseless ear:  
 His brother's rede he will not hear.  
 Vibhishan's daughter<sup>864</sup> loves me well:  
 From her I learnt the tale I tell.  
 Avindhva<sup>865</sup> prudent, just, and old,  
 The giant's fall has oft foretold;  
 But Fate impels him to despise  
 His word on whom he most relies.  
 In Ráma's love I rest secure,  
 For my fond heart is true and pure,  
 And him, my noblest lord, I deem  
 In valour, power, and might supreme.”

As from her eyes the waters ran,  
 The Vánar chief again began:  
 “Yea, Ráma, when he hears my tale,  
 Will with our hosts these walls assail.  
 Or I myself, O Queen, this day  
 Will bear thee from the fiend away,  
 Will lift thee up, and take thee hence  
 To him thy refuge and defence;  
 Will take thee in my arms, and flee  
 To Ráma far beyond the sea;  
 Will place thee on Praśravaṇ hill  
 Where Raghu's son is waiting still.”  
 “How canst thou bear me hence?” she cried,  
 “The way is long, the sea is wide.  
 To bear my very weight would be  
 A task too hard for one like thee.”<sup>866</sup>

<sup>864</sup> Her name is Kalá, or in the Bengal recension Nandá.

<sup>865</sup> One of Rávan's chief councillors.

<sup>866</sup> Hanumán when he entered the city had in order to escape observation condensed himself to the size of a cat.

Swift rose before her startled eyes  
The Vánar in his native size,  
Like Mandar's hill or Meru's height,  
Encircled with a blaze of light.  
“O come,” he cried, “thy fears dispel,  
Nor doubt that I will bear thee well.  
Come, in my strength and care confide,  
And sit in joy by Ráma's side.”

Again she spake: “I know thee now,  
Brave, resolute, and strong art thou;  
In glory like the Lord of Fire  
With storm-swift feet which naught may tire  
But yet with thee I may not fly:  
For, borne so swiftly through the sky,  
Mine eyes would soon grow faint and dim,  
My dizzy brain would reel and swim,  
My yielding arms relax their hold,  
And I in terror uncontrolled  
Should fall into the raging sea  
Where hungry sharks would feed on me.  
Nor can I touch, of free accord,  
The limbs of any save my lord.  
If, by the giant forced away,  
In his enfolding arms I lay,  
Not mine, O Vánar, was the blame;  
What could I do, a helpless dame?  
Go, to my lord my message bear,  
And bid him end my long despair.”

## Canto XXXVIII. Sítá's Gem.

Again the Vánar chief replied,  
 With her wise answer satisfied:  
 “Well hast thou said: thou canst not brave  
 The rushing wind, the roaring wave.  
 Thy woman’s heart would sink with fear  
 Before the ocean shore were near.  
 And for thy dread lest limb of thine  
 Should for a while be touched by mine,  
 The modest fear is worthy one  
 Whose cherished lord is Raghu’s son.  
 Yet when I sought to bear thee hence  
 I spoke the words of innocence,  
 Impelled to set the captive free  
 By friendship for thy lord and thee.  
 But if with me thou wilt not try  
 The passage of the windy sky,  
 Give me a gem that I may show,  
 Some token which thy lord may know.”

Again the Maithil lady spoke,  
 While tears and sobs her utterance broke:  
 “The surest of all signs is this,  
 To tell the tale of vanished bliss.  
 Thus in my name to Ráma speak:  
 “Remember Chitrakúṭa’s peak  
 And the green margin of the rill<sup>867</sup>  
 That flows beside that pleasant hill,  
 Where thou and I together strayed  
 Delighting in the tangled shade.

---

<sup>867</sup> The brook Mandákiní, not far from Chitrakúṭa where Ráma sojourned for a time.

There on the grass I sat with thee  
 And laid my head upon thy knee.  
 There came a greedy crow and pecked  
 The meat I waited to protect  
 And, heedless of the clods I threw,  
 About my head in circles flew,  
 Until by darling hunger pressed  
 He boldly pecked me on the breast.  
 I ran to thee in rage and grief  
 And prayed for vengeance on the thief.  
 Then Rámá<sup>868</sup> from his slumber rose  
 And smiled with pity at my woes.  
 Upon my bleeding breast he saw  
 The scratches made by beak and claw.  
 He laid an arrow on his bow,  
 And launched it at the shameless crow.  
 That shaft, with magic power endued,  
 The bird, where'er he flew, pursued,  
 Till back to Raghu's son he fled  
 And bent at Rámá's feet his head.<sup>869</sup>  
 Couldst thou for me with anger stirred  
 Launch that dire shaft upon a bird,  
 And yet canst pardon him who stole  
 The darling of thy heart and soul?  
 Rise up, O bravest of the brave,  
 And come in all thy might to save.  
 Come with the thunders of thy bow,  
 And smite to earth the Rákshas foe."

She ceased; and from her glorious hair  
 She took a gem that sparkled there

<sup>868</sup> The poet here changes from the second person to the third.

<sup>869</sup> The whole long story is repeated with some slight variations and additions from Book II, Canto XCVI. I give here only the outline.

A token which her husband's eyes  
 With eager love would recognize.  
 His head the Vánar envoy bent  
 In low obeisance reverent.  
 And on his finger bound the gem  
 She loosened from her diadem.

[I omit two Cantos of dialogue. Sítá tells Hanumán again to convey her message to Ráma and bid him hasten to rescue her. Hanumán replies as before that there is no one on earth equal to Ráma, who will soon come and destroy Rávaṇ. There is not a new idea in the two Cantos: all is reiteration.]

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## Canto XLI. The Ruin Of The Grove.

Dismissed with every honour due  
 The Vánar from the spot withdrew.  
 Then joyous thought the Wind-God's son:  
 "The mighty task is wellnigh done.  
 The three expedients I must leave;  
 The fourth alone can I achieve.<sup>870</sup>  
 These dwellers in the giants' isle  
 No arts of mine can reconcile.  
 I cannot bribe: I cannot sow  
 Dissension mid the Rákshas foe.  
 Arts, gifts, address, these fiends despise;

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<sup>870</sup> The expedients to vanquish an enemy or to make him come to terms are said to be four: conciliation, gifts, disunion, and force or punishment. Hanumán considers it useless to employ the first three and resolves to punish Rávaṇ by destroying his pleasure-grounds.

But force shall yet their king chastise.  
Perchance he may relent when all  
The bravest of his chieftains fall.  
This lovely grove will I destroy,  
The cruel Rávan's pride and joy.  
The garden where he takes his ease  
Mid climbing plants and flowery trees  
That lift their proud tops to the skies,  
Dear to the tyrant as his eyes.  
Then will he rouse in wrath, and lead  
His legions with the car and steed  
And elephants in long array,  
And seek me thirsty for the fray.  
The Rákshas legions will I meet,  
And all his bravest host defeat;  
Then, glorious from the bloody plain,  
Turn to my lord the king again."

Then every lovely tree that bore  
Fair blossoms, from the soil he tore,  
Till each green bough that lent its shade  
To singing birds on earth was laid.  
The wilderness he left a waste,  
The fountains shattered and defaced:  
O'erthrew and levelled with the ground  
Each shady seat and pleasure-mound.  
Each arbour clad with climbing bloom,  
Each grotto, cell, and picture room,  
Each lawn by beast and bird enjoyed,  
Each walk and terrace was destroyed.  
And all the place that was so fair  
Was left a ruin wild and bare,  
As if the fury of the blast  
Or raging fire had o'er it passed.

## Canto XLII. The Giants Roused.

The cries of startled birds, the sound  
Of tall trees crashing to the ground,  
Struck with amaze each giant's ear,  
And filled the isle with sudden fear.  
Then, wakened by the crash and cries,  
The fierce shefiends unclosed their eyes,  
And saw the Vánar where he stood  
Amid the devastated wood.  
The more to scare them with the view  
To size immense the Vánar grew;  
And straight the Rákshas warders cried  
Janak's daughter terrified  
“Whose envoy, whence, and who is he,  
Why has he come to talk with thee?  
Speak, lady of the lovely eyes,  
And let not fear thy joy disguise.”

Then thus replied the Maithil dame  
Of noble soul and perfect frame.  
“Can I discern, with scanty skill,  
These fiends who change their forms at will?  
'Tis yours to say: your kin you meet;  
A serpent knows a serpent's feet.

I weet not who he is: the sight  
 Has filled my spirit with affright.”  
 Some pressed round Sítá in a ring;  
 Some bore the story to their king:  
 “A mighty creature of our race,  
 In monkey form, has reached the place.  
 He came within the grove,” they cried,  
 “He stood and talked by Sítá's side,  
 He comes from Indra's court to her,  
 Or is Kuvera's messenger;  
 Or Rámá sent the spy to seek  
 His consort, and her wrongs to wreak.  
 His crushing arm, his trampling feet  
 Have marred and spoiled that dear retreat,  
 And all the pleasant place which thou  
 So lovest is a ruin now.  
 The tree where Sítá sat alone  
 Is spared where all are overthrown.  
 Perchance he saved the dame from harm:  
 Perchance the toil had numbed his arm.”

Then flashed the giant's eye with fire  
 Like that which lights the funeral pyre.  
 He bade his bravest Kinkars<sup>871</sup> speed  
 And to his feet the spoiler lead.  
 Forth from the palace, at his hest,  
 Twice forty thousand warriors pressed.  
 Burning for battle, strong and fierce,  
 With clubs to crush and swords to pierce,  
 They saw Hanúmán near a porch,  
 And, thick as moths around a torch,

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<sup>871</sup> Kinkar means the special servant of a sovereign, who receives his orders immediately from his master. The Bengal recension gives these Rákshases an epithet which the Commentator explains “as generated in the mind of Brahmá.”

Rushed on the foe with wild attacks  
 Of mace and club and battle-axe.  
 As round him pressed the Rákshas crowd,  
 The wondrous monkey roared aloud,  
 That birds fell headlong from the sky:  
 Then spake he with a mighty cry:  
 “Long life to Daśaratha's heir,  
 And Lakshman, ever-glorious pair!  
 Long life to him who rules our race,  
 Preserved by noblest Ráma's grace!  
 I am the slave of Kośal's king,<sup>872</sup>  
 Whose wondrous deeds the minstrels sing.  
 Hanúmán I, the Wind-God's seed:  
 Beneath this arm the foemen bleed.  
 I fear not, unapproached in might,  
 A thousand Rávaṇ's ranged for fight,  
 Although in furious hands they rear  
 The hill and tree for sword and spear,  
 I will, before the giants' eyes,  
 Their city and their king chastise;  
 And, having communed with the dame,  
 Depart in triumph as I came.”

At that terrific roar and yell  
 The heart of every giant fell.  
 But still their king's command they feared  
 And pressed around with arms upreared.  
 Beside the porch a club was laid:  
 The Vánar caught it up, and swayed  
 The weapon round his head, and slew  
 The foremost of the Rákshas crew.  
 Thus Indra vanquished, thousand-eyed,  
 The Daityas who the Gods defied.

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<sup>872</sup> Ráma *de jure* King of Kośal of which Ayodhyá was the capital.

Then on the porch Hanúmán sprang,  
 And loud his shout of triumph rang.  
 The giants looked upon the dead,  
 And turning to their monarch fled.  
 And Rávan with his spirit wrought  
 To frenzy by the tale they brought,  
 Urged to the fight Prahasta's son,  
 Of all his chiefs the mightiest one.

## Canto XLIII. The Ruin Of The Temple.

The Wind-God's son a temple<sup>873</sup> scaled  
 Which, by his fury unassailed,  
 High as the hill of Meru, stood  
 Amid the ruins of the wood;  
 And in his fury thundered out  
 Again his haughty battle-shout:  
 “I am the slave of Kośal's King  
 Whose wondrous deeds the minstrels sing.”  
 Forth hurried, by that shout alarmed,  
 The warders of the temple armed  
 With every weapon haste supplied,  
 And closed him in on every side,  
 With bands that strove to pierce and strike  
 With shaft and axe and club and pike.  
 Then from its base the Vánar tore  
 A pillar with the weight it bore.  
 Against the wall the mass he dashed,

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<sup>873</sup> *Chaityaprásáda* is explained by the Commentator as the place where the Gods of the Rákshases were kept. Gorresio translates it by “un grande edificio.”

And forth the flames in answer flashed,  
 That wildly ran o'er roofs and wall  
 In hungry rage consuming all.  
 He whirled the pillar round his head  
 And struck a hundred giants dead.  
 Then high upheld on air he rose  
 And called in thunder to his foes:  
 “A thousand Vánar chiefs like me  
 Roam at their will o'er land and sea,  
 Terrific might we all possess:  
 Our stormy speed is limitless.  
 And all, unconquered in the fray,  
 Our king Sugríva's word obey.  
 Backed by his bravest myriads, he  
 Our warrior lord will cross the sea.  
 Then Lanká's lofty towers, and all  
 Your hosts and Rávan's self shall fall.  
 None shall be left unslaughtered; none  
 Who braves the wrath of Raghu's son.”

## Canto XLIV. Jambumáli's Death.

Then Jambumáli, pride and boast  
 For valour of the Rákshas host,  
 Prahasta's son supremely brave,  
 Obeyed the hest that Rávan gave:  
 Fierce warrior with terrific teeth,  
 With sanguine robes and brilliant wreath.  
 A bow like Indra's own<sup>874</sup>, and store

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<sup>874</sup> The bow of Indra is the rainbow.

Of glittering shafts the chieftain bore.  
And ever as the string he tried  
The weapon with a roar replied,  
Loud as the crashing thunder sent  
By him who rules the firmament.  
Soon as the foeman came in view  
Borne on a car which asses drew,  
The Vánar chieftain mighty-voiced  
Shouted in triumph and rejoiced.  
Prahasta's son his bow-string drew,  
And swift the winged arrows flew,  
One in the face the Vánar smote,  
Another quivered in his throat.  
Ten from the deadly weapon sent  
His brawny arms and shoulders rent.  
Then as he felt each galling shot  
The Vánar's rage waxed fiercely hot.  
He looked, and saw a mass of stone  
That lay before his feet o'erthrown.  
The mighty block he raised and threw,  
And crashing through the air it flew.  
But Jambumáli shunned the blow,  
And rained fresh arrows from his bow.  
The Vánar's limbs were red with gore:  
A Sál tree from the earth he tore,  
And, ere he hurled it undismayed,  
Above his head the missile swayed.  
But shafts from Jambumáli's bow  
Cut through it ere his hand could throw.  
And thigh and arm and chest and side  
With streams of rushing blood were dyed.  
Still unsubdued though wounded oft  
The shattered trunk he raised aloft,  
And down with well-directed aim

On Jambumáli's chest it came.  
 There crushed upon the trampled grass  
 He lay an undistinguished mass,  
 The foeman's eye no more could see  
 His head or chest or arm or knee.  
 And bow and car and steeds<sup>875</sup> and store  
 Of glittering shafts were seen no more.

When Jambumáli's death he heard,  
 King Rávanā's heart with rage was stirred  
 And forth his general's sons he sent,  
 For power and might preeminent.

## Canto XLV. The Seven Defeated.

Forth went the seven in brave attire,  
 In glory brilliant as the fire,  
 Impetuous chiefs with massive bows,  
 The quellers of a host of foes:  
 Trained from their youth in martial lore,  
 And masters of the arms they bore:  
 Each emulous and fiercely bold,  
 And banners wrought with glittering gold  
 Waved o'er their chariots, drawn at speed  
 By coursers of the noblest breed.  
 On through the ruins of the grove  
 At Hanumán they fiercely drove,  
 And from the ponderous bows they strained

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<sup>875</sup> We were told a few lines before that the chariot of Jambumáli was drawn by asses. Here horses are spoken of. The Commentator notices the discrepancy and says that by horses asses are meant.

A shower of deadly arrows rained.  
Then scarce was seen the Vánar's form  
Envolved in the arrowy storm.  
So stands half veiled the Mountains' King  
When rainy clouds about him cling.  
By nimble turn, by rapid bound  
He shunned the shafts that rained around,  
Eluding, as in air he rose,  
The rushing chariots of his foes.  
The mighty Vánar undismayed  
Amid his archer foemen played,  
As plays the frolic wind on high  
Mid bow-armed<sup>876</sup> clouds that fill the sky.  
He raised a mighty roar and yell  
That fear on all the army fell,  
And then, his warrior soul aglow  
With fury, rushed upon the foe,  
Some with his open hand he beat  
To death and trampled with his feet;  
Some with fierce nails he rent and slew,  
And others with his fists o'erthrew;  
Some with his legs, as on he rushed,  
Some with his bulky chest he crushed;  
While some struck senseless by his roar  
Dropped on the ground and breathed no more,  
The remnant, seized with sudden dread,  
Turned from the grove and wildly fled.  
The trampled earth was thickly strown  
With steed and car and flag o'erthrown,  
And the red blood in rivers flowed  
From slaughtered fiends o'er path and road.

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<sup>876</sup> Armed with the bow of Indra, the rainbow.

## Canto XLVI. The Captains.

Mad with the rage of injured pride  
 King Rávaṇ summoned to his side  
 The valiant five who led his host,  
 Supreme in war and honoured most.  
 “Go forth,” he cried, “with car and steed,  
 And to my feet this monkey lead,  
 But watch each chance of time and place  
 To seize this thing of silvan race.  
 For from his wondrous exploits he  
 No monkey of the woods can be,  
 But some new kind of creature meant  
 To work us woe, by Indra sent.  
 Gandharvas, Nágas, and the best  
 Of Yakshas have our might confessed.  
 Have we not challenged and subdued  
 The whole celestial multitude?  
 Yet will you not, if you are wise,  
 A chief of monkey race despise.  
 For I myself have Bálí known,  
 And King Sugríva's power I own.  
 But none of all their woodland throng  
 Was half so terrible and strong.”

Obedient to the words he spake  
 They hastened forth the foe to take.  
 Swift were the cars whereon they rode,  
 And bright their weapons flashed and glowed.  
 They saw: they charged in wild career  
 With sword and mace and axe and spear.  
 From Durdhar's bow five arrows sped  
 And quivered in the Vánar's head.  
 He rose and roared: the fearful sound

Made all the region echo round.  
Then from above his weight he threw  
On Durdhar's car that near him drew.  
The weight that came with lightning speed  
Crushed pole and axle, car and steed.  
It shattered Durdhar's head and neck,  
And left him lifeless mid the wreck.  
Yúpáksha saw the warrior die,  
And Virúpáksha heard his cry,  
And, mad for vengeance for the slain,  
They charged their Vánar foe again.  
He rose in air: they onward pressed  
And fiercely smote him on the breast.  
In vain they struck his iron frame:  
With eagle swoop to earth he came,  
Tore from the ground a tree that grew  
Beside him, and the demons slew.  
Then Bhásakama raised his spear,  
And Praghás with a laugh drew near,  
And, maddened at the sight, the two  
Against the undaunted Vánar flew.  
As from his wounds the torrents flowed,  
Like a red sun the Vánar showed.  
He turned, a mountain peak to seize  
With all its beasts and snakes and trees.  
He hurled it on the pair: and they  
Crushed, overwhelmed, beneath it lay.

But Rávan, as his fury burned,  
 His eyes on youthful Aksha<sup>877</sup> turned,  
 Who rose impetuous at his glance  
 And shouted for his bow and lance.  
 He rode upon a glorious car  
 That shot the light of gems afar.  
 His pennon waved mid glittering gold  
 And bright the wheels with jewels rolled,  
 By long and fierce devotion won  
 That car was splendid as the sun.  
 With rows of various weapons stored;  
 And thought-swift horses whirled their lord  
 Racing along the earth, or rose  
 High through the clouds whene'er he chose.  
 Then fierce and fearful war between  
 The Vánar and the fiend was seen.  
 The Gods and Asurs stood amazed,  
 And on the wondrous combat gazed.  
 A cry from earth rose long and shrill,  
 The wind was hushed, the sun grew chill.  
 The thunder bellowed from the sky,  
 And troubled ocean roared reply.  
 Thrice Aksha strained his dreadful bow,  
 Thrice smote his arrow on the foe,  
 And with full streams of crimson bled  
 Three gashes in the Vánar's head.  
 Then rose Hanúmán in the air  
 To shun the shafts no life could bear.  
 But Aksha in his car pursued,  
 And from on high the fight renewed  
 With storm of arrows, thick as hail  
 When angry clouds some hill assail.

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<sup>877</sup> Rávan's son.

Impatient of that arrowy shower  
 The Vánar chief put forth his power,  
 Again above his chariot rose  
 And smote him with repeated blows.  
 Terrific came each deadly stroke:  
 Breast neck and arm and back he broke;  
 And Aksha fell to earth, and lay  
 With all his life-blood drained away.

## Canto XLVIII. Hanumán Captured.

To Indrajít<sup>878</sup> the bold and brave  
 The giant king his mandate gave:  
 “O trained in warlike science, best  
 In arms of all our mightiest,  
 Whose valour in the conflict shown  
 To Asurs and to Gods is known,  
 The Kinkars whom I sent are slain,  
 And Jambumálí and his train;  
 The lords who led our giant bands  
 Have fallen by the monkey's hands;  
 With shattered cars the ground is spread,  
 And Aksha lies amid the dead.  
 Thou art my best and bravest: go,  
 Unmatched in power, and slay the foe.”

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He heard the hest: he bent his head;  
 Athirst for battle forth he sped.  
 Four tigers fierce, of tawny hue,  
 With fearful teeth, his chariot drew.

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<sup>878</sup> Conqueror of Indra, another of Rávan's sons.

Hanúmán heard his strong bow clang,  
 And swiftly from the earth he sprang,  
 While weak and ineffective fell  
 The archer's shafts though pointed well.  
 The Rákshas saw that naught might kill  
 The wondrous foe who mocked his skill,  
 And launched a magic shaft to throw  
 A binding spell about his foe.  
 Forth flew the shaft: the mystic charm  
 Stayed his swift feet and numbed his arm,  
 Through all his frame he felt the spell,  
 And motionless to earth he fell.  
 Nor would the reverent Vánar loose  
 The bonds that bound him as a noose.  
 He knew that Brahmá's self had charmed  
 The weapon that his might disarmed.

They saw him helpless on the ground,  
 And all the giants pressed around,  
 And bonds of hemp and bark were cast  
 About his limbs to hold him fast.  
 They drew the ropes round feet and wrists;  
 They beat him with their hands and fists,  
 And dragged him as they strained the cord  
 With shouts of triumph to their lord.<sup>879</sup>

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<sup>879</sup> The *śloka* which follows is probably an interpolation, as it is inconsistent with the questioning in Canto L.:

He looked on Rávaṇ in his pride,  
 And boldly to the monarch cried:  
 "I came an envoy to this place  
 From him who rules the Vánar race."

## Canto XLIX. Rávan.

On the fierce king Hanúmán turned  
His angry eyes that glowed and burned.  
He saw him decked with wealth untold  
Of diamond and pearl and gold,  
And priceless was each wondrous gem  
That sparkled in his diadem.  
About his neck rich chains were twined,  
The best that fancy e'er designed,  
And a fair robe with pearls bestrung  
Down from his mighty shoulders hung.  
Ten heads he reared,<sup>880</sup> as Mandar's hill  
Lifts woody peaks which tigers fill,  
Bright were his eyes, and bright, beneath,  
The flashes of his awful teeth.  
His brawny arms of wondrous size  
Were decked with rings and scented dyes.  
His hands like snakes with five long heads  
Descending from their mountain beds.  
He sat upon a crystal throne  
Inlaid with wealth of precious stone,  
Whereon, of noblest work, was set  
A gold-embroidered coverlet.  
Behind the monarch stood the best  
Of beauteous women gaily dressed,  
And each her giant master fanned,  
Or waved a chourie in her hand.

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<sup>880</sup> The ten heads of Rávaṇ have provoked much ridicule from European critics. It should be remembered that Spenser tells us of "two brethren giants, the one of which had two heads, the other three;" and Milton speaks of the "four-fold visaged Four," the four Cherubic shapes each of whom had four faces.

Four noble courtiers<sup>881</sup> wise and good  
 In counsel, near the monarch stood,  
 As the four oceans ever stand  
 About the sea-encompassed land.  
 Still, though his heart with rage was fired,  
 The Vánar marvelled and admired:  
 “O what a rare and wondrous sight!  
 What beauty, majesty, and might!  
 All regal pomp combines to grace  
 This ruler of the Rákshas race.  
 He, if he scorned not right and law,  
 Might guide the world with tempered awe:  
 Yea, Indra and the Gods on high  
 Might on his saving power rely.”

## Canto L. Prahasta's Questions.

Then fierce the giant's fury blazed  
 As on Hanúmán's form he gazed,  
 And shaken by each wild surmise  
 He spake aloud with flashing eyes:  
 “Can this be Nandi<sup>882</sup> standing here,  
 The mighty one whom all revere?  
 Who once on high Kailásá's hill  
 Pronounced the curse that haunts me still?  
 Or is the woodland creature one

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<sup>881</sup> Durdhar, or as the Bengal recension reads Mahodara, Prahasta, Mahápárśva, and Nikumbha.

<sup>882</sup> The chief attendant of Śiva.

Of Asur race, or Bali's<sup>883</sup> son?  
 The wretch with searching question try:  
 Learn who he is, and whence; and why  
 He marred the glory of the grove,  
 And with my captains fiercely strove.”

Prahasta heard his lord's behest,  
 And thus the Vánar chief addressed:  
 “O monkey stranger be consoled:  
 Fear not, and let thy heart be bold.  
 If thou by Indra's mandate sent

Thy steps to Lanká's isle hast bent,  
 With fearless words the cause explain,  
 And freedom thou shalt soon regain.  
 Or if thou comest as a spy  
 Despatched by Vishṇu in the sky,  
 Or sent by Yáma, or the Lord  
 Of Riches, hast our town explored;  
 Proved by the prowess thou hast shown  
 No monkey save in form alone;  
 Speak boldly all the truth, and be  
 Released from bonds, unharmed and free.  
 But falsehood spoken to our king  
 Swift punishment of death will bring.”

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He ceased: the Vánar made reply;  
 “Not Indra's messenger am I,  
 Nor came I hither to fulfil  
 Kuvera's hest or Vishṇu's will.  
 I stand before the giants here  
 A Vánar e'en as I appear.  
 I longed to see the king: 'twas hard

<sup>883</sup> Bali, not to be confounded with Bálí the Vánar, was a celebrated Daitya or demon who had usurped the empire of the three worlds, and who was deprived of two thirds of his dominions by Vishṇu in the Dwarf-incarnation.

To win my way through gate and guard.  
 And so to gain my wish I laid  
 In ruin that delightful shade.  
 No fiend, no God of heavenly kind  
 With bond or chain these limbs may bind.  
 The Eternal Sire himself of old  
 Vouchsafed the boon that makes me bold,  
 From Brahmá's magic shaft released<sup>884</sup>  
 I knew the captor's power had ceased,  
 The fancied bonds I freely brooked,  
 And thus upon the king have looked.  
 My way to Lanká have I won,  
 A messenger from Raghu's son.”

## Canto LI. Hanumán's Reply.

“My king Sugríva greets thee fair,  
 And bids me thus his rede declare.  
 Son of the God of Wind, by name  
 Hanumán, to this isle I came.  
 To set the Maithil lady free  
 I crossed the barrier of the sea.  
 I roamed in search of her and found  
 Her weeping in that lovely ground.  
 Thou in the lore of duty trained,  
 Who hast by stern devotion gained  
 This wondrous wealth and power and fame  
 Shouldst fear to wrong another's dame.

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<sup>884</sup> When Hanumán was bound with cords, Indrajít released his captive from the spell laid upon him by the magic weapon.

Hear thou my counsel, and be wise:  
No fiend, no dweller in the skies  
Can bear the shafts by Lakshmaṇ shot,  
Or Ráma when his wrath is hot.  
O Giant King, repent the crime  
And soothe him while there yet is time.  
Now be the Maithil queen restored  
Uninjured to her sorrowing lord.  
Soon wilt thou rue thy dire mistake:  
She is no woman but a snake,  
Whose very deadly bite will be  
The ruin of thy house and thee.  
Thy pride has led thy thoughts astray,  
That fancy not a hand may slay  
The monarch of the giants, screened  
From mortal blow of God and fiend.  
Sugríva still thy death may be:  
No Yaksha, fiend, or God is he,  
And Ráma from a woman springs,  
The mortal seed of mortal kings.  
O think how Báli fell subdued;  
Think on thy slaughtered multitude.  
Respect those brave and strong allies;  
Consult thy safety, and be wise.  
I, even I, no helper need  
To overthrow, with car and steed,  
Thy city Lanká half divine:  
The power but not the will is mine.  
For Raghu's son, before his friend  
The Vánar monarch, swore to end  
With his own conquering arm the life  
Of him who stole his darling wife.  
Turn, and be wise, O Rávaṇ turn;  
Or thou wilt see thy Lanká burn,

And with thy wives, friends, kith and kin  
Be ruined for thy senseless sin.”

## Canto LII. Vibhishan's Speech.

Then Rávaṇ spake with flashing eye:  
“Hence with the Vánar: let him die.”  
Vibhishan heard the stern behest,  
And pondered in his troubled breast;  
Then, trained in arts that soothe and please  
Addressed the king in words like these:

“Revoke, my lord, thy fierce decree,  
And hear the words I speak to thee.  
Kings wise and noble ne'er condemn  
To death the envoys sent to them.  
Such deed the world's contempt would draw  
On him who breaks the ancient law.<sup>885</sup>  
Observe the mean where justice lies,  
And spare his life but still chastise.”  
Then forth the tyrant's fury broke,  
And thus in angry words he spoke:  
“O hero, when the wicked bleed  
No sin or shame attends the deed.  
The Vánar's blood must needs be spilt,  
The penalty of heinous guilt.”

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<sup>885</sup> “One who murders an ambassador (*rája bhata*) goes to Taptakumbha, the hell of heated caldrons.” WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. p. 217.

Again Vibhishāṇ made reply:  
“Nay, hear me, for he must not die.  
Hear the great law the wise declare:  
“Thy foeman's envoy thou shalt spare.”  
‘Tis true he comes an open foe:  
‘Tis true his hands have wrought us woe,  
But law allows thee, if thou wilt,  
A punishment to suit the guilt.  
The mark of shame, the scourge, the brand,  
The shaven head, the wounded hand.  
Yea, were the Vánar envoy slain,  
Where, King of giants, were the gain?  
On them alone, on them who sent  
The message, be the punishment.  
For spake he well or spake he ill,  
He spake obedient to their will,  
And, if he perish, who can bear  
Thy challenge to the royal pair?  
Who, cross the ocean and incite  
Thy death-doomed enemies to fight?”

## Canto LIII. The Punishment.

King Rávaṇ, by his pleading moved,  
The counsel of the chief approved:  
“Thy words are wise and true: to kill  
An envoy would beseem us ill.  
Yet must we for his crime invent  
Some fitting mode of punishment.  
The tail, I fancy, is the part  
Most cherished by a monkey's heart.

Make ready: set his tail aflame,  
 And let him leave us as he came,  
 And thus disfigured and disgraced  
 Back to his king and people haste.”

The giants heard their monarch's speech;  
 And, filled with burning fury, each  
 Brought strips of cotton cloth, and round  
 The monkey's tail the bandage wound.  
 As round his tail the bands they drew  
 His mighty form dilating grew  
 Vast as the flame that bursts on high  
 Where trees are old and grass is dry.  
 Each band and strip they soaked in oil,  
 And set on fire the twisted coil.  
 Delighted as they viewed the blaze,  
 The cruel demons stood at gaze:  
 And mid loud drums and shells rang out  
 The triumph of their joyful shout.  
 They pressed about him thick and fast  
 As through the crowded streets he passed,  
 Observing with attentive care  
 Each rich and wondrous structure there,  
 Still heedless of the eager cry  
 That rent the air, The spy! the spy!

Some to the captive lady ran,  
 And thus in joyous words began:  
 “That copper-visaged monkey, he  
 Who in the garden talked with thee,  
 Through Lanká's town is led a show,  
 And round his tail the red flames glow.”  
 The mournful news the lady heard  
 That with fresh grief her bosom stirred.

Swift to the kindled fire she went  
And prayed before it reverent:  
“If I my husband have obeyed,  
And kept the ascetic vows I made,  
Free, ever free, from stain and blot,  
O spare the Vánar; harm him not.”

Then leapt on high the flickering flame  
And shone in answer to the dame.  
The pitying fire its rage forbore:  
The Vánar felt the heat no more.  
Then, to minutest size reduced,  
The bonds that bound his limbs he loosed,  
And, freed from every band and chain,  
Rose to his native size again.  
He seized a club of ponderous weight  
That lay before him by the gate,  
Rushed at the fiends that hemmed him round,  
And laid them lifeless on the ground.  
Through Lanká's town again he strode,  
And viewed each street and square and road,—  
Still wreathed about with harmless blaze,  
A sun engarlanded with rays.

“What further deed remains to do  
To vex the Rákshas king anew?  
The beauty of his grove is marred,  
Killed are the bravest of his guard.  
The captains of his host are slain;  
But forts and palaces remain,  
Swift is the work and light the toil  
Each fortress of the foe to spoil.”

Reflecting thus, his tail ablaze  
As through the cloud red lightning plays,  
He scaled the palaces and spread  
The conflagration where he sped.  
From house to house he hurried on,  
And the wild flames behind him shone.  
Each mansion of the foe he scaled,  
And furious fire its roof assailed  
Till all the common ruin shared:  
Vibhishan's house alone was spared.  
From blazing pile to pile he sprang,  
And loud his shout of triumph rang,  
As roars the doomsday cloud when all  
The worlds in dissolution fall.  
The friendly wind conspired to fan  
The hungry flames that leapt and ran,  
And spreading in their fury caught  
The gilded walls with pearls inwrought,  
Till each proud palace reeled and fell  
As falls a heavenly citadel.

Loud was the roar the demons raised  
Mid walls that split and beams that blazed,  
As each with vain endeavour strove  
To stay the flames in house or grove.  
The women, with dishevelled hair,  
Flocked to the roofs in wild despair,  
Shrieked out for succour, wept aloud,  
And fell, like lightning from a cloud.  
He saw the flames ascend and curl  
Round turkis, diamond, and pearl,  
While silver floods and molten gold  
From ruined wall and latice rolled.  
As fire grows fiercer as he feeds  
On wood and grass and crackling reeds,  
So Hanúmán the ruin eyed  
With fury still unsatisfied.

## Canto LV. Fear For Sítá.

But other thoughts resumed their sway  
When Lanká's town in ruin lay;  
And, as his bosom felt their weight  
He stood a while to meditate.  
“What have I done?”, he thought with shame,  
“Destroyed the town with hostile flame.  
O happy they whose firm control  
Checks the wild passion of the soul;  
Who on the fires of anger throw  
The cooling drops that check their glow.  
But woe is me, whom wrath could lead  
To do this senseless shameless deed.

The town to fire and death I gave,  
 Nor thought of her I came to save,—  
 Doomed by my own rash folly, doomed  
 To perish in the flames consumed.  
 If I, when anger drove me wild,  
 Have caused the death of Janak's child,  
 The kindled flame shall end my woe,  
 Or the deep fires that burn below,<sup>886</sup>  
 Or my forsaken corse shall be  
 Food for the monsters of the sea.  
 How can I meet Sugrīva? how  
 Before the royal brothers bow,—  
 I whose rash deed has madly foiled,  
 The noble work in which we toiled?  
 Or has her own bright virtue shed  
 Its guardian influence round her head?  
 She lives untouched,—the peerless dame;  
 Flame has no fury for the flame.<sup>887</sup>  
 The very fire would ne'er consent  
 To harm a queen so excellent,—  
 The high-souled Rāma's faithful wife,  
 Protected by her holy life.  
 She lives, she lives. Why should I fear  
 For one whom Raghu's sons hold dear?  
 Has not the pitying fire that spared  
 The Vánar for the lady cared?"

Such were his thoughts: he pondered long,  
 And fear grew faint and hope grew strong.  
 Then round him heavenly voices rang,  
 And, sweetly tuned, his praises sang:  
 "O glorious is the exploit done

<sup>886</sup> The fire which is supposed to burn beneath the sea.

<sup>887</sup> Sítá is likened to the fire which is an emblem of purity.

By Hanumán the Wind-God's son.  
The flames o'er Lanká's city rise:  
The giants' home in ruin lies.  
O'er roof and wall the fires have spread,  
Nor harmed a hair of Sítá's head."

## Canto LVI. Mount Arishta.

He looked upon the burning waste,  
Then sought the queen in joyous haste,  
With words of hope consoled her heart,  
And made him ready to depart.

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He scaled Arishṭa's glorious steep  
Whose summits beetled o'er the deep.  
The woods in varied beauty dressed  
Hung like a garland round his crest,  
And clouds of ever changing hue  
A robe about his shoulders threw.  
On him the rays of morning fell  
To wake the hill they loved so well,  
And bid unclose those splendid eyes  
That glittered in his mineral dyes.  
He woke to hear the music made  
By thunders of the white cascade,  
While every laughing rill that sprang  
From crag to crag its carol sang.  
For arms, he lifted to the stars  
His towering stems of Deodárs,  
And morning heard his pealing call  
In tumbling brook and waterfall.  
He trembled when his woods were pale

And bowed beneath the autumn gale,  
And when his vocal reeds were stirred  
His melancholy moan was heard.

Far down against the mountain's feet  
The Vánar heard the wild waves beat;  
Then turned his glances to the north.  
Sprang from the peak and bounded forth,  
The mountain felt the fearful shock  
And trembled through his mass of rock.  
The tallest trees were crushed and rent  
And headlong to the valley sent,  
And as the rocking shook each cave  
Loud was the roar the lions gave.  
Forth from the shaken cavern came  
Fierce serpents with their tongues aflame;  
And every Yaksha, wild with dread,  
And Kinnar and Gandharva, fled.

## Canto LVII. Hanumán's Return.

Still, like a winged mountain, he  
Sprang forward through the airy sea,<sup>888</sup>

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<sup>888</sup> I omit two stanzas which continue the metaphor of the sea or lake of air. The moon is its lotus, the sun its wild-duck, the clouds are its water-weeds, Mars is its shark and so on. Gorresio remarks: "This comparison of a great lake to the sky and of celestial to aquatic objects is one of those ideas which the view and qualities of natural scenery awake in lively fancies. Imagine one of those grand and splendid lakes of India covered with lotus blossoms, furrowed by wild-ducks of the most vivid colours, mantled over here and there with flowers and water weeds &c. and it will be understood how the fancy of the poet could readily compare to the sky radiant with celestial azure the blue expanse of the

And rushing through the ether drew  
 The clouds to follow as he flew,  
 Through the great host around him spread,  
 Grey, golden, dark, and white, and red.  
 Now in a sable cloud immersed,  
 Now from its gloomy pall he burst,  
 Like the bright Lord of Stars concealed  
 A moment, and again revealed.  
 Sunábha<sup>889</sup> passed, he neared the coast  
 Where waited still the Vánar host.  
 They heard a rushing in the skies,  
 And lifted up their wondering eyes.  
 His wild triumphant shout they knew  
 That louder still and louder grew,  
 And Jámaván with eager voice  
 Called on the Vánars to rejoice:  
 “Look he returns, the Wind-God's son,  
 And full success his toils have won;  
 Triumphant is the shout that comes  
 Like music of a thousand drums.”

Up sprang the Vánars from the ground  
 And listened to the wondrous sound  
 Of hurtling arm and thigh as through  
 The region of the air he flew,  
 Loud as the wind, when tempests rave,  
 Roars in the prison of the cave.  
 From crag to crag, from height to height;  
 They bounded in their mad delight,  
 And when he touched the mountain's crest,

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water, to the soft light of the moon the inner hue of the lotus, to the splendour of the sun the brilliant colours of the wild-fowl, to the stars the flowers, to the cloud the weeds that float upon the water &c.”

<sup>889</sup> Sunábha is the mountain that rose from the sea when Hanumán passed over to Lanká.

With reverent welcome round him pressed.  
 They brought him of their woodland fruits,  
 They brought him of the choicest roots,  
 And laughed and shouted in their glee  
 The noblest of their chiefs to see.  
 Nor Hanumán delayed to greet  
 Sage Jambaván with reverence meet;  
 To Angad and the chiefs he bent  
 For age and rank preëminent,  
 And briefly spoke: "These eyes have seen,  
 These lips addressed, the Maithil queen."  
 They sat beneath the waving trees,  
 And Angad spoke in words like these:  
 "O noblest of the Vánar kind  
 For valour power and might combined,  
 To thee triumphant o'er the foe  
 Our hopes, our lives and all we owe.  
 O faithful heart in perils tried,  
 Which toil nor fear could turn aside,  
 Thy deed the lady will restore,  
 And Ráma's heart will ache no more."<sup>890</sup>

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## Canto LVIII. The Feast Of Honey.

They rose in air: the region grew  
 Dark with their shadow as they flew.  
 Swift to a lovely grove<sup>891</sup> they came  
 That rivalled heavenly Nandan's<sup>892</sup> fame;

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<sup>890</sup> Three Cantos of repetition are omitted.

<sup>891</sup> *Madhuvan* the "honey-wood."

<sup>892</sup> Indra's pleasure-ground or elysium.

Where countless bees their honey stored,—  
The pleasance of the Vánars' lord,  
To every creature fenced and barred,  
Which Dadhimukh was set to guard,  
A noble Vánar, brave and bold,  
Sugríva's uncle lofty-souled.  
To Angad came with one accord  
The Vánars, and besought their lord  
That they those honeyed stores might eat  
That made the grove so passing sweet.

He gave consent: they sought the trees  
Thronged with innumerable bees.  
They rifled all the treasured store,  
And ate the fruit the branches bore,  
And still as they prolonged the feast  
Their merriment and joy increased.  
Drunk with the sweets, they danced and bowed,  
They wildly sang, they laughed aloud,  
Some climbed and sprang from tree to tree,  
Some sat and chattered in their glee.  
Some scaled the trees which creepers crowned,  
And rained the branches to the ground.  
There with loud laugh a Vánar sprang  
Close to his friend who madly sang,  
In doleful mood another crept  
To mix his tears with one who wept.

Then Dadhimukh with fury viewed  
The intoxicated multitude.  
He looked upon the rifled shade,  
And all the ruin they had made;  
Then called with angry voice, and strove  
To save the remnant of the grove.

But warning cries and words were spurned,  
 And angry taunt and threat returned.  
 Then fierce and wild contention rose:  
 With furious words he mingled blows.  
 They by no shame or fear withheld,  
 By drunken mood and ire impelled,  
 Used claws, and teeth, and hands, and beat  
 The keeper under trampling feet.

[Three Cantos consisting of little but repetitions are omitted. Dadhimukh escapes from the infuriated monkeys and hastens to Sugriva to report their misconduct. Sugriva infers that Hanuman and his band have been successful in their search, and that the exuberance of spirits and the mischief complained of, are but the natural expression of their joy. Dadhimukh obtains little sympathy from Sugriva, and is told to return and send the monkeys on with all possible speed.]

## Canto LXV. The Tidings.

On to Praśravan's hill they sped  
 Where blooming trees their branches spread.  
 To Raghu's sons their heads they bent  
 And did obeisance reverent.  
 Then to their king, by Angad led,  
 Each Vánar chieftain bowed his head;  
 And Hanumán the brave and bold  
 His tidings to the monarch told;  
 But first in Ráma's hand he placed  
 The gem that Sítá's brow had graced:  
 "I crossed the sea: I searched a while  
 For Sítá in the giants' isle.

I found her vext with taunt and threat  
By demon guards about her set.  
Her tresses twined in single braid,  
On the bare earth her limbs were laid.  
Sad were her eyes: her cheeks were pale  
As shuddering flowers in winter's gale.  
I stood beside the weeping dame,  
And gently whispered Ráma's name:  
With cheering words her grief consoled,  
And then the whole adventure told.  
She weeps afar beyond the sea,  
And her true heart is still with thee.  
She gave a sign that thou wouldest know,  
She bids thee think upon the crow,  
And bright mark pressed upon her brow  
When none was nigh but she and thou.  
She bids thee take this precious stone,  
The sea-born gem thou long hast known.  
“And I,” she said, “will dull the sting  
Of woe by gazing on the ring.  
One little month shall I sustain  
This life oppressed with woe and pain:  
And when the month is ended, I  
The giants' prey must surely die.' ”

There ceased the Vánar: Ráma pressed  
 The treasured jewel to his breast,  
 And from his eyes the waters broke  
 As to the Vánar king he spoke:  
 “As o'er her babe the mother weeps,  
 This flood of tears the jewel steeps.  
 This gem that shone on Sítá's head  
 Was Janak's gift when we were wed,  
 And the pure brow that wore it lent  
 New splendour to the ornament.  
 This gem, bright offspring of the wave,  
 The King of Heaven to Janak gave,  
 Whose noble sacrificial rite  
 Had filled the God with new delight.  
 Now, as I gaze upon the prize,  
 Methinks I see my father's eyes.  
 Methinks I see before me stand  
 The ruler of Videha's land.<sup>893</sup>  
 Methinks mine arms are folded now  
 Round her who wore it on her brow.  
 Speak, Hanumán, O say, dear friend,  
 What message did my darling send?  
 O speak, and let thy words impart  
 Their gentle dew to cool my heart.  
 Ah, 'tis the crown of woe to see  
 This gem and ask “Where, where is she?”  
 If for one month her heart be strong,  
 Her days of life will yet be long.  
 But I, with naught to lend relief,  
 This very day must die of grief.  
 Come, Hanumán, and quickly guide  
 The mourner to his darling's side.

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<sup>893</sup> Janak was king of Videha or Mithilá in Behar.

O lead me—thou hast learnt the way—  
I cannot and I will not stay.  
How can my gentle love endure,  
So timid, delicate, and pure,  
The dreadful demons fierce and vile  
Who watch her in the guarded isle?  
No more the light of beauty shines  
From Sítá as she weeps and pines.  
But pain and sorrow, cloud on cloud  
Her moonlight glory dim and shroud.  
O speak, dear Hanumán, and tell  
Each word that from her sweet lips fell,  
Her words, her words alone can give  
The healing balm to make me live.”<sup>894</sup>

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<sup>894</sup> The original contains two more Cantos which end the Book. Canto LXVII begins thus: “Hanumán thus addressed by the great-souled son of Raghu related to the son of Raghu all that Sítá had said.” And the two Cantos contain nothing but Hanumán’s account of his interview with Sítá, and the report of his own speeches as well as of hers.

# BOOK VI.<sup>895</sup>

## Canto I. Ráma's Speech.

The son of Raghu heard, consoled,  
The wondrous tale Hanumán told;  
And, as his joyous hope grew high,  
In friendly words he made reply:

“Behold a mighty task achieved,  
Which never heart but his conceived.  
Who else across the sea can spring,  
Save Váyu<sup>896</sup> and the Feathered King?<sup>897</sup>  
Who, pass the portals strong and high  
Which Nágas,<sup>898</sup> Gods, and fiends defy,  
Where Rávaṇ's hosts their station keep,—  
And come uninjured o'er the deep?  
By such a deed the Wind-God's son  
Good service to the king has done,  
And saved from ruin and disgrace  
Lakshmaṇ and me and Raghu's race.  
Well has he planned and bravely fought,

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<sup>895</sup> The Sixth Book is called in Sanskrit *Yuddha-Káṇḍa* or *The War*, and *Lanká-Káṇḍa*. It is generally known at the present day by the latter title.

<sup>896</sup> Váyu is the God of Wind.

<sup>897</sup> Garuḍa the King of Birds.

<sup>898</sup> Serpent-Gods.

And with due care my lady sought.  
But of the sea I sadly think,  
And the sweet hopes that cheered me sink.  
How can we cross the leagues of foam  
That keep us from the giant's home?  
What can the Vánar legions more  
Than muster on the ocean shore?"

## Canto II. Sugriva's Speech.

He ceased: and King Sugriva tried  
To calm his grief, and thus replied:  
"Be to thy nobler nature true,  
Nor let despair thy soul subdue.  
This cloud of causeless woe dispel,  
For all as yet has prospered well,  
And we have traced thy queen, and know  
The dwelling of our Rákshas foe.  
Arise, consult: thy task must be  
To cast a bridge athwart the sea,  
The city of our foe to reach  
That crowns the mountain by the beach;  
And when our feet that isle shall tread,  
Rejoice and deem thy foeman dead.  
The sea unbridged, his walls defy  
Both fiends and children of the sky,  
Though at the fierce battalions' head  
Lord Indra's self the onset led.  
Yea, victory is thine before  
The long bridge touch the farther shore,  
So fleet and fierce and strong are these

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Who limb them as their fancies please.  
Away with grief and sad surmise  
That mar the noblest enterprise,  
And with their weak suspicion blight  
The sage's plan, the hero's might.  
Come, this degenerate weakness spurn,  
And bid thy dauntless heart return,  
For each fair hope by grief is crossed  
When those we love are dead or lost.  
Arise, O best of those who know,  
Arm for the giant's overthrow.  
None in the triple world I see  
Who in the fight may equal thee;  
None who before thy face may stand  
And brave the bow that arms thy hand,  
Trust to these mighty Vánars: they  
With full success thy trust will pay,  
When thou shalt reach the robber's hold,  
And loving arms round Sítá fold."

### Canto III. Lanká.

He ceased: and Raghu's son gave heed,  
Attentive to his prudent rede:  
Then turned again, with hope inspired,  
To Hanumán, and thus inquired:

“Light were the task for thee, I ween,  
To bridge the sea that gleams between  
The mainland and the island shore.  
Or dry the deep and guide as o'er.  
Fain would I learn from thee whose feet  
Have trod the stones of every street,  
Of fenced Lanká's towers and forts,  
And walls and moats and guarded ports,  
And castles where the giants dwell,  
And battlemented citadel.  
O Váyu's son, describe it all,  
With palace, fort, and gate, and wall.”

He ceased: and, skilled in arts that guide  
The eloquent, the chief replied:

“Vast is the city, gay and strong,  
Where elephants unnumbered throng,  
And countless hosts of Rákshas breed  
Stand ready by the car and steed.  
Four massive gates, securely barred,  
All entrance to the city guard,  
With murderous engines fixt to throw  
Bolt, arrow, rock to check the foe,  
And many a mace with iron head  
That strikes at once a hundred dead.  
Her golden ramparts wide and high  
With massy strength the foe defy,  
Where inner walls their rich inlay  
Of coral, turkis, pearl display.  
Her circling moats are broad and deep,  
Where ravening monsters dart and leap.  
By four great piers each moat is spanned  
Where lines of deadly engines stand.

In sleepless watch at every gate  
 Unnumbered hosts of giants wait,  
 And, masters of each weapon, rear  
 The threatening pike and sword and spear.  
 My fury hurled those ramparts down,  
 Filled up the moats that gird the town,  
 The piers and portals overturned,  
 And stately Lanká spoiled and burned.  
 Howe'er we Vánars force our way  
 O'er the wide seat of Varuṇ's<sup>899</sup> sway,  
 Be sure that city of the foe  
 Is doomed to sudden overthrow,  
 Nay, why so vast an army lead?  
 Brave Angad, Dwivid good at need,  
 Fierce Mainda, Panas famed in fight,  
 And Níla's skill and Nala's might,  
 And Jámaván the strong and wise,  
 Will dare the easy enterprise.  
 Assailed by these shall Lanká fall  
 With gate and rampart, tower and wall.  
 Command the gathering, chief: and they  
 In happy hour will haste away."

## Canto IV. The March.

He ceased; and spurred by warlike pride  
 The impetuous son of Raghu cried:  
 "Soon shall mine arm with wrathful joy  
 That city of the foe destroy.

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<sup>899</sup> The God of the sea.

Now, chieftain, now collect the host,  
And onward to the southern coast!  
The sun in his meridian tower  
Gives glory to the Vánar power.  
The demon lord who stole my queen  
By timely flight his life may screen.  
She, when she knows her lord is near,  
Will cling to hope and banish fear,  
Saved like a dying wretch who sips  
The drink of Gods with fevered lips.  
Arise, thy troops to battle lead:  
All happy omens counsel speed.  
The Lord of Stars in favouring skies  
Bodes glory to our enterprise.  
This arm shall slay the fiend; and she,  
My consort, shall again be free.  
Mine upward-throbbing eye foreshows  
The longed-for triumph o'er my foes.  
Far in the van be Níla's post,  
To scan the pathway for the host,  
And let thy bravest and thy best,  
A hundred thousand, wait his hest.  
Go forth, O warrior Níla, lead  
The legions on through wood and mead  
Where pleasant waters cool the ground,  
And honey, flowers, and fruit abound.  
Go, and with timely care prevent  
The Rákshas foeman's dark intent.  
With watchful troops each valley guard  
Ere brooks and fruits and roots be marred  
And search each glen and leafy shade  
For hostile troops in ambuscade.  
But let the weaklings stay behind:  
For heroes is our task designed.

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Let thousands of the Vánar breed  
 The vanguard of the armies lead:  
 Fierce and terrific must it be  
 As billows of the stormy sea.  
 There be the hill-huge Gaja's place,  
 And Gavaya's, strongest of his race,  
 And, like the bull that leads the herd,  
 Gaváksha's, by no fears deterred  
 Let Rishabh, matchless in the might  
 Of warlike arms, protect our right,  
 And Gandhamádan next in rank  
 Defend and guide the other flank.  
 I, like the God who rules the sky  
 Borne on Airávat<sup>900</sup> mounted high  
 On stout Hanúmán's back will ride,  
 The central host to cheer and guide.  
 Fierce as the God who rules below,  
 On Angad's back let Lakshmaṇ show  
 Like him who wealth to mortals shares,<sup>901</sup>  
 The lord whom Sárvabhauma<sup>902</sup> bears.  
 The bold Susheṇi's impetuous might,  
 And Vegadarśi's piercing sight,  
 And Jámbarván whom bears revere,  
 Illustrious three, shall guard the rear.”

He ceased, the royal Vánar heard,  
 And swift, obedient to his word,  
 Sprang forth in numbers none might tell  
 From mountain, cave, and bosky dell,  
 From rocky ledge and breezy height,  
 Fierce Vánars burning for the fight.

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<sup>900</sup> Indra's elephant.

<sup>901</sup> Kuvera, God of wealth.

<sup>902</sup> Kuvera's elephant.

And Ráma's course was southward bent  
Amid the mighty armament.  
On, joyous, pressed in close array  
The hosts who owned Sugríva's sway,  
With nimble feet, with rapid bound  
Exploring, ere they passed, the ground,  
While from ten myriad throats rang out  
The challenge and the battle shout.  
On roots and honeycomb they fed,  
And clusters from the boughs o'erhead,  
Or from the ground the tall trees tore  
Rich with the flowery load they bore.  
Some carried comrades, wild with mirth,  
Then cast their riders to the earth,  
Who swiftly to their feet arose  
And overthrew their laughing foes.  
While still rang out the general cry,  
“King Rávaṇ and his fiends shall die,”  
Still on, exulting in the pride  
Of conscious strength, the Vánars hied,  
And gazed where noble Sahya, best  
Of mountains, raised each towering crest.  
They looked on lake and streamlet, where  
The lotus bloom was bright and fair,  
Nor marched—for Ráma's hest they feared  
Where town or haunt of men appeared.  
Still onward, fearful as the waves  
Of Ocean when he roars and raves,  
Led by their eager chieftains, went  
The Vánars' countless armament.  
Each captain, like a noble steed  
Urged by the lash to double speed.  
Pressed onward, filled with zeal and pride,  
By Ráma's and his brother's side,

Who high above the Vánar throng  
 On mighty backs were borne along,  
 Like the great Lords of Day and Night  
 Seized by eclipsing planets might.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ radiant as the morn,  
 On Angad's shoulders high upborne.  
 With sweet consoling words that woke  
 New ardour, to his brother spoke:  
 “Soon shalt thou turn, thy queen regained  
 And impious Rávaṇ's life-blood drained,  
 In happiness and high renown  
 To dear Ayodhyá's happy town.  
 I see around exceeding fair  
 All omens of the earth and air.  
 Auspicious breezes sweet and low  
 To greet the Vánar army blow,  
 And softly to my listening ear  
 Come the glad cries of bird and deer.  
 Bright is the sky around us, bright  
 Without a cloud the Lord of Light,  
 And Šukra<sup>903</sup> with propitious love  
 Looks on thee from his throne above.  
 The pole-star and the Sainted Seven<sup>904</sup>  
 Shine brightly in the northern heaven,  
 And great Triśanku,<sup>905</sup> glorious king,  
 Ikshváku's son from whom we spring,  
 Beams in unclouded glory near  
 His holy priest<sup>906</sup> whom all revere.

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<sup>903</sup> The planet Venus, or its regent who is regarded as the son of Bhrigu and preceptor of the Daityas.

<sup>904</sup> The seven *rishis* or saints who form the constellation of the Great Bear.

<sup>905</sup> Triśanku was raised to the skies to form a constellation in the southern hemisphere. The story is told in Book I, Canto LX.

<sup>906</sup> The sage Viśvámitra, who performed for Triśanku the great sacrifice which

Undimmed the two Viśákhás<sup>907</sup> shine,  
 The strength and glory of our line,  
 And Nairrit's<sup>908</sup> influence that aids  
 Our Rákshas foemen faints and fades.  
 The running brooks are fresh and fair,  
 The boughs their ripening clusters bear,  
 And scented breezes gently sway  
 The leaflet of the tender spray.  
 See, with a glory half divine  
 The Vánars' ordered legions shine,  
 Bright as the Gods' exultant train  
 Who saw the demon Tárak slain.  
 O let thine eyes these signs behold,  
 And bid thy heart be glad and bold."

The Vánar squadrons densely spread  
 O'er all the country onward sped,  
 While rising from the rapid beat  
 Of bears' and monkeys' hastening feet.  
 Dust hid the earth with thickest veil,  
 And made the struggling sunbeams pale.  
 Now where Mahendra's peaks arise  
 Came Ráma of the lotus eyes  
 And the long arm's resistless might,  
 And climb the mountain's wood-crowned height.  
 Thence Daśaratha's son beheld  
 Where billowy Ocean rose and swelled,  
 Past Malaya's peaks and Sahya's chain  
 The Vánar legions reached the main,  
 And stood in many a marshalled band

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raised him to the heavens.

<sup>907</sup> One of the lunar asterisms containing four or originally two stars under the regency of a dual divinity Indrágni, Indra and Agni.

<sup>908</sup> The lunar asterism Múla, belonging to the Rákshases.

On loud-resounding Ocean's strand.  
 To the fair wood that fringed the tide  
 Came Daśaratha's son, and cried:  
 "At length, my lord Sugrīva, we  
 Have reached King Varuṇ's realm the sea,  
 And one great thought, still-vexing, how  
 To cross the flood, awaits us now.  
 The broad deep ocean, that denies  
 A passage, stretched before us lies.  
 Then let us halt and plan the while  
 How best to storm the giant's isle."

He ceased: Sugrīva on the coast  
 By trees o'ershadowed stayed the host,  
 That seemed in glittering lines to be  
 The bright waves of a second sea.  
 Then from the shore the captains gazed  
 On billows which the breezes raised  
 To fury, as they dashed in foam  
 O'er Varuṇ's realm, the Asurs' home:<sup>909</sup>  
 The sea that laughed with foam, and danced  
 With waves whereon the sunbeams glanced:  
 Where, when the light began to fade,  
 Huge crocodiles and monsters played;  
 And, when the moon went up the sky,  
 The troubled billows rose on high  
 From the wild watery world whereon  
 A thousand moons reflected shone:  
 Where awful serpents swam and showed  
 Their fiery crests which flashed and glowed,  
 Illumining the depths of hell,  
 The prison where the demons dwell.  
 The eye, bewildered, sought in vain

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<sup>909</sup> The Asurs or demons dwell imprisoned in the depths beneath the sea.

The bounding line of sky and main:  
Alike in shade, alike in glow  
Were sky above and sea below.  
There wave-like clouds by clouds were chased,  
Here cloud-like billows roared and raced:  
Then shone the stars, and many a gem  
That lit the waters answered them.  
They saw the great-souled Ocean stirred  
To frenzy by the winds, and heard,  
Loud as ten thousand drums, the roar  
Of wild waves dashing on the shore.  
They saw him mounting to defy  
With deafening voice the troubled sky.  
And the deep bed beneath him swell  
In fury as the billows fell.

## Canto V. Ráma's Lament.

There on the coast in long array  
The Vánars' marshalled legions lay,  
Where Níla's care had ordered well  
The watch of guard and sentinel,  
And Mainda moved from post to post  
With Dwivid to protect the host.

Then Ráma stood by Lakshmaṇ's side,  
And mastered by his sorrow cried:  
“My brother dear, the heart's distress,  
As days wear on, grows less and less.  
But my deep-seated grief, alas,  
Grows fiercer as the seasons pass.  
Though for my queen my spirit longs,  
And broods indignant o'er my wrongs,  
Still wilder is my grief to know  
That her young life is passed in woe.  
Breathe, gentle gale, O breathe where she  
Lies prisoned, and then breathe on me,  
And, though my love I may not meet,  
Thy kiss shall be divinely sweet.  
Ah, by the giant's shape appalled,  
On her dear lord for help she called,  
Still in mine ears the sad cry rings  
And tears my heart with poison stings.  
Through the long daylight and the gloom  
Of night wild thoughts of her consume  
My spirit, and my love supplies  
The torturing flame which never dies.  
Leave me, my brother; I will sleep  
Couched on the bosom of the deep,  
For the cold wave may bring me peace  
And bid the fire of passion cease.  
One only thought my stay must be,  
That earth, one earth, holds her and me,  
To hear, to know my darling lives  
Some life-supporting comfort gives,  
As streams from distant fountains run  
O'er meadows parching in the sun.  
Ah when, my foeman at my feet,  
Shall I my queen, my glory, meet,

The blossom of her dear face raise  
And on her eyes enraptured gaze,  
Press her soft lips to mine again,  
And drink a balm to banish pain!  
Alas, alas! where lies she now,  
My darling of the lovely brow?  
On the cold earth, no help at hand,  
Forlorn amid the Rákshas band,  
King Janak's child still calls on me,  
Her lord and love, to set her free.  
But soon in glory will she rise  
A crescent moon in autumn skies,  
And those dark rovers of the night,  
Like scattered clouds shall turn in flight.”

## Canto VI. Rávan's Speech.

But when the giant king surveyed  
His glorious town in ruin laid,  
And each dire sign of victory won  
By Hanumán the Wind-God's son,  
He vailed his angry eyes oppressed  
By shame, and thus his lords addressed:  
“The Vánar spy has passed the gate  
Of Lanká long inviolate,  
Eluded watch and ward, and seen  
With his bold eyes the captive queen.  
My royal roof with flames is red,  
The bravest of my lords are dead,  
And the fierce Vánar in his hate  
Has left our city desolate.

Now ponder well the work that lies  
Before us, ponder and advise.  
With deep-observing judgment scan  
The peril, and mature a plan.  
From counsel, sages say, the root,  
Springs victory, most glorious fruit.  
First ranks the king, when woe impends  
Who seeks the counsel of his friends,  
Of kinsmen ever faithful found,  
Or those whose hopes with his are bound,  
Then with their aid his strength applies,  
And triumphs in his enterprise.  
Next ranks the prince who plans alone,  
No counsel seeks to aid his own,  
Weighs loss and gain and wrong and right,  
And seeks success with earnest might.  
Unwisest he who spurns delays,  
Who counts no cost, no peril weighs,  
Speeds to his aim, defying fate,  
And risks his all, precipitate.  
Thus too in counsel sages find  
A best, a worst, a middle kind.  
When gathered counsellors explore  
The way by light of holy lore,  
And all from first to last agree,  
Is the best counsel of the three.  
Next, if debate first waxes high,  
And each his chosen plan would try  
Till all agree at last, we deem  
This counsel second in esteem.  
Worst of the three is this, when each  
Assails with taunt his fellow's speech;  
When all debate, and no consent  
Concludes the angry argument.

Consult then, lords; my task shall be  
 To crown with act your wise decree.  
 With thousands of his wild allies  
 The vengeful Ráma hither hies;  
 With unresisted might and speed  
 Across the flood his troops will lead,  
 Or for the Vánar host will drain  
 The channels of the conquered main.”

## Canto VII. Rávan Encouraged.

He ceased: they scorned, with blinded eyes,  
 The foeman and his bold allies,  
 Raised reverent hands with one accord,  
 And thus made answer to their lord:  
 “Why yield thee, King, to causeless fear?  
 A mighty host with sword and spear  
 And mace and axe and pike and lance  
 Waits but thy signal to advance.  
 Art thou not he who slew of old  
 The Serpent-Gods, and stormed their hold;  
 Scaled Mount Kailásá and o'erthrew  
 Kuvera<sup>910</sup> and his Yaksha crew,

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<sup>910</sup> The God of Riches, brother and enemy of Rávaṇ and first possessor of Pushpak the flying car.

Compelling Śiva's haughty friend  
 Beneath a mightier arm to bend?  
 Didst thou not bring from realms afar  
 The marvel of the magic car,  
 When they who served Kuvera fell  
 Crushed in their mountain citadel?  
 Attracted by thy matchless fame  
 To thee, a suppliant, Maya came,  
 The lord of every Dánav band,  
 And won thee with his daughter's hand.  
 Thy arm in hell itself was felt,  
 Where Vásuki<sup>911</sup> and Śankha dwelt,  
 And they and Takshak, overthrown,  
 Were forced thy conquering might to own.  
 The Gods in vain their blessing gave  
 To heroes bravest of the brave,  
 Who strove a year and, sorely pressed,  
 Their victor's peerless might confessed.  
 In vain their magic arts they tried,  
 In vain thy matchless arm defied  
 King Varuṇ's sons with fourfold force,  
 Cars, elephants, and foot, and horse,  
 But for a while thy power withstood,  
 And, conquered, mourned their hardihood.  
 Thou hast encountered, face to face,  
 King Yáma<sup>912</sup> with his murdering mace.  
 Fierce as the wild tempestuous sea,  
 What terror had his wrath for thee,  
 Though death in every threatening form,  
 And woe and torment, urged the storm?  
 Thine arm a glorious victory won

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<sup>911</sup> King of the Serpents. Śankha and Takshak are two of the eight Serpent Chiefs.

<sup>912</sup> The God of Death, the Pluto of the Hindus.

O'er the dread king who pities none;  
 And the three worlds, from terror freed,  
 In joyful wonder praised thy deed.  
 The tribe of Warriors, strong and dread  
 As Indra's self, o'er earth had spread;  
 As giant trees that towering stand  
 In mountain glens, they filled the land.  
 Can Raghu's son encounter foes  
 Fierce, numerous, and strong as those?  
 Yet, trained in war and practised well,  
 O'ermatched by thee, they fought and fell,  
 Stay in thy royal home, nor care  
 The battle and the toil to share;  
 But let the easy fight be won  
 By Indrajít<sup>913</sup> thy matchless son.  
 All, all shall die, if thou permit,  
 Slain by the hand of Indrajít.”

## Canto VIII. Prahasta's Speech.

Dark as a cloud of autumn, dread  
 Prahasta joined his palms and said:

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<sup>913</sup> Literally Indra's conqueror, so called from his victory over that God.

“Gandharvas, Gods, the hosts who dwell  
 In heaven, in air, in earth, in hell,  
 Have yielded to thy might, and how  
 Shall two weak men oppose thee now?  
 Hanúmán came, a foe disguised,  
 And mocked us heedless and surprised,  
 Or never had he lived to flee  
 And boast that he has fought with me.  
 Command, O King, and this right hand  
 Shall sweep the Vánars from the land,  
 And hill and dale, to Ocean's shore,  
 Shall know the death-doomed race no more.  
 But let my care the means devise  
 To guard thy city from surprise.”

Then Durmukh cried, of Rákshas race:  
 “Too long we brook the dire disgrace.  
 He gave our city to the flames,  
 He trod the chambers of thy dames.  
 Ne'er shall so weak and vile a thing  
 Unpunished brave the giants' king.  
 Now shall this single arm attack  
 And drive the daring Vánars back,  
 Till to the winds of heaven they flee,  
 Or seek the depths of earth and sea.”

Then, brandishing the mace he bore,  
 Whose horrid spikes were stained with gore,  
 While fury made his eyeballs red,  
 Impetuous Vajradanshṭra said:

“Why waste a thought on one so vile  
 As Hanúmán the Vánar, while  
 Sugríva, Lakshmaṇ, yet remain,  
 And Ráma mightier still, unslain?  
 This mace to-day shall crush the three,  
 And all the host will turn and flee.  
 Listen, and I will speak: incline,  
 O King, to hear these words of mine,  
 For the deep plan that I propose  
 Will swiftly rid thee of thy foes.  
 Let thousands of thy host assume  
 The forms of men in youthful bloom,  
 In war's magnificent array  
 Draw near to Raghu's son, and say:  
 “Thy younger brother Bharat sends  
 This army, and thy cause befriends.”  
 Then let our legions hasten near  
 With bow and mace and sword and spear,  
 And on the Vánar army rain  
 Our steel and stone till all be slain.  
 If Raghu's sons will fain believe,  
 Entangled in the net we weave,  
 The penalty they both must pay,  
 And lose their forfeit lives to-day.”

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Then with his warrior soul on fire,  
 Nikumbha spoke in burning ire:

“I, only I, will take the field,  
 And Raghu's son his life shall yield.  
 Within these walls, O Chiefs, abide,  
 Nor part ye from our monarch's side.”

## Canto IX. Vibhishan's Counsel.

A score of warriors<sup>914</sup> forward sprang,  
 And loud the clashing iron rang  
 Of mace and axe and spear and sword,  
 As thus they spake unto their lord:  
 “Their king Sugrīva will we slay,  
 And Raghu's sons, ere close of day,  
 And strike the wretch Hanúmán down,  
 The spoiler of our golden town.”

But sage Vibhishan strove to calm  
 The chieftains' fury; palm to palm  
 He joined in lowly reverence, pressed<sup>915</sup>  
 Before them, and the throng addressed:

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<sup>914</sup> Their names are Nikumbha, Rabhasa, Súryaśatru, Suptaghna, Yajnakopa, Mahápársva, Mahodara, Agniketu, Raśmiketu, Durdharsha, Indraśatru, Pra-hasta, Virúpáksha, Vajradanshtra, Dhúmráksha, Durmukha, Mahábala.

<sup>915</sup> Similarly Antenor urges the restoration of Helen:

“Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restored,  
 And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.  
 As this advice ye practise or reject,  
 So hope success, or dread the dire effect,”

“Dismiss the hope of conquering one  
So stern and strong as Raghu's son.  
In due control each sense he keeps  
With constant care that never sleeps.  
Whose daring heart has e'er conceived  
The exploit Hanumán achieved,  
Across the fearful sea to spring,  
The tributary rivers' king?  
O Rákshas lords, in time be wise,  
Nor Ráma's matchless power despise.  
And say, what evil had the son  
Of Raghu to our monarch done,  
Who stole the dame he loved so well  
And keeps her in his citadel;  
If Khara in his foolish pride  
Encountered Ráma, fought, and died,  
May not the meanest love his life  
And guard it in the deadly strife?  
The Maithil dame, O Rákshas King,  
Sore peril to thy realm will bring.  
Restore her while there yet is time,  
Nor let us perish for thy crime.  
O, let the Maithil lady go  
Ere the avenger bend his bow  
To ruin with his arrowy showers  
Our Lanká with her gates and towers.  
Let Janak's child again be free  
Ere the wild Vánars cross the sea,  
In their resistless might assail  
Our city and her ramparts scale.  
Ah, I conjure thee by the ties  
Of brotherhood, be just and wise.  
In all my thoughts thy good I seek,  
And thus my prudent counsel speak.

Let captive Sítá be restored  
 Ere, fierce as autumn's sun, her lord  
 Send his keen arrows from the string  
 To drink the life-blood of our king.  
 This fury from thy soul dismiss,  
 The bane of duty, peace, and bliss.  
 Seek duty's path and walk therein,  
 And joy and endless glory win.  
 Restore the captive, ere we feel  
 The piercing point of Rámá's steel.  
 O spare thy city, spare the lives  
 Of us, our friends, our sons and wives."

Thus spake Vibhishan wise and brave:  
 The Rákshas king no answer gave,  
 But bade his lords the council close,  
 And sought his chamber for repose.

## Canto X. Vibhishan's Counsel.

Soon as the light of morning broke,  
 Vibhishan from his slumber woke,  
 And, duty guiding every thought,  
 The palace of his brother sought.  
 Vast as a towering hill that shows  
 His peaks afar, that palace rose.  
 Here stood within the monarch's gate  
 Sage nobles skilful in debate.  
 There strayed in glittering raiment through  
 The courts his royal retinue,  
 Where in wild measure rose and fell

The music of the drum and shell,  
 And talk grew loud, and many a dame  
 Of fairest feature went and came  
 Through doors a marvel to behold,  
 With pearl inlaid on burning gold:  
 Therein Gandharvas or the fleet  
 Lords of the storm might joy to meet.  
 He passed within the wondrous pile,  
 Chief glory of the giants' isle:  
 Thus, ere his fiery course be done,  
 An autumn cloud admits the sun.  
 He heard auspicious voices raise  
 With loud accord the note of praise,  
 And sages, deep in Scripture, sing  
 Each glorious triumph of the king.  
 He saw the priests in order stand,  
 Curd, oil, in every sacred hand;  
 And by them flowers were laid and grain,  
 Due offerings to the holy train.  
 Vibhishan to the monarch bowed,  
 Raised on a throne above the crowd:  
 Then, skilled in arts of soft address,  
 He raised his voice the king to bless,  
 And sate him on a seat where he  
 Full in his brother's sight should be.  
 The chieftain there, while none could hear,  
 Spoke his true speech for Rávan's ear,  
 And to his words of wisdom lent  
 The force of weightiest argument:

“O brother, hear! since Ráma's queen  
 A captive in thy house has been,  
 Disastrous omens day by day  
 Have struck our souls with wild dismay.

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No longer still and strong and clear  
 The flames of sacrifice appear,  
 But, restless with the frequent spark,  
 Neath clouds of smoke grow faint and dark.  
 Our ministering priests turn pale  
 To see their wonted offerings fail,  
 And ants and serpents creep and crawl  
 Within the consecrated hall.<sup>916</sup>  
 Dried are the udders of our cows,  
 Our elephants have juiceless brows,<sup>917</sup>  
 Nor can the sweetest pasture stay  
 The charger's long unquiet neigh.  
 Big tears from mules and camels flow  
 Whose staring coats their trouble show,  
 Nor can the leech's art restore  
 Their health and vigour as before.  
 Rapacious birds are fierce and bold:  
 Not single hunters as of old,  
 In banded troops they chase the prey,  
 Or gathering on our temples stay.  
 Through twilight hours with shriek and howl  
 Around the city jackals prowl,  
 And wolves and foul hyænas wait  
 Athirst for blood at every gate.  
 One sole atonement still may cure  
 These evils, and our weal assure.  
 Restore the Maithil dame, and win  
 An easy pardon for thy sin."

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<sup>916</sup> The *Agnisálá* or room where the sacrificial fire was kept.

<sup>917</sup> The exudation of a fragrant fluid from the male elephant's temples, especially at certain seasons, is frequently spoken of in Sanskrit poetry. It is said to deceive and attract the bees, and is regarded as a sign of health and masculine vigour.

The Rákshas monarch heard, and moved  
To sudden wrath his speech reproved:

“No danger, brother, can I see:  
The Maithil dame I will not free.  
Though all the Gods for Ráma fight,  
He yields to my superior might.”  
Thus the tremendous king who broke  
The ranks of heavenly warriors spoke,  
And, sternly purposed to resist,  
His brother from the hall dismissed.

## Canto XI. The Summons.

Still Rávaṇ's haughty heart rebelled,  
The counsel of the wise repelled,  
And, as his breast with passion burned,  
His thoughts again to Sítá turned.  
Thus, to each sign of danger blind,  
To love and war he still inclined.  
Then mounted he his car that glowed  
With gems and golden net, and rode  
Where, gathered at the monarch's call,  
The nobles filled the council hall.  
A host of warriors bright and gay  
With coloured robes and rich array,  
With shield and mace and spear and sword,  
Followed the chariot of their lord.  
Mid the loud voice of shells and beat  
Of drums he raced along the street,  
And, ere he came, was heard afar

The rolling thunder of his car.  
He reached the doors: the nobles bent  
Their heads before him reverent:  
And, welcomed with their loud acclaim,  
Within the glorious hall he came.  
He sat upon a royal seat  
With golden steps beneath his feet,  
And bade the heralds summon all  
His captains to the council hall.  
The heralds heard the words he spake,  
And sped from house to house to wake  
The giants where they slept or spent  
The careless hours in merriment.  
These heard the summons and obeyed:  
From chamber, grove, and colonnade,  
On elephants or cars they rode,  
Or through the streets impatient strode.  
As birds on rustling pinions fly  
Through regions of the darkened sky,  
Thus cars and mettled coursers through  
The crowded streets of Lanká flew.  
The council hall was reached, and then,  
As lions seek their mountain den,  
Through massy doors that opened wide,  
With martial stalk the captains hied.  
Welcomed with honour as was meet  
They stooped to press their monarch's feet,  
And each a place in order found  
On stool, on cushion, or the ground.  
Nor did the sage Vibhishan long  
Delay to join the noble throng.  
High on a car that shone like flame  
With gold and flashing gems he came,  
Drew near and spoke his name aloud,

And reverent to his brother bowed.

## Canto XII. Rávan's Speech.

The king in counsel unsurpassed  
His eye around the synod cast,  
And fierce Prahashta, first and best  
Of all his captains, thus addressed:

“Brave master of each warlike art,  
Arouse thee and perform thy part.  
Array thy fourfold forces<sup>918</sup> well  
To guard our isle and citadel.”

The captain of the hosts obeyed,  
The troops with prudent skill arrayed;  
Then to the hall again he hied,  
And stood before the king and cried:  
“Each inlet to the town is closed  
Without, within, are troops disposed.  
With fearless heart thine aim pursue  
And do the deed thou hast in view.”

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<sup>918</sup> Consisting of warriors on elephants, warriors in chariots, charioteers, and infantry.

Thus spoke Prahasta in the zeal  
 That moved him for the kingdom's weal.  
 And thus the monarch, who pursued  
 His own delight, his speech renewed:  
 "In ease and bliss, in toil and pain,  
 In doubts of duty, pleasure, gain,  
 Your proper path I need not tell,  
 For of yourselves ye know it well.  
 The Storm-Gods, Moon, and planets bring  
 New glory to their heavenly king,<sup>919</sup>  
 And, ranged about your monarch, ye  
 Give joy and endless fame to me.  
 My secret counsel have I kept,  
 While senseless Kumbhakarṇa slept.  
 Six months the warrior's slumbers last  
 And bind his torpid senses fast;  
 But now his deep repose he breaks,  
 The best of all our champions wakes.  
 I captured, Ráma's heart to wring,  
 This daughter of Videha's king.  
 And brought her from that distant land<sup>920</sup>  
 Where wandered many a Rákshas band.  
 Disdainful still my love she spurns,  
 Still from each prayer and offering turns,  
 Yet in all lands beneath the sun  
 No dame may rival Sítá, none,  
 Her dainty waist is round and slight,  
 Her cheek like autumn's moon is bright,  
 And she like fruit in graven gold  
 Mocks her<sup>921</sup> whom Maya framed of old.

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<sup>919</sup> Indra, generally represented as surrounded by the Maruts or Storm-Gods.

<sup>920</sup> Janasthán, where Ráma lived as an ascetic.

<sup>921</sup> Mágá, regarded as the paragon of female beauty, was the creation of Maya the chief artificer of the Daityas or Dánavs.

Faultless in form, how firmly tread  
Her feet whose soles are rosy red!  
Ah, as I gaze her beauty takes  
My spirit, and my passion wakes.  
Looking for Ráma far away  
She sought with tears a year's delay  
Nor gazing on her love-lit eye  
Could I that earnest prayer deny.  
But baffled hopes and vain desire  
At length my patient spirit tire.  
How shall the sons of Raghu sweep  
To vengeance o'er the pathless deep?  
How shall they lead the Vánar train  
Across the monster-teeming main?  
One Vánar yet could find a way  
To Lanká's town, and burn and slay.  
Take counsel then, remembering still  
That we from men need fear no ill;  
And give your sentence in debate,  
For matchless is the power of fate.  
Assailed by you the Gods who dwell  
In heaven beneath our fury fell.  
And shall we fear these creatures bred  
In forests, by Sugríva led?  
E'en now on ocean's farther strand,  
The sons of Daśaratha stand,  
And follow, burning to attack  
Their giant foes, on Sítá's track.  
Consult then, lords for ye are wise:  
A seasonable plan devise.  
The captive lady to retain,  
And triumph when the foes are slain.  
No power can bring across the foam  
Those Vánars to our island home;

Or if they madly will defy  
Our conquering might, they needs must die.”

Then Kumbhakarna's anger woke,  
And wroth at Rávaṇ's words he spoke:  
“O Monarch, when thy ravished eyes  
First looked upon thy lovely prize,  
Then was the time to bid us scan  
Each peril and mature a plan.  
Blest is the king who acts with heed,  
And ne'er repents one hasty deed;  
And hapless he whose troubled soul  
Mourns over days beyond control.  
Thou hast, in beauty's toils ensnared,  
A desperate deed of boldness dared;  
By fortune saved ere Ráma's steel  
One wound, thy mortal bane, could deal.  
But, Rávaṇ, as the deed is done,  
The toil of war I will not shun.  
This arm, O rover of the night,  
Thy foemen to the earth shall smite,  
Though Indra with the Lord of Flame,  
The Sun and Storms, against me came.  
E'en Indra, monarch of the skies,  
Would dread my club and mountain size,  
Shrink from these teeth and quake to hear  
The thunders of my voice of fear.  
No second dart shall Ráma cast:  
The first he aims shall be the last.  
He falls, and these dry lips shall drain  
The blood of him my hand has slain;  
And Sítá, when her champion dies,  
Shall be thine undisputed prize.”

## Canto XIII. Rávan's Speech.

But Mahápárśva saw the sting  
 Of keen reproach had galled the king;  
 And humbly, eager to appease  
 His anger, spoke in words like these:

“And breathes there one so cold and weak  
 The forest and the gloom to seek  
 Where savage beasts abound, and spare  
 To taste the luscious honey there?  
 Art thou not lord? and who is he  
 Shall venture to give laws to thee?  
 Love thy Videhan still, and tread  
 Upon thy prostrate foeman's head.  
 O'er Sítá's will let thine prevail,  
 And strength achieve if flattery fail.  
 What though the lady yet be coy  
 And turn her from the proffered joy?  
 Soon shall her conquered heart relent  
 And yield to love and blandishment.  
 With us let Kumbhakarṇa fight,  
 And Indrajít of matchless might:  
 We need not other champions, they  
 Shall lead us forth to rout and slay.  
 Not ours to bribe or soothe or part  
 The foeman's force with gentle art,  
 Doomed, conquered by our might, to feel  
 The vengeance of the warrior's steel.”

The Rákshas monarch heard, and moved  
 By flattering hopes the speech approved:

“Hear me,” he cried, “great chieftain, tell  
 What in the olden time befell,—  
 A secret tale which, long suppressed,  
 Lies prisoned only in my breast.  
 One day—a day I never forget—  
 Fair Punjikasthalá<sup>922</sup> I met,  
 When, radiant as a flame of fire,  
 She sought the palace of the Sire.  
 In passion's eager grasp I tore  
 From her sweet limbs the robes she wore,  
 And heedless of her prayers and cries  
 Strained to my breast the vanquished prize.  
 Like Nalini<sup>923</sup> with soil stained,  
 The mansion of the Sire she gained,  
 And weeping made the outrage known  
 To Brahmá on his heavenly throne.  
 He in his wrath pronounced a curse,—  
 That lord who made the universe:  
 “If, Rávaṇ, thou a second time  
 Be guilty of so foul a crime,  
 Thy head in shivers shall be rent:  
 Be warned, and dread the punishment.”  
 Awed by the threat of vengeance still  
 I force not Sítá's stubborn will.  
 Terrific as the sea in might:  
 My steps are like the Storm-Gods' flight;  
 But Ráma knows not this, or he  
 Had never sought to war with me.  
 Where is the man would idly brave  
 The lion in his mountain cave,  
 And wake him when with slumbering eyes  
 Grim, terrible as Death, he lies?

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<sup>922</sup> One of the Nymphs of Indra's heaven.

<sup>923</sup> The Lotus River, a branch of the heavenly Gangá.

No, blinded Ráma knows me not:  
 Ne'er has he seen mine arrows shot;  
 Ne'er marked them speeding to their aim  
 Like snakes with cloven tongues of flame.  
 On him those arrows will I turn,  
 Whose fiery points shall rend and burn.  
 Quenched by my power when I assail  
 The glory of his might shall fail,  
 As stars before the sun grow dim  
 And yield their feeble light to him.”

## Canto XIV. Vibhishan's Speech.

He ceased: Vibhishaṇ ill at ease  
 Addressed the king in words like these:

“O Rávan, O my lord, beware  
 Of Sítá dangerous as fair,  
 Nor on thy heedless bosom hang  
 This serpent with a deadly fang.  
 O King, the Maithil dame restore  
 To Raghu's matchless son before  
 Those warriors of the woodlands, vast  
 As mountain peaks, approaching fast,  
 Armed with fierce teeth and claws, enclose  
 Thy city with unsparing foes.  
 O, be the Maithil dame restored  
 Ere loosened from the clanging cord

The vengeful shafts of Ráma fly,  
 And low in death thy princes lie.  
 In all thy legions hast thou one  
 A match in war for Raghu's son?  
 Can Kumbhakarṇa's self withstand,  
 Or Indrajit, that mighty hand?  
 In vain with Ráma wilt thou strive:  
 Thou wilt not save thy soul alive  
 Though guarded by the Lord of Day  
 And Storm-Gods' terrible array,  
 In vain to Indra wilt thou fly,  
 Or seek protection in the sky,  
 In Yáma's gloomy mansion dwell,  
 Or hide thee in the depths of hell."

He ceased; and when his lips were closed  
 Prahasta thus his rede opposed:

"O timid heart, to counsel thus!  
 What terrors have the Gods for us?  
 Can snake, Gandharva, fiend appal  
 The giants' sons who scorn them all?  
 And shall we now our birth disgrace,  
 And dread a king of human race?"  
 Thus fierce Prahasta counselled ill:  
 But sage Vibhishan's constant will  
 The safety of the realm ensued;  
 Who thus in turn his speech renewed:

“Yes, when a soul defiled with sin  
 Shall mount to heaven and enter in,  
 Then, chieftain, will experience teach  
 The truth of thy disdainful speech.  
 Can I, or thou, or these or all  
 Our bravest compass Ráma's fall,  
 The chief in whom all virtues shine,  
 The pride of old Ikshváku'a line,  
 With whom the Gods may scarce compare  
 In skill to act, in heart to dare?  
 Yea, idly mayst thou vaunt thee, till  
 Sharp arrows winged with matchless skill  
 From Ráma's bowstring, fleet and fierce  
 As lightning's flame, thy body pierce.  
 Nikumbha shall not save thee then,  
 Nor Rávaṇ, from the lord of men.  
 O Monarch, hear my last appeal,  
 My counsel for thy kingdom's weal.  
 This sentence I again declare:  
 O giant King, beware, beware!  
 Save from the ruin that impends  
 Thy town, thy people, and thy friends;  
 O hear the warning urged once more:  
 To Raghu's son the dame restore.”

## Canto XV. Indrajít's Speech.

He ceased: and Indrajít the pride  
 Of Rákshas warriors thus replied:

“Is this a speech our king should hear,  
 This counsel of ignoble fear?  
 A scion of our glorious race  
 Should ne'er conceive a thought so base,  
 But one mid all our kin we find,  
 Vibhishan, whose degenerate mind  
 No spark of gallant pride retains,  
 Whose coward soul his lineage stains.  
 Against one giant what can two  
 Unhappy sons of Raghu do?  
 Away with idle fears, away!  
 Matched with our meanest, what are they?  
 Beneath my conquering prowess fell  
 The Lord of earth and heaven and hell.<sup>924</sup>  
 Through every startled region dread  
 Of my resistless fury spread;  
 And Gods in each remotest sphere  
 Confessed the universal fear.  
 Rending the air with roar and groan,  
 Airávat<sup>925</sup> to the earth was thrown.  
 From his huge head the tusks I drew,  
 And smote the Gods with fear anew.  
 Shall I who tame celestials' pride,  
 By whom the fiends are terrified,  
 Now prove a weakling little worth,  
 And fail to slay those sons of earth?”

He ceased: Vibhishan trained and tried  
 In war and counsel thus replied

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<sup>924</sup> *Trilokanátha*, Lord of the Three Worlds, is a title of Indra.

<sup>925</sup> The celestial elephant that carries Indra.

“Thy speech is marked with scorn of truth,  
With rashness and the pride of youth.  
Yea, to thy ruin like a child  
Thou protest, and thy words are wild.  
Most dear, O Indrajit, to thee  
Should Rávan's weal and safety be,  
For thou art called his son, but thou  
Art proved his direst foeman now,  
When warned by me thou hast not tried  
To turn the coming woe aside.  
Both thee and him 'twere meet to slay,  
Who brought thee to this hall to-day,  
And dared so rash a youth admit  
To council where the wisest sit.  
Presumptuous, wild, devoid of sense,  
Filled full of pride and insolence,  
Thy reckless tongue thou wilt not rule  
That speaks the counsel of a fool.  
Who in the fight may brook or shun  
The arrows shot by Raghu's son  
With flame and fiery vengeance sped,  
Dire as his staff who rules the dead?  
O Rávan, let thy people live,  
And to the son of Raghu give  
Fair robes and gems and precious ore,  
And Sítá to his arms restore.”

Then, while his breast with fury swelled,  
Thus Rávaṇ spoke, as fate impelled:

“Better with foes thy dwelling make,  
Or house thee with the venom'd snake,  
Than live with false familiar friends  
Who further still thy foeman's ends.  
I know their treacherous mood, I know  
Their secret triumph at thy woe.  
They in their inward hearts despise  
The brave, the noble, and the wise,  
Grieve at their bliss with rancorous hate,  
And for their sorrows watch and wait:  
Scan every fault with curious eye,  
And each slight error magnify.  
Ask elephants who roam the wild  
How were their captive friends beguiled.  
“For fire,” they cry, “we little care,  
For javelin and shaft and snare:  
Our foes are traitors, taught to bind  
The trusting creatures of their kind.”  
Still, still, shall blessings flow from cows,<sup>926</sup>  
And Bráhmans love their rigorous vows;  
Still woman change her restless will,  
And friends perfidious work us ill.  
What though with conquering feet I tread  
On every prostrate foeman's head;  
What though the worlds in abject fear  
Their mighty lord in me revere?  
This thought my peace of mind destroys  
And robs me of expected joys.  
The lotus of the lake receives

---

<sup>926</sup> As producers of the *ghi*, clarified butter or sacrificial oil, used in fire-offerings.

The glittering rain that gems its leaves,  
 But each bright drop remains apart:  
 So is it still with heart and heart.  
 Deceitful as an autumn cloud  
 Which, though its thunderous voice be loud,  
 On the dry earth no torrent sends,  
 Such is the race of faithless friends.  
 No riches of the bloomy spray  
 Will tempt the wandering bee to stay  
 That loves from flower to flower to range;  
 And friends like thee are swift to change.  
 Thou blot upon thy glorious line,  
 If any giant's tongue but thine  
 Had dared to give this base advice,  
 He should not live to shame me twice.”

Then just Vibhishana in the heat  
 Of anger started from his seat,  
 And with four captains of the band  
 Sprang forward with his mace in hand;  
 Then, fury flashing from his eye,  
 Looked on the king and made reply:

“Thy rights, O Rávana, I allow:  
 My brother and mine elder thou.  
 Such, though from duty's path they stray,  
 We love like fathers and obey,  
 But still too bitter to be borne  
 Is thy harsh speech of cruel scorn.  
 The rash like thee, who spurn control,  
 Nor check one longing of the soul,  
 Urged by malignant fate repel  
 The faithful friend who counsels well.  
 A thousand courtiers wilt thou meet,

With flattering lips of smooth deceit:  
 But rare are they whose tongue or ear  
 Will speak the bitter truth, or hear.  
 Unclose thy blinded eyes and see  
 That snares of death encompass thee.  
 I dread, my brother, to behold  
 The shafts of Ráma, bright with gold,  
 Flash fury through the air, and red  
 With fires of vengeance strike thee dead.  
 Lord, brother, King, again reflect,  
 Nor this mine earnest prayer reject,  
 O, save thyself, thy royal town,  
 Thy people and thine old renown.”

## Canto XVII. Vibhishan's Flight.

Soon as his bitter words were said,  
 To Raghu's sons Vibhishan fled.<sup>927</sup>  
 Their eyes the Vánar leaders raised  
 And on the air-borne Rákshas gazed,  
 Bright as a thunderbolt, in size  
 Like Meru's peak that cleaves the skies.  
 In gorgeous panoply arrayed  
 Like Indra's self he stood displayed,  
 And four attendants brave and bold

---

<sup>927</sup> This desertion to the enemy is somewhat abrupt, and is narrated with brevity not usual with Válmíki. In the Bengal recension the preceding speakers and speeches differ considerably from those given in the text which I follow. Vibhishan is kicked from his seat by Rávan, and then, after telling his mother what has happened, he flies to Mount Kailása where he has an interview with Śiva, and by his advice seeks Ráma and the Vánar army.

Shone by their chief in mail and gold.  
 Sugrīva then with dark surmise  
 Bent on their forms his wondering eyes,  
 And thus in hasty words confessed  
 The anxious doubt that moved his breast:

“Look, look ye Vánars, and beware:  
 That giant chief sublime in air  
 With other four in bright array  
 Comes armed to conquer and to slay.”  
 Soon as his warning speech they heard,  
 The Vánar chieftains undeterred  
 Seized fragments of the rock and trees,  
 And made reply in words like these:  
 “We wait thy word: the order give,  
 And these thy foes shall cease to live.  
 Command us, mighty King, and all  
 Lifeless upon the earth shall fall.”

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Meanwhile Vibhishan with the four  
 Stood high above the ocean shore.  
 Sugrīva and the chiefs he spied,  
 And raised his mighty voice and cried:  
 “From Rávan, lord of giants, I  
 His brother, named Vibhishan, fly.  
 From Janasthán he stole the child  
 Of Janak by his art beguiled,  
 And in his palace locked and barred  
 Surrounds her with a Rákshas guard.  
 I bade him, plied with varied lore,  
 His hapless prisoner restore.  
 But he, by Fate to ruin sent,  
 No credence to my counsel lent,  
 Mad as the fevered wretch who sees

And scorns the balm to bring him ease.  
 He scorned the sage advice I gave,  
 He spurned me like a base-born slave.  
 I left my children and my wife,  
 And fly to Raghu's son for life.  
 I pray thee, Vánar chieftain, speed  
 To him who saves in hour of need,  
 And tell him famed in distant lands  
 That suppliant here Vibhishan stands.”

The Rákshas ceased: Sugríva hied  
 To Raghu's noble son and cried:

“A stranger from the giant host,  
 Borne o'er the sea, has reached the coast;  
 A secret foe, he comes to slay,  
 As owls attack their heedless prey.  
 'Tis thine, O King, in time of need  
 To watch, to counsel, and to lead,  
 Our Vánar legions to dispose,  
 And guard us from our crafty foes.  
 Vibhishan from the giants' isle,  
 King Rávan's brother, comes with guile  
 And, feigning from his king to flee,  
 Seeks refuge, Raghu's son, with thee.  
 Arise, O Ráma, and prevent  
 By bold attack his dark intent.  
 Who comes in friendly guise prepared  
 To slay thee by his arts ensnared.”

Thus urged Sugríva famed for lore  
 Of moving words, and spoke no more.  
 Then Ráma thus in turn addressed  
 The bold Hanúmán and the rest:  
 "Chiefs of the Vánar legions each  
 Of you heard Sugríva's speech.  
 What think ye now in time of fear,  
 When peril and distress are near,  
 In every doubt the wise depend  
 For counsel on a faithful friend."

They heard his gracious words, and then  
 Spake reverent to the lord of men:  
 "O Raghu's son, thou knowest well  
 All things of heaven and earth and hell.  
 'Tis but thy friendship bids us speak  
 The counsel Ráma need not seek.  
 So duteous, brave, and true art thou,  
 Heroic, faithful to thy vow.  
 Deep in the scriptures, trained and tried,  
 Still in thy friends wilt thou confide.  
 Let each of us in turn impart  
 The secret counsel of his heart,  
 And strive to win his chief's assent,  
 By force of wisest argument."

They ceased and Angad thus began:  
 "With jealous eye the stranger scan:  
 Not yet with trusting heart receive  
 Vibhishan, nor his tale believe.  
 These giants wandering far and wide  
 Their evil nature falsely hide,  
 And watching with malignant skill  
 Assail us when we fear no ill.

Well ponder every hope and fear  
 Until thy doubtful course be clear;  
 Then own his merit or detect  
 His guile, and welcome or reject.”

Then Šarabha the bold and brave  
 In turn his prudent sentence gave:  
 “Yea, Ráma, send a skilful spy  
 With keenest tact to test and try.  
 Then let the stranger, as is just,  
 Obtain or be refused thy trust.”

Then he whose heart was rich in store  
 Of scripture's life-directing lore,  
 King Jámbaván, stood forth and cried:  
 “Suspect, suspect a foe allied  
 With Rávaṇ lord of Lanká's isle,  
 And Rákshas sin and Rákshas guile.”

Then Mainda, wisest chief, who knew  
 The wrong, the right, the false, the true,  
 Pondered a while, then silence broke,  
 And thus his sober counsel spoke:

“Let one with gracious speech draw near  
 And gently charm Vibhishan's ear,  
 Till he the soothing witchery feel  
 And all his secret heart reveal.  
 So thou his aims and hopes shalt know,  
 And hail the friend or shun the foe.”

“Not he,” Hanúmán cried, “not he  
 Who taught the Gods<sup>928</sup> may rival thee,  
 Supreme in power of quickest sense,  
 First in the art of eloquence.  
 But hear me soothly speak, O King,  
 And learn the hope to which I cling.  
 Vibhishan comes no crafty spy:  
 Urged by his brother's fault to fly.  
 With righteous soul that loathes the sin,  
 He fled from Lanká and his kin.  
 If strangers question, doubt will rise  
 And chill the heart of one so wise.  
 Marred by distrust the parle will end,  
 And thou wilt lose a faithful friend.  
 Nor let it seem so light a thing  
 To sound a stranger's heart, O King.  
 And he, I ween, whate'er he say,  
 Will ne'er an evil thought betray.  
 He comes a friend in happy time,  
 Loathing his brother for his crime.  
 His ear has heard thine old renown,  
 The might that struck King Báli down,  
 And set Sugríva on the throne.  
 And looking now to thee alone  
 He comes thy matchless aid to win  
 And punish Rávan for his sin.  
 Thus have I tried thy heart to move,  
 And thus Vibhishan's truth to prove.  
 Still in his friendship I confide;  
 But ponder, wisest, and decide.”

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<sup>928</sup> Vṛihaspati the preceptor of the Gods.

## Canto XVIII. Ráma's Speech.

Then Ráma's rising doubt was stilled,  
And friendly thoughts his bosom filled.  
Thus, deep in Scripture's lore, he spake:  
“The suppliant will I ne'er forsake,  
Nor my protecting aid refuse  
When one in name of friendship sues.  
Though faults and folly blot his fame,  
Pity and help he still may claim.”

He ceased: Sugríva bowed his head  
And pondered for a while, and said:

“Past number be his faults or few,  
What think ye of the Rákshas who,  
When threatening clouds of danger rise,  
Deserts his brother's side and flies?  
Say, Vánars, who may hope to find  
True friendship in his faithless kind?”

The son of Raghu heard his speech:  
He cast a hasty look on each  
Of those brave Vánar chiefs, and while  
Upon his lips there played a smile,  
To Lakshmaṇ turned and thus expressed  
The thoughts that moved his gallant breast:  
“Well versed in Scripture's lore, and sage  
And duly reverent to age,  
Is he, with long experience stored,  
Who counsels like this Vánar lord.  
Yet here, methinks, for searching eyes  
Some deeper, subtler matter lies.  
To you and all the world are known  
The perils of a monarch's throne,  
While foe and stranger, kith and kin  
By his misfortune trust to win.  
By hope of such advantage led,  
Vibhishan o'er the sea has fled.  
He in his brother's stead would reign,  
And our alliance seeks to gain;  
And we his offer may embrace,  
A stranger and of alien race.  
But if he comes a spy and foe,  
What power has he to strike a blow  
In furtherance of his close design?  
What is his strength compared with mine?  
And can I, Vánar King, forget  
The great, the universal debt,  
Ever to aid and welcome those  
Who pray for shelter, friends or foes?  
Hast thou not heard the deathless praise  
Won by the dove in olden days,  
Who conquering his fear and hate  
Welcomed the slayer of his mate,

And gave a banquet, to refresh  
 The weary fowler, of his flesh?  
 Now hear me, Vánar King, rehearse  
 What Kāṇdu<sup>929</sup> spoke in ancient verse,  
 Saint Kāṇva's son who loved the truth  
 And clave to virtue from his youth:  
 “Strike not the suppliant when he stands  
 And asks thee with beseeching hands  
 For shelter: strike him not although  
 He were thy father's mortal foe.  
 No, yield him, be he proud or meek,  
 The shelter which he comes to seek,  
 And save thy foeman, if the deed  
 Should cost thy life, in desperate need.”  
 And shall I hear the wretched cry,  
 And my protecting aid deny?  
 Shall I a suppliant's prayer refuse,  
 And heaven and glory basely lose?  
 No, I will do for honour sake  
 E'en as the holy Kāṇdu spake,  
 Preserve a hero's name from stain,  
 And bliss in heaven and glory gain.  
 Bound by a solemn vow I sware  
 That all my saving help should share  
 Who sought me in distress and cried,  
 “Thou art my hope, and none beside.”  
 Then go, I pray thee, Vánar King,  
 Vibhishan to my presence bring,  
 Yea, were he Rávan's self, my vow  
 Forbids me to reject him now.”

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<sup>929</sup> In Book II, Canto XXI, Kāṇdu is mentioned by Ráma as an example of filial obedience. At the command of his father he is said to have killed a cow.

He ceased: the Vánar king approved;  
 And Ráma toward Vibhishan moved.  
 So moves, a brother God to greet,  
 Lord Indra from his heavenly seat.

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## Canto XIX. Vibhishan's Counsel.

When Raghu's son had owned his claim  
 Down from the air Vibhishan came,  
 And with his four attendants bent  
 At Ráma's feet most reverent.

“O Ráma,” thus he cried, “in me  
 Vibhishan, Rávan’s brother see.  
 By him disgraced thine aid I seek,  
 Sure refuge of the poor and weak.  
 From Lanká, friends, and wealth I fly,  
 And reft of all on thee rely.  
 On thee, the wretch’s firmest friend,  
 My kingdom, joys, and life depend.”

With glance of favour Ráma eyed  
 The Rákshas chief and thus replied:

“First from thy lips I fain would hear  
 Each brighter hope, each darker fear.  
 Speak, stranger, that I well may know  
 The strength and weakness of the foe.”

He ceased: the Rákshas chief obeyed,  
And thus in turn his answer made:

“O Prince, the Self-existent gave  
This boon to Rávaṇ; he may brave  
All foes in fight; no fiend or snake,  
Gandharva, God, his life may take.  
His brother Kumbhakarṇa vies  
In might with him who rules the skies.  
The captain of his armies—fame  
Perhaps has taught the warrior's name—  
Is terrible Prahasta, who  
King Maṇibhadra's<sup>930</sup> self o'erthrew.  
Where is the warrior found to face  
Young Indrajít, when armed with brace  
And guard<sup>931</sup> and bow he stands in mail  
And laughs at spear and arrowy hail?  
Within his city Lanká dwell  
Ten million giants fierce and fell,  
Who wear each varied shape at will  
And eat the flesh of those they kill.  
These hosts against the Gods he led,  
And heavenly might discomfited.”

Then Ráma cried: “I little heed  
Gigantic strength or doughty deed.  
In spite of all their might has done  
The king, the captain, and the son  
Shall fall beneath my fury dead,  
And thou shalt reign in Rávaṇ's stead.  
He, though in depths of earth he dwell,

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<sup>930</sup> A King of the Yakshas, or Kuvera himself, the God of Gold.

<sup>931</sup> The brace protects the left arm from injury from the bow-string, and the guard protects the fingers of the right hand.

Or seek protection down in hell,  
 Or kneel before the Sire supreme,  
 His forfeit life shall ne'er redeem.  
 Yea, by my brothers' lives I swear,  
 I will not to my home repair  
 Till Rávaṇ and his kith and kin  
 Have paid in death the price of sin."

Vibhishan bowed his head and cried:  
 "Thy conquering army will I guide  
 To storm the city of the foe,  
 And aid the tyrant's overthrow."  
 Thus spake Vibhishan: Ráma pressed  
 The Rákshas chieftain to his breast,  
 And cried to Lakshman: "Haste and bring  
 Sea-water for the new-made king."  
 He spoke, and o'er Vibhishan's head  
 The consecrating drops were shed  
 Mid shouts that hailed with one accord  
 The giants' king and Lanká's lord.

"Is there no way," Hanúmán cried,  
 "No passage o'er the boisterous tide?  
 How may we lead the Vánar host  
 In triumph to the farther coast?"  
 "Thus," said Vibhishan, "I advise:  
 Let Raghu's son in suppliant guise  
 Entreat the mighty Sea to lend  
 His succour and this cause befriend.  
 His channels, as the wise have told,  
 By Sagar's sons were dug of old,<sup>932</sup>  
 Nor will high-thoughted Ocean scorn  
 A prince of Sagar's lineage born."

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<sup>932</sup> The story is told in Book I, Cantos XL, XLI, XLII.

He ceased; the prudent counsel won  
 The glad assent of Raghu's son.  
 Then on the ocean shore a bed  
 Of tender sacred grass was spread,  
 Where Ráma at the close of day  
 Like fire upon an altar lay.

## Canto XX. The Spies.

Śárdúla, Rávan's spy, surveyed  
 The legions on the strand arrayed.  
 And bore, his bosom racked with fear,  
 These tidings to the monarch's ear:

“They come, they come. A rushing tide,  
 Ten leagues they spread from side to side,  
 And on to storm thy city press,  
 Fierce rovers of the wilderness.  
 Rich in each princely power and grace,  
 The pride of Daśaratha's race,  
 Ráma and Lakshmaṇ lead their bands,  
 And halt them on the ocean sands.  
 O Monarch, rise, this peril meet;  
 Risk not the danger of defeat.

First let each wiser art be tried;  
Bribe them, or win them, or divide.”  
Such was the counsel of the spy:  
And Rávan called to Śuka: “Fly,  
Sugríva lord of Vánars seek,  
And thus my kingly message speak:  
“Great power and might and fame are thine,  
Brave scion of a royal line,  
King Riksharajas' son, in thee  
A brother and a friend I see.  
How wronged by me canst thou complain?  
What profit here pretend to gain?  
If from the wood the wife I stole  
Of Ráma of the prudent soul,  
What cause hast thou to mourn the theft?  
Thou art not injured or bereft.  
Return, O King, thy steps retrace  
And seek thy mountain dwelling-place.  
No, never may thy hosts within  
My Lanká's walls a footing win.  
A mighty town whose strength defies  
The gathered armies of the skies.”

He ceased: obedient Śuka heard;  
With wings and plumage of a bird  
He rose in eager speed and through  
The air upon his errand flew.  
Borne o'er the sea with rapid wing  
He stood above the Vánar king,  
And spoke aloud, sublime in air,  
The message he was charged to bear.  
The Vánar heard the words he spoke,  
And quick redoubling stroke on stroke  
On head and pinions hemmed him round

And bore him struggling to the ground.  
The Rákshas wounded and distressed  
These words to Raghu's son addressed:

“Quick, quick! This Vánar host restrain,  
For heralds never must be slain.  
To him alone, a wretch untrue,  
The punishment of death is due  
Who leaves his master's speech unsaid  
And speaks another in its stead.”  
Moved by the suppliant speech and prayer  
Up sprang the prince and cried, forbear.  
Saved from his wild assailant's blows  
Again the Rákshas herald rose  
And borne on light wings to the sky  
Addressed Sugríva from on high:  
“O Vánar Monarch, chief endued  
With power and wonderous fortitude,  
What answer is my king, the fear  
And scourge of weeping worlds, to hear?”  
“Go tell thy lord,” Sugríva cried,  
“Thou, Ráma's foe, art thus defied.  
His arm the guilty Báli slew;  
Thus, tyrant, shalt thou perish too.  
Thy sons, thy friends, proud King, and all  
Thy kith and kin with thee shall fall;  
And, emptied of the giant's brood,  
Burnt Lanká be a solitude.  
Fly to the Sun-God's pathway, go  
And hide thee deep in hell below:  
In vain from Ráma shalt thou flee  
Though heavenly warriors fight for thee.  
Thine arm subdued, securely bold,  
The Vulture-king infirm and old:

But will thy puny strength avail  
When Raghu's wrathful sons assail?  
A captive in thy palace lies  
The lady of the lotus eyes:  
Thou knowest not how fierce and strong  
Is he whom thou hast dared to wrong.  
The best of Raghu's lineage, he  
Whose conquering hand shall punish thee.”

He ceased: and Angad raised a cry;  
“This is no herald but a spy.  
Above thee from his airy post  
His rapid eye surveyed our host,  
Where with advantage he might scan  
Our gathered strength from rear to van.  
Bind him, Vánars, bind the spy,  
Nor let him back to Lanká fly.”

They hurled the Rákshas to the ground,  
They grasped his neck, his pinions bound,  
And firmly held him while in vain  
His voice was lifted to complain.  
But Ráma's heart inclined to spare,  
He listened to his plaint and prayer,  
And cried aloud: “O Vánars, cease;  
The captive from his bonds release.”

## Canto XXI. Ocean Threatened.

His hands in reverence Ráma raised  
 And southward o'er the ocean gazed;  
 Then on the sacred grass that made  
 His lowly couch his limbs he laid.  
 His head on that strong arm reclined  
 Which Sítá, best of womankind,  
 Had loved in happier days to hold  
 With soft arms decked with pearls and gold.  
 Then rising from his bed of grass,  
 "This day," he cried, "the host shall pass  
 Triumphant to the southern shore,  
 Or Ocean's self shall be no more."  
 Thus vowing in his constant breast  
 Again he turned him to his rest,  
 And there, his eyes in slumber closed,  
 Silent beside the sea reposed.  
 Thrice rose the Day-God thrice he set,  
 The lord of Ocean came not yet,  
 Thrice came the night, but Raghu's son  
 No answer by his service won.  
 To Lakshman thus the hero cried,  
 His eyes aflame with wrath and pride:

"In vain the softer gifts that grace  
 The good are offered to the base.  
 Long-suffering, patience, gentle speech

Their thankless hearts can never reach.  
The world to him its honour pays  
Whose ready tongue himself can praise,  
Who scorns the true, and hates the right,  
Whose hand is ever raised to smite.  
Each milder art is tried in vain:  
It wins no glory, but disdain.  
And victory owns no softer charm  
Than might which nerves a warrior's arm.  
My humble suit is still denied  
By Ocean's overweening pride.  
This day the monsters of the deep  
In throes of death shall wildly leap.  
My shafts shall rend the serpents curled  
In caverns of the watery world,  
Disclose each sunless depth and bare  
The tangled pearl and coral there.  
Away with mercy! at a time  
Like this compassion is a crime.  
Welcome, the battle and the foe!  
My bow! my arrows and my bow!  
This day the Vánars' feet shall tread  
The conquered Sea's exhausted bed,  
And he who never feared before  
Shall tremble to his farthest shore."

Red flashed his eyes with angry glow:  
He stood and grasped his mighty bow,  
Terrific as the fire of doom  
Whose quenchless flames the world consume.  
His clang ing cord the archer drew,  
And swift the fiery arrows flew  
Fierce as the flashing levin sent  
By him who rules the firmament.

Down through the startled waters sped  
 Each missile with its flaming head.  
 The foamy billows rose and sank,  
 And dashed upon the trembling bank.  
 Sea monsters of tremendous form  
 With crash and roar of thunder storm.  
 Still the wild waters rose and fell  
 Crowned with white foam and pearl and shell.  
 Each serpent, startled from his rest,  
 Raised his fierce eyes and glowing crest.  
 And prisoned Dánavs<sup>933</sup> where they dwelt  
 In depths below the terror felt.  
 Again upon his string he laid  
 A flaming shaft, but Lakshmaṇ stayed  
 His arm, with gentle reasoning tried  
 To soothe his angry mood, and cried:  
 “Brother, reflect: the wise control  
 The rising passions of the soul.  
 Let Ocean grant, without thy threat,  
 The boon on which thy heart is set.  
 That gracious lord will ne'er refuse  
 When Ráma son of Raghu sues.”  
 He ceased: and voices from the air  
 Fell clear and loud, Spare, Ráma, spare.

## Canto XXII. Ocean Threatened.

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<sup>933</sup> Fiends and enemies of the Gods.

With angry menace Ráma, best  
Of Raghu's sons, the Sea addressed:  
“With fiery flood of arrowy rain  
Thy channels will I dry and drain.  
And I and all the Vánar host  
Will reach on foot the farther coast.  
Thou shalt not from destruction save  
The creatures of the teeming wave,  
And lapse of time shall ne'er efface  
The memory of the dire disgrace.”

Thus spoke the warrior, and prepared  
The mortal shaft which never spared,  
Known mystic weapon, by the name  
Of Brahmá, red with quenchless flame.  
Great terror, as he strained the bow,  
Struck heaven above and earth below.  
Through echoing skies the thunder pealed,  
And startled mountains rocked and reeled,  
The earth was black with sudden night  
And heaven was blotted from the sight.  
Then ever and anon the glare  
Of meteors shot through murky air,  
And with a wild terrific sound  
Red lightnings struck the trembling ground.  
In furious gusts the fierce wind blew:  
Tall trees it shattered and o'erthrew,  
And, smiting with a giant's stroke,  
Huge masses from the mountain broke.  
A cry of terror long and shrill  
Came from each valley, plain, and hill.  
Each ruined dale, each riven peak  
Re-echoed with a wail or shriek.

While Raghu's son undaunted gazed,  
 The waters of the deep were raised,  
 And, still uplifted more and more,  
 Leapt in wild flood upon the shore.  
 Still Ráma looked upon the tide  
 And kept his post unterrified.  
 Then from the seething flood upreared  
 Majestic Ocean's form appeared,  
 As rising from his eastern height  
 Springs through the sky the Lord of Light.  
 Attendant on their monarch came  
 Sea serpents with their eyes aflame.  
 Like lazulite mid burning gold  
 His form was wondrous to behold.  
 Bright with each fairest precious stone  
 A chain about his neck was thrown.  
 Calm shone his lotus eyes beneath  
 The blossoms of his heavenly wreath,  
 And many a pearl and sea-born gem  
 Flashed in the monarch's diadem.  
 There Gangá, tributary queen,  
 And Sindhu<sup>934</sup> by his lord, were seen,  
 And every stream and brook renowned  
 In ancient story girt him round.  
 Then, as the waters rose and swelled,  
 The king with suppliant hands upheld,  
 His glorious head to Ráma bent  
 And thus addressed him reverent:  
 “Air, ether, fire, earth, water, true  
 To nature's will, their course pursue;  
 And I, as ancient laws ordain,  
 Unfordable must still remain.

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<sup>934</sup> The Indus.

Yet, Raghu's son, my counsel hear:  
 I ne'er for love or hope or fear  
 Will pile my waters in a heap  
 And leave a pathway through the deep.  
 Still shall my care for thee provide  
 An easy passage o'er the tide,  
 And like a city's pave street  
 Shall be the road beneath thy feet.”  
 He ceased: and Ráma spoke again:  
 “This spell is ne'er invoked in vain.  
 Where shall the magic shaft, to spend  
 The fury of its might, descend?”  
 “Shoot,” Ocean cried, “thine arrow forth  
 With all its fury to the north,  
 Where sacred Drumakulya lies,  
 Whose glory with thy glory vies.  
 There dwells a wild Abhíra<sup>935</sup> race,  
 As vile in act as foul of face,  
 Fierce Dasyus<sup>936</sup> who delight in ill,  
 And drink my tributary rill.  
 My soul no longer may endure  
 Their neighbourhood and touch impure.  
 At these, O son of Raghu, aim  
 Thine arrow with the quenchless flame.”

Swift from the bow, as Ráma drew  
 His cord, the fiery arrow flew.  
 Earth groaned to feel the wound, and sent  
 A rush of water through the rent;  
 And famed for ever is the well  
 Of Vraṇa<sup>937</sup> where the arrow fell.

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<sup>935</sup> Cowherds, sprung from a Bráhmaṇa and a woman of the medical tribe, the modern Ahírs.

<sup>936</sup> Barbarians or outcasts.

<sup>937</sup> *Vraṇa* means wound or rent.

Then every brook and lake beside  
 Throughout the region Ráma dried.  
 But yet he gave a boon to bless  
 And fertilize the wilderness:  
 No fell disease should taint the air,  
 And sheep and kine should prosper there:  
 Earth should produce each pleasant root,  
 The stately trees should bend with fruit;  
 Oil, milk, and honey should abound,  
 And fragrant herbs should clothe the ground.  
 Then spake the king of brooks and seas  
 To Raghu's son in words like these:  
 "Now let a wondrous task be done  
 By Nala, Viśvakarmá's son,  
 Who, born of one of Vánar race,  
 Inherits by his father's grace  
 A share of his celestial art.  
 Call Nala to perform his part,  
 And he, divinely taught and skilled,  
 A bridge athwart the sea shall build."

He spoke and vanished. Nala, best  
 Of Vánar chiefs, the king addressed:  
 "O'er the deep sea where monsters play  
 A bridge, O Ráma, will I lay;  
 For, sharer of my father's skill,  
 Mine is the power and mine the will.  
 'Tis vain to try each gentler art  
 To bribe and soothe the thankless heart;  
 In vain on such is mercy spent;  
 It yields to naught but punishment.  
 Through fear alone will Ocean now  
 A passage o'er his waves allow.  
 My mother, ere she bore her son,

This boon from Viśvakarmá won:  
“O Mandarí, thy child shall be  
In skill and glory next to me.”  
But why unbidden should I fill  
Thine ear with praises of my skill?  
Command the Vánar hosts to lay  
Foundations for the bridge to-day.”

He spoke: and swift at Ráma's hest  
Up sprang the Vánars from their rest,  
The mandate of the king obeyed  
And sought the forest's mighty shade.  
Unrooted trees to earth they threw,  
And to the sea the timber drew.  
The stately palm was bowed and bent,  
Aśokas from the ground were rent,  
And towering Sáls and light bamboos,  
And trees with flowers of varied hues,  
With loveliest creepers wreathed and crowned,  
Shook, reeled, and fell upon the ground.  
With mighty engines piles of stone  
And seated hills were overthrown:  
Unprisoned waters sprang on high,  
In rain descending from the sky:  
And ocean with a roar and swell  
Heaved wildly when the mountains fell.  
Then the great bridge of wondrous strength  
Was built, a hundred leagues in length.  
Rocks huge as autumn clouds bound fast  
With cordage from the shore were cast,  
And fragments of each riven hill,  
And trees whose flowers adorned them still.  
Wild was the tumult, loud the din  
As ponderous rocks went thundering in.

Ere set of sun, so toiled each crew,  
 Ten leagues and four the structure grew;  
 The labours of the second day  
 Gave twenty more of ready way,  
 And on the fifth, when sank the sun,  
 The whole stupendous work was done.  
 O'er the broad way the Vánars sped,  
 Nor swayed it with their countless tread.  
 [445] Exultant on the ocean strand  
 Vibhishan stood, and, mace in hand,  
 Longed eager for the onward way,  
 And chafed impatient at delay.  
 Then thus to Ráma trained and tried  
 In battle King Sugríva cried:  
 “Come, Hanumán's broad back ascend;  
 Let Angad help to Lakshmaṇ lend.  
 These high above the sea shall bear  
 Their burthen through the ways of air.”

So, with Sugríva, borne o'erhead  
 Ikshváku's sons the legions led.  
 Behind, the Vánar hosts pursued  
 Their march in endless multitude.  
 Some skimmed the surface of the wave,  
 To some the air a passage gave.  
 Amid their ceaseless roar the sound  
 Of Ocean's fearful voice was drowned,  
 As o'er the bridge by Nala planned  
 They hastened on to Lanká's strand,  
 Where, by the pleasant brooks, mid trees  
 Loaded with fruit, they took their ease.

## Canto XXIII. The Omens.

Then Ráma, peerless in the skill  
That marks each sign of good and ill,  
Strained his dear brother to his breast,  
And thus with prudent words addressed:  
“Now, Lakshmaṇ, by the water's side  
In fruitful groves the host divide,  
That warriors of each woodland race  
May keep their own appointed place.  
Dire is the danger: loss of friends,  
Of Vánars and of bears, impends.  
Distained with dust the breezes blow,  
And earth is shaken from below.  
The tall hills rock from foot to crown,  
And stately trees come toppling down.  
In threatening shape, with voice of fear,  
The clouds like cannibals appear,  
And rain in fitful torrents, red  
With sanguinary drops, is shed.  
Long streaks of lurid light invest  
The evening skies from east to west.  
And from the sun at times a ball  
Of angry fire is seen to fall.  
From every glen and brake is heard  
The boding voice of beast and bird:  
From den and lair night-prowlers run  
And shriek against the falling sun.  
Up springs the moon, but hot and red  
Kills the sad night with woe and dread;  
No gentle lustre, but the gloom  
That heralds universal doom.  
A cloud of dust and vapour mars  
The beauty of the evening stars,

And wild and fearful is the sky  
 As though the wreck of worlds were nigh.  
 Around our heads in boding flight  
 Wheel hawk and vulture, crow and kite;  
 And every bird of happy note  
 Shrieks terror from his altered throat.  
 Sword, spear and shaft shall strew the plain  
 Dyed red with torrents of the slain.  
 To-day the Vánar troops shall close  
 Around the city of our foes.”

## Canto XXIV. The Spy's Return.

As shine the heavens with autumn's moon  
 Refulgent in the height of noon,  
 So shone with light which Ráma gave  
 That army of the bold and brave,  
 As from the sea it marched away  
 In war's magnificent array,  
 And earth was shaken by the beat  
 And trampling of unnumbered feet.  
 Then to the giants' ears were borne,  
 The mingled notes of drum and horn,  
 And clash of tambours smote the sky,  
 And shouting and the battle cry.  
 The sound of martial strains inspired  
 Each chieftain, and his bosom fired:  
 While giants from their walls replied,  
 And answering shouts the foe defied,  
 Then Ráma looked on Lanká where  
 Bright banners floated in the air,

And, pierced with anguish at the view,  
 His loving thoughts to Sítá flew.  
 “There, prisoned by the giant, lies  
 My lady of the tender eyes,  
 Like Rohiní the queen of stars  
 O'erpowered by the fiery Mars.”  
 Then turned he to his brother chief  
 And cried in agony of grief:  
 “See on the hill, divinely planned  
 And built by Viśvakarmá's hand,  
 The towers and domes of Lanká rise  
 In peerless beauty to the skies.  
 Bright from afar the city shines  
 With gleam of palaces and shrines,  
 Like pale clouds through the region spread  
 By Vishṇu's self inhabited.  
 Fair gardens grow, and woods between  
 The stately domes are fresh and green,  
 Where trees their bloom and fruit display,  
 And sweet birds sing on every spray.  
 Each bird is mad with joy, and bees  
 Sing labouring in the bloomy trees  
 On branches by the breezes bowed,  
 Where the gay Koil's voice is loud.”

This said, he ranged with warlike art  
 Each body of the host apart.  
 “There in the centre,” Ráma cried,  
 “Be Angad's place by Níla's side.  
 Let Rishabh of impetuous might  
 Be lord and leader on the right,  
 And Gandhamádan, next in rank,  
 Be captain of the farther flank.  
 Lakshmaṇ and I the hosts will lead,

And Jámbaván of ursine breed,  
 With bold Sushen unused to fear,  
 And Vegadarší, guide the rear.”

Thus Ráma spoke: the chiefs obeyed;  
 And all the Vánar hosts arrayed  
 Showed awful as the autumn sky  
 When clouds embattled form on high.  
 Their arms were mighty trees o'erthrown,  
 And massy blocks of mountain stone.  
 One hope in every warlike breast,  
 One firm resolve, they onward pressed,  
 To die in fight or batter down  
 The walls and towers of Lanká's town.

Those marshalled legions Ráma eyed,  
 And thus to King Sugríva cried:  
 “Now, Monarch, ere the hosts proceed,  
 Let Šuka, Rávan's spy, be freed.”  
 He spoke: the Vánar gave consent  
 And loosed him from imprisonment:  
 And Šuka, trembling and afraid,  
 His homeward way to Rávaṇ made.  
 Loud laughed the lord of Lanká's isle:  
 “Where hast thou stayed this weary while?  
 Why is thy plumage marred, and why  
 Do twisted cords thy pinions tie?  
 Say, comest thou in evil plight  
 The victim of the Vánars' spite?”

He ceased: the spy his fear controlled,  
And to the king his story told:  
“I reached the ocean's distant shore,  
Thy message to the king I bore.  
In sudden wrath the Vánars rose,  
They struck me down with furious blows;  
They seized me helpless on the ground,  
My plumage rent, my pinions bound.  
They would not, headlong in their ire,  
Consider, listen, or inquire;  
So fickle, wrathful, rough and rude  
Is the wild forest multitude.  
There, marshalling the Vánar bands,  
King Ráma with Sugríva stands,  
Ráma the matchless warrior, who  
Virádha and Kabandha slew,  
Khara, and countless giants more,  
And tracks his queen to Lanká's shore.  
A bridge athwart the sea was cast,  
And o'er it have his legions passed.  
Hark! heralded by horns and drums  
The terrible avenger comes.  
E'en now the giants' isle he fills  
With warriors huge as clouds and hills,  
And burning with vindictive hate  
Will thunder soon at Lanká's gate.  
Yield or oppose him: choose between  
Thy safety and the Maithil queen.”

He ceased: the tyrant's eyeballs blazed  
With fury as his voice he raised:  
“No, if the dwellers of the sky,  
Gandharvas, fiends assail me, I  
Will keep the Maithil lady still,

Nor yield her back for fear of ill.  
 When shall my shafts with iron hail  
 My foeman, Raghu's son, assail,  
 Thick as the bees with eager wing  
 Beat on the flowery trees of spring?  
 O, let me meet my foe at length,  
 And strip him of his vaunted strength,  
 Fierce as the sun who shines afar  
 Stealing the light of every star.  
 Strong as the sea's impetuous might  
 My ways are like the tempest's flight;  
 But Ráma knows not this, or he  
 In terror from my face would flee."

## Canto XXV. Rávan's Spies.<sup>938</sup>

When Ráma and the host he led  
 Across the sea had safely sped,  
 Thus Rávaṇ, moved by wrath and pride,  
 To Śuka and to Sáraṇ cried:  
 "O counsellors, the Vánar host  
 Has passed the sea from coast to coast,  
 And Daśaratha's son has wrought  
 A wondrous deed surpassing thought.  
 And now in truth I needs must know  
 The strength and number of the foe.  
 Go ye, to Ráma's host repair  
 And count me all the legions there.  
 Learn well what power each captain leads

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<sup>938</sup> Here in the Bengal recension (Gorresio's edition), begins Book VI.

His name and fame for warlike deeds.  
 Learn by what artist's wondrous aid  
 That bridge athwart the sea was made;  
 Learn how the Vánar host came o'er  
 And halted on the island shore.  
 Mark Ráma son of Raghu well;  
 His valour, strength, and weapons tell.  
 Watch his advisers one by one,  
 And Lakshmaṇ, Raghu's younger son.  
 Learn with observant eyes, and bring  
 "Unerring tidings to your king.

He ceased: then swift in Vánar guise  
 Forth on their errand sped the spies.  
 They reached the Vánars, and, dismayed,  
 Their never-ending lines surveyd:  
 Nor would they try, in mere despair,  
 To count the countless legions there,  
 That crowded valley, plain and hill,  
 That pressed about each cave and rill.  
 Though sea-like o'er the land were spread  
 The endless hosts which Ráma led,  
 The bridge by thousands yet was lined,  
 And eager myriads pressed behind.  
 But sage Vibhishaṇ's watchful eyes  
 Had marked the giants in disguise.  
 He gave command the pair to seize,  
 And told the tale in words like these:

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"O Ráma these, well known erewhile,  
 Are giant sons of Lanká's isle,  
 Two counsellors of Rávaṇ sent  
 To watch the invading armament."

Vibhishan ceased: at Ráma's look  
 The Rákshas envoys quailed and shook;  
 Then suppliant hand to hand they pressed  
 And thus Ikshváku's son addressed:  
 “O Ráma, bear the truth we speak:  
 Our monarch Rávaṇ bade us seek  
 The Vánar legions and survey  
 Their numbers, strength, and vast array.”

Then Ráma, friend and hope and guide  
 Of suffering creatures, thus replied:

“Now giants, if your eyes have scanned  
 Our armies, numbering every band,  
 Marked lord and chief, and gazed their fill,  
 Return to Rávaṇ when ye will.  
 If aught remain, if aught anew  
 Ye fain would scan with closer view,  
 Vibhishan, ready at your call,  
 Will lead you forth and show you all.  
 Think not of bonds and capture; fear  
 No loss of life, no peril here:  
 For, captive, helpless and unarmed,  
 An envoy never should be harmed.  
 Again to Lanká's town repair,  
 Speed to the giant monarch there,  
 And be these words to Rávaṇ told,  
 Fierce brother of the Lord of Gold:  
 “Now, tyrant, tremble for thy sin:  
 Call up thy friends, thy kith and kin,  
 And let the power and might be seen  
 Which made thee bold to steal my queen.  
 To-morrow shall thy mournful eye  
 Behold thy bravest warriors die,

And Lanká's city, tower and wall,  
 Struck by my fiery shafts, will fall.  
 Then shall my vengeful blow descend  
 Its rage on thee and thine to spend,  
 Fierce as the fiery bolt that flew  
 From heaven against the Dánav crew,  
 Mid those rebellious demons sent  
 By him who rules the firmament."

Thus spake Ikshváku's son, and ceased:  
 The giants from their bonds released  
 Praised the King with glad accord,  
 And hastened homeward to their lord.  
 Before the tyrant side by side  
 Šuka and Sáraṇ stood and cried:  
 "Vibhishan seized us, King, and fain  
 His helpless captives would have slain.  
 But glorious Ráma saw us; he,  
 Great-hearted hero, made us free.  
 There in one spot our eyes beheld  
 Four chiefs on earth unparalleled,  
 Who with the guardian Gods may vie  
 Who rule the regions of the sky.  
 There Ráma stood, the boast and pride  
 Of Raghu's race, by Lakshman's side.  
 There stood the sage Vibhishan, there  
 Sugríva strong beyond compare.  
 These four alone can batter down  
 Gate, rampart, wall, and Lanká's town.  
 Nay, Ráma matchless in his form,  
 A single foe, thy town would storm:  
 So wondrous are his weapons, he  
 Needs not the succour of the three.  
 Why speak we of the countless train

That fills the valley, hill and plain,  
 The millions of the Vánar breed  
 Whom Ráma and Sugríva lead?  
 O King, be wise, contend no more,  
 And Sítá to her lord restore.”

## Canto XXVI. The Vánar Chiefs.

“Not if the Gods in heaven who dwell,  
 Gandharvas, and the fiends of hell  
 In banded opposition rise  
 Against me, will I yield my prize.  
 Still trembling from the ungentle touch  
 Of Vánar hands ye fear too much,  
 And bid me, heedless of the shame,  
 Give to her lord the Maithil dame.”

Thus spoke the king in stern reproof;  
 Then mounted to his palace roof  
 Aloft o'er many a story raised,  
 And on the lands beneath him gazed.  
 There by his faithful spies he stood  
 And looked on sea and hill and wood.  
 There stretched before him far away  
 The Vánars' numberless array:  
 Scarce could the meadows' tender green  
 Beneath their trampling feet be seen.  
 He looked a while with furious eye,  
 Then questioned thus the nearer spy:  
 “Bend, Sáraṇ, bend thy gaze, and show  
 The leaders of the Vánar foe.

Tell me their heroes' names, and teach  
The valour, power and might of each."

Obedient Sáraṇ eyed the van,  
The leaders marked, and thus began:  
"That chief conspicuous at the head  
Of warriors in the forest bred,  
Who hither bends his ruthless eye  
And shouts his fearful battle cry:  
Whose voice with pealing thunder shakes  
All Lanká, with the groves and lakes  
And hills that tremble at the sound,  
Is Níla, for his might renowned:  
First of the Vánar lords controlled  
By King Sugríva lofty-souled.  
He who his mighty arm extends,  
And his fierce eye on Lanká bends,  
In stature like a stately tower,  
In colour like a lotus flower,  
Who with his wild earth-shaking cries  
Thee, Rávaṇ, to the field defies,  
Is Angad, by Sugríva's care  
Anointed his imperial heir:  
In wondrous strength, in martial fire  
Peer of King Báli's self, his sire;  
For Ráma's sake in arms arrayed  
Like Varuṇ called to Śakra's aid.  
Behind him, girt by warlike bands,  
Nala the mighty Vánar stands,  
The son of Viśvakarmá, he  
Who built the bridge athwart the sea.  
Look farther yet, O King, and mark  
That chieftain clothed in Sandal bark.  
'Tis Śweta, famed among his peers,

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A sage whom all his race reveres.  
 See, in Sugrīva's ear he speaks,  
 Then, hastening back, his post reseeks,  
 And turns his practised eye to view  
 The squadrons he has formed anew.  
 Next Kumud stands who roamed of yore  
 On Gomati's<sup>939</sup> delightful shore,  
 Feared where the waving woods invest  
 His seat on Mount Sanrochan's crest.  
 Next him a chieftain strong and dread,  
 Comes Chanda at his legions' head;  
 Exulting in his warrior might  
 He hastens, burning for the fight,  
 And boasts that his unaided powers  
 Shall cast to earth thy walls and towers.  
 Mark, mark that chief of lion gait,  
 Who views thee with a glance of hate  
 As though his very eyes would burn  
 The city walls to which they turn:  
 'Tis Rambha, Vánar king; he dwells  
 In Krishṇagiri's tangled dells,  
 Where Vindhya's pleasant slopes are spread  
 And fair Sudarśan lifts his head.  
 There, listening with erected ears,  
 Śarabha, mighty chief, appears.  
 His soul is burning for the strife,  
 Nor dreads the jeopardy of life.  
 He trembles as he moves, for ire,  
 And bends around his glance of fire.  
 Next, like a cloud that veils the skies,  
 A chieftain of terrific size,  
 Conspicuous mid the Vánars, comes

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<sup>939</sup> The Goomtee.

With battle shout like rolling drums,  
'Tis Panas, trained in war and tried,  
Who dwells on Páriyátra's side.  
He, far away, the chief who throws  
A glory o'er the marshalled rows  
That ranged behind their captain stand  
Exulting on the ocean strand,  
Is Vinata the fierce in fight,  
Preëminent like Dardur's height.  
That chieftain bending down to drink  
On lovely Vená's verdant brink,  
Is Krathan; now he lifts his eyes  
And thee to mortal fray defies.  
Next Gavaya comes, whose haughty mind  
Scorns all the warriors of his kind.  
He comes to trample—such his boast—  
On Lanká with his single host."

## Canto XXVII. The Vánar Chiefs.

"Yet more remain, brave chiefs who stake  
Their noble lives for Ráma's sake.  
See, glorious, golden-coated, one  
Who glisters like the morning sun,  
Whom thousands of his race surround,  
'Tis Hara for his strength renowned.  
Next comes a mighty chieftain, he  
Whose legions, armed with rock and tree,  
Press on, in numbers passing tale,  
The ramparts of our town to scale.  
O Rávan, see the king advance

Terrific with his fiery glance,  
 Girt by the bravest of his train,  
 Majestic as the God of Rain,  
 Parjanya, when his host of clouds  
 About the king, embattled, crowds:  
 On Rikshaván's high mountain nursed,  
 In Narmadá<sup>940</sup> he slakes his thirst,  
 Dhúmra, proud ursine chief, who leads  
 Wild warriors whom the forest breeds.  
 His brother, next in strength and age,  
 In Jámbaván the famous sage.  
 Of yore his might and skill he lent  
 To him who rules the firmament,  
 And Indra's liberal boons repaid  
 The chieftain for the timely aid.  
 There like a gloomy cloud that flies  
 Borne by the tempest through the skies,  
 Pramáthí stands: he roamed of yore  
 The forest wilds on Gangá's shore,  
 Where elephants were struck with dread  
 And trembling at his coming fled.  
 There on his foes he loved to sate  
 The old hereditary hate.<sup>941</sup>  
 Look, Gaja and Gaváksha show  
 Their lust of battle with the foe.  
 See Nala burning for the fray,  
 And Níla chafing at delay.  
 Behind the eager captains press  
 Wild hosts in numbers numberless,  
 And each for Ráma's sake would fall

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<sup>940</sup> The Anglicized Nerbudda.

<sup>941</sup> According to a Pauranic legend Keśarí Hanumán's putative father had killed an Asur or demon who appeared in the form of an elephant, and hence arose the hostility between Vánars and elephants.

Or force his way through Lanká's wall."

## Canto XXVIII. The Chieftains.

There Sáraṇ ceased: then Šuka broke  
The silence and to Rávaṇ spoke:  
“O Monarch, yonder chiefs survey:  
Like elephants in size are they,  
And tower like stately trees that grow  
Where Gangá's nursing waters flow;  
Yea, tall as mountain pines that fling  
Long shadows o'er the snow-crowned king.  
They all in wild Kishkindhá dwell  
And serve their lord Sugríva well.  
The Gods' and bright Gandharvas' seed,  
They take each form that suits their need.  
Now farther look, O Monarch, where  
Those chieftains stand, a glorious pair,  
Conspicuous for their godlike frames;  
Dwivid and Mainda are their names.  
Their lips the drink of heaven have known,  
And Brahmá claims them for his own.  
That chieftain whom thine eyes behold  
Refulgent like a hill of gold,  
Before whose wrathful might the sea  
Roused from his rest would turn and flee,  
The peerless Vánar, he who came  
To Lanká for the Maithil dame,  
The Wind-God's son Hanumán; thou  
Hast seen him once, behold him now.  
Still nearer let thy glance be bent,

And mark that prince preëminent  
Mid chieftains for his strength and size  
And splendour of his lotus eyes.  
Far through the worlds his virtues shine,  
The glory of Ikshváku's line.  
The path of truth he never leaves,  
And still through all to duty cleaves.  
Deep in the Vedas, skilled to wield  
The mystic shafts to him revealed:  
Whose flaming darts to heaven ascend,  
And through the earth a passage rend:  
In might like him who rules the sky;  
Like Yáma, when his wrath grows high:  
Whose queen, the darling of his soul,  
Thy magic art deceived and stole:  
There royal Ráma stands and longs  
For battle to avenge his wrongs.  
Near on his right a prince, in hue  
Like pure gold freshly burnished, view:  
Broad is his chest, his eye is red,  
His black hair curls about his head:  
'Tis Lakshmaṇ, faithful friend, who shares  
His brother's joys, his brother's cares.  
By Ráma's side he loves to stand  
And serve him as his better hand,  
For whose dear sake without a sigh  
The warrior youth would gladly die.  
On Ráma's left Vibhishaṇ view,  
With giants for his retinue:  
King-making drops have dewed his head,  
Appointed monarch in thy stead.  
Behold that chieftain sternly still,  
High towering like a rooted hill,  
Supreme in power and pride of place,

The monarch of the Vánar race.  
 Raised high above his woodland kind,  
 In might and glory, frame and mind,  
 His head above his host he shows  
 Conspicuous as the Lord of Snows.  
 His home is far from hostile eyes  
 Where deep in woods Kishkindhá lies.  
 A glistering chain which flowers bedeck  
 With burnished gold adorns his neck.  
 Queen Fortune, loved by Gods and kings,  
 To him her chosen favourite clings.  
 That chain he owes to Ráma's grace,  
 And Tárá and his kingly place.  
 In him the great Sugríva know,  
 Whom Ráma rescued from his foe.”<sup>942</sup>

## Canto XXIX. Sárdúla Captured.

The giant viewed with earnest ken  
 The Vánars and the lords of men;  
 Then thus, with grief and anger moved,  
 In bitter tone the spies reproved:  
 “Can faithful servants hope to please  
 Their master with such fates as these?  
 Or hope ye with wild words to wring  
 The bosom of your lord and king?  
 Such words were better said by those  
 Who come arrayed our mortal foes.

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<sup>942</sup> Here follows the enumeration of Sugríva's forces which I do not attempt to follow. It soon reaches a hundred thousand billions.

In vain your ears have heard the sage,  
 And listened to the lore of age,  
 Untaught, though lectured many a day,  
 The first great lesson, to obey,  
 'Tis marvel Rávaṇ reigns and rules  
 Whose counsellors are blind and fools.  
 Has death no terrors that ye dare  
 To tempt your monarch to despair,  
 From whose imperial mandate flow  
 Disgrace and honour, weal and woe?  
 Yea, forest trees, when flames are fanned  
 About their scorching trunks, may stand;  
 But naught can set the sinner free  
 When kings the punishment decree.  
 I would not in mine anger spare  
 The traitorous foe-praising pair,  
 But years of faithful service plead  
 For pardon, and they shall not bleed.  
 Henceforth to me be dead: depart,  
 Far from my presence and my heart.”

Thus spoke the angry king: the two  
 Cried, Long live Rávaṇ, and withdrew,  
 The giant monarch turned and cried  
 To strong Mahodar at his side:  
 “Go thou, and spies more faithful bring.  
 More duteous to their lord the king.”

Swift at his word Mahodar shed,  
 And came returning at the head  
 Of long tried messengers, who bent  
 Before their monarch reverent.  
 “Go quickly hence,” said Rávaṇ “scan  
 With keenest eyes the foeman's plan.

Learn who, as nearest friends, advise  
And mould each secret enterprise.  
Learn when he wakes and goes to rest,  
Sound every purpose of his breast.  
Learn what the prince intends to-day:  
Watch keenly all, and come away."

With joy they heard the words he said:  
Then with Šárdúla at their head  
About the giant king they went  
With circling paces reverent.  
By fair Suvela's grassy side  
The chiefs of Raghu's race they spied,  
Where, shaded by the waving wood,  
Vibhishan and Sugriva stood.  
A while they rested there and viewed  
The Vánars' countless multitude.  
Vibhishan with observant eyes  
Knew at a glance the giant spies,  
And bade the warriors of his train  
Bind the rash foes with cord and chain:  
"Šárdúla's is the sin," he cried.  
He neath the Vánars' hands had died,  
But Ráma from their fury freed  
The captive in his utmost need,  
And, merciful at sight of woe,  
Loosed all the spies and bade them go.  
Then home to Lanká's monarch fled  
The giant chiefs discomfited.

## Canto XXX. Sárdúla's Speech.

They told their lord that Ráma still  
 Lay waiting by Suvela's hill.  
 The tyrant, flushed with angry glow,  
 Heard of the coming of the foe,  
 And thus with close inquiry pressed  
 Sárdúla spokesman for the rest:  
 "Why art thou sad, night-rover? speak:  
 Has grief or terror changed thy cheek?  
 Have the wild Vánars' hostile bands  
 Assailed thee with their mighty hands?"

Sárdúla heard, but scarce might speak;  
 His trembling tones were faint and weak:  
 "O Giant King, in vain we try  
 The purpose of the foe to spy.  
 Their strength and number none may tell,  
 And Ráma guards his legions well.  
 He leaves no hope to prying eyes,  
 And parley with the chiefs denies:  
 Each road and path a Vánar guard,  
 Of mountain size, has closed and barred.  
 Soon as my feet an entrance found  
 By giants was I seized and bound,  
 And wounded sore I fell beneath  
 Their fists and knees and hands and teeth.  
 Then trembling, bleeding, wellnigh dead  
 To Ráma's presence was I led.  
 He in his mercy stooped to save,  
 And freedom to the captive gave.  
 With rocks and shattered mountains he  
 Has bridged his way athwart the sea,  
 And he and all his legions wait

Embattled close to Lanká's gate.  
 Soon will the host thy wall assail,  
 And, swarming on, the rampart scale.  
 Now, O my King, his consort yield,  
 Or arm thee with the sword and shield.  
 This choice is left thee: choose between  
 Thy safety and the Maithil queen.”<sup>943</sup>

## Canto XXXI. The Magic Head.

The tyrant's troubled eye confessed  
 The secret fear that filled his breast.  
 With dread of coming woe dismayed  
 He called his counsellors to aid;  
 Then sternly silent, deep in thought,  
 His chamber in the palace sought.  
 Then, as the surest hope of all,  
 The monarch bade his servants call  
 Vidyujjihva, whom magic skill  
 Made master of the means of ill.  
 Then spake the lord of Lanká's isle:  
 “Come, Sítá with thine arts beguile.  
 With magic skill and deftest care  
 A head like Ráma's own prepare.  
 This head, long shafts and mighty bow,  
 To Janak's daughter will we show.”

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<sup>943</sup> I omit the rest of this canto, which is mere repetition. Rávaṇ gives in the same words his former answer that the Gods, Gandharvas and fiends combined shall not force him to give up Sítá. He then orders Sárdúla to tell him the names of the Vánar chieftains whom he has seen in Ráma's army. These have already been mentioned by Šuka and Sáraṇ.

He ceased: Vidyujjhva obeyed,  
And wondrous magic skill displayed;  
And Rávan for the art he showed  
An ornament of price bestowed.  
Then to the grove where Sítá lay  
The lord of Lanká took his way.  
Pale, wasted, weeping, on the ground  
The melancholy queen he found,  
Whose thoughts in utmost stress of ill  
Were fixed upon her husband still.  
The giant king approached the dame,  
Declared in tones of joy his name;  
Then heeding naught her wild distress  
Bespake her, stern and pitiless:  
“The prince to whom thy fancies cling  
Though loved and wooed by Lanká's king,  
Who slew the noble Khara,—he  
Is slain by warriors sent by me.  
Thy living root is hewn away,  
Thy scornful pride is tamed to-day.  
Thy lord in battle's front has died,  
And Sítá shall be Rávan's bride.  
Hence, idle thoughts: thy hope is fled;  
What wilt thou, Sítá, with the dead?  
Rise, child of Janak, rise and be  
The queen of all my queens and me.  
Incline thine ear, and I will tell,  
Dear lady, how thy husband fell.  
He bridged his way across the sea  
With countless troops to fight with me.  
The setting sun had flushed the west  
When on the shore they took their rest.  
Weary with toil no watch they kept,  
Securely on the sands they slept.

Prahasta's troops assailed our foes,  
And smote them in their deep repose.  
Scarce could their bravest prove their might:  
They perished in the dark of night.  
Axe, spear, and sword, directed well,  
Upon the sleeping myriads fell.  
First in the fight Prahasta's sword  
Reft of his head thy slumbering lord.  
Roused at the din Vibhishan rose,  
The captive of surrounding foes,  
And Laksmaṇ through the woods that spread  
Around him with his Vánars fled.  
Hanúmán fell: one deadly stroke  
The neck of King Sugriva broke,  
And Mainda sank, and Dwivid lay  
Gasping in blood his life away.  
The Vánars died, or fled dispersed  
Like cloudlets when the storm has burst.  
Some rose aloft in air, and more  
Ran to the sea and filled the shore.  
On shore, in woods, on hill and plain  
Our conquering giants left the slain.  
Thus my victorious host o'erthrew  
The Vánars, and thy husband slew:  
See, rudely stained with dust, and red  
With dropping blood, the severed head.”

Then, turning to a Rákshas slave,  
The ruthless king his mandate gave,  
And straight Vidyujihva who bore  
The head still wet with dripping gore,  
The arrows and the mighty bow,  
Bent down before his master low.  
“Vidyujihva,” cried Rávan, “place

The head before the lady's face,  
And let her see with weeping eyes  
That low in death her husband lies.”

Before the queen the giant laid  
The beauteous head his art had made.  
And Rávan̄ cried: “Thine eyes will know  
These arrows and the mighty bow.  
With fame of this by Ráma strung  
The earth and heaven and hell have rung.  
Prahasta brought it hither when  
His hand had slain thy prince of men.  
Now, widowed Queen, thy hopes resign:  
Forget thy husband and be mine.”

## Canto XXXII. Sítá's Lament.

Again her eyes with tears o'erflowed:  
She gazed upon the head he showed,  
Gazed on the bow so famed of yore,  
The glorious bow which Ráma bore.  
She gazed upon his cheek and brows,  
The eyes of her beloved spouse;  
His lips, the lustre of his hair,  
The priceless gem that glittered there.  
The features of her lord she knew,  
And, pierced with anguish at the view,  
She lifted up her voice and cried:  
“Kaikeyí, art thou satisfied?  
Now all thy longings are fulfilled;  
The joy of Raghu's race is killed,

And ruined is the ancient line,  
Destroyer, by that fraud of thine.  
Ah, what offence, O cruel dame,  
What fault in Ráma couldst thou blame,  
To drive him clad in hermit dress  
With Sítá to the wilderness?"

Great trembling seized her frame, and she  
Fell like a stricken plantain tree.  
As lie the dead she lay; at length  
Slowly regaining sense and strength,  
On the dear head she fixed her eye

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And cried with very bitter cry:  
"Ah, when thy cold dead cheek I view,  
My hero, I am murdered too.  
Then first a faithful woman's eyes  
See sorrow, when her husband dies.  
When thou, my lord, wast nigh to save,  
Some stealthy hand thy death wound gave.  
Thou art not dead: rise, hero, rise;  
Long life was thine, as spake the wise  
Whose words, I ween, are ever true,  
For faith lies open to their view.  
Ah lord, and shall thy head recline  
On earth's cold breast, forsaking mine,  
Counting her chill lap dearer far  
Than I and my caresses are?  
Ah, is it thus these eyes behold  
Thy famous bow adorned with gold,  
Whereon of yore I loved to bind  
Sweet garlands that my hands had twined?  
And hast thou sought in heaven a place  
Amid the founders of thy race,  
Where in the home deserved so well

Thy sires and Daśaratha dwell?  
Or dost thou shine a brighter star  
In skies where blest immortals are,  
Forsaking in thy lofty scorn  
The race wherein thy sires were born?  
Turn to my gaze, O turn thine eye:  
Why are thy cold lips silent, why?  
When first we met as youth and maid,  
When in thy hand my hand was laid,  
Thy promise was thy steps should be  
Through life in duty's path with me.  
Remember, faithful still, thy vow,  
And take me with thee even now.  
Is that broad bosom where I hung,  
That neck to which I fondly clung,  
Where flowery garlands breathed their scent  
By hungry dogs and vultures rent?  
Shall no funereal honours grace  
The parted lord of Raghu's race,  
Whose bounty liberal fees bestowed,  
For whom the fires of worship glowed?  
Kauśalyá wild with grief will see  
One sole survivor of the three  
Who in their hermit garments went  
To the dark woods in banishment.  
Then at her cry shall Lakshmaṇ tell  
How, slain by night, the Vánars fell;  
How to thy side the giants crept,  
And slew the hero as he slept.  
Thy fate and mine the queen will know,  
And broken-hearted die of woe.  
For my unworthy sake, for mine,  
Ráma, the glory of his line,  
Who bridged his way across the main,

Is basely in a puddle slain;  
And I, the graceless wife he wed,  
Have brought this ruin on his head.  
Me, too, on him, O Rávaṇ, slay:  
The wife beside her husband lay.  
By his dear body let me rest,  
Cheek close to cheek and breast to breast,  
My happy eyes I then will close,  
And follow whither Ráma goes."

Thus cried the miserable dame;  
When to the king a warder came,  
Before the giant monarch bowed  
And said that, followed by a crowd  
Of counsellors and lords of state,  
Prahasta stood before the gate,  
And, sent by some engrossing care,  
Craved audience of his master there.  
The anxious tyrant left his seat  
And hastened forth the chief to meet:  
Then summoning his nobles all,  
Took counsel in his regal hall.

When Lanká's lord had left the queen,  
The head and bow no more were seen.  
The giant king his nobles eyed,  
And, terrible as Yáma, cried:  
"O faithful lords, the time is come:  
Gather our hosts with beat of drum.  
Nigh to the town our foeman draws:  
Be prudent, nor reveal the cause."

The nobles listened and obeyed:  
 Swift were the gathered troops arrayed,  
 And countless rovers of the night  
 Stood burning for the hour of fight.

### Canto XXXIII. Saramá.

But Saramá, of gentler mood,  
 With pitying eyes the mourner viewed,  
 Stole to her side and softly told  
 Glad tidings that her heart consoled,  
 Revealing with sweet voice and smile  
 The secret of the giant's guile.  
 She, one of those who night and day  
 Watching in turns by Sítá lay,  
 Though Rákshas born felt pity's touch,  
 And loved the hapless lady much.

"I heard," she said, "thy bitter cry,  
 Heard Rávan's speech and thy reply,  
 For, hiding in the thicket near,  
 No word or tone escaped mine ear.  
 When Rávaṇ hastened forth I bent  
 My steps to follow as he went,  
 And learnt the secret cause that drove  
 The monarch from the Aśoka grove.  
 Believe me, Queen, thou needst not weep  
 For Ráma slaughtered in his sleep.  
 Thy lion lord of men defies  
 By day attack, by night surprise.  
 Can even giants slay with ease

Vast hosts who fight with brandished trees,  
For whom, with eye that never sleeps,  
His constant watch thy Ráma keeps?  
Lord of the mighty arm and chest,  
Of earthly warriors first and best,  
Whose fame through all the regions rings,  
Proud scion of a hundred kings;  
Who guards his life and loves to lend  
His saving succour to a friend:  
Whose bow no hand but his can strain,—  
Thy lord, thy Ráma is not slain.  
Obedient to his master's will,  
A great magician, trained in ill,  
With deftest art surpassing thought  
That marvellous illusion wrought.  
Let rising hope thy grief dispel:  
Look up and smile, for all is well,  
And gentle Lakshmí, Fortune's Queen,  
Regards thee with a favouring mien.  
Thy Ráma with his Vánar train  
Has thrown a bridge athwart the main,  
Has led his countless legions o'er,  
And ranged them on this southern shore.  
These eyes have seen the hero stand  
Girt by his hosts on Lanká's strand,  
And breathless spies each moment bring  
Fresh tidings to the giant king;  
And every peer and lord of state  
Is called to counsel and debate.”

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She ceased: the sound, long loud and clear,  
Of gathering armies smote her ear,  
Where call of drum and shell rang out,  
The tambour and the battle shout;

And, while the din the echoes woke,  
Again to Janak's child she spoke:  
“Hear, lady, hear the loud alarms  
That call the Rákshas troops to arms,  
From stable and from stall they lead  
The elephant and neighing steed,  
Brace harness on with deftest care,  
And chariots for the fight prepare.  
Swift o'er the trembling ground career  
Mailed horsemen armed with axe and spear,  
And here and there in road and street  
The terrible battalions meet.  
I hear the gathering near and far,  
The snorting steed, the rattling car.  
Bold chieftains, leaders of the brave,  
Press densely on, like wave on wave,  
And bright the evening sunbeams glance  
On helm and shield, on sword and lance.  
Hark, lady, to the ringing steel,  
Hark to the rolling chariot wheel:  
Hark to the mettled courser's neigh  
And drums' loud thunder far away.  
The Queen of Fortune holds thee dear,  
For Lanká's troops are struck with fear,  
And Ráma with the lotus eyes,  
Like Indra monarch of the skies,  
With conquering arm will slay his foe  
And free his lady from her woe.  
Soon will his breast support thy head,  
And tears of joy thine eyes will shed.  
Soon by his mighty arm embraced  
The long-lost rapture wilt thou taste,  
And Ráma, meet for highest bliss,  
Will gain his guerdon in thy kiss.”

## Canto XXXIV. Saramá's Tidings.

Thus Saramá her story told:  
And Sítá's spirit was consoled,  
As when the first fresh rain is shed  
The parching earth is comforted.  
Then, filled with zeal for Sítá's sake,  
Again in gentle tones she spake,  
And, skilled in arts that soothe and please,  
Addressed the queen in words like these:  
“Thy husband, lady, will I seek,  
Say the fond words thy lips would speak,  
And then, unseen of any eye,  
Back to thy side will swiftly fly.  
My airy flights are speedier far  
Than Garuḍa's and the tempest are.”

Then Sítá spake: her former woe  
Still left her accents faint and low:  
“I know thy steps, which naught can stay,  
Can urge through heaven and hell their way.  
Then if thy love and changeless will  
Would serve the helpless captive still,  
Go forth and learn each plot and guile  
Planned by the lord of Lanká's isle.  
With magic art like maddening wine  
He cheats these weeping eyes of mine,  
Torments me with his suit, nor spares  
Reproof or flattery, threats or prayers.  
These guards surround me night and day;  
My heart is sad, my senses stray;  
And helpless in my woe I fear  
The tyrant Rávaṇ even here.”

Then Saramá replied: “I go  
To learn the purpose of thy foe,  
Soon by thy side again to stand  
And tell thee what the king has planned.”  
She sped, she heard with eager ears  
The tyrant speak his hopes and fears,  
Where, gathered at their master's call,  
The nobles filled the council hall;  
Then swiftly, to her promise true,  
Back to the Aśoka grove she flew.  
The lady on the grassy ground,  
Longing for her return, she found;  
Who with a gentle smile, to greet  
The envoy, led her to a seat.  
Through her worn frame a shiver ran  
As Saramá her tale began:  
“There stood the royal mother: she  
Besought her son to set thee free,  
And to her counsel, tears and prayers,  
The elder nobles added theirs:  
“O be the Maithil queen restored  
With honour to her angry lord,  
Let Janasthán's unhappy fight  
Be witness of the hero's might.  
Hanúmán o'er the waters came  
And looked upon the guarded dame.  
Let Lanká's chiefs who fought and fell  
The prowess of the leader tell.”  
In vain they sued, in vain she wept,  
His purpose still unchanged he kept,  
As clings the miser to his gold,  
He would not loose thee from his hold.  
No, never till in death he lies,  
Will Lanká's lord release his prize.

Soon slain by Ráma's arrows all  
The giants with their king will fall,  
And Ráma to his home will lead  
His black-eyed queen from bondage freed."

An awful sound that moment rose  
From Lanká's fast-approaching foes,  
Where drum and shell in mingled peal  
Made earth in terror rock and reel.  
The hosts within the walls arrayed  
Stood trembling, in their hearts dismayed;  
Thought of the tempest soon to burst,  
And Lanká's lord, their ruin, cursed.

## Canto XXXV. Malyaván's Speech.

The fearful notes of drum and shell  
Upon the ear of Rávaṇ fell.  
One moment quailed his haughty look,  
One moment in his fear he shook,  
But soon recalling wonted pride,  
His counsellors he sternly eyed,  
And with a voice that thundered through  
The council hall began anew:  
"Lords, I have heard—your tongues have told—  
How Raghu's son is fierce and bold.  
To Lanká's shore has bridged his way  
And hither leads his wild array.  
I know your might, in battle tried,  
Fighting and conquering by my side.  
Why now, when such a foe is near,  
Looks eye to eye in silent fear?"

He ceased, his mother's sire well known  
For wisdom in the council shown,  
Malyaván, sage and faithful guide.  
Thus to the monarch's speech replied:  
“Long reigns the king in safe repose,  
Unmoved by fear of vanquished foes,  
Whose feet by saving knowledge led  
In justice path delight to tread:  
Who knows to sheath the sword or wield,  
To order peace, to strike or yield:  
Prefers, when foes are stronger, peace,  
And bids a doubtful conflict cease.  
Now, King, the choice before thee lies,  
Make peace with Ráma, and be wise.  
This day the captive queen restore  
Who brings the foe to Lanká's shore.  
The Sire by whom the worlds are swayed  
Of yore the Gods and demons made.  
With these Injustice sided; those  
Fair Justice for her champions chose.  
Still Justice dwells with Gods above;  
Injustice, fiends and giants love.  
Thou, through the worlds that fear thee, long  
Hast scorned the right and loved the wrong,  
And Justice, with thy foes allied,  
Gives might resistless to their side.  
Thou, guided by thy wicked will,  
Hast found delight in deeds of ill,  
And sages in their holy rest  
Have trembled, by thy power oppressed.  
But they, who check each vain desire,  
Are clothed with might which burns like fire.  
In them the power and glory live  
Which zeal and saintly fervour give.

Their constant task, their sole delight  
 Is worship and each holy rite,  
 To chant aloud the Veda hymn,  
 Nor let the sacred fires grow dim.  
 Now through the air like thunder ring  
 The echoes of the chants they sing.  
 The vapours of their incense rise  
 And veil with cloudy pall the skies,  
 And Rákshas might grows weak and faint  
 Killed by the power of sage and saint.  
 By Brahmá's boon thy life was screened  
 From God, Gandharva, Yaksha, fiend;  
 But Vánars, men, and bears, arrayed  
 Against thee now, thy shores invade.  
 Red meteors, heralds of despair  
 Flash frequent through the lurid air,  
 Foretelling to my troubled mind  
 The ruin of the Rákshas kind.  
 With awful thundering overhead  
 Clouds black as night are densely spread,  
 And oozing from the gloomy pall  
 Great drops of blood on Lanká fall.  
 Dogs roam through house and shrine to steal  
 The sacred oil and curd and meal,  
 Cats pair with tigers, hounds with swine,  
 And asses' foals are born of kine.  
 In these and countless signs I trace  
 The ruin of the giant race.  
 'Tis Vishṇu's self who comes to storm  
 Thy city, clothed in Ráma's form;  
 For, well I ween, no mortal hand  
 The ocean with a bridge has spanned.  
 O giant King, the dame release,  
 And sue to Raghu's son for peace"

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## Canto XXXVI. Rávan's Reply.

But Rávan's breast with fury swelled,  
 And thus he spake by Death impelled,  
 While, under brows in anger bent,  
 Fierce glances from his eyes were sent:  
 "The bitter words which thou, misled  
 By friendly thought, hast fondly said,  
 Which praise the foe and counsel fear,  
 Unheeded fall upon mine ear.  
 How canst thou deem a mighty foe  
 This Ráma who, in stress of woe,  
 Seeks, banished as his sire decreed,  
 Assistance from the Vánar breed?  
 Am I so feeble in thine eyes,  
 Though feared by dwellers of the skies,—  
 Whose might in many a battle shown  
 The glorious race of giants own?  
 Shall I for fear of him restore  
 The lady whom I hither bore,  
 Exceeding fair like Beauty's Queen<sup>944</sup>  
 Without her well-loved lotus seen?  
 Around the chief let Lakshman stand,  
 Sugríva, and each Vánar band,  
 Soon, Malyaván, thine eyes will see  
 This boasted Ráma slain by me.  
 I in the brunt of war defy

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<sup>944</sup> Lakshmí is the Goddess both of beauty and fortune, and is represented with a lotus in her hand.

The mightiest warriors of the sky;  
 And if I stoop to combat men,  
 Shall I be weak and tremble then?  
 This mangled trunk the foe may rend,  
 But Rávaṇ ne'er can yield or bend,  
 And be it vice or virtue, I  
 This nature never will belie.  
 What marvel if he bridged the sea?  
 Why should this deed disquiet thee?  
 This, only this, I surely know,  
 Back with his life he shall not go."

Thus in loud tones the king exclaimed,  
 And mute stood Malyaván ashamed,  
 His reverend head he humbly bent,  
 And slowly to his mansion went.  
 But Rávaṇ stayed, and deep in care  
 Held counsel with his nobles there,  
 All entrance to secure and close,  
 And guard the city from their foes.  
 He bade the chief Prahasta wait,  
 Commander at the eastern gate,  
 To fierce Mahodar, strong and brave,  
 To keep the southern gate, he gave,  
 Where Mahápárśva's might should aid  
 The chieftain with his hosts arrayed.  
 To guard the west—no chief more fit—  
 He placed the warrior Indrajít,  
 His son, the giant's joy and boast,  
 Surrounded by a Rákshas host:  
 And mighty Sáraṇ hastened forth  
 With Šuka to protect the north.<sup>945</sup>

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<sup>945</sup> The poet appears to have forgotten that Šuka and Sáraṇ were dismissed with ignominy in Canto XXIX, and have not been reinstated.

“I will myself,” the monarch cried,  
 “Be present on the northern side.”  
 These orders for the walls' defence  
 The tyrant gave, then parted thence,  
 And, by the hope of victory fired,  
 To chambers far within, retired.

## Canto XXXVII. Preparations.

Lords of the legions of the wood,  
 The chieftains with Vibhishan stood,  
 And, strangers in the foeman's land,  
 Their hopes and fears in council scanned:

“See, see where Lanká's towers ascend,  
 Which Rávan's power and might defend,  
 Which Gods, Gandharvas, fiends would fail  
 To conquer, if they durst assail.  
 How shall our legions pass within,  
 The city of the foe to win,  
 With massive walls and portals barred  
 Which Rávan keeps with surest guard?”  
 With anxious looks the walls they eyed:  
 And sage Vibhishan thus replied:  
 “These lords of mine<sup>946</sup> can answer: they  
 Within the walls have found their way,  
 The foeman's plan and order learned,  
 And hither to my side returned.  
 Now, Ráma, let my tongue declare

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<sup>946</sup> The four who fled with him. Their names are Anala, Panasa, Sampáti, and Pramati.

How Rávaṇ's hosts are stationed there.  
 Prahasta heads, in warlike state,  
 His legions at the eastern gate.  
 To guard the southern portal stands  
 Mahodar, girt by Rákshas bands,  
 Where mighty Mahápárśva, sent  
 By Rávaṇ's hest, his aid has lent.  
 Guard of the gate that fronts the west  
 Is valiant Indrajít, the best  
 Of warriors, Rávaṇ's joy and pride;  
 And by the youthful chieftain's side  
 Are giants, armed for fierce attacks  
 With sword and mace and battle-axe.  
 North, where approach is dreaded most,  
 The king, encompassed with a host  
 Of giants trained in war, whose hands  
 Wield maces, swords and lances, stands.  
 All these are chiefs whom Rávaṇ chose  
 As mightiest to resist his foes;  
 And each a countless army<sup>947</sup> leads  
 With elephants and cars and steeds.”

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Then Ráma, while his spirit burned  
 For battle, words like these returned:  
 “The eastern gate be Níla's care,  
 Opponent of Prahasta there.  
 The southern gate, with troops arrayed  
 Let Angad, Báli's son, invade.  
 The gate that fronts the falling sun  
 Shall be by brave Hanúmán won;  
 Soon through its portals shall he lead  
 His myriads of Vánar breed.

<sup>947</sup> The numbers here are comparatively moderate: ten thousand elephants, ten thousand chariots, twenty thousand horses and ten million giants.

The gate that fronts the north shall be  
 Assailed by Lakshmaṇ and by me,  
 For I myself have sworn to kill  
 The tyrant who delights in ill.  
 Armed with the boon which Brahmá gave,  
 The Gods of heaven he loves to brave,  
 And through the trembling worlds he flies,  
 Oppressor of the just and wise.  
 Thou, Jambaván, and thou, O King  
 Of Vánars, all your bravest bring,  
 And with your hosts in dense array  
 Straight to the centre force your way.  
 But let no Vánar in the storm  
 Disguise him in a human form,  
 Ye chiefs who change your shapes at will,  
 Retain your Vánar semblance still.  
 Thus, when we battle with the foe,  
 Both men and Vánars will ye know,  
 In human form will seven appear;  
 Myself, my brother Lakshmaṇ here;  
 Vibhishan, and the four he led  
 From Lanká's city when he fled.”

Thus Raghu's son the chiefs addressed:  
 Then, gazing on Suvela's crest,  
 Transported by the lovely sight,  
 He longed to climb the mountain height.

## Canto XXXVIII. The Ascent Of Suvela.

“Come let us scale,” the hero cried,  
“This hill with various metals dyed.  
This night upon the breezy crest  
Sugrīva, Lakshmaṇ, I, will rest,  
With sage Vibhishan, faithful friend,  
His counsel and his lore to lend.  
From those tall peaks each eager eye  
The foeman's city shall espy,  
Who from the wood my darling stole  
And brought long anguish on my soul.”

Thus spake the lord of men, and bent  
His footsteps to the steep ascent,  
And Lakshmaṇ, true in weal and woe,  
Next followed with his shafts and bow.  
Vibhishan followed, next in place,  
The sovereign of the Vánar race,  
And hundreds of the forest kind  
Thronged with impetuous feet, behind.  
The chiefs in woods and mountains bred  
Fast followed to Suvela's head,  
And gazed on Lanká bright and fair  
As some gay city in the air.  
On glittering gates, on ramparts raised  
By giant hands, the chieftains gazed.  
They saw the mighty hosts that, skilled  
In arts of war, the city filled,  
And ramparts with new ramparts lined,  
The swarthy hosts that stood behind.  
With spirits burning for the fight  
They saw the giants from the height,  
And from a hundred throats rang out  
Defiance and the battle shout.  
Then sank the sun with dying flame,

And soft the shades of twilight came,  
And the full moon's delicious light  
Was shed upon the tranquil night.

## Canto XXXIX. Lanká.

They slept secure: the sun arose  
And called the chieftains from repose.  
Before the wondering Vánars, gay  
With grove and garden, Lanká lay,  
Where golden buds the Champak showed,  
And bright with bloom Aśoka glowed,  
And palm and Sál and many a tree  
With leaf and flower were fair to see.  
They looked on wood and lawn and glade,  
On emerald grass and dusky shade,  
Where creepers filled the air with scent,  
And luscious fruit the branches bent,  
Where bees inebriate loved to throng,  
And each sweet bird was loud in song.  
The wondering Vánars passed the bound  
That circled that enchanting ground,  
And as they came a sweet breeze through  
The odorous alleys softly blew.  
Some Vánars, at their king's behest,  
Onward to bannered Lanká pressed,  
While, startled by the strangers' tread,  
The birds and deer before them fled.  
Earth trembled at each step they took,  
And Lanká at their shouting shook.  
Bright rose before their wondering eyes

Trikúta's peak that kissed the skies,  
 And, clothed with flowers of every hue,  
 Afar its golden radiance threw.  
 Most fair to see the mountain's head  
 A hundred leagues in length was spread. [457]  
 There Rávaṇ's town, securely placed,  
 The summit of Trikúta graced.  
 O'er leagues of land she stretched in pride,  
 A hundred long and twenty wide.  
 They saw a lofty wall enfold  
 The city, built of blocks of gold,  
 They saw the beams of morning fall  
 On dome and fane within the wall,  
 Bright with the shine that mansion gives  
 Where Vishṇu in his glory lives.  
 White-crested like the Lord of Snows  
 Before them Rávaṇ's palace rose.  
 High on a thousand pillars raised  
 With gold and precious stone it blazed,  
 Guarded by giant warders, crown  
 And ornament of Lanká's town.

## Canto XL. Rávan Attacked.

Still stood the son of Raghu where  
 Suvela's peak rose high in air,  
 And with Sugrīva turned his eye  
 To scan each quarter of the sky.  
 There on Trikúta, nobly planned  
 And built by Viśvakarmá's hand,  
 He saw the lovely Lanká, dressed

In all her varied beauty, rest.  
 High on a tower above the gate  
 The tyrant stood in kingly state.  
 The royal canopy displayed  
 Above him lent its grateful shade,  
 And servants, from the giant band,  
 His cheek with jewelled chowries fanned.  
 Red sandal o'er his breast was spread,  
 His ornaments and robe were red:  
 Thus shows a cloud of darksome hue  
 With golden sunbeams flashing through.  
 While Ráma and the chiefs intent  
 Upon the king their glances bent,  
 Up sprang Sugríva from the ground  
 And reached the turret at a bound.  
 Unterrified the Vánar stood,  
 And wroth, with wondrous hardihood,  
 The king in bitter words addressed,  
 And thus his scorn and hate expressed:

“King of the giant race, in me  
 The friend and slave of Ráma see.  
 Lord of the world, he gives me power  
 To smite thee in thy fenced tower.”  
 While through the air his challenge rang,  
 At Rávaṇ's face the Vánar sprang.  
 Snatched from his head the kingly crown  
 And dashed it in his fury down.  
 Straight at his foe the giant flew,  
 His mighty arms about him threw.  
 With strength resistless swung him round  
 And dashed him panting to the ground.  
 Unharmed amid the storm of blows  
 Swift to his feet Sugríva rose.

Again in furious fight they met:  
With streams of blood their limbs were wet,  
Each grasping his opponent's waist.  
Thus with their branches interlaced,  
Which, crimson with the flowers of spring,  
From side to side the breezes swing,  
In furious wrestle you may see  
The Kinśuk and the Seemal tree.<sup>948</sup>  
They fought with fists and hands, alike  
Prepared to parry and to strike.  
Long time the doubtful combat, waged  
With matchless strength and fury, raged.  
Each fiercely struck, each guarded well,  
Till, closing, from the tower they fell,  
And, grasping each the other's throat,  
Lay for an instant in the moat.  
They rose, and each in fiercer mood  
The sanguinary strife renewed.  
Well matched in size and strength and skill  
They fought the dubious battle still.  
While sweat and blood their limbs bedewed  
They met, retreated, and pursued:  
Each stratagem and art they tried,  
Stood front to front and swerved aside.  
His hand a while the giant stayed  
And called his magic to his aid.  
But brave Sugriva, swift to know  
The guileful purpose of the foe,  
Gained with light leap the upper air,  
And breath and strength and spirit there;  
Then, joyous as for victory won,

<sup>948</sup> The Kinśuk, also called Paláśa, is *Butea Frondosa*, a tree that bears beautiful red crescent shaped blossoms and is deservedly a favorite with poets. The Seemal or Šálmalí is the silk cotton tree which also bears red blossoms.

Returned to Raghu's royal son.

## Canto XLI. Ráma's Envoy.

When Ráma saw each bloody trace  
 On King Sugríva's limbs and face,  
 He cried, while, sorrowing at the view,  
 His arms about his friend he threw:  
 “Too venturesome chieftain, kings like us  
 Bring not their lives in peril thus;  
 Nor, save when counsel shows the need,  
 Attempt so bold, so rash a deed.  
 Remember, I, Vibhishan all  
 Have sorrowed fearing for thy fall.  
 O do not—for us all I speak—  
 These desperate adventures seek.”  
 “I could not,” cried Sugríva, “brook  
 Upon the giant king to look,  
 Nor challenge to the deadly strife  
 The fiend who robbed thee of thy wife.”  
 “Now Lakshmaṇ, marshal,” Ráma cried,  
 “Our legions where the woods are wide,  
 And stand we ready to oppose  
 The fury of our giant foes.  
 This day our armies shall ascend  
 The walls which Rávan's powers defend,  
 And floods of Rákshas blood shall stain  
 The streets encumbered with the slain.”  
 Down from the peak he came, and viewed  
 The Vánars' ordered multitude.  
 Each captain there for battle burned,

Each fiery eye to Lanká turned.  
 On, where the royal brothers led  
 To Lanká's walls the legions sped.  
 The northern gate, where giant foes  
 Swarmed round their monarch, Ráma chose  
 Where he in person might direct  
 The battle, and his troops protect.  
 What arm but his the post might keep  
 Where, strong as he who sways the deep,<sup>949</sup>  
 Mid thousands armed with bow and mace,  
 Stood Rávaṇ mightiest of his race?  
 The eastern gate was Níla's post,  
 Where marshalled stood his Vánar host,  
 And Mainda with his troops arrayed,  
 And Dwivid stood to lend him aid.  
 The southern gate was Angad's care,  
 Who ranged his bold battalions there.  
 Hanúmán by the port that faced  
 The setting sun his legions placed,  
 And King Sugríva held the wood  
 East of the gate where Rávaṇ stood.  
 On every side the myriads met,  
 And Lanká's walls of close beset  
 That scarce the roving gale could win  
 A passage to the hosts within.  
 Loud as the angry ocean's roar  
 When wild waves lash the rocky shore,  
 Ten thousand thousand throats upsent  
 A shout that tore the firmament,  
 And Lanká with each grove and brook  
 And tower and wall and rampart shook.  
 The giants heard, and were appalled:

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<sup>949</sup> Varuṇa.

Then Raghu's son to Angad called,  
 And, led by kingly duty,<sup>950</sup> gave  
 This order merciful as brave:  
 “Go, Angad, Rávan's presence seek,  
 And thus my words of warning speak:  
 “How art thou changed and fallen now,  
 O Monarch of the giants, thou  
 Whose impious fury would not spare  
 Saint, nymph, or spirit of the air;  
 Whose foot in haughty triumph trod  
 On Yaksha, king, and Serpent God:  
 How art thou fallen from thy pride  
 Which Brahmá's favour fortified!  
 With myriads at thy Lanká's gate  
 I stand my righteous ire to sate,  
 And punish thee with sword and flame,  
 The tyrant fiend who stole my dame.  
 Now show the might, employ the guile,  
 O Monarch of the giants' isle,  
 Which stole a helpless dame away:  
 Call up thy power and strength to-day.  
 Once more I warn thee, Rákshas King,  
 This hour the Maithil lady bring,  
 And, yielding while there yet is time,  
 Seek, suppliant, pardon for the crime,  
 Or I will leave beneath the sun  
 No living Rákshas, no, not one.  
 In vain from battle wilt thou fly,  
 Or borne on pinions seek the sky;  
 The hand of Ráma shall not spare;  
 His fiery shaft shall smite thee there.’”

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<sup>950</sup> The duty of a king to save the lives of his people and avoid bloodshed until milder methods have been tried in vain.

He ceased: and Angad bowed his head;  
Thence like embodied flame he sped,  
And lighted from his airy road  
Within the Rákshas king's abode.  
There sate, the centre of a ring  
Of counsellors, the giant king.  
Swift through the circle Angad pressed,  
And spoke with fury in his breast:  
“Sent by the lord of Kośal's land,  
His envoy here, O King, I stand,  
Angad the son of Báli: fame  
Has haply taught thine ears my name.  
Thus in the words of Ráma I  
Am come to warn thee or defy:  
Come forth, and fighting in the van  
Display the spirit of a man.  
This arm shall slay thee, tyrant: all  
Thy nobles, kith and kin shall fall:  
And earth and heaven, from terror freed,  
Shall joy to see the oppressor bleed.  
Vibhishan, when his foe is slain,  
Anointed king in peace shall reign.  
Once more I counsel thee: repent,  
Avoid the mortal punishment,  
With honour due the dame restore,  
And pardon for thy sin implore.”

Loud rose the king's infuriate cry:  
“Seize, seize the Vánar, let him die.”  
Four of his band their lord obeyed,  
And eager hands on Angad laid.  
He purposing his strength to show  
Gave no resistance to the foe,  
But swiftly round his captors cast

His mighty arms and held them fast.  
 Fierce shout and cry around him rang:  
 Light to the palace roof he sprang,  
 There his detaining arms unwound,  
 And hurled the giants to the ground.  
 Then, smiting with a fearful stroke,  
 A turret from the roof he broke,—  
 As when the fiery levin sent  
 By Indra from the clouds has rent  
 The proud peak of the Lord of Snow,—  
 And flung the stony mass below.  
 Again with loud terrific cry  
 He sprang exulting to the sky,  
 And, joyous for his errand done,  
 Stood by the side of Raghu's son.

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## Canto XLII. The Sally.

Still was the cry, “The Vánar foes  
 Around the leaguered city close.”  
 King Rávaṇ from the terrace gazed  
 And saw, with eyes where fury blazed,  
 The Vánar host in serried ranks  
 Press to the moat and line the banks,  
 And, first in splendour and in place,  
 The lion lord of Raghu's race.  
 And Ráma looked on Lanká where  
 Gay flags were streaming to the air,  
 And, while keen sorrow pierced him through,  
 His loving thoughts to Sítá flew:  
 “There, there in deep affliction lies

My darling with the fawn-like eyes.  
There on the cold bare ground she keeps  
Sad vigil and for Ráma weeps.”  
Mad with the thought, “Charge, charge,” he cried.  
“Let earth with Rákshas blood be dyed.”

Responsive to his call rang out  
A loud, a universal shout,  
As myriads filled the moat with stone,  
Trees, rocks, and mountains overthrown,  
And charging at their leader's call  
Pressed forward furious to the wall.  
Some in their headlong ardour scaled  
The rampart's height, the guard assailed,  
And many a ponderous fragment rent  
From portal, tower, and battlement.  
Huge gates adorned with burnished gold  
Were loosed and lifted from their hold;  
And post and pillar, with a sound  
Like thunder, fell upon the ground.  
At every portal, east and west  
And north and south, the chieftains pressed  
Each in his post appointed led  
His myriads in the forest bred.

“Charge, let the gates be opened wide:  
Charge, charge, my giants,” Rávaṇ cried.  
They heard his voice, and loud and long  
Rang the wild clamour of the throng,  
And shell and drum their notes upset,  
And every martial instrument.  
Forth, at the bidding of their lord  
From every gate the giants poured,  
As, when the waters rise and swell,

Huge waves preceding waves impel.  
Again from every Vánar throat  
A scream of fierce defiance smote  
The welkin: earth and sea and sky  
Reëchoed with the awful cry.  
The roar of elephants, the neigh  
Of horses eager for the fray.  
The frequent clash of warriors' steel,  
The rattling of the chariot wheel.  
Fierce was the deadly fight: opposed  
In terrible array they closed,  
As when the Gods of heaven enraged  
With rebel fiends wild battle waged.  
Axe, spear, and mace were wielded well:  
At every blow a Vánar fell.  
But shivered rock and brandished tree  
Brought many a giant on his knee,  
To perish in his turn beneath  
The deadly wounds of nails and teeth.

## Canto XLIII. The Single Combats.

Brave chiefs of each opposing side  
Their strength in single combat tried.  
Fierce Indrajít the fight began  
With Angad in the battle's van.  
Sampáti, strongest of his race,  
Stood with Prajangha face to face.  
Hanúmán, Jambumáli met  
In mortal opposition set.  
Vibhishan, brother of the lord

Of Lanká, raised his threatening sword  
 And singled out, with eyes aglow  
 With wrath, Śatrughna for his foe.  
 The mighty Gaja Tapan sought,  
 And Níla with Nikumbha fought.  
 Sugríva, Vánar king, defied  
 Fierce Praghás long in battle tried,  
 And Lakshmaṇ fearless in the fight  
 Encountered Vírúpáksha's might.  
 To meet the royal Ráma came  
 Wild Agniketu fierce as flame;  
 Mitraghana, he who loved to strike  
 His foeman and his friend alike:  
 With Raśmiketu, known and feared  
 Where'er his ponderous flag was reared;  
 And Yajnakopa whose delight  
 Was ruin of the sacred rite.  
 These met and fought, with thousands more,  
 And trampled earth was red with gore.  
 Swift as the bolt which Indra sends  
 When fire from heaven the mountain rends  
 Smote Indrajít with furious blows  
 On Angad queller of his foes.  
 But Angad from his foeman tore  
 The murderous mace the warrior bore,  
 And low in dust his coursers rolled,  
 His driver, and his car of gold.  
 Struck by the shafts Prajangha sped,  
 The Vánar chief Sampáti bled,  
 But, heedless of his gashes he  
 Crushed down the giant with a tree.  
 Then car-borne Jambumáli smote  
 Hanumán on the chest and throat;  
 But at the car the Vánar rushed,

And chariot, steeds, and rider crushed.  
 Sugríva whirled a huge tree round,  
 And struck fierce Praghás to the ground.  
 One arrow shot from Lakshman's bow  
 Laid mighty Vírúpáksha low.  
 His giant foes round Ráma pressed  
 And shot their shafts at head and breast;  
 But, when the iron shower was spent,  
 Four arrows from his bow he sent,  
 And every missile, deftly sped;  
 Cleft from the trunk a giant head.<sup>951</sup>

## Canto XLIV. The Night.

The lord of Light had sunk and set:  
 Night came; the foeman struggled yet;  
 And fiercer for the gloom of night  
 Grew the wild fury of the fight.  
 Scarce could each warrior's eager eye  
 The foeman from the friend descry.  
 "Rákshas or Vánar? say," cried each,  
 And foe knew foeman by his speech.  
 "Why wilt thou fly? O warrior, stay:  
 Turn on the foe, and rend and slay:"  
 Such were the cries, such words of fear  
 Smote through the gloom each listening ear.  
 Each swarthy rover of the night  
 Whose golden armour flashed with light,

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<sup>951</sup> I have omitted several of these single combats, as there is little variety in the details and each duel results in the victory of the Vánar or his ally.

Showed like a towering hill embraced  
By burning woods about his waist.  
The giants at the Vánars flew,  
And ravening ate the foes they slew:  
With mortal bite like serpent's fang,  
The Vánars at the giants sprang,  
And car and steeds and they who bore  
The pennons fell bedewed with gore.  
No serried band, no firm array  
The fury of their charge could stay.  
Down went the horse and rider, down  
Went giant lords of high renown.  
Though midnight's shade was dense and dark,  
With skill that swerved not from the mark  
Their bows the sons of Raghu drew,  
And each keen shaft a chieftain slew.  
Uprose the blinding dust from meads  
Ploughed by the cars and trampling steeds,  
And where the warriors fell the flood  
Was dark and terrible with blood.  
Six giants<sup>952</sup> singled Ráma out,  
And charged him with a furious shout  
Loud as the roaring of the sea  
When every wind is raging free.  
Six times he shot: six heads were cleft;  
Six giants dead on earth were left.  
Nor ceased he yet: his bow he strained,  
And from the sounding weapon rained  
A storm of shafts whose fiery glare  
Filled all the region of the air;  
And chieftains dropped before his aim  
Like moths that perish in the flame.

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<sup>952</sup> Yajnaśatru, Mahápárśva, Mahodar, Vajradanshṭra, Śuka, and Sáraṇ.

Earth glistened where the arrows fell,  
 As shines in autumn nights a dell  
 Which fireflies, flashing through the gloom,  
 With momentary light illume.

But Indrajít, when Báli's son<sup>953</sup>  
 The victory o'er the foe had won,  
 Saw with a fury-kindled eye  
 His mangled steeds and driver die;  
 Then, lost in air, he fled the fight,  
 And vanished from the victor's sight.  
 The Gods and saints glad voices raised,  
 And Angad for his virtue praised;  
 And Raghu's sons bestowed the meed  
 Of honour due to valorous deed.

Compelled his shattered car to quit,  
 Rage filled the soul of Indrajít,  
 Who brooked not, strong by Brahmá's grace  
 Defeat from one of Vánar race.  
 In magic mist concealed from view  
 His bow the treacherous warrior drew,  
 And Raghu's sons were first to feel  
 The tempest of his winged steel.  
 Then when his arrows failed to kill  
 The princes who defied him still,  
 He bound them with the serpent noose,<sup>954</sup>  
 The magic bond which none might loose.

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<sup>953</sup> Angad.

<sup>954</sup> A mysterious weapon consisting of serpents transformed to arrows which deprived the wounded object of all sense and power of motion.

## Canto XLV. Indrajít's Victory.

Brave Ráma, burning still to know  
The station of his artful foe,  
Gave to ten chieftains, mid the best  
Of all the host, his high behest.  
Swift rose in air the Vánar band:  
Each region of the sky they scanned:  
But Rávaṇ's son by magic skill  
Checked them with arrows swifter still,  
When streams of blood from chest and side  
The dauntless Vánars' limbs had dyed,  
The giant in his misty shroud  
Showed like the sun obscured by cloud.  
Like serpents hissing through the air,  
His arrows smote the princely pair;  
And from their limbs at every rent  
A stream of rushing blood was sent.  
Like Kinśuk trees they stood, that show  
In spring their blossoms' crimson glow.  
Then Indrajít with fury eyed  
Ikshváku's royal sons, and cried:

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“Not mighty Indra can assail  
Or see me when I choose to veil  
My form in battle: and can ye,  
Children of earth, contend with me?  
The arrowy noose this hand has shot  
Has bound you with a hopeless knot;  
And, slaughtered by my shafts and bow,  
To Yáma's hall this hour ye go.”

He spoke, and shouted. Then anew  
The arrows from his bowstring flew,  
And pierced, well aimed with perfect art,  
Each limb and joint and vital part.  
Transfixed with shafts in every limb,  
Their strength relaxed, their eyes grew dim.  
As two tall standards side by side,  
With each sustaining rope untied,  
Fall levelled by the howling blast,  
So earth's majestic lords at last  
Beneath the arrowy tempest reeled,  
And prostrate pressed the battle field.

## Canto XLVI. Indrajít's Triumph.

The Vánar chiefs whose piercing eyes  
Scanned eagerly the earth and skies,  
Saw the brave brothers wounded sore  
Transfixed with darts and stained with gore.  
The monarch of the Vánar race,  
With wise Vibhishan, reached the place;  
Angad and Níla came behind,  
And others of the forest kind,  
And standing with Hanúmán there  
Lamented for the fallen pair.  
Their melancholy eyes they raised;  
In fruitless search a while they gazed.  
But magic arts Vibhishan knew;  
Not hidden from his keener view,  
Though veiled by magic from the rest,  
The son of Rávan stood confessed.

Fierce Indrajít with savage pride  
 The fallen sons of Raghu eyed,  
 And every giant heart was proud  
 As thus the warrior cried aloud:

“Slain by mine arrows Ráma lies,  
 And closed in death are Lakshmaṇ's eyes.  
 Dead are the mighty princes who  
 Dúshaṇ and Khara smote and slew.  
 The Gods and fiends may toil in vain  
 To free them from the binding chain.  
 The haughty chief, my father's dread,  
 Who drove him sleepless from his bed,  
 While Lanká, troubled like a brook  
 In rain time, heard his name and shook:  
 He whose fierce hate our lives pursued  
 Lies helpless by my shafts subdued.  
 Now fruitless is each wondrous deed  
 Wrought by the race the forests breed,  
 And fruitless every toil at last  
 Like cloudlets when the rains are past.”  
 Then rose the shout of giants loud  
 As thunder from a bursting cloud,  
 When, deeming Ráma, dead, they raised  
 Their voices and the conqueror praised.

Still motionless, as lie the slain,  
 The brothers pressed the bloody plain,  
 No sigh they drew, no breath they heaved,  
 And lay as though of life bereaved.  
 Proud of the deed his art had done,  
 To Lanká's town went Rávan's son,  
 Where, as he passed, all fear was stilled,  
 And every heart with triumph filled.

Sugríva trembled as he viewed  
 Each fallen prince with blood bedewed,  
 And in his eyes which overflowed  
 With tears the flame of anger glowed.  
 “Calm,” cried Vibhishan, “calm thy fears,  
 And stay the torrent of thy tears.  
 Still must the chance of battle change,  
 And victory still delight to range.  
 Our cause again will she befriend  
 And bring us triumph in the end.  
 This is not death: each prince will break  
 The spell that holds him, and awake;  
 Nor long shall numbing magic bind  
 The mighty arm, the lofty mind.”

He ceased: his finger bathed in dew  
 Across Sugríva's eyes he drew;  
 From dulling mist his vision freed,  
 And spoke these words to suit the need:  
 “No time is this for fear: away  
 With fainting heart and weak delay.  
 Now, e'en the tear which sorrow wrings  
 From loving eyes destruction brings.  
 Up, on to battle at the head  
 Of those brave troops which Ráma led.  
 Or guardian by his side remain  
 Till sense and strength the prince regain.  
 Soon shall the trance-bound pair revive,  
 And from our hearts all sorrow drive.  
 Though prostrate on the earth he lie,  
 Deem not that Ráma's death is nigh;  
 Deem not that Lakshmí will forget  
 Or leave her darling champion yet.  
 Rest here and be thy heart consoled;

Ponder my words, be firm and bold.  
I, foremost in the battlefield,  
Will rally all who faint or yield.  
Their staring eyes betray their fear;  
They whisper each in other's ear.  
They, when they hear my cheering cry  
And see the friend of Ráma nigh,  
Will cast their gloom and fears away  
Like faded wreaths of yesterday.”

Thus calmed he King Sugríva's dread;  
Then gave new heart to those who fled.  
Fierce Indrajít, his soul on fire  
With pride of conquest, sought his sire,  
Raised reverent hands, and told him all,  
The battle and the princes' fall.  
Rejoicing at his foes' defeat  
Upsprang the monarch from his seat,  
Girt by his giant courtiers: round  
His warrior son his arms he wound,  
Close kisses on his head applied,  
And heard again how Ráma died.

Still on the ground where Ráma slept  
 Their faithful watch the Vánars kept.  
 There Angad stood o'erwhelmed with grief  
 And many a lord and warrior chief;  
 And, ranged in densest mass around,  
 Their tree-armed legions held the ground.  
 Far ranged each Vánar's eager eye,  
 Now swept the land, now sought the sky,  
 All fearing, if a leaf was stirred,  
 A Rákshas in the sound they heard.  
 The lord of Lanká in his hall,  
 Rejoicing at his foeman's fall,  
 Commanded and the warders came  
 Who ever watched the Maithil dame.  
 "Go," cried the Rákshas king, "relate  
 To Janak's child her husband's fate.  
 Low on the earth her Ráma lies,  
 And dark in death are Lakshman's eyes.  
 Bring forth my car and let her ride  
 To view the chieftains side by side.  
 The lord to whom her fancy turned  
 For whose dear sake my love she spurned,  
 Lies smitten, as he fiercely led  
 The battle, with his brother dead.  
 Lead forth the royal lady: go  
 Her husband's lifeless body show.  
 Then from all doubt and terror free  
 Her softening heart will turn to me."

They heard his speech: the car was brought;  
 That shady grove the warders sought  
 Where, mourning Ráma night and day,  
 The melancholy lady lay.  
 They placed her in the car and through

The yielding air they swiftly flew.  
The lady looked upon the plain,  
Looked on the heaps of Vánar slain,  
Saw where, triumphant in the fight,  
Thronged the fierce rovers of the night,  
And Vánar chieftains, mournful-eyed,  
Watched by the fallen brothers' side.  
There stretched upon his gory bed  
Each brother lay as lie the dead,  
With shattered mail and splintered bow  
Pierced by the arrows of the foe.  
When on the pair her eyes she bent,  
Burst from her lips a wild lament  
Her eyes o'erflowed, she groaned and sighed  
And thus in trembling accents cried:

## Canto XLVIII. Sítá's Lament.

“False are they all, proved false to-day,  
The prophets of my fortune, they  
Who in the tranquil time of old  
A blessed life for me foretold,  
Predicting I should never know  
A childless dame's, a widow's woe,  
False are they all, their words are vain,  
For thou, my lord and life, art slain.  
False was the priest and vain his lore  
Who blessed me in those days of yore  
By Ráma's side in bliss to reign:  
For thou, my lord and life, art slain.  
They hailed me happy from my birth,

Proud empress of the lord of earth.  
 They blessed me—but the thought is pain—  
 For thou, my lord and life, art slain.  
 Ah, fruitless hope! each glorious sign  
 That stamps the future queen is mine,  
 With no ill-omened mark to show  
 A widow's crushing hour of woe.  
 They say my hair is black and fine,  
 They praise my brows' continuous line;  
 My even teeth divided well,  
 My bosom for its graceful swell.  
 They praise my feet and fingers oft;  
 They say my skin is smooth and soft,  
 And call me happy to possess  
 The twelve fair marks that bring success.<sup>955</sup>  
 But ah, what profit shall I gain?  
 Thou, O my lord and life, art slain.  
 The flattering seer in former days  
 My gentle girlish smile would praise,  
 And swear that holy water shed  
 By Bráhma hands upon my head  
 Should make me queen, a monarch's bride:  
 How is the promise verified?  
 Matchless in might the brothers slew  
 In Janasthán the giant crew.  
 And forced the indomitable sea  
 To let them pass to rescue me.  
 Theirs was the fiery weapon hurled  
 By him who rules the watery world;<sup>956</sup>  
 Theirs the dire shaft by Indra sped;  
 Theirs was the mystic Brahmá's Head.<sup>957</sup>

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<sup>955</sup> On each foot, and at the root of each finger.

<sup>956</sup> Varuṇa.

<sup>957</sup> The name of one of the mystical weapons the command over which was

In vain they fought, the bold and brave:  
 A coward's hand their death-wounds gave.  
 By secret shafts and magic spell  
 The brothers, peers of Indra, fell.  
 That foe, if seen by Rámá's eye  
 One moment, had not lived to fly.  
 Though swift as thought, his utmost speed  
 Had failed him in the hour of need.  
 No might, no tear, no prayer may stay  
 Fate's dark inevitable day.  
 Nor could their matchless valour shield  
 These heroes on the battle field.  
 I sorrow for the noble dead,  
 I mourn my hopes for ever fled;  
 But chief my weeping eyes o'erflow  
 For Queen Kauśalyá's hopeless woe.  
 The widowed queen is counting now  
 Each hour prescribed by Rámá's vow,  
 And lives because she longs to see  
 Once more her princely sons and me.”

Then Trijaṭá,<sup>958</sup> of gentler mould  
 Though Rákshas born, her grief consoled:  
 “Dear Queen, thy causeless woe dispel:  
 Thy husband lives, and all is well.  
 Look round: in every Vánar face  
 The light of joyful hope I trace.  
 Not thus, believe me, shine the eyes  
 Of warriors when their leader dies.  
 An Army, when the chief is dead,  
 Flies from the field dispirited.  
 Here, undisturbed in firm array,

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given by Viśvámitra to Rámá, as related in Book I.

<sup>958</sup> One of Sítá's guard, and her comforter on a former occasion also.

The Vánars by the brothers stay.  
Love prompts my speech; no longer grieve;  
Ponder my counsel, and believe.  
These lips of mine from earliest youth  
Have spoken, and shall speak, the truth.  
Deep in my heart thy gentle grace  
And patient virtues hold their place.  
Turn, lady, turn once more thine eye:  
Though pierced with shafts the heroes lie,  
On brows and cheeks with blood-drops wet  
The light of beauty lingers yet.  
Such beauty ne'er is found in death,  
But vanishes with parting breath.  
O, trust the hope these tokens give:  
The heroes are not dead, but live.”

Then Sítá joined her hands, and sighed,  
“O, may thy words be verified!”  
The car was turned, which fleet as thought  
The mourning queen to Lanká brought.  
They led her to the garden, where  
Again she yielded to despair,  
Lamenting for the chiefs who bled  
On earth's cold bosom with the dead.

## Canto XLIX. Ráma's Lament.

Ranged round the spot where Ráma fell  
Each Vánar chief stood sentinel.  
At length the mighty hero broke  
The trance that held him, and awoke.  
He saw his senseless brother, dyed  
With blood from head to foot, and cried:  
“What have I now to do with life  
Or rescue of my prisoned wife,  
When thus before my weeping eyes,  
Slain in the fight, my brother lies?  
A queen like Sítá I may find  
Among the best of womankind,  
But never such a brother, tried  
In war, my guardian, friend, and guide.  
If he be dead, the brave and true,  
I will not live but perish too.  
How, reft of Lakshman, shall I meet  
My mother, and Kaikeyí greet?  
My brother's eager question brook,  
And fond Sumitrá's longing look?  
What shall I say, o'whelmed with shame  
To cheer the miserable dame?  
How, when she hears her son is dead,  
Will her sad heart be comforted?  
Ah me, for longer life unfit  
This mortal body will I quit;  
For Lakshmaṇ slaughtered for my sake,  
From sleep of death will never wake.  
Ah when I sank oppressed with care,  
Thy gentle voice could soothe despair.  
And art thou, O my brother, killed?  
Is that dear voice for ever stilled?  
Cold are those lips, my brother, whence  
Came never word to breed offence?

Ah stretched upon the gory plain  
 My brother lies untimely slain:  
 Numbed is the mighty arm that slew  
 The leaders of the giant crew.  
 Transfixed with shafts, with blood-streams red,  
 Thou liest on thy lowly bed:  
 So sinks to rest, his journey done,  
 Mid arrowy rays the crimson sun.  
 Thou, when from home and sire I fled,  
 The wood's wild ways with me wouldst tread:  
 Now close to thine my steps shall be,  
 For I in death will follow thee.  
 Vibhishan now will curse my name,  
 And Ráma as a braggart blame,  
 Who promised—but his word is vain—  
 That he in Lanká's isle should reign.  
 Return, Sugriva: reft of me  
 Lead back thy Vánars o'er the sea,  
 Nor hope to battle face to face  
 With him who rules the giant race.  
 Well have ye done and nobly fought,  
 And death in desperate combat sought.  
 All that heroic might can do,  
 Brave Vánars, has been done by you.  
 My faithful friends I now dismiss:  
 Return: my last farewell is this.”

Bedewed with tears was every cheek  
 As thus the Vánars heard him speak.  
 Vibhishan on the field had stayed  
 The Vánar hosts who fled dismayed.  
 Now lifting up his mace on high  
 With martial step the chief drew nigh.  
 The hosts who watched by Ráma's side

Beheld his shape and giant stride.  
'Tis he, 'tis Rávan's son, they thought:  
And all in flight their safety sought.

## Canto L. The Broken Spell.

Sugríva viewed the flying crowd,  
And thus to Angad cried aloud:  
“Why run the trembling hosts, as flee  
Storm-scattered barks across the sea?”  
“Dost thou not mark,” the chief replied,  
“Transfixed with shafts, with bloodstreams dyed,  
With arrowy toils about them wound,  
The sons of Raghu on the ground?”

That moment brought Vibhishan near.  
Sugríva knew the cause of fear,  
And ordered Jambaván, who led  
The bears, to check the hosts that fled.  
The king of bears his hest obeyed:  
The Vánars' headlong flight was stayed.  
A little while Vibhishan eyed  
The brothers fallen side by side.  
His giant fingers wet with dew  
Across the heroes' eyes he drew,  
Still on the pair his sad look bent,  
And spoke these word in wild lament:  
“Ah for the mighty chiefs brought low  
By coward hand and stealthy blow!  
Brave pair who loved the open fight,  
Slain by that rover of the night.

Dishonest is the victory won  
 By Indrajít my brother's son.  
 I on their might for aid relied,  
 And in my cause they fought and died.  
 Lost is the hope that soothed each pain:  
 I live, but live no more to reign,  
 While Lanká's lord, untouched by ill,  
 Exults in safe defiance still.”

“Not thus,” Sugríva said, “repine,  
 For Lanká's isle shall still be thine.  
 Nor let the tyrant and his son  
 Exult before the fight be done.  
 These royal chiefs, though now dismayed,  
 Freed from the spell by Garud's aid,  
 Triumphant yet the foe shall meet  
 And lay the robber at their feet.”

His hope the Vánar monarch told,  
 And thus Vibhishan's grief consoled.  
 Then to Susheṇ who at his side  
 Expectant stood, Sugríva cried:  
 “When these regain their strength and sense,  
 Fly, bear them to Kishkindhá hence.  
 Here with my legions will I stay,  
 The tyrant and his kinsmen slay,  
 And, rescued from the giant king,  
 The Maithil lady will I bring,  
 Like Glory lost of old, restored  
 By Śakra, heaven's almighty lord.”

Susheṇ made answer: “Hear me yet:  
 When Gods and fiends in battle met,  
 So fiercely fought the demon crew,  
 So wild a storm of arrows flew,  
 That heavenly warriors faint with pain,  
 Sank smitten by the ceaseless rain.  
 Vṛīhaspati,<sup>959</sup> with herb and spell,  
 Cured the sore wounds of those who fell.  
 And, skilled in arts that heal and save,  
 New life and sense and vigour gave.  
 Far, on the Milky Ocean's shore,  
 Still grow those herbs in boundless store;  
 Let swiftest Vánars thither speed  
 And bring them for our utmost need.  
 Those herbs that on the mountain spring  
 Let Panas and Sampáti bring,  
 For well the wondrous leaves they know,  
 That heal each wound and life bestow.  
 Beside that sea which, churned of yore,  
 The amrit on its surface bore,  
 Where the white billows lash the land,  
 Chandra's fair height and Droṇa stand.  
 Planted by Gods each glittering steep  
 Looks down upon the milky deep.  
 Let fleet Hanúmán bring us thence  
 Those herbs of wondrous influence.”

Meanwhile the rushing wind grew loud,  
 Red lightnings flashed from banks of cloud.  
 The mountains shook, the wild waves rose,  
 And smitten with resistless blows

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<sup>959</sup> The preceptor of the Gods.

Unrooted fell each stately tree  
 That fringed the margin of the sea.  
 All life within the waters feared  
 Then, as the Vánars gazed, appeared  
 King Garud's self, a wondrous sight,  
 Disclosed in flames of fiery light.  
 From his fierce eye in sudden dread  
 All serpents in a moment fled.  
 And those transformed to shaft that bound  
 The princes vanished in the ground.  
 On Raghu's sons his eyes he bent,  
 And hailed the lords armipotent.  
 Then o'er them stooped the feathered king,  
 And touched their faces with his wing.  
 His healing touch their pangs allayed,  
 And closed each rent the shafts had made.  
 Again their eyes were bright and bold,  
 Again the smooth skin shone like gold.  
 Again within their shell enshrined  
 Came memory and each power of mind:  
 And, from those numbing bonds released,  
 Their spirit, zeal, and strength increased.  
 Firm on their feet they stood, and then  
 Thus Ráma spake, the lord of men:

“By thy dear grace in sorest need  
 From deadly bonds we both are freed.  
 To these glad eyes as welcome now  
 As Aja<sup>960</sup> or my sire art thou.  
 Who art thou, mighty being? say,  
 Thus glorious in thy bright array.”  
 He ceased: the king of birds replied,  
 While flashed his eye with joy and pride:

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<sup>960</sup> Ráma's grandfather.

“In me, O Raghu's son, behold  
One who has loved thee from of old:  
Garuḍ, the lord of all that fly,  
Thy guardian and thy friend am I.  
Not all the Gods in heaven could loose  
These numbing bonds, this serpent noose,  
Wherewith fierce Rávaṇ's son, renowned  
For magic arts, your limbs had bound.  
Those arrows fixed in every limb  
Were mighty snakes, transformed by him.  
Blood thirsty race, they live beneath  
The earth, and slay with venomous teeth.  
On, smite the lord of Lanká's isle,  
But guard you from the giants' guile  
Who each dishonest art employ  
And by deceit brave foes destroy.  
So shall the tyrant Rávaṇ bleed,  
And Sítá from his power be freed.”  
Thus Garuḍ spake: then, swift as thought,  
The region of the sky he sought,  
Where in the distance like a blaze  
Of fire he vanished from the gaze.

Then the glad Vánars' joy rang out  
In many a wild tumultuous shout,  
And the loud roar of drum and shell  
Startled each distant sentinel.

King Rávaṇ, where he sat within,  
 Heard from his hall the deafening din,  
 And with a spirit ill at ease  
 Addressed his lords in words like these:

“That warlike shout, those joyous cries,  
 Loud as the thunder of the skies,  
 Upsent from every Vánar throat,  
 Some new-born confidence denote.  
 Hark, how the sea and trembling shore  
 Re-echo with the Vánars' roar.  
 Though arrowy chains, securely twined  
 Both Ráma and his brother bind,  
 Still must the fierce triumphant shout  
 Disturb my soul with rising doubt.  
 Swift envoys to the army send,  
 And learn what change these cries portend.”

Obedient, at their master's call,  
 Fleet giants climb the circling wall.  
 They saw the Vánars formed and led:  
 They saw Sugríva at their head,  
 The brothers from their bonds released:  
 And hope grew faint and fear increased.  
 Their faces pale with doubt and dread,  
 Back to the giant king they sped,  
 And to his startled ear revealed  
 The tidings of the battle field.

The flush of rage a while gave place  
 To chilling fear that changed his face:

“What?” cried the tyrant, “are my foes  
Freed from the binding snakes that close  
With venomed clasp round head and limb,  
Bright as the sun and fierce like him:  
The spell a God bestowed of yore,  
The spell that never failed before?  
If arts like these be useless, how  
Shall giant strength avail us now?  
Go forth, Dhúmráksha, good at need,  
The bravest of my warriors lead:  
Force through the foe thy conquering way,  
And Ráma and the Vánars slay.”

Before his king with reverence due  
Dhúmráksha bowed him, and withdrew.  
Around him at his summons came  
Fierce legions led by chiefs of fame.  
Well armed with sword and spear and mace,  
They hurried to the gathering place,  
And rushed to battle, borne at speed  
By elephant and car and steed.

## Canto LII. Dhúmráksha's Death.

The Vánars saw the giant foe  
Pour from the gate in gallant show,

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Rejoiced with warriors' fierce delight  
And shouted, longing for the fight.  
Near came the hosts and nearer yet:  
Dire was the tumult as they met,  
As, serried line to line opposed,  
The Vánars and the giants closed.  
Fierce on the foe the Vánars rushed,  
And, wielding trees, the foremost crushed;  
But, feathered from the heron's wing,  
With eager flight from sounding string,  
Against them shot with surest aim  
A ceaseless storm of arrows came:  
And, pierced in head and chest and side,  
Full many a Vánar fell and died.  
They perished slain in fierce attacks  
With sword and pike and battle-axe;  
But myriads following undismayed  
Their valour in the fight displayed.  
Unnumbered Vánars rent and torn  
With shaft and spear to earth were borne.  
But crushed by branchy trees and blocks  
Of jagged stone and shivered rocks  
Which the wild Vánars wielded well  
The bravest of the giants fell.  
Their trampled banners strewed the fields,  
And broken swords and spears and shields;  
And, crushed by blows which none might stay,  
Cars, elephants, and riders lay.  
Dhúmráksha turned his furious eye  
And saw his routed legions fly.  
Still dauntless, with terrific blows,  
He struck and slew his foremost foes.  
At every blow, at every thrust,  
He laid a Vánar in the dust.

So fell they neath the sword and lance  
In battle's wild Gandharva<sup>961</sup> dance,  
Where clang of bow and clash of sword  
Did duty for the silvery chord,  
And hoofs that rang and steeds that neighed  
Loud concert for the dancers made.  
So fiercely from Dhúmráksha's bow  
His arrows rained in ceaseless flow,  
The Vánar legions turned and fled  
To all the winds discomfited.  
Hanúmán saw the Vánars fly;  
He heaved a mighty rock on high.  
His keen eyes flashed with wrathful fire,  
And, rapid as the Wind his sire,  
Strong as the rushing tempests are,  
He hurled it at the advancing car.  
Swift through the air the missile sang:  
The giant from the chariot sprang,  
Ere crushed by that terrific blow  
Lay pole and wheel and flag and bow.  
Hanúmán's eyes with fury blazed:  
A mountain's rocky peak he raised,  
Poised it on high in act to throw,  
And rushed upon his giant foe.  
Dhúmráksha saw: he raised his mace  
And smote Hanúmán on the face,  
Who maddened by the wound's keen pang  
Again upon his foeman sprang;  
And on the giant's head the rock  
Descended with resistless shock.  
Crushed was each limb: a shapeless mass  
He lay upon the blood-stained grass.

<sup>961</sup> The Gandharvas are warriors and Minstrels of Indra's heaven.

## Canto LIII. Vajradanshtra's Sally.

When Rávaṇ in his palace heard  
 The mournful news, his wrath was stirred;  
 And, gasping like a furious snake,  
 To Vajradanshtra thus he spake:

“Go forth, my fiercest captain, lead  
 The bravest of the giants' breed.  
 Go forth, the sons of Raghu slay  
 And by their side Sugrīva lay.”

He ceased: the chieftain bowed his head  
 And forth with gathered troops he sped.  
 Cars, camels, steeds were well arrayed,  
 And coloured banners o'er them played.  
 Rings decked his arms: about his waist  
 The life-protecting mail was braced,  
 And on the chieftain's forehead set  
 Glittered his cap and coronet.  
 Borne on a bannered car that glowed  
 With golden sheen the warrior rode,  
 And footmen marched with spear and sword  
 And bow and mace behind their lord.  
 In pomp and pride of warlike state  
 They sallied from the southern gate,  
 But saw, as on their way they sped,  
 Dread signs around and overhead.  
 For there were meteors falling fast,  
 Though not a cloud its shadow cast;  
 And each ill-omened bird and beast,  
 Forboding death, the fear increased,  
 While many a giant slipped and reeled,  
 Falling before he reached the field.

They met in mortal strife engaged,  
And long and fierce the battle raged.  
Spears, swords uplifted, gleamed and flashed,  
And many a chief to earth was dashed.  
A ceaseless storm of arrows rained,  
And limbs were pierced and blood-distained.  
Terrific was the sound that filled  
The air, and every heart was chilled,  
As hurtling o'er the giants flew  
The rocks and trees which Vánars threw.  
Fierce as a hungry lion when  
Unwary deer approach his den,  
Angad, his eyes with fury red,  
Waving a tree above his head,  
Rushed with wild charge which none could stay  
Where stood the giants' dense array.  
Like tall trees levelled by the blast  
Before him fell the giants fast,  
And earth that streamed with blood was strown  
With warriors, steeds, and cars o'erthrown.

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## Canto LIV. Vajradanshtra's Death.

The giant leader fiercely rained  
His arrows and the fight maintained.  
Each time the clanging cord he drew  
His certain shaft a Vánar slew.  
Then, as the creatures he has made  
Fly to the Lord of Life for aid,  
To Angad for protection fled  
The Vánar hosts dispirited.

Then raged the battle fiercer yet  
When Angad and the giant met.  
A hundred thousand arrows, hot  
With flames of fire, the giant shot;  
And every shaft he deftly sent  
His foeman's body pierced and rent.  
From Angad's limbs ran floods of gore:  
A stately tree from earth he tore,  
Which, maddened as his gashes bled,  
He hurled at his opponent's head.  
His bow the dauntless giant drew;  
To meet the tree swift arrows flew,  
Checked the huge missile's onward way,  
And harmless on the earth it lay.  
A while the Vánar chieftain gazed,  
Then from the earth a rock he raised  
Rent from a thunder-splitten height,  
And cast it with resistless might.  
The giant marked, and, mace in hand,  
Leapt from his chariot to the sand,  
Ere the rough mass descending broke  
The seat, the wheel, the pole and yoke.

Then Angad seized a shattered hill,  
Whereon the trees were flowering still,  
And with full force the jagged peak  
Fell crashing on the giant's cheek.  
He staggered, reeled, and fell: the blood  
Gushed from the giant in a flood.  
Reft of his might, each sense astray,  
A while upon the sand he lay.  
But strength and wandering sense returned  
Again his eyes with fury burned,  
And with his mace upraised on high

He wounded Angad on the thigh.  
Then from his hand his mace he threw,  
And closer to his foeman drew.  
Then with their fists they fought, and smote  
On brow and cheek and chest and throat.  
Worn out with toil, their limbs bedewed,  
With blood, the strife they still renewed,  
Like Mercury and fiery Mars  
Met in fierce battle mid the stars.

A while the deadly fight was stayed:  
Each armed him with his trusty blade  
Whose sheath with tinkling bells supplied,  
And golden net, adorned his side;  
And grasped his ponderous leather shield  
To fight till one should fall or yield.  
Unnumbered wounds they gave and took:  
Their wearied bodies reeled and shook.  
At length upon the sand that drank  
Streams of their blood the warriors sank,  
But as a serpent rears his head  
Sore wounded by a peasant's tread,  
So Angad, fallen on his knees,  
Yet gathered strength his sword to seize;  
And, severed by the glittering blade,  
The giant's head on earth was laid.

[I omit Cantos LV, LVI, LVII, and LVIII, which relate how Akampan and Prahasta sally out and fall. There is little novelty of incident in these Cantos and the results are exactly the same as before. In Canto LV, Akampan, at the command of Rávan, leads forth his troops. Evil omens are seen and heard. The enemies meet, and many fall on each side, the Vánars transfixed with arrows, the Rákshases crushed with rocks and trees.

In Canto LVI Akampan sees that the Rákshases are worsted, and fights with redoubled rage and vigour. The Vánars fall fast under his “nets of arrows.” Hanumán comes to the rescue. He throws mountain peaks at the giant which are dexterously stopped with flights of arrows; and at last beats him down and kills him with a tree.

In Canto LVII, Rávaṇ is seriously alarmed. He declares that he himself, Kumbhakarṇa or Prahasta, must go forth. Prahasta sallies out vaunting that the fowls of the air shall eat their fill of Vánar flesh.

In Canto LVIII, the two armies meet. Dire is the conflict; ceaseless is the rain of stones and arrows. At last Níla meets Prahasta and breaks his bow. Prahasta leaps from his car, and the giant and the Vánar fight on foot. Níla with a huge tree crushes his opponent who falls like a tree when its roots are cut.]

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## Canto LIX. Rávan's Sally.

They told him that the chief was killed,  
And Rávaṇ's breast with rage was filled.  
Then, fiercely moved by wrath and pride,  
Thus to his lords the tyrant cried:

“No longer, nobles, may we show  
This lofty scorn for such a foe  
By whom our bravest, with his train  
Of steeds and elephants, is slain.  
Myself this day will take the field,  
And Raghu's sons their lives shall yield.”

High on the royal car, that glowed  
 With glory from his face, he rode;  
 And tambour shell and drum pealed out,  
 And joyful was each giant's shout.  
 A mighty host, with eyeballs red  
 Like flames of kindled fire, he led.  
 He passed the city gate, and viewed,  
 Arrayed, the Vánar multitude,  
 Those wielding massy rocks, and these  
 Armed with the stems of uptorn trees,  
 And Ráma with his eyes aglow  
 With warlike ardour viewed the foe,  
 And thus the brave Vibhishan̄, best  
 Of weapon-wielding chiefs, addressed:  
 “What captain leads this bright array  
 Where lances gleam and banners play,  
 And thousands armed with spear and sword  
 Await the bidding of their lord?”

“Seest, thou,” Vibhishan̄ answered, “one  
 Whose face is as the morning sun,  
 Preëminent for hugest frame?  
 Akampan<sup>962</sup> is the giant's name.  
 Behold that chieftain, chariot-borne,  
 Whom Brahmá's chosen gifts adorn.  
 He wields a bow like Indra's own;  
 A lion on his flag is shown,  
 His eyes with baleful fire are lit:  
 'Tis Rávan̄'s son, 'tis Indrajít.  
 There, brandishing in mighty hands  
 His huge bow, Atikáya stands.  
 And that proud warrior o'er whose head

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<sup>962</sup> “It is to be understood,” says the commentator, “that this is not the Akampan who has already been slain.”

A moon-bright canopy is spread:  
 Whose might, in many a battle tried,  
 Has tamed imperial Indra's pride;  
 Who wears a crown of burnished gold,  
 Is Lanká's lord the lofty-souled."

He ceased: and Ráma knew his foe,  
 And laid an arrow on his bow:  
 "Woe to the wretch," he cried, "whom fate  
 Abandons to my deadly hate."  
 He spoke, and, firm by Lakshman's side,  
 The giant to the fray defied.  
 The lord of Lanká bade his train  
 Of warriors by the gates remain,  
 To guard the city from surprise  
 By Ráma's forest born allies.  
 Then as some monster of the sea  
 Cleaves swift-advancing billows, he  
 Charged with impetuous onset through  
 The foe, and cleft the host in two.  
 Sugríva ran, the king to meet:  
 A hill uprooted from its seat  
 He hurled, with trees that graced the height  
 Against the rover of the night:  
 But cleft with shafts that checked its way  
 Harmless upon the earth it lay.  
 Then fiercer Rávaṇ's fury grew,  
 An arrow from his side he drew,  
 Swift as a thunderbolt, aglow  
 With fire, and launched it at the foe.  
 Through flesh and bone a way it found,  
 And stretched Sugríva on the ground.  
 Susheṇ and Nala saw him fall,  
 Gaváksha, Gavaya heard their call,

And, poising hills, in act to fling  
 They charged amain the giant king.  
 They charged, they hurled the hills in vain,  
 He checked them with his arrowy rain,  
 And every brave assailant felt  
 The piercing wounds his missiles dealt,  
 Then smitten by the shafts that came  
 Keen, fleet, and thick, with certain aim,  
 They fled to Ráma, sure defence  
 Against the oppressor's violence,  
 Then, reverent palm to palm applied,  
 Thus Lakshman to his brother cried:  
 "To me, my lord, the task entrust  
 To lay this giant in the dust."  
 "Go, then," said Ráma, "bravely fight;  
 Beat down this rover of the night.  
 But he, unmatched in bold emprise,  
 Fears not the Lord of earth and skies,  
 Keep on thy guard: with keenest eye  
 Thy moments of attack espy.  
 Let hand and eye in due accord  
 Protect thee with the bow and sword."

Then Lakshman round his brother threw  
 His mighty arms in honour due,  
 Bent lowly down his reverent head,  
 And onward to the battle sped.  
 Hanúmán from afar beheld  
 How Rávaṇ's shafts the Vánars quelled:  
 To meet the giant's car he ran,  
 Raised his right arm and thus began:  
 "If Brahmá's boon thy life has screened  
 From Yaksha, God, Gandharva, fiend,  
 With these contending fear no ill,

But tremble at a Vánar still.”  
 With fury flashing from his eye  
 The lord of Lanká made reply:  
 “Strike, Vánar, strike: the fray begin,  
 And hope eternal fame to win.  
[469]This arm shall prove thee in the strife  
 And end thy glory and thy life.”  
 “Remember,” cried the Wind-God’s son,  
 “Remember all that I have done,  
 My prowess, King, thou knowest well,  
 Shown in the fight when Aksha<sup>963</sup> fell.”

With heavy hand the giant smote  
 Hanúmán on the chest and throat,  
 Who reeled and staggered to and fro,  
 Stunned for a moment by the blow.  
 Till, mustering strength, his hand he reared  
 And struck the foe whom Indra feared.  
 His huge limbs bent beneath the shock,  
 As mountains, in an earthquake, rock,  
 And from the Gods and sages pealed  
 Shouts of loud triumph as he reeled.  
 But strength returning nerved his frame:  
 His eyeballs flashed with fiercer flame.  
 No living creature might resist  
 That blow of his tremendous fist  
 Which fell upon Hanúmán’s flank:  
 And to the ground the Vánar sank,  
 No sign of life his body showed:  
 And Rávaṇ in his chariot rode  
 At Níla; and his arrowy rain  
 Fell on the captain and his train.  
 Fierce Níla stayed his Vánar band,

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<sup>963</sup> Rávan’s son, whom Hanumán killed when he first visited Lanká.

And, heaving with his single hand  
 A mountain peak, with vigorous swing  
 Hurled the huge missile at the king.

Hanúmán life and strength regained,  
 Burned for the fight and thus complained:  
 “Why, coward giant, didst thou flee  
 And leave the doubtful fight with me?”  
 Seven mighty arrows keen and fleet  
 The giant launched, the hill to meet;  
 And, all its force and fury stayed,  
 The harmless mass on earth was laid.  
 Enraged the Vánar chief beheld  
 The mountain peak by force repelled,  
 And rained upon the foe a shower  
 Of trees upturn with branch and flower.  
 Still his keen shafts which pierced and rent  
 Each flying tree the giant sent:  
 Still was the Vánar doomed to feel  
 The tempest of the winged steel.  
 Then, smarting from that arrowy storm,  
 The Vánar chief condensed his form,<sup>964</sup>  
 And lightly leaping from the ground  
 On Rávan's standard footing found;  
 Then springing unimpeded down  
 Stood on his bow and golden crown.  
 The Vánar's nimble leaps amazed  
 Ikshváku's son who stood and gazed.  
 The giant, raging in his heart,  
 Laid on his bow a fiery dart;  
 The Vánar on his flagstaff eyed,  
 And thus in tones of fury cried:

<sup>964</sup> Níla was the son of Agni the God of Fire, and possessed, like Milton's demons, the power of dilating and condensing his form at pleasure.

“Well skilled in magic lore art thou:  
 But will thine art avail thee now?  
 See if thy magic will defend  
 Thy life against the dart I send.”

Thus Rávaṇ spake, the giant king,  
 And loosed the arrow from the string.  
 It pierced, with direst fury sped,  
 The Vánar with its flaming head.  
 His father's might, his power innate  
 Preserved him from the threatened fate.  
 Upon his knees he fell, distained  
 With streams of blood, but life remained.

Still Rávaṇ for the battle burned:  
 At Lakshmaṇ next his car he turned,  
 And charged amain with furious show,  
 Straining in mighty hands his bow.  
 “Come,” Lakshman cried, “assay the fight:  
 Leave foes unworthy of thy might.”  
 Thus Lakshmaṇ spoke: and Lanká's lord  
 Heard the dread thunder of the cord.  
 And mad with burning rage and pride  
 In hasty words like these replied:  
 “Joy, joy is mine, O Raghu's son:  
 Thy fate to-day thou canst not shun.  
 Slain by mine arrows thou shalt tread  
 The gloomy pathway of the dead.”

Thus as he spoke his bow he drew,  
And seven keen shafts at Lakshmaṇ flew,  
But Raghu's son with surest aim  
Cleft every arrow as it came.  
Thus with fleet shafts each warrior shot  
Against his foe, and rested not.  
Then one choice weapon from his store,  
By Brahmá's self bestowed of yore,  
Fierce as the flames that end the world,  
The giant king at Lakshmaṇ hurled.  
The hero fell, and racked with pain,  
Scarce could his hand his bow retain.  
But sense and strength resumed their seat  
And, lightly springing to his feet,  
He struck with one tremendous stroke  
And Rávaṇ's bow in splinters broke.  
From Lakshmaṇ's cord three arrows flew  
And pierced the giant monarch through.  
Sore wounded Rávaṇ closed, and round  
Ikshváku's son his strong arms wound.  
With strength unrivalled, Brahmá's gift,  
He strove from earth his foe to lift.  
“Shall I,” he cried, “who overthrow  
Mount Meru and the Lord of Snow,  
And heaven and all who dwell therein,  
Be foiled by one of Ráma's kin?”  
But though he heaved, and toiled, and strained,  
Unmoved Ikshváku's son remained.  
His frame by those huge arms compressed  
The giant's God-given force confessed,  
But conscious that himself was part  
Of Vishṇu, he was firm in heart.

The Wind-God's son the fight beheld,  
And rushed at Rávan, rage-impelled.  
Down crashed his mighty hand; the foe  
Full in the chest received the blow.  
His eyes grew dim, his knees gave way,  
And senseless on the earth he lay.

The Wind-God's son to Ráma bore  
Deep-wounded Lakshmaṇ stained with gore.  
He whom no foe might lift or bend  
Was light as air to such a friend.  
The dart that Lakshmaṇ's side had cleft,  
Untouched, the hero's body left,  
And flashing through the air afar  
Resumed its place in Rávan's car;  
And, waxing well though wounded sore,  
He felt the deadly pain no more.  
And Rávan, though with deep wounds pained,  
Slowly his sense and strength regained,  
And furious still and undismayed  
On bow and shaft his hand he laid.

Then Hanumán to Ráma cried:  
“Ascend my back, great chief, and ride  
Like Vishṇu borne on Garud's wing,  
To battle with the giant king.”  
So, burning for the dire attack,  
Rode Ráma on the Vánar's back,  
And with fierce accents loud and slow  
Thus gave defiance to the foe,  
While his strained bowstring made a sound  
Like thunder when it shakes the ground:  
“Stay, Monarch of the giants, stay,  
The penalty of sin to pay.

Stay! whither wilt thou fly, and how  
Escape the death that waits thee now?"

No word the giant king returned:  
His eyes with flames of fury burned.  
His arm was stretched, his bow was bent,  
And swift his fiery shafts were sent.  
Red torrents from the Vánar flowed:  
Then Ráma near to Rávaṇ strode,  
And with keen darts that never failed,  
The chariot of the king assailed.  
With surest aim his arrows flew:  
The driver and the steeds he slew.  
And shattered with the pointed steel  
Car, flag, and pole and yoke and wheel.  
As Indra hurls his bolt to smite  
Mount Meru's heaven-ascending height,  
So Ráma with a flaming dart  
Struck Lanká's monarch near the heart,  
Who reeled and fell beneath the blow  
And from loose fingers dropped his bow.  
Bright as the sun, with crescent head,  
From Ráma's bow an arrow sped,  
And from his forehead, proud no more,  
Cleft the bright coronet he wore.  
Then Ráma stood by Rávaṇ's side  
And to the conquered giant cried:  
"Well hast thou fought: thine arm has slain  
Strong heroes of the Vánar train.  
I will not strike or slay thee now,  
For weary, faint with fight art thou.  
To Lanká's town thy footsteps bend,  
And there the night securely spend.  
To-morrow come with car and bow,

And then my prowess shalt thou know."

He ceased: the king in humbled pride  
Rose from the earth and naught replied.  
With wounded limbs and shattered crown  
He sought again his royal town.

## Canto LX. Kumbhakarna Roused.

With humbled heart and broken pride  
Through Lanká's gate the giant hied,  
Crushed, like an elephant beneath  
A lion's spring and murderous teeth,  
Or like a serpent 'neath the wing  
And talons of the Feathered King.  
Such was the giant's wild alarm  
At arrows shot by Ráma's arm;  
Shafts with red lightning round them curled,  
Like Brahmá's bolts that end the world.

Supported on his golden throne,  
 With failing eye and humbled tone,  
 “Giants,” he cried, “the toil is vain,  
 Fruitless the penance and the pain,  
 If I whom Indra owned his peer,  
 Secure from Gods, a mortal fear.  
 My soul remembers, now too late,  
 Lord Brahmá’s words who spoke my fate:  
 “Tremble, proud Giant,” thus they ran,  
 “And dread thy death from slighted man.  
 Secure from Gods and demons live,  
 And serpents, by the boon I give.  
 Against their power thy life is charmed,  
 But against man is still unarmed.”  
 This Ráma is the man foretold  
 By Anaraṇya’s<sup>965</sup> lips of old:

“Fear, Rávan, basest of the base:  
 For of mine own imperial race  
 A prince in after time shall spring  
 And thee and thine to ruin bring.  
 And Vedavatí,<sup>966</sup> ere she died  
 Slain by my ruthless insult, cried:  
 “A scion of my royal line  
 Shall slay, vile wretch, both thee and thine.”  
 She in a later birth became  
 King Janak’s child, now Ráma’s dame.

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<sup>965</sup> An ancient king of Ayodhyá said by some to have been Prithu’s father.

<sup>966</sup> The daughter of King Kuśadhwaja. She became an ascetic, and being insulted by Rávan in the woods where she was performing penance, destroyed herself by entering fire, but was born again as Sítá to be in turn the destruction of him who had insulted her.

Nandíśvara<sup>967</sup> foretold this fate,  
 And Umá<sup>968</sup> when I moved her hate,  
 And Rambhá,<sup>969</sup> and the lovely child  
 Of Varuṇ<sup>970</sup> by my touch defiled.  
 I know the fated hour is nigh:  
 Hence, captains, to your stations fly.  
 Let warders on the rampart stand:  
 Place at each gate a watchful band;  
 And, terror of immortal eyes,  
 Let mightiest Kumbhakarṇa rise.  
 He, slumbering, free from care and pain,  
 By Brahmá's curse, for months has lain.  
 But when Prahasta's death he hears,  
 Mine own defeat and doubts and fears,  
 The chief will rise to smite the foe  
 And his unrivalled valour show.  
 Then Raghu's royal sons and all  
 The Vánars neath his might will fall."

The giant lords his hest obeyed,  
 They left him, trembling and afraid,  
 And from the royal palace strode  
 To Kumbhakarṇa's vast abode.  
 They carried garlands sweet and fresh,  
 And reeking loads of blood and flesh.

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<sup>967</sup> Nandíśvara was Śiva's chief attendant. Rávaṇ had despised and laughed at him for appearing in the form of a monkey and the irritated Nandíśvara cursed him and foretold his destruction by monkeys.

<sup>968</sup> Rávaṇ once upheaved and shook Mount Kailásá the favourite dwelling place of Śiva the consort of Umá, and was cursed in consequence by the offended Goddess.

<sup>969</sup> Rambhá, who has several times been mentioned in the course of the poem, was one of the nymphs of heaven, and had been insulted by Rávaṇ.

<sup>970</sup> Punjikasthalá was the daughter of Varuṇ. Rávaṇ himself has mentioned in this book his insult to her, and the curse pronounced in consequence by Brahmá.

They reached the dwelling where he lay,  
A cave that reached a league each way,  
Sweet with fair blooms of lovely scent  
And bright with golden ornament.  
His breathings came so fierce and fast,  
Scarce could the giants brook the blast.  
They found him on a golden bed  
With his huge limbs at length outspread.  
They piled their heaps of venison near,  
Fat buffaloes and boars and deer.  
With wreaths of flowers they fanned his face,  
And incense sweetened all the place.  
Each raised his mighty voice as loud  
As thunders of an angry cloud,  
And conchs their stirring summons gave  
That echoed through the giant's cave.  
Then on his breast they rained their blows,  
And high the wild commotion rose  
When cymbal vied with drum and horn.  
And war cries on the gale upborne.  
Through all the air loud discord spread,  
And, struck with fear, the birds fell dead.  
But still he slept and took his rest.  
Then dashed they on his shaggy chest  
Clubs, maces, fragments of the rock:  
He moved not once, nor felt the shock.  
The giants made one effort more  
With shell and drum and shout and roar.  
Club, mallet, mace, in fury plied,  
Rained blows upon his breast and side.  
And elephants were urged to aid,  
And camels groaned and horses neighed.  
They drenched him with a hundred pails,  
They tore his ears with teeth and nails.

They bound together many a mace  
And beat him on the head and face;  
And elephants with ponderous tread  
Stamped on his limbs and chest and head.  
The unusual weight his slumber broke:  
He started, shook his sides, and woke;  
And, heedless of the wounds and blows,  
Yawning with thirst and hunger rose,  
His jaws like hell gaped fierce and wide,  
Dire as the flame neath ocean's tide.  
Red as the sun on Meru's crest  
The giant's face his wrath expressed,  
And every burning breath he drew  
Was like the blast that rushes through  
The mountain cedars. Up he raised  
His awful head with eyes that blazed  
Like comets, dire as Death in form  
Who threatens the worlds with fire and storm.  
The giants pointed to their stores  
Of buffaloes and deer and boars,  
And straight he gorged him with a flood  
Of wine, with marrow, flesh, and blood.  
He ceased: the giants ventured near  
And bent their lowly heads in fear.  
Then Kumbhakar[n.]a glared with eyes  
Still heavy in their first surprise,  
Still drowsy from his troubled rest,  
And thus the giant band addressed.  
“How have ye dared my sleep to break?  
No trifling cause should bid me wake.  
Say, is all well? or tell the need  
That drives you with unruly speed  
To wake me. Mark the words I say,  
The king shall tremble in dismay,

The fire be quenched and Indra slain  
Ere ye shall break my rest in vain."

Yúpáksha answered: "Chieftain, hear;  
No God or fiend excites our fear.  
But men in arms our walls assail:  
We tremble lest their might prevail.  
For vengeful Ráma vows to slay  
The foe who stole his queen away,  
And, matchless for his warlike deeds,  
A host of mighty Vánars leads.  
Ere now a monstrous Vánar came,  
Laid Lanká waste with ruthless flame,  
And Aksha, Rávaṇ's offspring, slew  
With all his warrior retinue.  
Our king who never trembled yet  
For heavenly hosts in battle met,  
At length the general dread has shared,  
O'erthrown by Ráma's arm and spared."

He ceased: and Kumbhakarṇa spake:  
"I will go forth and vengeance take;  
Will tread their hosts beneath my feet,  
Then triumph-flushed our king will meet.  
Our giant bands shall eat their fill  
Of Vánars whom this arm shall kill.  
The princes' blood shall be my draught,  
The chieftains' shall by you be quaffed."  
He spake, and, with an eager stride  
That shook the earth, to Rávaṇ hied.

## Canto LXI. The Vánars' Alarm.

The son of Raghu near the wall  
 Saw, proudly towering over all,  
 The mighty giant stride along  
 Attended by the warrior throng;  
 Heard Kumbhakarṇa's heavy feet  
 Awake the echoes of the street;  
 And, with the lust of battle fired,  
 Turned to Vibhishaṇ and inquired:  
 “Vibhishan, tell that chieftain's name  
 Who rears so high his mountain frame;  
 With glittering helm and lion eyes,  
 Preëminent in might and size  
 Above the rest of giant birth,  
 He towers the standard of the earth;  
 And all the Vánars when they see  
 The mighty warrior turn and flee.”

“In him,” Vibhishaṇ answered, “know  
 Viśravas' son, the Immortals' foe,  
 Fierce Kumbhakarṇa, mightier far  
 Than Gods and fiends and giants are.  
 He conquered Yáma in the fight,  
 And Indra trembling owned his might.  
 His arm the Gods and fiends subdued,  
 Gandharvas and the serpent brood.  
 The rest of his gigantic race  
 Are wondrous strong by God-giving grace;  
 But nature at his birth to him  
 Gave matchless power and strength of limb.  
 Scarce was he born, fierce monster, when  
 He killed and ate a thousand men.  
 The trembling race of men, appalled,

On Indra for protection called;  
 And he, to save the suffering world,  
 His bolt at Kumbhakarṇa hurled.  
 So awful was the monster's yell  
 That fear on all the nations fell,  
 He, rushing on with furious roar,  
 A tusk from huge Airávat tore,  
 And dealt the God so dire a blow  
 That Indra reeling left his foe,  
 And with the Gods and mortals fled  
 To Brahmá's throne dispirited.  
 "O Brahmá," thus the suppliants cried,  
 "Some refuge for this woe provide.  
 If thus his maw the giant sate  
 Soon will the world be desolate."  
 The Self-existent calmed their woe,  
 And spake in anger to their foe:  
 "As thou wast born, Pulastyá's son,  
 That worlds might weep by thee undone,  
 Thou like the dead henceforth shalt be:  
 Such is the curse I lay on thee."  
 Senseless he lay, nor spoke nor stirred;  
 Such was the power of Brahmá's word.  
 But Rávaṇ, troubled for his sake,  
 Thus to the Self-existent spake:  
 "Who lops the tree his care has reared  
 When golden fruit has first appeared?  
 Not thus, O Brahmá, deal with one  
 Descended from thine own dear son.<sup>971</sup>  
 Still thou, O Lord, thy word must keep,  
 He may not die, but let him sleep.  
 Yet fix a time for him to break

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<sup>971</sup> Pulastyá was the son of Brahmá and father of Viśravas or Paulastyá the father of Rávaṇ and Kumbhakarṇa.

The chains of slumber and awake.”  
 He ceased: and Brahmá made reply;  
 “Six months in slumber shall he lie  
 And then arising for a day  
 Shall cast the numbing bonds away.”  
 Now Rávaṇ in his doubt and dread  
 Has roused the monster from his bed,  
 Who comes in this the hour of need  
 On slaughtered Vánars flesh to feed.  
 Each Vánar, when his awe-struck eyes  
 Behold the monstrous chieftain, flies.  
 With hopeful words their minds deceive,  
 And let our trembling hosts believe  
 They see no giant, but, displayed,  
 A lifeless engine deftly made.”

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Then Ráma called to Níla: “Haste,  
 Let troops near every gate be placed,  
 And, armed with fragments of the rock  
 And trees, each lane and alley block.”  
 Thus Ráma spoke: the chief obeyed,  
 And swift the Vánars stood arrayed,  
 As when the black clouds their battle form,  
 The summit of a hill to storm.

## Canto LXII. Rávan's Request.

Along bright Lanká's royal road  
The giant, roused from slumber, strode,  
While from the houses on his head  
A rain of fragrant flowers was shed.  
He reached the monarch's gate whereon  
Rich gems and golden fretwork shone.  
Through court and corridor that shook  
Beneath his tread his way he took,  
And stood within the chamber where  
His brother sat in dark despair.  
But sudden, at the grateful sight  
The monarch's eye again grew bright.  
He started up, forgot his fear,  
And drew his giant brother near.  
The younger pressed the elder's feet  
And paid the King observance meet,  
Then cried: "O Monarch, speak thy will,  
And let my care thy word fulfil.  
What sudden terror and dismay  
Have burst the bonds in which I lay?"

Fierce flashed the flame from Rávan's eye,  
As thus in wrath he made reply:  
"Fair time, I ween, for sleep is this,  
To lull thy soul in tranquil bliss,  
Unheeding, in oblivion drowned,  
The dangers that our lives surround.  
Brave Ráma, Daśaratha's son,  
A passage o'er the sea has won,  
And, with the Vánar monarch's aid,  
Round Lanká's walls his hosts arrayed.  
Though never in the deadly field  
My Rákshas troops were known to yield,  
The bravest of the giant train

Have fallen by the Vánars slain.  
 Hence comes my fear. O fierce and brave,  
 Go forth, our threatened Lanká save.  
 Go forth, a dreadful vengeance take:  
 For this, O chief, I bade thee wake.  
 The Gods and trembling fiends have felt  
 The furious blows thine arm has dealt.  
 Earth has no warrior, heaven has none  
 To match thy might, Paulastya's son.”

### Canto LXIII. Kumbhakarna's Boast.

Then Kumbhakarṇa laughed aloud  
 And cried; “O Monarch, once so proud,  
 We warned thee, but thou wouldest not hear;  
 And now the fruits of sin appear.  
 We warned thee, I, thy nobles, all  
 Who loved thee, in thy council hall.  
 Those sovereigns who with blinded eyes  
 Neglect the foe their hearts despise,  
 Soon, falling from their high estate  
 Bring on themselves the stroke of fate.  
 Accept at length, thy life to save,  
 The counsel sage Vibhishan gave,  
 The prudent counsel spurned before,  
 And Sítá to her lord restore.”<sup>972</sup>

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<sup>972</sup> I omit a tedious sermon on the danger of rashness and the advantages of prudence, sufficient to irritate a less passionate hearer than Rávaṇa.

The monarch frowned, by passion moved  
 And thus in angry words reproved:  
 “Wilt thou thine elder brother school,  
 Forgetful of the ancient rule  
 That bids thee treat him as the sage  
 Who guides thee with the lore of age?  
 Think on the dangers of the day,  
 Nor idly throw thy words away:  
 If, led astray, by passion stirred,  
 I in the pride of power have erred;  
 If deeds of old were done amiss,  
 No time for vain reproach is this.  
 Up, brother; let thy loving care  
 The errors of thy king repair.”

To calm his wrath, his soul to ease,  
 The younger spake in words like these:  
 “Yea, from our bosoms let us cast  
 All idle sorrow for the past.  
 Let grief and anger be repressed:  
 Again be firm and self-possessed.  
 This day, O Monarch, shalt thou see  
 The Vánar legions turn and flee,  
 And Ráma and his brother slain  
 With their hearts' blood shall dye the plain.  
 Yea, if the God who rules the dead,  
 And Varuṇ their battalions led;  
 If Indra with the Storm-Gods came  
 Against me, and the Lord of Flame,  
 Still would I fight with all and slay  
 Thy banded foes, my King, to-day.  
 If Raghu's son this day withstand  
 The blow of mine uplifted hand,  
 Deep in his breast my darts shall sink,

And torrents of his life-blood drink.  
 O fear not, in my promise trust:  
 This arm shall lay him in the dust,  
 Shall leave the fierce Sugrīva dyed  
 With gore, and Lakshmaṇ by his side,  
 And strike the great Hanúmán down,  
 The spoiler of our glorious town.”<sup>973</sup>

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## Canto LXIV. Mahodar's Speech.

He ceased: and when his lips were closed  
 Mahodar thus his rede opposed:  
 “Why wilt thou shame thy noble birth  
 And speak like one of little worth?  
 Why boast thee thus in youthful pride  
 Rejecting wisdom for thy guide?  
 How will thy single arm oppose  
 The victor of a thousand foes,  
 Who proved in Janasthán his might  
 And slew the rovers of the night?  
 The remnant of those legions, they  
 Who saw his power that fatal day,  
 Now in this leaguered city dread  
 The mighty chief from whom they fled.  
 And wouldst thou meet the lord of men,  
 Beard the great lion in his den,

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<sup>973</sup> The Bengal recension assigns a very different speech to Kumbhakarṇa and makes him say that Nárad the messenger of the Gods had formerly told him that Vishṇu himself incarnate as Daśaratha's son should come to destroy Rávan.

And, when thine eyes are open, break  
 The slumber of a deadly snake?  
 Who may an equal battle wage  
 With him, so awful in his rage,  
 Fierce as the God of Death whom none  
 May vanquish, Daśaratha's son?  
 But, Rávan, shall the lady still  
 Refuse compliance with thy will?  
 No, listen, King, to this design  
 Which soon shall make the captive thine.  
 This day through Lanká's streets proclaim  
 That four of us<sup>974</sup> of highest fame  
 With Kumbhakarṇa at our head  
 Will strike the son of Raghu dead.  
 Forth to the battle will we go  
 And prove our prowess on the foe.  
 Then, if our bold attempt succeed,  
 No further plans thy hopes will need.  
 But if in vain our warriors strive,  
 And Raghu's son be left alive,  
 We will return, and, wounded sore,  
 Our armour stained with gouts of gore,  
 Will show the shafts that rent each frame,  
 Keen arrows marked with Ráma's name,  
 And say we giants have devoured  
 The princes whom our might o'erpowered.  
 Then let the joyful tidings spread  
 That Raghu's royal sons are dead.  
 To all around thy pleasure show,  
 Gold, pearls, and precious robes, bestow.  
 Gay garlands round the portals twine,  
 Enjoy the banquet and the wine.

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<sup>974</sup> Mahodar, Dwijihva, Sanhráda, and Vitardan.

Then go, the scornful lady seek,  
 And woo her when her heart is weak.  
 Rich robes and gold and gems display,  
 And gently wile her grief away.  
 Then will she feel her hopeless state,  
 Widowed, forlorn, and desolate;  
 Know that on thee her bliss depends,  
 Far from her country and her friends;  
 Then, her proud spirit overthrown,  
 The lady will be all thine own.”

## Canto LXV. Kumbhakarna's Speech.

But haughty Kumbhakarṇa spurned  
 His counsel, and to Rávaṇ turned:  
 “Thy life from peril will I free  
 And slay the foe who threatens thee.  
 A hero never vaunts in vain,  
 Like bellowing clouds devoid of rain,  
 Nor, Monarch, be thine ear inclined  
 To counsellors of slavish kind,  
 Who with mean arts their king mislead  
 And mar each gallant plan and deed.  
 O, let not words like his beguile  
 The glorious king of Lanká's isle.”

Thus scornful Kumbhakarṇa cried,  
 And Rávaṇ with a laugh replied:  
 “Mahodar fears and fain would shun  
 The battle with Ikshváku's son.  
 Of all my giant warriors, who  
 Is strong as thou, and brave and true?  
 Ride, conqueror, to the battle ride,  
 And tame the foeman's senseless pride.  
 Go forth like Yáma to the field,  
 And let thine arm thy trident wield.  
 Scared by the lightning of thine eye  
 The Vánar hosts will turn and fly;  
 And Ráma, when he sees thee near,  
 With trembling heart will own his fear.”

The champion heard, and, well content,  
 Forth from the hall his footsteps bent.  
 He grasped his spear, the foeman's dread,  
 Black iron all, both shaft and head,  
 Which, dyed in many a battle, bore  
 Great spots of slaughtered victims' gore.  
 The king upon his neck had thrown  
 The jewelled chain which graced his own.  
 And garlands of delicious scent  
 About his limbs for ornament.  
 Around his arms gay bracelets clung,  
 And pendants in his ears were hung.  
 Adorned with gold, about his waist  
 His coat of mail was firmly braced,  
 And like Nárayaṇ<sup>975</sup> or the God  
 Who rules the sky he proudly trod.  
 Behind him went a mighty throng  
 Of giant warriors tall and strong,

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<sup>975</sup> A name of Vishṇu.

On elephants of noblest breeds.  
 With cars, with camels, and with steeds:  
 And, armed with spear and axe and sword  
 Were fain to battle for their lord.<sup>976</sup>

## Canto LXVI. Kumbhakarna's Sally.

In pomp and pride of warlike state  
 The giant passed the city gate.  
 He raised his voice: the hills, the shore  
 Of Lanká's sea returned the roar.  
 The Vánars saw the chief draw nigh  
 Whom not the ruler of the sky,  
 Nor Yáma, monarch of the dead,  
 Might vanquish, and affrighted fled.  
 When royal Angad, Báli's son,  
 Saw the scared Vánars turn and run,  
 Undaunted still he kept his ground,  
 And shouted as he gazed around:  
 “O Nala, Níla, stay nor let  
 Your souls your generous worth forget,  
 O Kumud and Gaváksha, why  
 Like base-born Vánars will ye fly?  
 Turn, turn, nor shame your order thus:  
 This giant is no match for us”

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<sup>976</sup> There is so much commonplace repetition in these Sallies of the Rákshas chieftains that omissions are frequently necessary. The usual ill omens attend the sally of Kumbhakarṇa, and the Canto ends with a description of the terrified Vánars' flight which is briefly repeated in different words at the beginning of the next Canto.

They heard his voice: the flight was stayed;  
Again for war they stood arrayed,  
And hurled upon the foe a shower  
Of mountain peaks and trees in flower.  
Still on his limbs their missiles rained:  
Unmoved, their blows he still sustained,  
And seemed unconscious of the stroke  
When rocks against his body broke.  
Fierce as the flame when woods are dry  
He charged with fury in his eye.  
Like trees consumed with fervent heat  
They fell beneath the giant's feet.  
Some o'er the ground, dyed red with gore,  
Fled wild with terror to the shore,  
And, deeming that all hope was lost,  
Ran to the bridge they erst had crossed.  
Some climb the trees their lives to save,  
Some sought the mountain and the cave;  
Some hid them in the bosky dell,  
And there in deathlike slumber fell.

When Angad saw the chieftains fly  
He called them with a mighty cry:  
“Once more, O Vánars, charge once more,  
On to the battle as before.  
In all her compass earth has not,  
To hide you safe, one secret spot.  
What! leave your arms? each nobler dame  
Will scorn her consort for the shame.  
This blot upon your names efface,  
And keep your valour from disgrace.  
Stay, chieftains; wherefore will ye run,  
A band of warriors scared by one?”

Scarce would they hear: they would not stay,  
 And basely spoke in wild dismay:  
 "Have we not fought, and fought in vain  
 Have we not seen our mightiest slain?  
 The giant's matchless force we fear,  
 And fly because our lives are dear."  
 But Bâli's son with gentle art  
 Dispelled their dread and cheered each heart.  
 They turned and formed and waited still  
 Obedient to the prince's will.

## Canto LXVII. Kumbhakarna's Death.

Thus from their flight the Vánars turned,  
 And every heart for battle burned,  
 Determined on the spot to die  
 Or gain a warrior's meed on high.  
 Again the Vánars stooped to seize  
 Their weapons, rocks and fallen trees;  
 Again the deadly fight began,  
 And fiercely at the giant ran.  
 Unmoved the monster kept his place:  
 He raised on high his awful mace,  
 Whirled the huge weapon round his head  
 And laid the foremost Vánars dead.  
 Eight thousand fell bedewed with gore,  
 Then sank and died seven hundred more.  
 Then thirty, twenty, ten, or eight  
 At each fierce onset met their fate,  
 And fast the fallen were devoured  
 Like snakes by Garud's beak o'erpowered.

Then Dwivid from the Vánar van,  
 Armed with an upturn mountain, ran,  
 Like a huge cloud when fierce winds blow,  
 And charged amain the mountain foe.  
 With wondrous force the hill he threw:  
 O'er Kumbhakarṇa's head it flew,  
 And falling on his host afar  
 Crushed many a giant, steed, and car.  
 Rocks, trees, by fierce Hanúmán sped,  
 Rained fast on Kumbhakarṇa's head.  
 Whose spear each deadlier missile stopped,  
 And harmless on the plain it dropped.  
 Then with his furious eyes aglow  
 The giant rushed upon the foe,  
 Where, with a woody hill upheaved,  
 Hanúmán's might his charge received.  
 Through his vast frame the giant felt  
 The angry blow Hanúmán dealt.  
 He reeled a moment, sore distressed,  
 Then smote the Vánar on the breast,  
 As when the War-God's furious stroke  
 Through Krauncha's hill a passage broke.<sup>977</sup>  
 Fierce was the blow, and deep and wide  
 The rent: with crimson torrents dyed,  
 Hanúmán, maddened by the pain,  
 Roared like a cloud that brings the rain,  
 And from each Rákshas throat rang out  
 Loud clamour and exultant shout.  
 Then Níla hurled with mustered might  
 The fragment of a mountain height;

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<sup>977</sup> Kártikeya the God of War, and the hero and incarnation Paraśuráma are said to have cut a passage through the mountain Krauncha, a part of the Himálayan range, in the same way as the immense gorge that splits the Pyrenees under the towers of Marboré was cloven at one blow of Roland's sword Durandal.

Nor would the rock the foe have missed,  
 But Kumbhakarṇa raised his fist  
 And smote so fiercely that the mass  
 Fell crushed to powder on the grass.  
 Five chieftains of the Vánar race<sup>978</sup>  
 Charged Kumbhakarṇa face to face,  
 And his huge frame they wildly beat  
 With rocks and trees and hands and feet.  
 Round Rishabh first the giant wound  
 His arms and hurled him to the ground,  
 Where speechless, senseless, wounded sore,  
 He lay his face besmeared with gore.  
 Then Níla with his fist he slew,  
 And Śarabh with his knee o'erthrew,  
 Nor could Gaváksha's strength withstand  
 The force of his terrific hand.  
 At Gandhamádan's eager call  
 Rushed thousands to avenge their fall,  
 Nor ceased those Vánars to assail  
 With knee and fist and tooth and nail.  
 Around his foes the giant threw  
 His mighty arms, and nearer drew  
 The captives subject to his will:  
 Then snatched them up and ate his fill.  
 There was no respite then, no pause:  
 Fast gaped and closed his hell-like jaws:  
 Yet, prisoned in that gloomy cave,  
 Some Vánars still their lives could save:  
 Some through his nostrils found a way,  
 Some through his ears resought the day.  
 Like Indra with his thunder, like  
 The God of Death in act to strike,

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<sup>978</sup> Rishabh, Śarabh, Níla, Gaváksha, and Gandhamádan.

The giant seized his ponderous spear,  
And charged the foe in swift career.  
Before his might the Vánars fell,  
Nor could their hosts his charge repel.  
Then trembling, nor ashamed to run,  
They turned and fled to Raghu's son.

When Bálí's warrior son<sup>979</sup> beheld  
Their flight, his heart with fury swelled.  
He rushed, with his terrific shout,  
To meet the foe and stay the rout.  
He came, he hurled a mountain peak,  
And smote the giant on the cheek.  
His ponderous spear the giant threw:  
Fierce was the cast, the aim was true;  
But Angad, trained in war and tried,  
Saw ere it came, and leapt aside.  
Then with his open hand he smote  
The giant on the chest and throat.  
That blow the giant scarce sustained;  
But sense and strength were soon regained.  
With force which nothing might resist  
He caught the Vánar by the wrist,  
Whirled him, as if in pastime, round,  
And dashed him senseless on the ground.  
There low on earth his foe lay crushed:  
At King Sugríva next he rushed,  
Who, waiting for the charge, stood still,  
And heaved on high a shattered hill,  
He looked on Kumbhakarṇa dyed  
With streams of blood, and fiercely cried:  
“Great glory has thine arm achieved,

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<sup>979</sup> Angad. The text calls him the son of the son of him who holds the thunderbolt, *i.e.* the grandson of Indra.

And thousands of their lives bereaved.  
 Now leave a while thy meaner foes,  
 And brook the hill Sugríva throws."

He spoke, and hurled the mass he held:  
 The giant's chest the stroke repelled,  
 Then on the Vánars fell despair,  
 And Rákshas clamour filled the air.  
 The giant raised his arm, and fast  
 Came the tremendous<sup>980</sup> spear he cast.  
 Hanúmán caught it as it flew,  
 And knapped it on his knee in two.  
 The giant saw the broken spear:  
 His clouded eye confessed his fear;  
 Yet at Sugríva's head he sent  
 A peak from Lanká's mountain rent.  
 [477] The rushing mass no might could stay:  
 Sugríva fell and senseless lay.  
 The giant stooped his foe to seize,  
 And bore him thence, as bears the breeze  
 A cloud in autumn through the sky.  
 He heard the sad Immortals sigh,  
 And shouts of triumph long and loud  
 Went up from all the Rákshas crowd.  
 Through Lanká's gate the giant passed  
 Holding his struggling captive fast,  
 While from each terrace, house, and tower  
 Fell on his haughty head a shower  
 Of fragrant scent and flowery rain,  
 Blossoms and leaves and scattered grain.<sup>981</sup>

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<sup>980</sup> Literally, weighing a thousand *bháras*. The *bhára* is a weight equal to 2000 *palas*, the *pala* is equal to four *karśas*, and the *karśa* to 11375 French grammes or about 176 grains troy. The spear seems very light for a warrior of Kumbhakarṇa's strength and stature and the work performed with it.

<sup>981</sup> The custom of throwing parched or roasted grain, with wreaths and flowers,

By slow degrees the Vánars' lord  
 Felt life and sense and strength restored.  
 He heard the giants' joyful boast:  
 He thought upon his Vánar host.  
 His teeth and feet he fiercely plied,  
 And bit and rent the giant's side,  
 Who, mad with pain and smeared with gore,  
 Hurled to the ground the load he bore.  
 Regardless of a storm of blows  
 Swift to the sky the Vánar rose,  
 Then lightly like a flying ball  
 High overleapt the city wall,  
 And joyous for deliverance won  
 Regained the side of Raghu's son.  
 And Kumbhakarṇa, mad with hate  
 And fury, sallied from the gate,  
 The carnage of the foe renewed  
 And filled his maw with gory food.  
 Slaying, with headlong frenzy blind,  
 Both Vánar foes and giant kind.

Nor would Sumitrá's valiant son<sup>982</sup>  
 The might of Kumbhakarṇa shun,  
 Who through his harness felt the sting  
 Of keen shafts loosened from the string.  
 His heart confessed the warrior's power,  
 And, bleeding from the ceaseless shower  
 That smote him on the chest and side,  
 With words like these the giant cried:  
 "Well fought, well fought, Sumitrá's son;  
 Eternal glory hast thou won,

---

on the heads of kings and conquerors when they go forth to battle and return is frequently mentioned by Indian poets.

<sup>982</sup> Lakshman.

For thou in desperate fight hast met  
 The victor never conquered yet,  
 Whom, borne on huge Airávat's back,  
 E'en Indra trembles to attack.  
 Go, son of Queen Sumitrá, go:  
 Thy valour and thy strength I know.  
 Now all my hope and earnest will  
 Is Ráma in the fight to kill.  
 Let him beneath my weapons fall,  
 And I will meet and conquer all."

The chieftain, of Sumitrá born,  
 Made answer as he laughed in scorn:  
 "Yea, thou hast won a victor's fame  
 From trembling Gods and Indra's shame.  
 There waits thee now a mightier foe  
 Whose prowess thou hast yet to know.  
 There, famous in a hundred lands,  
 Ráma the son of Raghu stands."

Straight at the king the giant sped,  
 And earth was shaken at his tread.  
 His bow the hero grasped and strained,  
 And deadly shafts in torrents rained.  
 As Kumbhakarṇa felt each stroke  
 From his huge mouth burst fire and smoke;  
 His hands were loosed in mortal pain  
 And dropped his weapons on the plain.  
 Though reft of spear and sword and mace  
 No terror changed his haughty face.  
 With heavy hands he rained his blows  
 And smote to death a thousand foes.  
 Where'er the furious monster strode  
 While down his limbs the red blood flowed

Like torrents down a mountain's side,  
 Vánars and bears and giants died.  
 High o'er his head a rock he swung,  
 And the huge mass at Ráma flung.  
 But Ráma's arrows bright as flame  
 Shattered the mountain as it came.  
 Then Raghu's son, his eyes aglow  
 With burning anger, charged the foe,  
 And as his bow he strained and tried  
 With fearful clang the cord replied.  
 Wroth at the bowstring's threatening clang  
 To meet his foe the giant sprang.  
 High towering with enormous frame  
 Huge as a wood-crowned hill he came.  
 But Ráma firm and self-possessed  
 In words like these the foe addressed:  
 "Draw near, O Rákshas lord, draw near,  
 Nor turn thee from the fight in fear.  
 Thou meetest Ráma face to face,  
 Destroyer of the giant race.  
 Come, fight, and thou shalt feel this hour,  
 Laid low in death, thy conqueror's power."

He ceased: and mad with wrath and pride  
 The giant champion thus replied:  
 "Come thou to me and thou shalt find  
 A foeman of a different kind.  
 No Khara, no Virádha,—thou  
 Hast met a mightier warrior now.  
 The strength of Kumbhakarṇa fear,  
 And dread the iron mace I rear  
 This mace in days of yore subdued  
 The Gods and Dánav multitude.  
 Prove, lion of Ikshváku's line,

Thy power upon these limbs of mine.  
 Then, after trial, shalt thou bleed,  
 And with thy flesh my hunger feed."

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He ceased: and Ráma, undismayed,  
 Upon his cord those arrows laid  
 Which pierced the stately Sál trees through,  
 And Báli king of Vánars slew.  
 They flew, they smote, but smote in vain  
 Those mighty limbs that felt no pain.  
 Then Ráma sent with surest aim  
 The dart that bore the Wind-God's name.  
 The missile from the giant tore  
 His huge arm and the mace it bore,  
 Which crushed the Vánars where it fell:  
 And dire was Kumbhakarṇa's yell.  
 The giant seized a tree, and then  
 Rushed madly at the lord of men.  
 Another dart, Lord Indra's own,  
 To meet his furious onset thrown,  
 His left arm from the shoulder lopped,  
 And like a mountain peak it dropped.  
 Then from the bow of Ráma sped  
 Two arrows, each with crescent head;  
 And, winged with might which naught could stay,  
 They cut the giant's legs away.  
 They fell, and awful was the sound  
 As those vast columns shook the ground;  
 And sky and sea and hill and cave  
 In echoing roars their answer gave.  
 Then from his side the hero drew  
 A dart that like the tempest flew—  
 No deadlier shaft has ever flown  
 Than that which Indra called his own—

Nor could the giant's mail-armed neck  
 The fury of the missile check.  
 Through skin and flesh and bone it smote  
 And rent asunder head and throat.  
 Down with the sound of thunder rolled  
 The head adorned with rings of gold,  
 And crushed to pieces in its fall  
 A gate, a tower, a massive wall.  
 Hurled to the sea the body fell:  
 Terrific was the ocean's swell,  
 Nor could swift fin and nimble leap  
 Save the crushed creatures of the deep.

Thus he who plagued in impious pride  
 The Gods and Bráhmans fought and died.  
 Glad were the hosts of heaven, and long  
 The air re-echoed with their song.<sup>983</sup>

## Canto LXVIII. Rávan's Lament.

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<sup>983</sup> I have abridged this long Canto by omitting some vain repetitions, commonplace epithets and similes and other unimportant matter. There are many verses in this Canto which European scholars would rigidly exclude as unmistakeably the work of later rhapsodists. Even the reverent Commentator whom I follow ventures to remark once or twice: *Ayam śloka prak shipta iti bahavah*, “This śloka or verse is in the opinion of many interpolated.”

They ran to Rávaṇ in his hall  
And told him of his brother's fall:  
“Fierce as the God who rules the dead,  
Upon the routed foe he fed;  
And, victor for a while, at length  
Fell slain by Ráma's matchless strength.  
Now like a mighty hill in size  
His mangled trunk extended lies,  
And where he fell, a bleeding mass,  
Blocks Lanká's gate that none may pass.”  
The monarch heard: his strength gave way;  
And fainting on the ground he lay.  
Grieved at the giants' mournful tale,  
Long, shrill was Atikáya's wail;  
And Triśírás in sorrow bowed  
His triple head, and wept aloud.  
Mahodar, Mahápárśva shed  
Hot tears and mourned their brother dead.  
At length, his wandering sense restored,  
In loud lament cried Lanká's lord:  
“Ah chief, for might and valour famed,  
Whose arm the haughty foeman tamed,  
Forsaking me, thy friends and all,  
Why hast thou fled to Yáma's hall?  
Why hast thou fled to taste no more  
The slaughtered foeman's flesh and gore?  
Ah me, my life is done to-day:  
My better arm is lopped away.  
Whereon in danger I relied,  
And, fearless, Gods and fiends defied.  
How could a shaft from Ráma's bow  
The matchless giant overthrow,  
Whose iron frame so strong of yore  
The crushing bolt of Indra bore?

This day the Gods and sages meet  
And triumph at their foe's defeat.  
This day the Vánar chiefs will boast  
And, with new ardour fired, their host  
In fiercer onset will assail  
Our city, and the ramparts scale.  
What care I for a monarch's name,  
For empire, or the Maithil dame?  
What joy can power and riches give,  
Or life that I should care to live,  
Unless this arm in mortal fray  
The slayer of my brother slay?  
For me, of Kumbhakarṇa reft,  
Death is the only solace left;  
And I will seek, o'erwhelmed with woes,  
The realm to which my brother goes.  
Ah me ill-minded, not to take  
His counsel when Vibhishan spake  
When he this evil day foretold  
My foolish heart was overbold:  
I drove my sage adviser hence,  
And reap the fruits of mine offence.”

Pierced to the soul by sorrow's sting  
 Thus wailed the evil-hearted king.  
 Then Triśirás stood forth and cried:  
 "Yea, father, he has fought and died,  
 Our bravest: and the loss is sore:  
 But rouse thee, and lament no more.  
 Hast thou not still thy coat of mail,  
 Thy bow and shafts which never fail?  
 A thousand asses draw thy car  
 Which roars like thunder heard afar.  
 Thy valour and thy warrior skill,  
 Thy God-given strength, are left thee still.  
 Unarmed, thy matchless might subdued  
 The Gods and Dánav multitude.  
 Armed with thy glorious weapons, how  
 Shall Raghu's son oppose thee now?  
 Or, sire, within thy palace stay;  
 And I myself will sweep away  
 Thy foes, like Garuḍ when he makes  
 A banquet of the writhing snakes.  
 Soon Raghu's son shall press the plain,  
 As Narak<sup>984</sup> fell by Vishṇu slain,  
 Or Śambar<sup>985</sup> in rebellious pride  
 Who met the King of Gods<sup>986</sup> and died."

The monarch heard: his courage grew,  
 And life and spirit came anew.  
 Devántak and Narántak heard,  
 And their fierce souls with joy were stirred;

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<sup>984</sup> Narak was a demon, son of Bhúmi or Earth, who haunted the city Prágjyotisha.

<sup>985</sup> Śambar was a demon of drought.

<sup>986</sup> Indra.

And Atikáya<sup>987</sup> burned to fight,  
 And heard the summons with delight;  
 While from the rest loud rang the cry,  
 "I too will fight," "and I," "and I."

The joyous king his sons embraced,  
 With gold and chains and jewels graced,  
 And sent them forth with stirring speech  
 Of benison and praise to each.  
 Forth from the gate the princes sped  
 And ranged for war the troops they led.  
 The Vánar legions charged anew,  
 And trees and rocks for missiles flew.  
 They saw Narántak's mighty form  
 Borne on a steed that mocked the storm.  
 To check his charge in vain they strove:  
 Straight through their host his way he clove,  
 As springs a dolphin through the tide:  
 And countless Vánars fell and died,  
 And mangled limbs and corpses lay  
 To mark the chief's ensanguined way,  
 Sugríva saw them fall or fly  
 When fierce Narántak's steed was nigh,  
 And marked the giant where he sped  
 O'er heaps of dying or of dead.  
 He bade the royal Angad face  
 That bravest chief of giant race.  
 As springs the sun from clouds dispersed,  
 So Angad from the Vánars burst.  
 No weapon for the fight he bore  
 Save nails and teeth, and sought no more.  
 "Leave, giant chieftain," thus he spoke,

<sup>987</sup> Devántak (Slayer of Gods) Narántak (Slayer of Men) Atikáya (Huge of Frame) and Triśirás (Three Headed) were all sons of Rávan.

“Leave foes unworthy of thy stroke,  
And bend against a nobler heart  
The terrors of thy deadly dart.”

Narántak heard the words he spake:  
Fast breathing, like an angry snake,  
With bloody teeth his lips he pressed  
And hurled his dart at Angad's breast.  
True was the aim and fierce the stroke,  
Yet on his breast the missile broke.  
Then Angad at the giant flew,  
And with a blow his courser slew:  
The fierce hand crushed through flesh and bone,  
And steed and rider fell o'erthrown.  
Narántak's eyes with fury blazed:  
His heavy hand on high he raised  
And struck in savage wrath the head  
Of Báli's son, who reeled and bled,  
Fainted a moment and no more:  
Then stronger, fiercer than before  
Smote with that fist which naught could stay,  
And crushed to death the giant lay.

Canto LXX. The Death Of Trisirás.

Then raged the Rákshas chiefs, and all  
Burned to avenge Narántak's fall.  
Devántak raised his club on high  
And rushed at Angad with a cry.  
Behind came Trišírás, and near  
Mahodar charged with levelled spear.  
There Angad stood to fight with three:  
High o'er his head he waved a tree,  
And at Devántak, swift and true  
As Indra's flaming bolt, it flew.  
But, cut by giant shafts in twain,  
With minished force it flew in vain.  
A shower of trees and blocks of stone  
From Angad's hand was fiercely thrown;  
But well his club Devántak plied  
And turned each rock and tree aside.  
Nor yet, by three such foes assailed,  
The heart of Angad sank or quailed.  
He slew the mighty beast that bore  
Mahodar: from his head he tore  
A bleeding tusk, and blow on blow  
Fell fiercely on his Rákshas foe.  
The giant reeled, but strength regained,  
And furious strokes on Angad rained,  
Who, wounded by the storm of blows,  
Sank on his knees, but swiftly rose.  
Then Trišírás, as up he sprang,  
Drew his great bow with awful clang,  
And fixed three arrows from his sheaf  
Full in the forehead of the chief.  
Hanúmán saw, nor long delayed  
To speed with Níla to his aid,  
Who at the three-faced giant sent  
A peak from Lanká's mountain rent.

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But Triśirás with certain aim  
 Shot rapid arrows as it came:  
 And shivered by their force it broke  
 And fell to earth with flash and smoke.  
 Then as the Wind-God's son came nigh,  
 Devántak reared his mace on high.  
 Hanúmán smote him on the head  
 And stretched the monstrous giant dead.  
 Fierce Triśirás with fury strained  
 His bow, and showers of arrows rained  
 That smote on Níla's side and chest:  
 He sank a moment, sore distressed;  
 But quickly gathered strength to seize  
 A mountain with its crown of trees.  
 Crushed by the hill, distained with gore,  
 Mahodar fell to rise no more.

Then Triśirás raised high his spear  
 Which chilled the trembling foe with fear  
 And, like a flashing meteor through  
 The air at Hanúmán it flew.  
 The Vánar shunned the threatened stroke,  
 And with strong hands the weapon broke.  
 The giant drew his glittering blade:  
 Dire was the wound the weapon made  
 Deep in the Vánar's ample chest,  
 Who, for a moment sore oppressed,  
 Raised his broad hand, regaining might,  
 And struck the rover of the night.  
 Fierce was the blow: with one wild yell  
 Low on the earth the monster fell.  
 Hanúmán seized his fallen sword  
 Which served no more its senseless lord,  
 And from the monster triple-necked

Smote his huge heads with crowns bedecked.  
Then Mahápárśva burned with ire;  
Fierce flashed his eyes with vengeful fire.  
A moment on the dead he gazed,  
Then his black mace aloft was raised,  
And down the mass of iron came  
That struck and shook the Vánar's frame.  
Hanúmán's chest was wellnigh crushed,  
And from his mouth red torrents gushed:  
Yet served one instant to restore  
His spirit: from the foe he tore  
His awful mace, and smote, and laid  
The giant in the dust dismayed.  
Crushed were his jaws and teeth and eyes:  
Breathless and still he lay as lies  
A summit from a mountain rent  
By him who rules the firmament.

## Canto LXXI. Atikáya's Death.

But Atikáya's wrath grew high  
To see his noblest kinsmen die.  
He, fiercest of the giant race,  
Presuming still on Brahmá's grace;  
Proud tamer of the Immortals' pride,  
Whose power and might with Indra's vied,  
For blood and vengeful carnage burned,  
And on the foe his fury turned.  
High on a car that flashed and glowed  
Bright as a thousand suns he rode.  
Around his princely brows was set

A rich bejewelled coronet.  
 Gold pendants in his ears he wore;  
 He strained and tried the bow he bore,  
 And ever, as a shaft he aimed,  
 His name and royal race proclaimed.  
 Scarce might the Vánars brook to hear  
 His clangor bow and voice of fear:  
 To Raghu's elder son they fled,  
 Their sure defence in woe and dread.  
 Then Ráma bent his eyes afar  
 And saw the giant in his car  
 Fast following the flying crowd  
 And roaring like a rainy cloud.  
 He, with the lust of battle fired,  
 Turned to Vibhishan and inquired:  
 "Say, who is this, of mountain size,  
 This archer with the lion eyes?  
 His car, which strikes our host with awe,  
 A thousand eager coursers draw.  
 Surrounded by the flashing spears  
 Which line his car, the chief appears  
 Like some huge cloud when lightnings play  
 About it on a stormy day;  
 And the great bow he joys to hold  
 Whose bended back is bright with gold,  
 As Indra's bow makes glad the skies,  
 That best of chariots glorifies.  
 O see the sunlike splendour flung  
 From the great flag above him hung,  
 Where, blazoned with resplendent lines,  
 Ráhu<sup>988</sup> the dreadful Dragon shines.  
 Full thirty quivers near his side,

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<sup>988</sup> The demon of eclipse who seizes the Sun and Moon.

His car with shafts is well supplied:  
 And flashing like the light of stars  
 Gleam his two mighty scimitars.  
 Say, best of giants, who is he  
 Before whose face the Vánars flee?"

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Thus Ráma spake. Vibhishan eyed  
 The giants' chief, and thus replied:  
 "This Ráma, this is Rávaṇ's son:  
 High fame his youthful might has won.  
 He, best of warriors, bows his ear  
 The wisdom of the wise to hear.  
 Supreme is he mid those who know  
 The mastery of sword and bow.  
 Unrivalled in the bold attack  
 On elephant's or courser's back,  
 He knows, beside, each subtler art,  
 To win the foe, to bribe, or part.  
 On him the giant hosts rely,  
 And fear no ill when he is nigh.  
 This peerless chieftain bears the name  
 Of Atikáya huge of frame,  
 Whom Dhanyamálíní of yore  
 To Rávaṇ lord of Lanká bore."

Roused by his bow-string's awful clang,  
 To meet their foes the Vánars sprang.  
 Armed with tall trees from Lanká's wood,  
 And rocks and mountain peaks, they stood.  
 The giant's arrows, gold-bedecked,  
 The storm of hurtling missiles checked;  
 And ever on his foemen poured  
 Fierce tempest from his clanging cord;  
 Nor could the Vánar chiefs sustain

His shafts' intolerable rain.  
 They fled: the victor gained the place  
 Where stood the lord of Raghu's race,  
 And cried with voice of thunder: "Lo,  
 Borne on my car, with shaft and bow,  
 I, champion of the giants, scorn  
 To fight with weaklings humbly born.  
 Come forth your bravest, if he dare,  
 And fight with one who will not spare."

Forth sprang Sumitrá's noble child,<sup>989</sup>  
 And strained his ready bow, and smiled;  
 And giants trembled as the clang  
 Through heaven and earth reëchoing rang.  
 The giant to his string applied  
 A pointed shaft, and proudly cried:  
 "Turn, turn, Sumitrá's son and fly,  
 For terrible as Death am I.  
 Fly, nor that youthful form oppose,  
 Untrained in war, to warriors' blows.  
 What! wilt thou waste thy childish breath  
 And wake the dormant fire of death?  
 Cast down, rash boy, that useless bow:  
 Preserve thy life, uninjured go."

He ceased: and stirred by wrath & pride  
 Sumitrá's noble son replied:  
 "By warlike deed, not words alone,  
 The valour of the brave is shown.  
 Cease with vain boasts my scorn to move,  
 And with thine arm thy prowess prove.  
 Borne on thy car, with sword and bow,  
 With all thine arms, thy valour show.

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<sup>989</sup> Lakshman.

Fight, and my deadly shafts this day  
Low in the dust thy head shall lay,  
And, rushing fast in ceaseless flood,  
Shall rend thy flesh and drink thy blood."

His giant foe no answer made,  
But on his string an arrow laid.  
He raised his arm, the cord he drew,  
At Lakshmaṇ's breast the arrow flew.  
Sumitrá's son, his foemen's dread,  
Shot a fleet shaft with crescent head,  
Which cleft that arrow pointed well,  
And harmless to the earth it fell.  
A shower of shafts from Lakshmaṇ's bow  
Fell fast and furious on the foe  
Who quailed not as the missiles smote  
With idle force his iron coat.  
Then came the friendly Wind-God near,  
And whispered thus in Lakshmaṇ's ear:  
"Such shafts as these in vain assail  
Thy foe's impenetrable mail.  
A more tremendous missile try,  
Or never may the giant die.  
Employ the mighty spell, and aim  
The weapon known by Brahmá's name."  
He ceased; Sumitrá's son obeyed:  
On his great bow the shaft was laid,  
And with a roar like thunder, true  
As Indra's flashing bolt, it flew.  
The giant poured his shafts like rain  
To check its course, but all in vain.  
With spear and mace and sword he tried  
To turn the fiery dart aside.  
Winged with a force which naught could check,

It smote the monster in the neck,  
 And, sundered from his shoulders, rolled  
 To earth his head and helm of gold.

## Canto LXXII. Rávan's Speech.

The giants bent, in rage and grief,  
 Their eyes upon the fallen chief:  
 Then flying wild with fear and pale  
 To Rávaṇ bore the mournful tale.  
 He heard how Atikáya died,  
 Then turned him to his lords, and cried:  
 “Where are they now—my bravest—where,  
 Wise to consult and prompt to dare?  
 Where is Dhúmráksha, skilled to wield  
 All weapons in the battle field?  
 Akampan, and Prahasta's might,  
 And Kumbhakarṇa bold in fight?  
 These, these and many a Rákshas more,  
 Each master of the arms he bore,  
 Who every foe in fight o'erthrew,  
 The victors none could e'er subdue,  
 Have perished by the might of one,  
 The vengeful arm of Raghu's son.  
 In vain I cast mine eyes around,  
 No match for Ráma here is found,  
 No chief to stand before that bow  
 Whose deadly shafts have caused our woe.  
 Now, warriors, to your stations hence;  
 Provide ye for the wall's defence,  
 And be the Aśoka garden, where

The lady lies, your special care.  
Be every lane and passage barred,  
Set at each gate a chosen guard.  
And with your troops, where danger calls,  
Be ready to defend the walls.  
Each movement of the Vánars mark;  
Observe them when the skies grow dark;  
Be ready in the dead of night,  
And ere the morning bring the light.  
Taught by our loss we may not scorn  
These legions of the forest-born.”

He ceased: the Rákshas lords obeyed;  
Each at his post his troops arrayed:  
And, torn with pangs that pierced him through  
The monarch from the hall withdrew.

## Canto LXXIII. Indrajít's Victory.

But Indrajít the fierce and bold  
With words like these his sire consoled:  
“Dismiss, O King, thy grief and dread,  
And be not thus disquieted.  
Against this numbing sorrow strive,  
For Indrajit is yet alive;  
And none in battle may withstand  
The fury of his strong right hand.  
This day, O sire, thine eyes shall see  
The sons of Raghu slain by me.”

He ceased: he bade the king farewell:  
Clear, mid the roar of drum and shell,  
The clash of sword and harness rang  
As to his car the warrior sprang.  
Close followed by his Rákshas train  
Through Lanká's gate he reached the plain.  
Then down he leapt, and bade a band  
Of giants by the chariot stand:  
Then with due rites, as rules require,  
Did worship to the Lord of Fire.  
The sacred oil, as texts ordain,  
With wreaths of scented flowers and grain,  
Within the flame in order due,  
That mightiest of the giants threw.  
There on the ground were spear and blade,  
And arrowy leaves and fuel laid;  
An iron ladle deep and wide,  
And robes with sanguine colours dyed.  
Beside him stood a sable goat:  
The giant seized it by the throat,  
And straight from the consuming flame  
Auspicious signs of victory came.  
For swiftly, curling to the right,  
The fire leapt up with willing light  
Undimmed by smoky cloud, and, red  
Like gold, upon the offering fed.  
They brought him, while the flame yet glowed,  
The dart by Brahmá's grace bestowed,  
And all the arms he wielded well  
Were charmed with text and holy spell.

Then fiercer for the fight he burned,  
And at the foe his chariot turned,  
While all his followers lifting high

Their maces charged with furious cry.  
Dire, yet more dire the battle grew,  
As rocks and trees and arrows flew.  
The giant shot his shafts like rain,  
And Vánars fell in myriads slain,  
Sugríva, Angad, Níla felt  
The wounds his hurtling arrows dealt.  
His shafts the blood of Gaya drank;  
Hanúmán reeled and Mainda sank.  
Bright as the glances of the sun  
Came the swift darts they could not shun.  
Caught in the arrowy nets he wove,  
In vain the sons of Raghu strove;  
And Ráma, by the darts oppressed,  
His brother chieftain thus addressed:  
“See, first this giant warrior sends  
Destruction, mid our Vánar friends,  
And now his arrows thick and fast  
Their binding net around us cast.  
To Brahmá's grace the chieftain owes  
The matchless power and might he shows;  
And mortal strength in vain contends  
With him whom Brahmá's self befriends.  
Then let us still with dauntless hearts  
Endure this storm of pelting darts.  
Soon must we sink bereaved of sense;  
And then the victor, hurrying hence,  
Will seek his father in his hall  
And tell him of his foemen's fall.”  
He ceased: o'erpowered by shaft and spell  
The sons of Raghu reeled and fell.  
The Rákshas on their bodies gazed;  
And, mid the shouts his followers raised,  
Sped back to Lanká to relate

In Rávaṇ's hall the princes' fate.

## Canto LXXIV. The Medicinal Herbs.

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The shades of falling night concealed  
 The carnage of the battle field,  
 Which, bearing each a blazing brand,  
 Hanúmán and Vibhishaṇ scanned,  
 Moving with slow and anxious tread  
 Among the dying and the dead.  
 Sad was the scene of slaughter shown  
 Where'er the torches' light was thrown.  
 Here mountain forms of Vánars lay  
 Whose heads and limbs were lopped away,  
 Arms, legs and fingers strewed the ground,  
 And severed heads lay thick around.  
 The earth was moist with sanguine streams,  
 And sighs were heard and groans and screams.  
 There lay Sugríva still and cold,  
 There Angad, once so brave and bold.  
 There Jámbaván his might reposed,  
 There Vegadarší's eyes were closed;  
 There in the dust was Nala's pride,  
 And Dwivid lay by Mainda's side.  
 Where'er they looked the ensanguined plain  
 Was strewn with myriads of the slain;<sup>990</sup>  
 They sought with keenly searching eyes  
 King Jámbaván supremely wise.

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<sup>990</sup> In such cases as this I am not careful to reproduce the numbers of the poet, which in the text which I follow are 670000000; the Bengal recension being content with thirty million less.

His strength had failed by slow decay,  
 And pierced with countless shafts he lay.  
 They saw, and hastened to his side,  
 And thus the sage Vibhishan̄ cried:  
 “Thee, monarch of the bears, we seek:  
 Speak if thou yet art living, speak.”

Slow came the aged chief's reply;  
 Scarce could he say with many a sigh:  
 “Torn with keen shafts which pierce each limb,  
 My strength is gone, my sight is dim;  
 Yet though I scarce can raise mine eyes,  
 Thy voice, O chief, I recognize.  
 O, while these ears can hear thee, say,  
 Has Hanúmán survived this day?”

“Why ask,” Vibhishan̄ cried, “for one  
 Of lower rank, the Wind-God's son?  
 Hast thou forgotten, first in place,  
 The princely chief of Raghu's race?  
 Can King Sugrīva claim no care,  
 And Angad, his imperial heir?”

“Yea, dearer than my noblest friends  
 Is he on whom our hope depends.  
 For if the Wind-God's son survive,  
 All we though dead are yet alive.  
 But if his precious life be fled  
 Though living still we are but dead:  
 He is our hope and sure relief.”  
 Thus slowly spoke the aged chief:  
 Then to his side Hanúmán came,  
 And with low reverence named his name.  
 Cheered by the face he longed to view  
 The wounded chieftain lived anew.

“Go forth,” he cried, “O strong and brave,  
 And in their woe the Vánars save.  
 No might but thine, supremely great,  
 May help us in our lost estate.  
 The trembling bears and Vánars cheer,  
 Calm their sad hearts, dispel their fear.  
 Save Raghu's noble sons, and heal  
 The deep wounds of the winged steel.  
 High o'er the waters of the sea  
 To far Himálaya's summits flee.  
 Kailásá there wilt thou behold,  
 And Rishabh, with his peaks of gold.  
 Between them see a mountain rise  
 Whose splendour will enchant thine eyes;  
 His sides are clothed above, below,  
 With all the rarest herbs that grow.  
 Upon that mountain's lofty crest  
 Four plants, of sovereign powers possessed,  
 Spring from the soil, and flashing there  
 Shed radiance through the neighbouring air.  
 One draws the shaft: one brings again  
 The breath of life to warm the slain;  
 One heals each wound; one gives anew  
 To faded cheeks their wonted hue.  
 Fly, chieftain, to that mountain's brow  
 And bring those herbs to save us now.”

Hanúmán heard, and springing through  
 The air like Vishṇu's discus<sup>991</sup> flew.  
 The sea was passed: beneath him, gay  
 With bright-winged birds, the mountains lay,  
 And brook and lake and lonely glen,

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<sup>991</sup> The discus or quoit, a sharp-edged circular missile is the favourite weapon of Vishṇu.

And fertile lands with toiling men.  
 On, on he sped: before him rose  
 The mansion of perennial snows.  
 There soared the glorious peaks as fair  
 As white clouds in the summer air.  
 Here, bursting from the leafy shade,  
 In thunder leapt the wild cascade.  
 He looked on many a pure retreat  
 Dear to the Gods' and sages' feet:  
 The spot where Brahmá dwells apart,  
 The place whence Rudra launched his dart;<sup>992</sup>  
 Vishṇu's high seat and Indra's home,  
 And slopes where Yáma's servants roam.  
 There was Kuvera's bright abode;  
 There Brahmá's mystic weapon glowed.  
 There was the noble hill whereon  
 Those herbs with wondrous lustre shone,  
 And, ravished by the glorious sight,  
 Hanúmán rested on the height.  
 He, moving down the glittering peak,  
 The healing herbs began to seek:  
 But, when he thought to seize the prize,  
 They hid them from his eager eyes.  
 Then to the hill in wrath he spake:  
 "Mine arm this day shall vengeance take,  
 If thou wilt feel no pity, none,  
 In this great need of Raghu's son."  
 He ceased: his mighty arms he bent  
 And from the trembling mountain rent  
 His huge head with the life it bore,  
 Snakes, elephants, and golden ore.

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<sup>992</sup> To destroy Tripura the triple city in the sky, air and earth, built by Maya for a celebrated Asur or demon, or as another commentator explains, to destroy Kandarpa or Love.

O'er hill and plain and watery waste  
His rapid way again he traced.  
And mid the wondering Vánars laid  
His burthen through the air conveyed,  
The wondrous herbs' delightful scent  
To all the host new vigour lent.  
Free from all darts and wounds and pain  
The sons of Raghu lived again,  
And dead and dying Vánars healed  
Rose vigorous from the battle field.

### Canto LXXV. The Night Attack.

Sugríva spake in words like these:  
“Now, Vánar lords, the occasion seize.  
For now, of sons and brothers reft,  
To Rávaṇ little hope is left:  
And if our host his gates assail  
His weak defence will surely fail.”

At dead of night the Vánar bands  
Rushed on with torches in their hands.  
Scared by the coming of the host  
Each giant warder left his post.  
Where'er the Vánar legions came  
Their way was marked with hostile flame  
That spread in fury to devour  
Palace and temple, gate and tower.  
Down came the walls and porches, down  
Came stately piles that graced the town.  
In many a house the fire was red,  
On sandal wood and aloe fed.  
And scorching flames in billows rolled  
O'er diamonds and pearls and gold.  
On cloth of wool, on silk brocade,  
On linen robes their fury preyed.  
Wheels, poles and yokes were burned, and all  
The coursers' harness in the stall;  
And elephants' and chariots' gear,  
The sword, the buckler, and the spear.  
Scared by the crash of falling beams,  
Mid lamentations, groans and screams,  
Forth rushed the giants through the flames  
And with them dragged bewildered dames,  
Each, with o'erwhelming terror wild,  
Still clasping to her breast a child.  
The swift fire from a cloud of smoke  
Through many a gilded lattice broke,  
And, melting pearl and coral, rose  
O'er balconies and porticoes.  
The startled crane and peacock screamed  
As with strange light the courtyard gleamed,  
And fierce unusual glare was thrown  
On shrinking wood and heated stone.

From burning stall and stable freed  
Rushed frantic elephant and steed,  
And goaded by the driving blaze  
Fled wildly through the crowded ways.  
As earth with fervent heat will glow  
When comes her final overthrow;  
From gate to gate, from court to spire  
Proud Lanká was one blaze of fire,  
And every headland, rock and bay  
Shone bright a hundred leagues away.  
Forth, blinded by the heat and flame  
Ran countless giants huge of frame;  
And, mustering for fierce attack,  
The Vánars charged to drive them back,  
While shout and scream and roar and cry  
Reëchoed through the earth and sky.  
There Ráma stood with strength renewed,  
And ever, as the foe he viewed,  
Shaking the distant regions rang  
His mighty bow's tremendous clang.  
Then through the gates Nikumbha hied,  
And Kumbha by his brother's side,  
Sent forth—the bravest and the best—  
To battle by the king's behest.  
There fought the chiefs in open field,  
And Angad fell and Dwivid reeled.  
Sugríva saw: by rage impelled  
He crushed the bow which Kumbha held.  
About his foe Sugríva wound  
His arms, and, heaving from the ground  
The giant hurled him o'er the bank;  
And deep beneath the sea he sank.  
Like mandar hill with furious swell  
Up leapt the waters where he fell.

Again he rose: he sprang to land  
 And raised on high his threatening hand:  
 Full on Sugrīva's chest it came  
 And shook the Vánar's massy frame,  
 But on the wounded bone he broke  
 His wrist—so furious was the stroke.  
 With force that naught could stay or check,  
 Sugrīva smote him beneath the neck.  
 The fierce blow crashed through flesh and bone  
 And Kumbha lay in death o'erthrown.  
 Nikumbha saw his brother die,  
 And red with fury flashed his eye.  
 He dashed with mighty sway and swing  
 His axe against the Vánar king;  
 But shattered on that living rock  
 It split in fragments at the shock.  
 Sugrīva, rising to the blow,  
 Raised his huge hand and smote his foe.  
 And in the dust the giant lay  
 Gasping in blood his soul away.

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[I have briefly despatched Kumbha and Nikumbha, each of whom has in the text a long Canto to himself. When they fall Rávan sends forth Makaráksha or Crocodile-Eye, the son of Khara who was slain by Ráma in the forest before the abduction of Sítá. The account of his sallying forth, of his battle with Ráma and of his death by the fiery dart of that hero occupies two Cantos which I entirely pass over. Indrajít again comes forth and, rendered invisible by his magic art slays countless Vánars with his unerring arrows. He retires to the city and returns bearing in his chariot an effigy of Sítá, the work of magic, weeping and wailing by his side. He grasps the lovely image by the hair and cuts it down with his scimitar in the sight of the enraged Hanúmán and all the Vánar host. At last after much fighting of the usual kind Indrajít's chariot is broken in pieces, his charioteer is slain,

and he himself falls by Lakshmaṇ's hand, to the inexpressible delight of the high-souled saints, the nymphs of heaven and other celestial beings.]

### Canto XCIII. Rávan's Lament.

They sought the king, a mournful train,  
And cried, "My lord, thy son is slain.  
By Lakshmaṇ's hand, before these eyes,  
The warrior fell no more to rise.  
No time is this for vain regret:  
Thy hero son a hero met;  
And he whose might in battle pressed  
Lord Indra and the Gods confessed,  
Whose power was stranger to defeat,  
Has gained in heaven a blissful seat."

The monarch heard the mournful tale:  
His heart was faint, his cheek was pale;  
His fleeting sense at length regained,  
In trembling tones he thus complained:  
"Ah me, my son, my pride: the boast  
And glory of the giant host.  
Could Lakshmaṇ's puny might defeat  
The foe whom Indra feared to meet?  
Could not thy deadly arrows split  
Proud Mandar's peaks, O Indrajít,  
And the Destroyer's self destroy?  
And wast thou conquered by a boy?  
I will not weep: thy noble deed  
Has blessed thee with immortal meed

Gained by each hero in the skies  
 Who fighting for his sovereign dies.  
 Now, fearless of all meaner foes,  
 The guardian Gods<sup>993</sup> will taste repose:  
 But earth to me, with hill and plain,  
 Is desolate, for thou art slain.  
 Ah, whither hast thou fled, and left  
 Thy mother, Lanká, me bereft;  
 Left pride and state and wives behind,  
 And lordship over all thy kind?  
 I fondly hoped thy hand should pay  
 Due honours on my dying day:  
 And couldst thou, O beloved, flee  
 And leave thy funeral rites to me?  
 Life has no comfort left me, none,  
 O Indrajít my son, my son."

Thus wailed he broken by his woes:  
 But swift the thought of vengeance rose.  
 In awful wrath his teeth he gnashed,  
 And from his eyes red lightning flashed.  
 Hot from his mouth came fire and smoke,  
 As thus the king in fury spoke:

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<sup>993</sup> The Lokapálas are sometimes regarded as deities appointed by Brahmá at the creation of the world to act as guardians of different orders of beings, but more commonly they are identified with the deities presiding over the four cardinal and four intermediate points of the compass, which, according to Manu V. 96, are 1, Indra, guardian of the East; 2, Agni, of the South-east; 3, Yáma, of the South; 4, Súrya, of the South-west; 5, Varuṇa, of the West; 6, Pavana or Váyu, of the North-west; 7, Kuvera, of the North; 8, Soma or Chandra, of the North-east.

“Through many a thousand years of yore  
 The penance and the pain I bore,  
 And by fierce torment well sustained  
 The highest grace of Brahmá gained,  
 His plighted word my life assured,  
 From Gods of heaven and fiends secured.  
 He armed my limbs with burnished mail  
 Whose lustre turns the sunbeams pale,  
 In battle proof gainst heavenly bands  
 With thunder in their threatening hands.  
 Armed in this mail myself will go  
 With Brahmá's gift my deadly bow,  
 And, cleaving through the foes my way,  
 The slayers of my son will slay.”

Then, by his grief to frenzy wrought,  
 The captive in the grove he sought.  
 Swift through the shady path he sped:  
 Earth trembled at his furious tread.  
 Fierce were his eyes: his monstrous hand  
 Held drawn for death his glittering brand.  
 There weeping stood the Maithil dame:  
 She shuddered as the giant came.  
 Near drew the rover of the night  
 And raised his sword in act to smite;  
 But, by his nobler heart impelled,  
 One Rákshas lord his arm withheld:  
 “Wilt thou, great Monarch,” thus he cried,  
 “Wilt thou, to heavenly Gods allied,  
 Blot for all time thy glorious fame,  
 The slayer of a gentle dame?  
 What! shall a woman's blood be spilt  
 To stain thee with eternal guilt,  
 Thee deep in all the Veda's lore?

Far be the thought for evermore.  
 Ah look, and let her lovely face  
 This fury from thy bosom chase.”

He ceased: the prudent counsel pleased  
 The monarch, and his wrath appeased;  
 Then to his council hall in haste  
 The giant lord his steps retraced.

[I omit two Cantos in the first of which Ráma with an enchanted Gandharva weapon deals destruction among the Rákshases sent out by Rávan, and in the second the Rákshas dames lament the slain and mourn over the madness of Rávan.]

## Canto XCVI. Rávan's Sally.

The groans and cries of dames who wailed  
 The ears of Lanká's lord assailed,  
 For from each house and home was sent  
 The voice of weeping and lament.  
 In troubled thought his head he bowed,  
 Then fiercely loosing on the crowd  
 Of nobles near his throne he broke  
 The silence, and in fury spoke:  
 “This day my deadly shafts shall fly,  
 And Raghu's sons shall surely die.  
 This day shall countless Vánars bleed  
 And dogs and kites and vultures feed.  
 Go, bid them swift my car prepare,  
 Bring the great bow I long to bear:  
 And let my host with sword and shield  
 And spear be ready for the field.”

From street to street the captains passed  
 And Rákshas warriors gathered fast.  
 With spear and sword to pierce and strike,  
 And axe and club and mace and pike.

[I omit several weapons for which I cannot find distinctive names, and among them the *Sataghni* or *Centicide*, supposed by some to be a kind of fire-arms or rocket, but described by a commentator on the Mahábhárata as a stone or cylindrical piece of wood studded with iron spikes.]

Then Rávaṇ's warrior chariot<sup>994</sup> wrought  
 With gold and rich inlay was brought.  
 Mid tinkling bells and weapons' clang  
 The monarch on the chariot sprang,  
 Which, decked with gems of every hue,  
 Eight steeds of noble lineage drew.  
 Mid roars of drum and shell rang out  
 From countless throats a joyful shout.  
 As, girt with hosts in warlike pride,  
 Through Lanká's streets the tyrant hied.  
 Still, louder than the roar of drums,  
 Went up the cry "He comes, he comes,  
 Our ever conquering lord who trod  
 Beneath his feet both fiend and God."  
 On to the gate the warriors swept  
 Where Raghu's sons their station kept.  
 When Rávaṇ's car the portal passed  
 The sun in heaven was overcast.  
 Earth rocked and reeled from side to side  
 And birds with boding voices cried.

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<sup>994</sup> The chariots of Rávaṇ's present army are said to have been one hundred and fifty million in number with three hundred million elephants, and twelve hundred million horses and asses. The footmen are merely said to have been "unnumbered."

Against the standard of the king  
A vulture flapped his horrid wing.  
Big gouts of blood before him dropped,  
His trembling steeds in terror stopped.  
The hue of death was on his cheek,  
And scarce his flattering tongue could speak,  
When, terrible with flash and flame,  
Through murky air a meteor came.  
Still by the hand of Death impelled  
His onward way the giant held.  
The Vánars in the field afar  
Heard the loud thunder of his car.  
And turned with warriors' fierce delight  
To meet the giant in the fight.  
He came: his clangor bow he drew  
And myriads of the Vánars slew.  
Some through the side and heart he cleft,  
Some headless on the plain were left.  
Some struggling groaned with mangled thighs,  
Or broken arms or blinded eyes.

[I omit Cantos XCVII, XCVIII, and XCIX, which describe in the usual way three single combats between Sugríva and Angad on the Vánar side and Virúpáksha, Mahodar, and Mahápárśva on the side of the giants. The weapons of the Vánars are trees and rocks; the giants fight with swords, axes, and bows and arrows. The details are generally the same as those of preceding duels. The giants fall, one in each Canto.]

The plain with bleeding limbs was spread,  
 And heaps of dying and of dead.  
 His mighty bow still Ráma strained,  
 And shafts upon the giants rained.  
 Still Angad and Sugríva, wrought  
 To fury, for the Vánars fought.  
 Crushed with huge rocks through chest and side  
 Mahodar, Mahápárśva died,  
 And Virúpáksha stained with gore  
 Dropped on the plain to rise no more.  
 When Rávaṇ saw the three o'erthrown  
 He cried aloud in furious tone:  
 "Urge, urge the car, my charioteer,  
 The haughty Vánars' death is near.  
 This very day shall end our griefs  
 For leaguered town and slaughtered chiefs.  
 Ráma the tree whose lovely fruit  
 Is Sítá, shall this arm uproot,—  
 Whose branches with protecting shade  
 Are Vánar lords who lend him aid."

Thus cried the king: the welkin rang  
 As forth the eager coursers sprang,  
 And earth beneath the chariot shook  
 With flowery grove and hill and brook.  
 Fast rained his shafts: where'er he sped  
 The conquered Vánars fell or fled,  
 On rolled the car in swift career  
 Till Raghu's noble sons were near.  
 Then Ráma looked upon the foe  
 And strained and tried his sounding bow,  
 Till earth and all the region rang  
 Re-echoing to the awful clang.  
 His bow the younger chieftain bent,

And shaft on shaft at Rávaṇ sent.  
He shot: but Rávaṇ little recked;  
Each arrow with his own he checked,  
And headless, baffled of its aim,  
To earth the harmless missile came;  
And Lakshmaṇ stayed his arm o'erpowered  
By the thick darts the giant showered.  
Fierce waxed the fight and fiercer yet,  
For Rávaṇ now and Ráma met,  
And each on other poured amain  
The tempest of his arrowy rain.  
While all the sky above was dark  
With missiles speeding to their mark  
Like clouds, with flashing lightning twined  
About them, hurried by the wind.  
Not fiercer was the wondrous fight  
When Vritra fell by Indra's might.  
All arts of war each foeman knew,  
And trained alike, his bowstring drew.  
Red-eyed with fury Lanká's king  
Pressed his huge fingers on the string,  
And fixed in Ráma's brows a flight  
Of arrows winged with matchless flight.  
Still Raghu's son endured, and bore  
That crown of shafts though wounded sore.  
O'er a dire dart a spell he spoke  
With mystic power to aid the stroke.  
In vain upon the foe it smote  
Rebounding from the steelproof coat.  
The giant armed his bow anew,  
And wondrous weapons hissed and flew,  
Terrific, deadly, swift of flight,  
Beaked like the vulture and the kite,  
Or bearing heads of fearful make,

Of lion, tiger, wolf and snake.<sup>995</sup>  
 Then Ráma, troubled by the storm  
 Of flying darts in every form  
 Shot by an arm that naught could tire,  
 Launched at the foe his dart of fire,  
 Which, sacred to the Lord of Flame,  
 Burnt and consumed where'er it came.  
 And many a blazing shaft beside  
 The hero to his string applied.  
 With fiery course of dazzling hue  
 Swift to the mark each missile flew,  
 Some flashing like a shooting star,  
 Some as the tongues of lightning are;  
 One like a brilliant plant, one  
 In splendour like the morning sun.  
 Where'er the shafts of Ráma burned  
 The giant's darts were foiled and turned.  
 Far into space his weapons fled,  
 But as they flew struck thousands dead.

## Canto CI. Lakshman's Fall.

When Rávaṇ saw his darts repelled,  
 With double rage his bosom swelled.  
 He summoned, wroth but undismayed,  
 A mightier charm to lend its aid.

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<sup>995</sup> It is not very easy to see the advantage of having arrows headed in the way mentioned. Fanciful names for war-engines and weapons derived from their resemblance to various animals are not confined to India. The "War-wolf" was used by Edward I. at the siege of Brechin, the "Cat-house" and the "Sow" were used by Edward III. at the siege of Dunbar.

And, fierce as fire before the blast,  
 A storm of missiles thick and fast,  
 Spear, pike and javelin, mace and brand,  
 Came hurtling from the giant's hand.  
 But, mightier still, the arms employed  
 By Raghu's son their force destroyed,  
 And every dart fell dulled and spent  
 By powers the bards of heaven had lent.  
 With his huge mace Vibhishan slew  
 The steeds that Rávan's chariot drew.  
 Then Rávan hurled in deadly ire  
 A ponderous spear that flashed like fire:  
 But Ráma's arrows checked its way,  
 And harmless on the earth it lay,  
 The giant seized a mightier spear,  
 Which Death himself would shun with fear.  
 Vibhishan with the stroke had died,  
 But Lakshman's hand his bowstring plied,  
 And flying arrows thick as hail  
 Smote fiercely on the giant's mail.  
 Then Rávan turned his aim aside,  
 On Lakshman looked and fiercely cried:  
 "Thou, thou again my wrath hast braved,  
 And from his death Vibhishan saved.  
 Now in his stead this spear receive  
 Whose deadly point thy heart shall cleave."

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He ceased: he hurled the mortal dart  
 By Maya forged with magic art.  
 The spear, with all his fury flung,  
 Swift, flickering like a serpent's tongue,  
 Adorned with many a tinkling bell,  
 Smote Lakshman, and the hero fell.  
 When Ráma saw, he heaved a sigh,

A tear one moment dimmed his eye.  
 But tender grief was soon repressed  
 And thoughts of vengeance filled his breast.  
 The air around him flashed and gleamed  
 As from his bow the arrows streamed;  
 And Lanká's lord, the foeman's dread,  
 O'erwhelmed with terror turned and fled.

## Canto CII. Lakshman Healed.

But Ráma, pride of Raghu's race,  
 Gazed tenderly on Lakshman's face,  
 And, as the sight his spirit broke,  
 Turned to Susheṇ and sadly spoke:  
 “Where is my power and valour? how  
 Shall I have heart for battle now,  
 When dead before my weeping eyes  
 My brother, noblest Lakshman, lies?  
 My tears in blinding torrents flow,  
 My hand unnerved has dropped my bow.  
 The pangs of woe have blanched my cheek,  
 My heart is sick, my strength is weak.  
 Ah me, my brother! Ah, that I  
 By Lakshman's side might sink and die:  
 Life, war and conquest, all are vain  
 If Lakshman lies in battle slain.  
 Why will those eyes my glances shun?  
 Hast thou no word of answer, none?  
 Ah, is thy noble spirit flown  
 And gone to other worlds alone?  
 Couldst thou not let thy brother seek

Those worlds with thee? O speak, O speak!  
 Rise up once more, my brother, rise,  
 Look on me with thy loving eyes.  
 Were not thy steps beside me still  
 In gloomy wood, on breezy hill?  
 Did not thy gentle care assuage  
 Thy brother's grief and fitful rage?  
 Didst thou not all his troubles share,  
 His guide and comfort in despair?"

As Ráma, vanquished, wept and sighed  
 The Vánar chieftain thus replied:  
 "Great Prince, unmanly thoughts dismiss,  
 Nor yield thy soul to grief like this.  
 In vain those burning tears are shed:  
 Our glory Lakshmaṇ is not dead.  
 Death on his brow no mark has set,  
 Where beauty's lustre lingers yet.  
 Clear is the skin, and tender hues  
 Of lotus flowers his palms suffuse.  
 O Ráma, cheer thy trembling heart;  
 Not thus do life and body part.  
 Now, Hanumán, to thee I speak:  
 Hie hence to tall Mahodaya's<sup>996</sup> peak  
 Where herbs of sovereign virtue grow  
 Which life and health and strength bestow  
 Bring thou the leaves to balm his pain,  
 And Lakshmaṇ shall be well again."

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<sup>996</sup> Apparently a peak of the Himalaya chain.

He ceased: the Wind-God's son obeyed  
 Swift through the clouds his way he made.  
 He reached the hill, nor stayed to find  
 The wondrous herbs of healing kind,  
 From its broad base the mount he tore  
 With all the shrubs and trees it bore,  
 Sped through the clouds again and showed  
 To wise Susheṇ his woody load.<sup>997</sup>  
 Susheṇ in wonder viewed the hill,  
 And culled the sovereign salve of ill.  
 Soon as the healing herb he found,  
 The fragrant leaves he crushed and ground.  
 Then over Lakshman's face he bent,  
 Who, healed and strengthened by the scent  
 Of that blest herb divinely sweet,  
 Rose fresh and lusty on his feet.

### Canto CIII. Indra's Car.

Then Raghu's son forgot his woe:  
 Again he grasped his fallen bow  
 And hurled at Lanká's lord amain  
 The tempest of his arrowy rain.

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<sup>997</sup> This exploit of Hanumán is related with inordinate prolixity in the Bengal recension (Gortesio's text). Among other adventures he narrowly escapes being shot by Bharat as he passes over Nandigramá near Ayodhyá. Hanumán stays Bharat in time, and gives him an account of what has befallen Ráma and Sítá in the forest and in Lanká.

Drawn by the steeds his lords had brought,  
Again the giant turned and fought.  
And drove his glittering chariot nigh  
As springs the Day-God through the sky.  
Then, as his sounding bow he bent,  
Like thunderbolts his shafts were sent,  
As when dark clouds in rain time shed  
Fierce torrents on a mountain's head.  
High on his car the giant rode,  
On foot the son of Raghu strode.  
The Gods from their celestial height  
Indignant saw the unequal fight.  
Then he whom heavenly hosts revere,  
Lord Indra, called his charioteer:

“Haste, Mátali,” he cried, “descend;  
To Raghu's son my chariot lend.  
With cheering words the chief address;  
And all the Gods thy deed will bless.”

He bowed; he brought the glorious car  
Whose tinkling bells were heard afar;  
Fair as the sun of morning, bright  
With gold and pearl and lazulite.  
He yoked the steeds of tawny hue  
That swifter than the tempest flew.  
Then down the slope of heaven he hied  
And stayed the car by Ráma's side.  
“Ascend, O Chief,” he humbly cried,  
“The chariot which the Gods provide.  
The mighty bow of Indra see,  
Sent by the Gods who favour thee;  
Behold this coat of glittering mail,  
And spear and shafts which never fail.”

Cheered by the grace the Immortals showed  
 The chieftain on the chariot rode.  
 Then as the car-borne warriors met  
 The awful fight raged fiercer yet.  
 Each shaft that Rávaṇ shot became  
 A serpent red with kindled flame,  
 And round the limbs of Ráma hung  
 With fiery jaws and quivering tongue.  
 But every serpent fled dismayed  
 When Raghu's valiant son displayed  
 The weapon of the Feathered King,<sup>998</sup>  
 And loosed his arrows from the string.  
 But Rávaṇ armed his bow anew,  
 And showers of shafts at Ráma flew,  
 While the fierce king in swift career  
 Smote with a dart the charioteer.  
 An arrow shot by Rávaṇ's hand  
 Laid the proud banner on the sand,  
 And Indra's steeds of heavenly strain  
 Fell by the iron tempest slain.  
 On Gods and spirits of the air  
 Fell terror, trembling, and despair.  
 The sea's white billows mounted high  
 With froth and foam to drench the sky.  
 The sun by lurid clouds was veiled,  
 The friendly lights of heaven were paled;  
 And, fiercely gleaming, fiery Mars  
 Opposed the beams of gentler stars.

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<sup>998</sup> As Garud the king of birds is the mortal enemy of serpents the weapon sacred to him is of course best calculated to destroy the serpent arrows of Rávaṇ.

Then Ráma's eyes with fury blazed  
 As Indra's heavenly spear he raised.  
 Loud rang the bells: the glistering head  
 Bright flashes through the region shed.  
 Down came the spear in swift descent:  
 The giant's lance was crushed and bent.  
 Then Rávaṇ's horses brave and fleet  
 Fell dead beneath his arrowy sleet.  
 Fierce on his foeman Ráma pressed,  
 And gored with shafts his mighty breast.  
 And spouting streams of crimson dyed  
 The weary giant's limbs and side.

[I omit Cantos CIV and CV in which the fight is renewed and Rávaṇ severely reprimands his charioteer for timidity and want of confidence in his master's prowess, and orders him to charge straight at Ráma on the next occasion.]

## Canto CVI. Glory To The Sun.

There faint and bleeding fast, apart  
 Stood Rávaṇ raging in his heart.  
 Then, moved with ruth for Ráma's sake,  
 Agastya<sup>999</sup> came and gently spake:  
 "Bend, Ráma, bend thy heart and ear  
 The everlasting truth to hear  
 Which all thy hopes through life will bless  
 And crown thine arms with full success.  
 The rising sun with golden rays,

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<sup>999</sup> The celebrated saint who has on former occasions assisted Ráma with his gifts and counsel.

Light of the worlds, adore and praise:  
 The universal king, the lord  
 By hosts of heaven and fiends adored.  
 He tempers all with soft control,  
 He is the Gods' diviner soul;  
 And Gods above and fiends below  
 And men to him their safety owe.  
 He Brahmá, Vishṇu, Śiva, he  
 Each person of the glorious Three,  
 Is every God whose praise we tell,  
 The King of Heaven,<sup>1000</sup> the Lord of Hell,<sup>1001</sup>  
 Each God revered from times of old,  
 The Lord of War,<sup>1002</sup> the King of Gold,<sup>1003</sup>  
 Mahendra, Time and Death is he,  
 The Moon, the Ruler of the Sea.<sup>1004</sup>  
 He hears our praise in every form,—  
 The manes,<sup>1005</sup> Gods who ride the storm,<sup>1006</sup>  
 The Aśvins,<sup>1007</sup> Manu,<sup>1008</sup> they who stand  
 Round Indra,<sup>1009</sup> and the Sádhyas<sup>1010</sup> band  
 He is the air, and life and fire,

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<sup>1000</sup> Indra.

<sup>1001</sup> Yáma.

<sup>1002</sup> Kártikeya.

<sup>1003</sup> Kubera.

<sup>1004</sup> Varuṇa.

<sup>1005</sup> The Pitríś, forefathers or spirits of the dead, are of two kinds, either the spirits of the father, grandfathers and great-grandfathers of an individual or the progenitors of mankind generally, to both of whom obsequial worship is paid and oblations of food are presented.

<sup>1006</sup> The Maruts or Storm-Gods.

<sup>1007</sup> The Heavenly Twins, the Castor and Pollux of the Hindus.

<sup>1008</sup> The Man *par excellence*, the representative man and father of the human race regarded also as God.

<sup>1009</sup> The Vasus, a class of deities originally personifications of natural phenomena.

<sup>1010</sup> A class of celestial beings who dwell between the earth and the sun.

The universal source and sire:  
 He brings the seasons at his call,  
 Creator, light, and nurse of all.  
 His heavenly course he joys to run,  
 Maker of Day, the golden sun.  
 The steeds that whirl his car are seven,<sup>1011</sup>  
 The flaming steeds that flash through heaven.  
 Lord of the sky, the conqueror parts  
 The clouds of night with glistening darts.  
 He, master of the Vedas' lore,  
 Commands the clouds' collected store:  
 He is the rivers' surest friend;  
 He bids the rains, and they descend.  
 Stars, planets, constellations own  
 Their monarch of the golden throne.  
 Lord of twelve forms,<sup>1012</sup> to thee I bow,  
 Most glorious King of heaven art thou.  
 O Ráma, he who pays aright  
 Due worship to the Lord of Light  
 Shall never fall oppressed by ill,  
 But find a stay and comfort still.  
 Adore with all thy heart and mind  
 This God of Gods, to him resigned;  
 And thou his saving power shalt know  
 Victorious o'er thy giant foe.”

[This Canto does not appear in the Bengal recension. It comes in awkwardly and may I think be considered as an interpolation, but I paraphrase a portion of it as a relief after so much fighting and carnage, and as an interesting glimpse of the monotheistic ideas which underlie the Hindu religion. The hymn does not readily lend itself to metrical translation, and I have not attempted here

<sup>1011</sup> The seven horses are supposed to symbolize the seven days of the week.

<sup>1012</sup> One for each month in the year.

to give a faithful rendering of the whole. A literal version of the text and the commentary given in the Calcutta edition will be found in the Additional Notes.

A canto is here omitted. It contains fighting of the ordinary kind between Ráma and Rávaṇ, and a description of sights and sounds of evil omen foreboding the destruction of the giant.]

## Canto CVIII. The Battle.

He spoke, and vanished: Ráma raised  
 His eyes with reverence meet, and praised  
 The glorious Day-God full in view:  
 Then armed him for the fight anew.  
 Urged onward by his charioteer  
 The giant's foaming steeds came near,  
 And furious was the battle's din  
 Where each resolved to die or win.  
 The Rákshas host and Vánar bands  
 Stood with their weapons in their hands,  
 And watched in terror and dismay  
 The fortune of the awful fray.  
 The giant chief with rage inflamed  
 His darts at Ráma's pennon aimed;  
 But when they touched the chariot made  
 By heavenly hands their force was stayed.  
 Then Ráma's breast with fury swelled;  
 He strained the mighty bow he held,  
 And straight at Rávaṇ's banner flew  
 An arrow as the string he drew—  
 A deadly arrow swift of flight,  
 Like some huge snake ablaze with light,

Whose fury none might e'er repel,—  
And, split in twain, the standard fell.  
At Ráma's steeds sharp arrows, hot  
With flames of fire, the giant shot.  
Unmoved the heavenly steeds sustained  
The furious shower the warrior rained,  
As though soft lotus tendrils smote  
Each haughty crest and glossy coat.  
Then volleyed swift by magic art,  
Tree, mountain peak and spear and dart,  
Trident and pike and club and mace  
Flew hurtling straight at Ráma's face.  
But Ráma with his steeds and car  
Escaped the storm which fell afar  
Where the strange missiles, as they rushed  
To earth, a thousand Vánars crushed.

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## Canto CIX. The Battle.

With wondrous power and might and skill  
The giant fought with Ráma still.  
Each at his foe his chariot drove,  
And still for death or victory strove.  
The warriors' steeds together dashed,  
And pole with pole reëchoing clashed.  
Then Ráma launching dart on dart  
Made Rávan's coursers swerve and start.  
Nor was the lord of Lanká slow  
To rain his arrows on the foe,

Who showed, by fiery points assailed,  
 No trace of pain, nor shook nor quailed.  
 Dense clouds of arrows Ráma shot  
 With that strong arm which rested not,  
 And spear and mace and club and brand  
 Fell in dire rain from Rávaṇ's hand.  
 The storm of missiles fiercely cast  
 Stirred up the oceans with its blast,  
 And Serpent-Gods and fiends who dwell  
 Below were troubled by the swell.  
 The earth with hill and plain and brook  
 And grove and garden reeled and shook:  
 The very sun grew cold and pale,  
 And horror stilled the rising gale.  
 God and Gandharva, sage and saint  
 Cried out, with grief and terror faint:  
 “O may the prince of Raghu's line  
 Give peace to Bráhmans and to kine,  
 And, rescuing the worlds, o'erthrow  
 The giant king our awful foe.”

Then to his deadly string the pride  
 Of Raghu's race a shaft applied.  
 Sharp as a serpent's venom'd fang  
 Straight to its mark the arrow sprang,  
 And from the giant's body shred  
 With trenchant steel the monstrous head.  
 There might the triple world behold  
 That severed head adorned with gold.  
 But when all eyes were bent to view,  
 Swift in its stead another grew.  
 Again the shaft was pointed well:  
 Again the head divided fell;  
 But still as each to earth was cast

Another head succeeded fast.  
A hundred, bright with fiery flame,  
Fell low before the victor's aim,  
Yet Rávaṇ by no sign betrayed  
That death was near or strength decayed.  
The doubtful fight he still maintained,  
And on the foe his missiles rained.  
In air, on earth, on plain, on hill,  
With awful might he battled still;  
And through the hours of night and day  
The conflict knew no pause or stay.

## Canto CX. Rávan's Death.

Then Mátali to Ráma cried:  
“Let other arms the day decide.  
Why wilt thou strive with useless toil  
And see his might thy efforts foil?  
Launch at the foe thy dart whose fire  
Was kindled by the Almighty Sire.”  
He ceased: and Raghu's son obeyed:  
Upon his string the hero laid  
An arrow, like a snake that hissed.  
Whose fiery flight had never missed:  
The arrow Saint Agastya gave  
And blessed the chieftain's life to save  
That dart the Eternal Father made  
The Monarch of the Gods to aid;  
By Brahmá's self on him bestowed  
When forth to fight Lord Indra rode.  
'Twas feathered with the rushing wind;

The glowing sun and fire combined  
To the keen point their splendour lent;  
The shaft, ethereal element,  
By Meru's hill and Mandar, pride  
Of mountains, had its weight supplied.  
He laid it on the twisted cord,  
He turned the point at Lanká's lord,  
And swift the limb-dividing dart  
Pierced the huge chest and cleft the heart,  
And dead he fell upon the plain  
Like Vritra by the Thunderer slain.  
The Rákahas host when Rávaṇ fell  
Sent forth a wild terrific yell,  
Then turned and fled, all hope resigned,  
Through Lanká's gates, nor looked behind.  
His voice each joyous Vánar raised,  
And Ráma, conquering Ráma, praised.  
Soft from celestial minstrels came  
The sound of music and acclaim.  
Soft, fresh, and cool, a rising breeze  
Brought odours from the heavenly trees,  
And ravishing the sight and smell  
A wondrous rain of blossoms fell:  
And voices breathed round Raghu's son:  
“Champion of Gods, well done, well done.”

Vibhishan saw his brother slain,  
Nor could his heart its woe contain.  
O'er the dead king he sadly bent  
And mourned him with a loud lament:  
“O hero, bold and brave,” he cried,  
“Skilled in all arms, in battle tried.  
Spoiled of thy crown, with limbs outspread,  
Why wilt thou press thy gory bed?  
Why slumber on the earth's cold breast,  
When sumptuous couches woo to rest?  
Ah me, my brother over bold,  
Thine is the fate my heart foretold:  
But love and pride forbade to hear  
The friend who blamed thy wild career.  
Fallen is the sun who gave us light,  
Our lordly moon is veiled in night.  
Our beacon fire is dead and cold  
A hundred waves have o'er it rolled.  
What could his light and fire avail  
Against Lord Ráma's arrowy hail?  
Woe for the giants' royal tree,  
Whose stately height was fair to see.  
His buds were deeds of kingly grace,  
His bloom the sons who decked his race.  
With rifled bloom and mangled bough  
The royal tree lies prostrate now.”  
“Nay, idly mourn not,” Ráma cried,  
“The warrior king has nobly died,  
Intrepid hero, firm through all,  
So fell he as the brave should fall;  
And ill beseems it chiefs like us  
To weep for those who perish thus.  
Be firm: thy causeless grief restrain,  
And pay the dues that yet remain.”

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Again Vibhishaṇ sadly spoke:  
 “His was the hero arm that broke  
 Embattled Gods' and Indra's might,  
 Unconquered ere to-day in fight.  
 He rushed against thee, fought and fell,  
 As Ocean, when his waters swell,  
 Hurling his might against a rock,  
 Falls spent and shattered by the shock.  
 Woe for our king's untimely end,  
 The generous lord the trusty friend:  
 Our sure defence when fear arose,  
 A dreaded scourge to stubborn foes.  
 O, let the king thy hand has slain  
 The honours of the dead obtain.”

Then Ráma answered. “Hatred dies  
 When low in dust the foeman lies.  
 Now triumph bids the conflict cease,  
 And knits us in the bonds of peace.  
 Let funeral rites be duly paid.  
 And be it mine thy toil to aid.”

## Canto CXII. The Rákshas Dames.

High rose the universal wail  
 That mourned the monarch's death, and, pale  
 With crushing woe, her hair unbound,  
 Her eyes in floods of sorrow drowned,  
 Forth from the inner chambers came  
 With trembling feet each royal dame,  
 Heedless of those who bade them stay

They reached the field where Rávaṇ lay;  
There falling by their husband's side,  
“Ah, King! ah dearest lord!” they cried.  
Like creepers shattered by the storm  
They threw them on his mangled form.  
One to his bleeding bosom crept  
And lifted up her voice and wept.  
About his feet one mourner clung,  
Around his neck another hung,  
One on the giant's severed head,  
Her pearly tears in torrents shed  
Fast as the drops the summer shower  
Pours down upon the lotus flower.  
“Ah, he whose arm in anger reared  
The King of Gods and Yáma feared,  
While panic struck their heavenly train,  
Lies prostrate in the battle slain.  
Thy haughty heart thou wouldest not bend,  
Nor listen to each wiser friend.  
Ah, had the dame, as they implored,  
Been yielded to her injured lord,  
We had not mourned this day thy fall,  
And happy had it been for all.  
Then Ráma and thy friends content  
In blissful peace their days had spent.  
Thine injured brother had not fled,  
Nor giant chiefs and Vánars bled.  
Yet for these woes we will not blame.  
Thy fancy for the Maithil dame,  
Fate, ruthless Fate, whom none may bend  
Has urged thee to thy hapless end.”

## Canto CXIII. Mandodarí's Lament.

While thus they wept, supreme in place,  
 The loveliest for form and face,  
 Mandodarí drew near alone,  
 Looked on her lord and made her moan:  
 "Ah Monarch, Indra feared to stand  
 In fight before thy conquering hand.  
 From thy dread spear the Immortals ran;  
 And art thou murdered by a man?  
 Ah, 'twas no child of earth, I know,  
 That smote thee with that mortal blow.  
 'Twas Death himself in Ráma's shape,  
 That slew thee: Death whom none escape.  
 Or was it he who rules the skies  
 Who met thee, clothed in man's disguise?  
 Ah no, my lord, not Indra: he  
 In battle ne'er could look on thee.  
 One only God thy match I deem:  
 'Twas Vishṇu's self, the Lord Supreme,  
 Whose days through ceaseless time extend  
 And ne'er began and ne'er shall end:  
 He with the discus, shell, and mace,  
 Brought ruin on the giant race.  
 Girt by the Gods of heaven arrayed  
 Like Vánar hosts his strength to aid,  
 He Ráma's shape and arms assumed  
 And slew the king whom Fate had doomed.  
 In Janasthán when Khara died  
 With giant legions by his side,  
 No mortal was the unconquered foe  
 In Ráma's form who struck the blow.  
 When Hanumán the Vanár came  
 And burnt thy town with hostile flame,

I counselled peace in anxious fear:  
 I counselled, but thou wouldest not hear.  
 Thy fancy for the foreign dame  
 Has brought thee death and endless shame.  
 Why should thy foolish fancy roam?  
 Hadst thou not wives as fair at home?  
 In beauty, form and grace could she,  
 Dear lord, surpass or rival me?  
 Now will the days of Sítá glide  
 In tranquil joy by Rámā's side:  
 And I—ah me, around me raves  
 A sea of woe with whelming waves.  
 With thee in days of old I trod  
 Each spot beloved by nymph and God;  
 I stood with thee in proud delight  
 On Mandar's side and Meru's height;  
 With thee, my lord, enchanted strayed  
 In Chaitraratha's<sup>1013</sup> lovely shade,  
 And viewed each fairest scene afar  
 Transported in thy radiant car.  
 But source of every joy wast thou,  
 And all my bliss is ended now.”

Then Rámā to Vibhishan̄ cried:  
 “Whate'er the ritual bids, provide.  
 Obsequial honours duly pay,  
 And these sad mourners' grief allay.”  
 Vibhishan̄ answered, wise and true,  
 For duty's changeless law he knew:  
 “Nay one who scorned all sacred vows  
 And dared to touch another's spouse,  
 Fell tyrant of the human race,  
 With funeral rites I may not grace.”

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<sup>1013</sup> The garden of Kuvera, the God of Riches.

Him Raghu's royal son, the best  
Of those who love the law, addressed:  
“False was the rover of the night,  
He loved the wrong and scorned the right.  
Yet for the fallen warrior plead  
The dauntless heart, the valorous deed.  
Let him who ne'er had brooked defeat,  
The chief whom Indra feared to meet,  
The ever-conquering lord, obtain  
The honours that should grace the slain.”  
Vibhishan bade his friends prepare  
The funeral rites with thoughtful care.  
Himself the royal palace sought  
Whence sacred fire was quickly brought,  
With sandal wood and precious scents  
And pearl and coral ornaments.  
Wise Bráhmans, while the tears that flowed  
Down their wan cheeks their sorrow sowed,  
Upon a golden litter laid  
The corpse in finest ropes arrayed.  
Thereon were flowers and pennons hung,  
And loud the monarch's praise was sung.  
Then was the golden litter raised,  
While holy fire in order blazed.  
And first in place Vibhishan led  
The slow procession of the dead,  
Behind, their cheeks with tears bedewed,  
Came sad the widowed multitude.  
Where, raised as Bráhmans ordered, stood  
Piled sandal logs, and scented wood,  
The body of the king was set  
High on a deerskin coverlet.  
Then duly to the monarch's shade  
The offerings for the dead they paid,

And southward on the eastern side  
An altar formed and fire supplied.  
Then on the shoulder of the dead  
The oil and clotted milk were shed.  
All rites were done as rules ordain:  
The sacrificial goat was slain.  
Next on the corpse were perfumes thrown  
And many a flowery wreath was strown;  
And with Vibhishan's ready aid  
Rich vesture o'er the king was laid.  
Then while the tears their cheeks bedewed  
Parched grain upon the dead they strewed;  
Last, to the wood, as rules require,  
Vibhishan set the kindling fire.

Then having bathed, as texts ordain,  
To Lanká went the mourning train.  
Vibhishan, when his task was done,  
Stood by the side of Raghu's son.  
And Ráma, freed from every foe,  
Unstrung at last his deadly bow,  
And laid the glittering shafts aside,  
And mail by Indra's love supplied.

Joy reigned in heaven where every eye  
 Had seen the Lord of Lanká die.  
 In cars whose sheen surpassed the sun's  
 Triumphant rode the radiant ones:  
 And Rávaṇ's death, by every tongue,  
 And Ráma's glorious deeds were sung.  
 They praised the Vánars true and brave,  
 The counsel wise Sugríva gave.  
 The deeds of Hanúmán they told,  
 The valiant chief supremely bold,  
 The strong ally, the faithful friend,  
 And Sítá's truth which naught could bend.

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To Mátali, whom Indra sent,  
 His head the son of Raghu bent:  
 And he with fiery steeds who clove  
 The clouds again to Swarga drove.  
 Round King Sugríva brave and true  
 His arms in rapture Ráma threw,  
 Looked on the host with joy and pride,  
 And thus to noble Lakshmaṇ cried:

“Now let king-making drops be shed,  
 Dear brother, on Vibhishan's head  
 For truth and friendship nobly shown,  
 And make him lord of Rávaṇ's throne.”  
 This longing of his heart he told:  
 And Lakshmaṇ took an urn of gold  
 And bade the wind-fleet Vánars bring  
 Sea water for the giants' king.  
 The brimming urn was swiftly brought:  
 Then on a throne superbly wrought  
 Vibhishan sat, the giants' lord,  
 And o'er his brows the drops were poured.

As Raghu's son the rite beheld  
His loving heart with rapture swelled:  
But tenderer thoughts within him woke,  
And thus to Hanúmán he spoke:

“Go to my queen: this message give:  
Say Lakshmaṇ and Sugríva live.  
The death of Lanká's monarch tell,  
And bid her joy, for all is well.”

## Canto CXV. Sítá's Joy.

The Vánar chieftain bowed his head,  
Within the walls of Lanká sped,  
Leave from the new-made king obtained,  
And Sítá's lovely garden gained.  
Beneath a tree the queen he found,  
Where Rákshas warders watched around.  
Her pallid cheek, her tangled hair,  
Her raiment showed her deep despair,  
Near and more near the envoy came  
And gently hailed the weeping dame.  
She started up in sweet surprise,  
And sudden joy illumed her eyes.  
For well the Vánar's voice she knew,  
And hope reviving sprang and grew.

“Fair Queen,” he said, “our task is done:  
The foe is slain and Lanká won.  
Triumphant mid triumphant friends  
Kind words of greeting Ráma sends.  
“Blest for thy sake, O spouse most true,  
My deadly foe I met and slew.  
Mine eyes are strangers yet to sleep:  
I built a bridge athwart the deep  
And crossed the sea to Lanká's shore  
To keep the mighty oath I swore.  
Now, gentle love, thy cares dispel,  
And weep no more, for all is well.  
Fear not in Rávaṇ's house to stay  
For good Vibhishan now bears sway,  
For constant truth and friendship known  
Regard his palace as thine own.”  
He greets thee thus thy heart to cheer,  
And urged by love will soon be here.”

Then flushed with joy the lady's cheek.  
Her eyes o'erflowed, her voice was weak;  
But struggling with her sobs she broke  
Her silence thus, and faintly spoke:  
“So fast the flood of rapture came,  
My trembling tongue no words could frame.  
Ne'er have I heard in days of bliss  
A tale that gave such joy as this.  
More precious far than gems and gold  
The message which thy lips have told.”

His reverent hands the Vánar raised  
 And thus the lady's answer praised:  
 "Sweet are the words, O Queen, which thou  
 True to thy lord, hast spoken now,  
 Better than gems and pearls of price,  
 Yea, or the throne of Paradise.  
 But, lady, ere I leave this place,  
 Grant me, I pray, a single grace.  
 Permit me, and this vengeful hand  
 Shall slay thy guards, this Rákshas band,  
 Whose cruel insult threat and scorn  
 Thy gentle soul too long has borne."

Thus, stern of mood, Hanúmán cried:  
 The Maithil lady thus replied:  
 "Nay, be not wroth with servants: they,  
 When monarchs bid must needs obey.  
 And, vassals of their lords, fulfil  
 Each fancy of their sovereign will.  
 To mine own sins the blame impute,  
 For as we sow we reap the fruit.  
 The tyrant's will these dames obeyed  
 When their fierce threats my soul dismayed."

She ceased: with admiration moved  
 The Vánar chief her words approved:  
 "Thy speech," he cried, "is worthy one  
 Whom love has linked to Raghu's son.  
 Now speak, O Queen, that I may know  
 Thy pleasure, for to him I go."  
 The Vánar ceased: then Janak's child  
 Made answer as she sweetly smiled:  
 "My first, my only wish can be,  
 O chief, my loving lord to see."

Again the Vánar envoy spoke,  
 And with his words new rapture woke:  
 “Queen, ere this sun shall cease to shine  
 Thy Ráma's eyes shall look in thine.  
 Again the lord of Raghu's race  
 Shall turn to thee his moon-bright face.  
 His faithful brother shall thou see  
 And every friend who fought for thee,  
 And greet once more thy king restored  
 Like Śachi<sup>1014</sup> to her heavenly lord.”  
 To Raghu's son his steps he bent  
 And told the message that she sent.

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## Canto CXVI. The Meeting.

He looked upon that archer chief  
 Whose full eye mocked the lotus leaf,  
 And thus the noble Vánar spake:  
 “Now meet the queen for whose dear sake  
 Thy mighty task was first begun,  
 And now the glorious fruit is won.  
 O'erwhelmed with woe thy lady lies,  
 The hot tears streaming from her eyes.  
 And still the queen must long and pine  
 Until those eyes be turned to thine.”

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<sup>1014</sup> The consort of Indra.

But Ráma stood in pensive mood,  
And gathering tears his eyes bedewed.  
His sad looks sought the ground: he sighed  
And thus to King Vibhishan̄ cried:  
“Let Sítá bathe and tire her head  
And hither to my sight be led  
In raiment sweet with precious scent,  
And gay with golden ornament.”

The Rákshas king his palace sought,  
And Sítá from her bower was brought.  
Then Rákshas bearers tall and strong,  
Selected from the menial throng,  
Through Lanká's gate the queen, arrayed  
In glorious robes and gems, conveyed.  
Concealed behind the silken screen,  
Swift to the plain they bore the queen,  
While Vánars, close on every side,  
With eager looks the litter eyed.  
The warders at Vibhishan̄'s hest  
The onward rushing throng repressed,  
While like the roar of ocean loud  
Rose the wild murmur of the crowd.  
The son of Raghu saw and moved  
With anger thus the king reproved:  
“Why vex with hasty blow and threat  
The Vánars, and my rights forget?  
Repress this zeal, untimely shown:  
I count this people as mine own.  
A woman's guard is not her bower,  
The lofty wall, the fenced tower:  
Her conduct is her best defence,  
And not a king's magnificence.  
At holy rites, in war and woe,

Her face unveiled a dame may show;  
 When at the Maiden's Choice<sup>1015</sup> they meet,  
 When marriage troops parade the street.  
 And she, my queen, who long has lain  
 In prison racked with care and pain,  
 May cease a while her face to hide,  
 For is not Ráma by her side?  
 Lay down the litter: on her feet  
 Let Sítá come her lord to meet.  
 And let the hosts of woodland race  
 Look near upon the lady's face.”

Then Lakshman and each Vánar chief  
 Who heard his words were filled with grief.  
 The lady's gentle spirit sank,  
 And from each eye in fear she shrank,  
 As, her sweet eyelids veiled for shame,  
 Slowly before her lord she came.  
 While rapture battled with surprise  
 She raised to his her wistful eyes.  
 Then with her doubt and fear she strove,  
 And from her breast all sorrow drove.  
 Regardless of the gathering crowd,  
 Bright as the moon without a cloud,  
 She bent her eyes, no longer dim,  
 In joy and trusting love on him.

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<sup>1015</sup> The Swayamvara, Self-choice or election of a husband by a princess or daughter of a Kshatriya at a public assembly of suitors held for the purpose. For a description of the ceremony see *Nala and Damayantí* an episode of the Mahábhárát translated by the late Dean Milman, and *Idylls from the Sanskrit*.

## Canto CXVII. Sítá's Disgrace.

He saw her trembling by his side,  
And looked upon her face and cried:  
“Lady, at length my task is done,  
And thou, the prize of war, art won,  
This arm my glory has retrieved,  
And all that man might do achieved;  
The insulting foe in battle slain  
And cleared mine honour from its stain.  
This day has made my name renowned  
And with success my labour crowned.  
Lord of myself, the oath I swore  
Is binding on my soul no more.  
If from my home my queen was reft,  
This arm has well avenged the theft,  
And in the field has wiped away  
The blot that on mine honour lay.  
The bridge that spans the foaming flood,  
The city red with giants' blood;  
The hosts by King Sugríva led  
Who wisely counselled, fought and bled;  
Vibhishan's love, our guide and stay—  
All these are crowned with fruit to-day.  
But, lady, 'twas not love for thee  
That led mine army o'er the sea.  
'Twas not for thee our blood was shed,  
Or Lanká filled with giant dead.  
No fond affection for my wife  
Inspired me in the hour of strife.  
I battled to avenge the cause  
Of honour and insulted laws.  
My love is fled, for on thy fame  
Lies the dark blot of sin and shame;

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And thou art hateful as the light  
 That flashes on the injured sight.  
 The world is all before thee: flee:  
 Go where thou wilt, but not with me.  
 How should my home receive again  
 A mistress soiled with deathless stain?  
 How should I brook the foul disgrace,  
 Scorned by my friends and all my race?  
 For Rávaṇ bore thee through the sky,  
 And fixed on thine his evil eye.  
 About thy waist his arms he threw,  
 Close to his breast his captive drew,  
 And kept thee, vassal of his power,  
 An inmate of his ladies' bower.”

## Canto CXVIII. Sítá's Reply.

Struck down with overwhelming shame  
 She shrank within her trembling frame.  
 Each word of Ráma's like a dart  
 Had pierced the lady to the heart;  
 And from her sweet eyes unrestrained  
 The torrent of her sorrows, rained.  
 Her weeping eyes at length she dried,  
 And thus mid choking sobs replied:  
 “Canst thou, a high-born prince, dismiss  
 A high-born dame with speech like this?  
 Such words befit the meanest hind,  
 Not princely birth and generous mind,  
 By all my virtuous life I swear  
 I am not what thy words declare.

If some are faithless, wilt thou find  
No love and truth in womankind?  
Doubt others if thou wilt, but own  
The truth which all my life has shown.  
If, when the giant seized his prey,  
Within his hated arms I lay,  
And felt the grasp I dreaded, blame  
Fate and the robber, not thy dame.  
What could a helpless woman do?  
My heart was mine and still was true,  
Why when Hanúmán sent by thee  
Sought Lanká's town across the sea,  
Couldst thou not give, O lord of men,  
Thy sentence of rejection then?  
Then in the presence of the chief  
Death, ready death, had brought relief,  
Nor had I nursed in woe and pain  
This lingering life, alas in vain.  
Then hadst thou shunned the fruitless strife  
Nor jeopardized thy noble life,  
But spared thy friends and bold allies  
Their vain and weary enterprise.  
Is all forgotten, all? my birth,  
Named Janak's child, from fostering earth?  
That day of triumph when a maid  
My trembling hand in thine I laid?  
My meek obedience to thy will,  
My faithful love through joy and ill,  
That never failed at duty's call—  
O King, is all forgotten, all?"

To Lakshmaṇ then she turned and spoke  
While sobs and sighs her utterance broke:  
"Sumitrá's son, a pile prepare,

My refuge in my dark despair.  
 I will not live to bear this weight  
 Of shame, forlorn and desolate.  
 The kindled fire my woes shall end  
 And be my best and surest friend.”

His mournful eyes the hero raised  
 And wistfully on Ráma gazed,  
 In whose stern look no ruth was seen,  
 No mercy for the weeping queen.  
 No chieftain dared to meet those eyes,  
 To pray, to question or advise.

The word was passed, the wood was piled  
 And fain to die stood Janak's child.  
 She slowly paced around her lord,  
 The Gods with reverent act adored,  
 Then raising suppliant hands the dame  
 Prayed humbly to the Lord of Flame:  
 “As this fond heart by virtue swayed  
 From Raghu's son has never strayed,  
 So, universal witness, Fire  
 Protect my body on the pyre,  
 As Raghu's son has idly laid  
 This charge on Sítá, hear and aid.”

She ceased: and fearless to the last  
 Within the flame's wild fury passed.  
 Then rose a piercing cry from all  
 Dames, children, men, who saw her fall  
 Adorned with gems and gay attire  
 Beneath the fury of the fire.

## Canto CXIX. Glory To Vishnu.

The shrill cry pierced through Ráma's ears  
 And his sad eyes o'erflowed with tears,  
 When lo, transported through the sky  
 A glorious band of Gods was nigh.  
 Ancestral shades,<sup>1016</sup> by men revered,  
 In venerable state appeared,  
 And he from whom all riches flow,<sup>1017</sup>  
 And Yáma Lord who reigns below:  
 King Indra, thousand-eyed, and he  
 Who wields the sceptre of the sea.<sup>1018</sup>  
 The God who shows the blazoned bull,<sup>1019</sup>  
 And Brahmá Lord most bountiful  
 By whose command the worlds were made  
 All these on radiant cars conveyed,  
 Brighter than sun-beams, sought the place  
 Where stood the prince of Raghu's race,  
 And from their glittering seats the best  
 Of blessed Gods the chief addressed:

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“Couldst thou, the Lord of all, couldst thou,  
 Creator of the worlds, allow  
 Thy queen, thy spouse to brave the fire  
 And give her body to the pyre?  
 Dost thou not yet, supremely wise,  
 Thy heavenly nature recognize?”  
 They ceased: and Ráma thus began:  
 “I deem myself a mortal man.  
 Of old Ikshváku's line, I spring

<sup>1016</sup> The Pitris or Manes, the spirits of the dead.

<sup>1017</sup> Kuvera, the God of Wealth.

<sup>1018</sup> Varuṇa, God of the sea.

<sup>1019</sup> Mahádeva or Śiva whose ensign is a bull.

From Daśaratha Kośal's king."

He ceased: and Brahmá's self replied:

"O cast the idle thought aside.

Thou art the Lord Nárāyaṇ, thou

The God to whom all creatures bow.

Thou art the saviour God who wore

Of old the semblance of a boar;

Thou he whose discus overthrows

All present, past and future foes;

Thou Brahmá, That whose days extend

Without beginning, growth or end;

The God, who, bears the bow of horn,

Whom four majestic arms adorn;

Thou art the God who rules the sense

And sways with gentle influence;

Thou all-pervading Vishṇu Lord

Who wears the ever-conquering sword;

Thou art the Guide who leads aright,

Thou Krishṇa of unequalled might.

Thy hand, O Lord, the hills and plains,

And earth with all her life sustains;

Thou wilt appear in serpent form

When sinks the earth in fire and storm.

Queen Sítá of the lovely brows

Is Lakshmí thy celestial spouse.

To free the worlds from Rávaṇ thou

Wouldst take the form thou wearest now.

Rejoice: the mighty task is done:

Rejoice, thou great and glorious one.

The tyrant, slain, thy labours end:

Triumphant now to heaven ascend.

High bliss awaits the devotee

Who clings in loving faith to thee,

Who celebrates with solemn praise

The Lord of ne'er beginning days.  
 On earth below, in heaven above  
 Great joy shall crown his faith and love.  
 And he who loves the tale divine  
 Which tells each glorious deed of thine  
 Through life's fair course shall never know  
 The fierce assault of pain and woe.”<sup>1020</sup>

## Canto CXX. Sítá Restored.

Thus spoke the Self-existent Sire:  
 Then swiftly from the blazing pyre  
 The circling flames were backward rolled,  
 And, raising in his gentle hold  
 Alive unharmed the Maithil dame,  
 The Lord of Fire embodied came.  
 Fair as the morning was her sheen,  
 And gold and gems adorned the queen.  
 Her form in crimson robes arrayed,  
 Her hair was bound in glossy braid.  
 Her wreath was fresh and sweet of scent,  
 Undimmed was every ornament.  
 Then, standing close to Ráma'a side,  
 The universal witness cried:  
 “From every blot and blemish free  
 Thy faithful queen returns to thee.  
 In word or deed, in look or mind  
 Her heart from thee has ne'er declined.

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<sup>1020</sup> The Address to Ráma, both text and commentary, will be found literally translated in the Additional Notes. A paraphrase of a portion is all that I have attempted here.

By force the giant bore away  
 From thy lone cot his helpless prey;  
 And in his bowers securely kept  
 She still has longed for thee and wept.  
 With soft temptation, bribe and threat,  
 He bade the dame her love forget:  
 But, nobly faithful to her lord,  
 Her soul the giant's suit abhorred.  
 Receive, O King, thy queen again,  
 Pure, ever pure from spot and stain."

Still stood the king in thoughtful mood  
 And tears of joy his eyes bedewed.  
 Then to the best of Gods the best  
 Of warrior chiefs his mind expressed:

"'Twas meet that mid the thousands here  
 The searching fire my queen should clear;  
 For long within the giant's bower  
 She dwelt the vassal of his power.  
 For else had many a slanderous tongue  
 Reproaches on mine honour flung,  
 And scorned the king who, love-impelled,  
 His consort from the proof withheld.  
 No doubt had I, but surely knew  
 That Janak's child was pure and true,  
 That, come what might, in good and ill  
 Her faithful heart was with me still.  
 I knew that Rávan could not wrong  
 My queen whom virtue made so strong.  
 I knew his heart would sink and fail,  
 Nor dare her honour to assail,  
 As Ocean, when he raves and roars,  
 Fears to o'erleap his bounding shores.

Now to the worlds her truth is shown,  
 And Sítá is again mine own.  
 Thus proved before unnumbered eyes,  
 On her pure fame no shadow lies.  
 As heroes to their glory cleave,  
 Mine own dear spouse I ne'er will leave.”  
 He ceased: and clasped in fond embrace  
 On his dear breast she hid her face.

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## Canto CXXI. Dasaratha.

To him Maheśvar thus replied:  
 “O strong-armed hero, lotus-eyed,  
 Thou, best of those who love the right,  
 Hast nobly fought the wondrous fight.  
 Dispelled by thee the doom that spread  
 Through trembling earth and heaven is fled.  
 The worlds exult in light and bliss,  
 And praise thy name, O chief, for this.  
 Now peace to Bharat's heart restore,  
 And bid Kausalyá weep no more.  
 Thy face let Queen Kaikeyí see,  
 Let fond Sumitrá gaze on thee.  
 The longing of thy friends relieve,  
 The kingdom of thy sires receive.  
 Let sons of gentle Sítá born  
 Ikshváku's ancient line adorn.  
 Then from all care and foemen freed  
 Perform the offering of the steed.  
 In pious gifts thy wealth expend,  
 Then to the home of Gods ascend,

Thy sire, this glorious king, behold,  
Among the blest in heaven enrolled.  
He comes from where the Immortals dwell:  
Salute him, for he loves thee well."

His mandate Raghu's sons obeyed,  
And to their sire obeisance made,  
Where high he stood above the car  
In wondrous light that shone afar,  
His limbs in radiant garments dressed  
Whereon no spot of dust might rest.  
When on the son he loved so well  
The eyes of Daśaratha fell,  
He strained the hero to his breast  
And thus with gentle words addressed:  
"No joy to me is heavenly bliss,  
For there these eyes my Ráma miss.  
Enrolled on high with saint and sage,  
Thy woes, dear son, my thoughts engage.  
Kaikeyí's guile I ne'er forget:  
Her cruel words will haunt me yet,  
Which sent thee forth, my son, to roam  
The forest far from me and home.  
Now when I look on each dear face,  
And hold you both in fond embrace,  
My heart is full of joy to see  
The sons I love from danger free.  
Now know I what the Gods designed,  
And how in Ráma's form enshrined  
The might of Purushottam lay,  
The tyrant of the worlds to slay.  
Ah, how Kausalyá will rejoice  
To hear again her darling's voice,  
And, all thy weary wanderings o'er,

To gaze upon thy face once more.  
 Ah blest, for ever blest are they  
 Whose eyes shall see the glorious day  
 Of thy return in joy at last,  
 Thy term of toil and exile past.  
 Ayodhyá's lord, begin thy reign,  
 And day by day new glory gain.”

He ceased: and Ráma thus replied:  
 “Be not this grace, O sire, denied.  
 Those hasty words, that curse revoke  
 Which from thy lips in anger broke:  
 “Kaikeyí, be no longer mine:  
 I cast thee off, both thee and thine.”  
 O father, let no sorrow fall  
 On her or hers: thy curse recall.”  
 “Yea, she shall live, if so thou wilt,”  
 The sire replied, “absolved from guilt.”  
 Round Lakshmaṇ then his arms he threw,  
 And moved by love began anew:  
 “Great store of merit shall be thine,  
 And brightly shall thy glory shine;  
 Secure on earth thy brother's grace.  
 And high in heaven shall be thy place.  
 Thy glorious king obey and fear:  
 To him the triple world is dear.  
 God, saint, and sage, by Indra led,  
 To Ráma bow the reverent head,  
 Nor from the Lord, the lofty-souled,  
 Their worship or their praise withhold.  
 Heart of the Gods, supreme is he,  
 The One who ne'er shall cease to be.”

On Sítá then he looked and smiled;  
“List to my words” he said, “dear child,  
Let not thy gentle breast retain  
One lingering trace of wrath or pain.  
When by the fire thy truth be proved,  
By love for thee his will was moved.  
The furious flame thy faith confessed  
Which shrank not from the awful test:  
And thou, in every heart enshrined,  
Shalt live the best of womankind.”

He ceased: he bade the three adieu,  
And home to heaven exulting flew.

## Canto CXXII. Indra's Boon.

Then Indra, he whose fiery stroke  
Slew furious Páka, turned and spoke:  
“A glorious day, O chief, is this,  
Rich with the fruit of lasting bliss.  
Well pleased are we: we love thee well  
Now speak, thy secret wishes tell.”

Thus spake the sovereign of the sky,  
 And this was Ráma's glad reply:  
 "If I have won your grace, incline  
 To grant this one request of mine.  
 Restore, O King: the Vánar dead  
 Whose blood for me was nobly shed.  
 To life and strength my friends recall,  
 And bring them back from Yáma's hall.  
 When, fresh in might the warriors rise,  
 Prepare a feast to glad their eyes.  
 Let fruits of every season glow,  
 And streams of purest water flow."

Thus Raghu's son, great-hearted, prayed,  
 And Indra thus his answer made:  
 "High is the boon thou seekest: none  
 Should win this grace but Raghu's son.  
 Yet, faithful to the word I spake,  
 I grant the prayer for thy dear sake.  
 The Vánars whom the giants slew  
 Their life and vigour shall renew.  
 Their strength repaired, their gashes healed  
 Whose torrents dyed the battle field,  
 The warrior hosts from death shall rise  
 Like sleepers when their slumber flies."

Restored from Yáma's dark domain  
 The Vánar legions filled the plain,  
 And, round the royal chief arrayed,  
 With wondering hearts obeisance paid.  
 Each God the son of Raghu praised,  
 And cried as loud his voice he raised:  
 "Turn, King, to fair Ayodhyá speed,  
 And leave thy friends of Vánar breed.

Thy true devoted consort cheer  
 After long days of woe and fear.  
 Bharat, thy loyal brother, see,  
 A hermit now for love of thee.  
 The tears of Queen Kauśalyá dry,  
 And light with joy each stepdame's eye;  
 Then consecrated king of men  
 Make glad each faithful citizen.”

They ceased: and borne on radiant cars  
 Sought their bright home amid the stars.

### Canto CXXIII. The Magic Car.

Then slept the tamer of his foes  
 And spent the night in calm repose.  
 Vibhishan came when morning broke,  
 And hailed the royal chief, and spoke:  
 “Here wait thee precious oil and scents,  
 And rich attire and ornaments.  
 The brimming urns are newly filled,  
 And women in their duty skilled,  
 With lotus-eyes, thy call attend,  
 Assistance at thy bath to lend.”  
 “Let others,” Ráma cried, “desire  
 These precious scents, this rich attire,  
 I heed not such delights as these,  
 For faithful Bharat, ill at ease,  
 Watching for me is keeping now  
 Far far away his rigorous vow.  
 By Bharat's side I long to stand,

I long to see my fatherland.  
Far is Ayodhyá: long, alas,  
The dreary road and hard to pass.”

“One day,” Vibhishaṇ cried, “one day  
Shall bear thee o'er that length of way.  
Is not the wondrous chariot mine,  
Named Pushpak, wrought by hands divine.  
The prize which Rávaṇ seized of old  
Victorious o'er the God of Gold?  
This chariot, kept with utmost care,  
Will waft thee through the fields of air,  
And thou shalt light unwearied down  
In fair Ayodhyá's royal town.  
But yet if aught that I have done  
Has pleased thee well, O Raghu's son;  
If still thou carest for thy friend,  
Some little time in Lanká spend;  
There after toil of battle rest  
Within my halls an honoured guest.”  
Again the son of Raghu spake:  
“Thy life was perilled for my sake.  
Thy counsel gave me priceless aid:  
All honours have been richly paid.  
Scarce can my love refuse, O best  
Of giant kind, thy last request.  
But still I yearn once more to see  
My home and all most dear to me;  
Nor can I brook one hour's delay:  
Forgive me, speed me on my way.”

He ceased: the magic car was brought.  
Of yore by Viśvakarmá wrought.  
In sunlike sheen it flashed and blazed;  
And Raghu's sons in wonder gazed.

## Canto CXXIV. The Departure.

The giant lord the chariot viewed,  
 And humbly thus his speech renewed:  
 “Behold, O King, the car prepared:  
 Now be thy further will declared.”  
 He ceased: and Ráma spake once more:  
 “These hosts who thronged to Lanká's shore  
 Their faith and might have nobly shown,  
 And set thee on the giants' throne.  
 Let pearls and gems and gold repay  
 The feats of many a desperate day,  
 That all may go triumphant hence  
 Proud of their noble recompense.”  
 Vibhishan, ready at his call,  
 With gold and gems enriched them all.  
 Then Ráma clomb the glorious car  
 That shone like day's resplendent star.  
 There in his lap he held his dame  
 Vailing her eyes in modest shame.  
 Beside him Lakshmaṇ took his stand,  
 Whose mighty bow still armed his hand,  
 “O King Vibhishan,” Ráma cried,  
 “O Vánar chiefs, so long allied,  
 My comrades till the foemen fell,  
 List, for I speak a long farewell.  
 The task, in doubt and fear begun,  
 With your good aid is nobly done.  
 Leave Lanká's shore, your steps retrace,  
 Brave warriors of the Vánar race.  
 Thou, King Sugríva, true, through all,  
 To friendship's bond and duty's call,  
 Seek far Kishkindhá with thy train  
 And o'er thy realm in glory reign.

Farewell, Vibhishan̄, Lanká's throne  
Won by our arms is now thine own,  
Thou, mighty lord, hast nought to dread  
From heavenly Gods by Indra led.  
My last farewell, O King, receive,  
For Lanká's isle this hour I leave.”

Loud rose their cry in answer: “We,  
O Raghu's son, would go with thee.  
With thee delighted would we stray  
Where sweet Ayodhyá's groves are gay,  
Then in the joyous synod view  
King-making balm thy brows bedew;  
Our homage to Kauśalyá pay,  
And hasten on our homeward way.”

Their prayer the son of Raghu heard,  
And spoke, his heart with rapture stirred:  
“Sugríva, O my faithful friend,  
Vibhishan̄ and ye chiefs, ascend.  
A joy beyond all joys the best  
Will fill my overflowing breast,  
If girt by you, O noble band,  
I seek again my native land.”  
With Vánar lords in danger tried  
Sugríva sprang to Ráma's side,  
And girt by chiefs of giant kind  
Vibhíshan's step was close behind.  
Swift through the air, as Ráma chose,  
The wondrous car from earth arose.  
And decked with swans and silver wings  
Bore through the clouds its freight of kings.

## Canto CXXV. The Return.

Then Ráma, speeding through the skies,  
 Bent on the earth his eager eyes:  
 “Look, Sítá, see, divinely planned  
 And built by Viśvakarmá's hand,  
 Lanká the lovely city rest  
 Enthroned on Mount Trikúta's crest  
 Behold those fields, ensanguined yet,  
 Where Vánar hosts and giants met.  
 There, vainly screened by charm and spell,  
 The robber Rávan fought and fell.  
 There knelt Mandodarí<sup>1021</sup> and shed  
 Her tears in floods for Rávan dead.  
 And every dame who loved him sent  
 From her sad heart her wild lament.  
 There gleams the margin of the deep,  
 Where, worn with toil, we sank to sleep.  
 Look, love, the unconquered sea behold,  
 King Varuṇ's home ordained of old,  
 Whose boundless waters roar and swell  
 Rich with their store of pearl and shell.  
 O see, the morning sun is bright  
 On fair Hiranyañábha's<sup>1022</sup> height,  
 Who rose from Ocean's sheltering breast  
 That Hanumán might stay and rest.  
 There stretches, famed for evermore,  
 The wondrous bridge from shore to shore.  
 The worlds, to life's remotest day,  
 Due reverence to the work shall pay,  
 Which holier for the lapse of time

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<sup>1021</sup> Rávan's queen.

<sup>1022</sup> Or Maináka.

Shall give release from sin and crime.  
 Now thither bend, dear love, thine eyes  
 Where green with groves Kishkindhá lies,  
 The seat of King Sugríva's reign,  
 Where Báli by this hand was slain.<sup>1023</sup>  
 There Ríshyamúka's hill behold  
 Bright gleaming with embedded gold.  
 There too my wandering foot I set,  
 There King Sugríva first I met.  
 And, where yon trees their branches wave,  
 My promise of assistance gave.  
 There, flushed with lilies, Pampá shines  
 With banks which greenest foliage lines,  
 Where melancholy steps I bent  
 And mourned thee with a mad lament.  
 There fierce Kabandha, spreading wide  
 His giant arms, in battle died.  
 Turn, Sítá, turn thine eyes and see  
 In Janasthán that glorious tree:  
 There Rávan, lord of giants slew  
 Our friend Jaṭayus brave and true,  
 Thy champion in the hopeless strife,  
 Who gave for thee his noble life.  
 Now mark that glade amid the trees  
 Where once we lived as devotees.  
 See, see our leafy cot between  
 Those waving boughs of densest green,  
 Where Rávan seized his prize and stole  
 My love the darling of my soul.  
 O, look again: beneath thee gleams

<sup>1023</sup> Here, in the North-west recension, Sítá expresses a wish that Tárá and the wives of the Vánar chiefs should be invited to accompany her to Ayodhyá. The car decends, and the Vánar matrons are added to the party. The Bengal recension ignores this palpable interruption.

Godávarí the best of streams,  
 Whose lucid waters sweetly glide  
 By lilies that adorn her side.  
 There dwelt Agastya, holy sage,  
 In plantain-sheltered hermitage.  
 See Śarabhanga's humble shed  
 Which sovereign Indra visited.  
 See where the gentle hermits dwell  
 Neath Atri's rule who loved us well;  
 Where once thine eyes were blest to see  
 His sainted dame who talked with thee.  
 Now rest thine eyes with new delight  
 On Chitrakúṭha's woody height,  
 See Jumna flashing in the sun  
 Through groves of brilliant foliage run.  
 Screened by the shade of spreading boughs.  
 There Bharadvája keeps his vows,  
 There Gangá, river of the skies,  
 Rolls the sweet wave that purifies,  
 There Śringavera's towers ascend  
 Where Guha reigns, mine ancient friend.  
 I see, I see thy glittering spires,  
 Ayodhyá, city of my sires.  
 Bow down, bow down thy head, my sweet,  
 Our home, our long-lost home to greet.”

But Ráma bade the chariot stay,  
 And halting in his airy way,  
 In Bharadvája's holy shade  
 His homage to the hermit paid.  
 "O saint," he cried, "I yearn to know  
 My dear Ayodhyá's weal and woe.  
 O tell me that the people thrive,  
 And that the queens are yet alive."

Joy gleamed in Bhardvája's eye,  
 Who gently smiled and made reply:  
 "Thy brother, studious of thy will,  
 Is faithful and obedient still.  
 In tangled twine he coils his hair:  
 Thy safe return is all his care.  
 Before thy shoes he humbly bends,  
 And to thy house and realm attends.  
 When first these dreary years began,  
 When first I saw the banished man,  
 With Sítá, in his hermit coat,  
 At this sad heart compassion smote.  
 My breast with tender pity swelled:  
 I saw thee from thy home expelled,  
 Reft of all princely state, forlorn,  
 A hapless wanderer travel-worn,  
 Firm in thy purpose to fulfil  
 Thy duty and thy father's will.  
 But boundless is my rapture now:  
 Triumphant, girt with friends, art thou.  
 Where'er thy wandering steps have been,  
 Thy joy and woe mine eyes have seen.  
 Thy glorious deeds to me art known,  
 The Bráhmans saved, the foes o'erthrown.  
 Such power have countless seasons spent

In penance and devotion lent.  
 Thy virtues, best of chiefs, I know,  
 And now a boon would fain bestow.  
 This hospitable gift<sup>1024</sup> receive:  
 Then with the dawn my dwelling leave.”  
 The bended head of Ráma showed  
 His reverence for the grace bestowed;  
 Then for each brave companion's sake  
 He sought a further boon and spake:

“O let that mighty power of thine  
 The road to fair Ayodhyá line  
 With trees where fruit of every hue  
 The Vánars' eye and taste may woo,  
 And flowers of every season, sweet  
 With stores of honeyed juice, may meet.”  
 The hero ceased: the hermit bent  
 His reverend head in glad assent;  
 And swift, as Bharadvája willed,  
 The prayer of Ráma was fulfilled.  
 For many a league the lengthening road  
 Trees thick with fruit and blossom showed  
 With luscious beauty to entice  
 The taste like trees of Paradise.  
 The Vánars passed beneath the shade  
 Of that delightful colonnade,  
 Still tasting with unbounded glee  
 The treasures of each wondrous tree.

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<sup>1024</sup> The *arghya*, a respectful offering to Gods and venerable men consisting of rice, *dúivá* grass, flowers etc., with water.

## Canto CXXVII. Ráma's Message.

But Ráma, when he first looked down  
 And saw afar Ayodhyá's town,  
 Had called Hanumán to his side,  
 The chief on whom his heart relied,  
 And said: "Brave Vánar, good at need,  
 Haste onward, to Ayodhyá speed,  
 And learn, I pray, if all be well  
 With those who in the palace dwell.  
 But as thou speedest on thy way  
 Awhile at Śringavera stay.  
 Tell Guha the Nishádas' lord,  
 That victor, with my queen restored,  
 In health and strength with many a friend  
 Homeward again my steps I bend.  
 Thence by the road that he will show  
 On to Ayodhyá swiftly go.  
 There with my love my brother greet,  
 And all our wondrous tale repeat.  
 Say that victorious in the strife  
 I come with Lakshmaṇ and my wife,  
 Then mark with keenest eye each trace  
 Of joy or grief on Bharat's face.  
 Be all his gestures closely viewed,  
 Each change of look and attitude.  
 Where breathes the man who will not cling  
 To all that glorifies a king?  
 Where beats the heart that can resign  
 An ancient kingdom, nor repine  
 To lose a land renowned for breeds  
 Of elephants and warrior steeds?  
 If, won by custom day by day,  
 My brother Bharat thirsts for sway,

Still let him rule the nations, still  
 The throne of old Ikshváku fill.  
 Go, mark him well: his feelings learn,  
 And, ere we yet be near return."

He ceased: and, garbed in human form,  
 Forth sped Hanúmán swift as storm.  
 Sublime in air he rose, and through  
 The region of his father flew.  
 He saw far far beneath his feet  
 Where Gangá's flood and Jumna meet.  
 Descending from the upper air  
 He entered Śringavera, where  
 King Guha's heart was well content  
 To hear the message Ráma sent.  
 Then, with his mighty strength renewed,  
 The Vánar chief his way pursued,  
 Válukiní was far behind,  
 And Gomatí with forests lined,  
 And golden fields and pastures gay  
 With flocks and herds beneath him lay.  
 Then Nandigráma charmed his eye  
 Where flowers were bright with every dye,  
 And trees of lovely foliage made  
 With meeting boughs delightful shade,  
 Where women watched in trim array  
 Their little sons' and grandsons' play.  
 His eager eye on Bharat fell  
 Who sat before his lonely cell.  
 In hermit weed, with tangled hair,  
 Pale, weak, and worn with ceaseless care.  
 His royal pomp and state resigned  
 For Ráma still he watched and pined,  
 Still to his dreary vows adhered,

And royal Ráma's shoes revered.  
 Yet still the terror of his arm  
 Preserved the land from fear and harm.

The Wind-God's son, in form a man,  
 Raised reverent hands and thus began:  
 "Fond greeting, Prince, I bring to thee,  
 And Ráma's self has sent it: he  
 For whom thy spirit sorrows yet  
 As for a hapless anchoret  
 In Dañdak wood, in dire distress,  
 With matted hair and hermit dress.  
 This sorrow from thy bosom fling,  
 And hear the tale of joy I bring.  
 This day thy brother shalt thou meet  
 Exulting in his foe's defeat,  
 Freed from his toil and lengthened vow,  
 The light of victory on his brow,  
 With Sítá, Lakshmaṇ and his friends  
 Homeward at last his steps he bends."

Then joy, too mighty for control,  
 Rushed in full flood o'er Bharat's soul;  
 His reeling sense and strength gave way,  
 And fainting on the earth he lay,  
 At length upspringing from the ground,  
 His arms about Hanúmán wound,  
 With tender tears of rapture sprung,  
 He dewed the neck to which he clung:  
 "Art thou a God or man," he cried,  
 "Whom love and pity hither guide?  
 For this a hundred thousand kine,  
 A hundred villages be thine.  
 A score of maids of spotless lives

To thee I give to be thy wives,  
 Of golden hue and bright of face,  
 Each lovely for her tender grace.”

He ceased a while by joy subdued,  
 And then his eager speech renewed.

## Canto CXXVIII. Hanumán's Story.

“In doubt and fear long years have passed  
 And glorious tidings come at last.  
 True, true is now the ancient verse  
 Which men in time of bliss rehearse:  
 “Once only in a hundred years  
 Great joy to mortal men appears.”  
 But now his woes and triumph tell,  
 And loss and gain as each befell.”  
 He ceased: Hanúmán mighty-souled  
 The tale of Ráma's wanderings told  
 From that first day on which he stood  
 In the drear shade of Dañdak wood.  
 He told how fierce Virádha fell;  
 He told of Śarabhangá's cell  
 Where Ráma saw with wondering eyes  
 Indra descended from the skies.  
 He told how Súrpanakhí came,  
 Her soul aglow with amorous flame,  
 And fled repulsed, with rage and tears,  
 Reft of her nose and severed ears.  
 He told how Ráma's might subdued  
 The giants' furious multitude;

How Khara with the troops he led  
 And Triśirás and Dúshaṇ bled:  
 How Ráma, tempted from his cot,  
 The golden deer pursued and shot,  
 And Rávaṇ came and stole away  
 The Maithil queen his hapless prey,  
 When, as he fought, the dame to save,  
 His noble life Jatáyus gave:  
 How Ráma still the the search renewed,  
 The robber to his hold pursued,  
 Bridging the sea from shore to shore,  
 And found his queen to part no more.<sup>1025</sup>

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## Canto CXXIX. The Meeting With Bharat.

O'erwhelmed with rapture Bharat heard  
 The tale that all his being stirred,  
 And, heralding the glad event,  
 This order to Śatruघna sent:  
 “Let every shrine with flowers be gay  
 Let incense burn and music play.  
 Go forth, go forth to meet your king,  
 Let tabours sound and minstrels sing,  
 Let bards swell high the note of praise  
 Skilled in the lore of ancient days,  
 Call forth the royal matrons: call  
 Each noble from the council hall.

<sup>1025</sup> I have abridged Hanumán's outline of Ráma's adventures, with the details of which we are already sufficiently acquainted.

Send all we love and honour most,  
 Send Bráhmans and the warrior host,  
 A glorious company to bring  
 In triumph home our lord the king.”

Great rapture filled Šatruघna's breast,  
 Obedient to his brother's hest.  
 “Send forth ten thousand men” he cried,  
 “Let brawny arms be stoutly plied,  
 And, smoothing all with skilful care,  
 The road for Kośal's king prepare.  
 Then o'er the earth let thousands throw  
 Fresh showers of water cool as snow,  
 And others strew with garlands gay  
 With loveliest blooms our monarch's way.  
 On tower and temple porch and gate  
 Let banners wave in royal state,  
 And be each roof and terrace lined  
 With blossoms loose and chaplets twined.”

The nobles hastening forth fulfilled  
 His order as Šatruघna willed.  
 Sublime on elephants they rode  
 Whose gilded girths with jewels glowed.  
 Attended close by thousands more  
 Gay with the gear and flags they bore.  
 A thousand chiefs their steeds bestrode,  
 Their glittering cars a thousand showed.  
 And countless hosts in rich array  
 Pursued on foot their eager way.  
 Veiled from the air with silken screens  
 In litters rode the widowed queens.  
 Kausalyá first, acknowledged head  
 And sovereign of the household, led:

Sumitrá next, and after, dames  
 Of lower rank and humbler names.  
 Then compassed by a white-robed throng  
 Of Bráhmans, heralded with song,  
 With shouts of joy from countless throats,  
 And shells' and tambours' mingled notes,  
 And drums resounding long and loud,  
 Exulting Bharat joined the crowd.  
 Still on his head, well-trained in lore  
 Of duty, Ráma's shoes he bore.  
 The moon-white canopy was spread  
 With flowery twine engarlanded,  
 And jewelled cheuries, meet to hold  
 O'er Ráma's brow, shone bright with gold,  
 Though Nandigráma's town they neared,  
 Of Ráma yet no sign appeared.  
 Then Bharat called the Vánar chief  
 And questioned thus in doubt and grief:  
 "Hast thou uncertain, like thy kind,  
 A sweet delusive guile designed?  
 Where, where is royal Ráma? show  
 The hero, victor of the foe.  
 I gaze, but see no Vánars still  
 Who wear each varied shape at will."

In eager love thus Bharat cried,  
 And thus the Wind-God's son replied:  
 "Look, Bharat, on those laden trees  
 That murmur with the song of bees;  
 For Ráma's sake the saint has made  
 Untimely fruits, unwonted shade.  
 Such power in ages long ago  
 Could Indra's gracious boon bestow.  
 O, hear the Vánars' voices, hear

The shouting which proclaims them near.  
 E'en now about to cross they seem  
 Sweet Gomati's delightful stream.  
 I see, I see the car designed  
 By Brahmá's own creative mind,  
 The car which, radiant as the moon,  
 Moves at the will by Brahmá's boon;  
 The car which once was Rávan's pride,  
 The victor's spoil when Rávan died.  
 Look, there are Raghu's sons: between  
 The brothers stands the rescued queen.  
 There is Vibhishaṇ full in view,  
 Sugríva and his retinue."

He ceased: then rapture loosed each tongue:  
 From men and dames, from old and young,  
 One long, one universal cry,  
 'Tis he, 'tis Ráma, smote the sky.  
 All lighted down with eager speed  
 From elephant and car and steed,  
 And every joyful eye intent  
 On Ráma's moonbright face was bent.  
 Entranced a moment Bharat gazed:  
 Then reverential hands he raised,  
 And on his brother humbly pressed  
 The honours due to welcome guest.  
 Then Bharat clomb the car to greet  
 His king and bowed him at his feet,  
 Till Ráma raised him face to face  
 And held him in a close embrace.  
 Then Lakshmaṇ and the Maithil dame  
 He greeted as he spoke his name<sup>1026</sup>

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<sup>1026</sup> In these respectful salutations the person who salutes his superior mentions his own name even when it is well known to the person whom he salutes.

He greeted next, supreme in place,  
 The sovereign of the Vánar race,  
 And Jámaván and Báli's son,  
 And lords and chiefs, omitting none.<sup>1027</sup>  
 Sugríva to his heart he pressed  
 And thus with grateful words addressed:  
 “Four brothers, Vánar king, were we,  
 And now we boast a fifth in thee.  
 By kindly acts a friend we know:  
 Offence and wrong proclaim the foe.”  
 To King Vibhishāṇ then he spake:  
 “Well hast thou fought for Ráma's sake.”  
 Nor was the brave Śatrughna slow  
 His reverential love to show  
 To both his brothers, as was meet,  
 And venerate the lady's feet.  
 Then Ráma to his mother came,  
 Saw her pale cheek and wasted frame,  
 With gentle words her heart consoled,  
 And clasped her feet with loving hold.  
 Then at Sumitrá's feet he bent,  
 And fair Kaikeyí's, reverent,  
 Greeted each dame from chief to least,  
 And bowed him to the household priest.  
 Up rose a shout from all the throng:  
 “O welcome, Ráma, mourned so long.  
 Welcome, Kausalyá's joy and pride,”  
 Ten hundred thousand voices cried.  
 Then Bharat placed, in duty taught,  
 On Ráma's feet the shoes he brought:  
 “My King,” he cried, “receive again

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<sup>1027</sup> I have omitted the chieftains' names as they could not be introduced without padding. They are Maínda, Dwivid, Niña, Rishabh, Susheṇ, Nala, Gaváksha, Gandhamádan, Śarabh, and Panas.

The pledge preserved through years of pain,  
 The rule and lordship of the land  
 Entrusted to my weaker hand.  
 No more I sigh o'er sorrows past,  
 My birth and life are blest at last  
 In the glad sight this day has shown,  
 When Ráma comes to rule his own."

He ceased: the faithful love that moved  
 The prince's soul each heart approved;  
 Nor could the Vánar chiefs refrain  
 From tender tears that fell like rain.  
 Then Ráma, stirred with joy anew,  
 His arms about his brother threw,  
 And to the grove his course he bent  
 Where Bharat's hermit days were spent.  
 Alighting in that pure retreat  
 He pressed the earth with eager feet.  
 Then, at his hest, the car rose high  
 And sailing through the northern sky  
 Sped homeward to the Lord of Gold  
 Who owned the wondrous prize of old.<sup>1028</sup>

## Canto CXXX. The Consecration.

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<sup>1028</sup> The following addition is found in the Bengal recension: But Vaiśravān (Kuvera) when he beheld his chariot said unto it: "Go, and carry Ráma, and come unto me when my thought shall call thee, And the chariot returned unto Ráma;" and he honoured it when he had heard what had passed.

Then, reverent hand to hand applied,  
Thus Bharat to his brother cried:  
“Thy realm, O King, is now restored,  
Uninjured to the rightful lord.  
This feeble arm with toil and pain,  
The weighty charge could scarce sustain.  
And the great burthen wellnigh broke  
The neck untrained to bear the yoke.  
The royal swan outspeeds the crow:  
The steed is swift, the mule is slow,  
Nor can my feeble feet be led  
O'er the rough ways where thine should tread.  
Now grant what all thy subjects ask:  
Begin, O King, thy royal task.  
Now let our longing eyes behold  
The glorious rite ordained of old,  
And on the new-found monarch's head  
Let consecrating drops be shed.”

He ceased; victorious Ráma bent  
His head in token of assent.  
He sat, and tonsors trimmed with care  
His tangles of neglected hair  
Then, duly bathed, the hero shone  
With all his splendid raiment on.  
And Sítá with the matrons' aid  
Her limbs in shining robes arrayed,  
Sumantra then, the charioteer,  
Drew, ordered by Śatruघna near,  
And stayed within the hermit grove  
The chariot and the steeds he drove.  
Therein Sugríva's consorts, graced  
With gems, and Ráma's queen were placed,  
All fain Ayodhyá to behold:

And swift away the chariot rolled.  
 Like Indra Lord of Thousand Eyes,  
 Drawn by fleet lions through the skies.  
 Thus radiant in his glory showed  
 King Ráma as he homeward rode,  
 In power and might unparalleled.  
 The reins the hand of Bharat held.  
 Above the peerless victor's head  
 The snow-white shade Śatruघna spread,  
 And Lakshmaṇ's ever-ready hand  
 His forehead with a chourie fanned.  
 Vibhishan close to Lakshmaṇ's side  
 Sharing his task a chourie plied.  
 Sugriva on Śatrunjay came,  
 An elephant of hugest frame:  
 Nine thousand others bore, behind,  
 The chieftains of the Vánar kind  
 All gay, in forms of human mould,  
 With rich attire and gems and gold.  
 Thus borne along in royal state  
 King Ráma reached Ayodhya's gate  
 With merry noise of shells and drums  
 And joyful shouts, He comes, he comes,  
 A Bráhmaṇ host with solemn tread,  
 And kine the long procession led,  
 And happy maids in ordered bands  
 Threw grain and gold with liberal hands.  
 Neath gorgeous flags that waved in rows  
 On towers and roofs and porticoes.  
 Mid merry crowds who sang and cheered  
 The palace of the king they neared.  
 Then Raghu's son to Bharat, best  
 Of duty's slaves, these words addressed:  
 "Pass onward to the monarch's hall.

The high-souled Vánars with thee call,  
 And let the chieftains, as is meet,  
 The widows of our father greet.  
 And to the Vánar king assign  
 Those chambers, best of all, which shine  
 With lazulite and pearl inlaid,  
 And pleasant grounds with flowers and shade.”

He ceased: and Bharat bent his head;  
 Sugríva by the hand he led  
 And passed within the palace where  
 Stood couches which Śatruघna's care,  
 With robes and hangings richly dyed,  
 And burning lamps, had seen supplied.  
 Then Bharat spake: “I pray thee, friend,  
 Thy speedy messengers to send,  
 Each sacred requisite to bring  
 That we may consecrate our king.”  
 Sugríva raised four urns of gold,  
 The water for the rite to hold,  
 And bade four swiftest Vánars flee  
 And fill them from each distant sea.  
 Then east and west and south and north  
 The Vánar envoys hastened forth.  
 Each in swift flight an ocean sought  
 And back through air his treasure brought,  
 And full five hundred floods beside  
 Pure water for the king supplied.  
 Then girt by many a Bráhmaṇ sage,  
 Vaśishtha, chief for reverend age,  
 High on a throne with jewels graced  
 King Ráma and his Sítá placed.  
 There by Jábáli, far revered,  
 Vijay and Kaśyap's son appeared;

By Gautam's side Kátváyan stood,  
And Vámadeva wise and good,  
Whose holy hands in order shed  
The pure sweet drops on Ráma's head.  
Then priests and maids and warriors, all  
Approaching at Vaśishṭha's call,  
With sacred drops bedewed their king,  
The centre of a joyous ring,  
The guardians of the worlds, on high,  
And all the children of the sky  
From herbs wherewith their hands were filled  
Rare juices on his brow distilled.  
His brows were bound with glistering gold  
Which Manu's self had worn of old,  
Bright with the flash of many a gem  
His sire's ancestral diadem.  
Śatruघna lent his willing aid  
And o'er him held the regal shade:  
The monarchs whom his arm had saved  
The chouries round his forehead waved.  
A golden chain, that flashed and glowed  
With gems the God of Wind bestowed:  
Mahendra gave a glorious string  
Of fairest pearls to deck the king,  
The skies with acclamation rang,  
The gay nymphs danced, the minstrels sang.  
On that blest day the joyful plain  
Was clothed anew with golden grain.  
The trees the witching influence knew,  
And bent with fruits of loveliest hue,  
And Ráma's consecration lent  
New sweetness to each flowret's scent.  
The monarch, joy of Raghu's line,  
Gave largess to the Bráhmans, kine

And steeds unnumbered, wealth untold  
Of robes and pearls and gems and gold.  
A jewelled chain, whose lustre passed  
The glory of the sun, he cast  
About his friend Sugríva's neck;  
And, Angad Báli's son to deck,  
He gave a pair of armlets bright  
With diamond and lazulite.  
A string of pearls of matchless hue  
Which gleams like tender moonlight threw  
Adorned with gems of brightest sheen,  
He gave to grace his darling queen.  
The offering from his hand received  
A moment on her bosom heaved;  
Then from her neck the chain she drew,  
A glance on all the Vánars threw,  
And wistful eyes on Ráma bent  
As still she held the ornament.  
Her wish he knew, and made reply  
To that mute question of her eye:  
“Yea, love; the chain on him bestow  
Whose wisdom truth and might we know,  
The firm ally, the faithful friend  
Through toil and peril to the end.”

Then on Hanúmán's bosom hung  
The chain which Sítá's hand had flung:  
So may a cloud, when winds are still  
With moon-lit silver gird a hill.

To every Vánar Ráma gave  
 Rich treasures from the mine and wave.  
 And with their honours well content  
 Homeward their steps the chieftains bent.  
 Ten thousand years Ayodhyá, blest  
 With Ráma's rule, had peace and rest,  
 No widow mourned her murdered mate,  
 No house was ever desolate.  
 The happy land no murrain knew,  
 The flocks and herds increased and grew.  
 The earth her kindly fruits supplied,  
 No harvest failed, no children died.  
 Unknown were want, disease, and crime:  
 So calm, so happy was the time.<sup>1029</sup>

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<sup>1029</sup> Here follows in the original an enumeration of the chief blessings which will attend the man or woman who reads or hears read this tale of Ráma. These blessings are briefly mentioned at the end of the first Canto of the first book, and it appears unnecessary to repeat them here in their amplified form. The Bengal recension (Gorresio's edition) gives them more concisely as follows: "This is the great first poem blessed and glorious, which gives long life to men and victory to kings, the poem which Válmíki made. He who listens to this wondrous tale of Ráma unwearied in action shall be absolved from all his sins. By listening to the deeds of Ráma he who wishes for sons shall obtain his heart's desire, and to him who longs for riches shall riches be given. The virgin who asks for a husband shall obtain a husband suited to her mind, and shall meet again her dear kinsfolk who are far away. They who hear this poem which Válmíki made shall obtain all their desires and all their prayers shall be fulfilled."

## APPENDIX.

### Section XIII. Rávan Doomed.

Afterwards Rishyaśring said again to the King “I will perform another sacrificial act to secure thee a son.” Then the son of Vibháṇḍak, of subdued passions, seeking the happiness of the king, proceeded to perform the sacrifice for the accomplishment of his wishes. Hither were previously collected the gods, with the Gandharvas, the Siddhas and the sages, for the sake of receiving their respective shares, Brahmá too, the sovereign of the gods, with Stháṇu, and Náráyaṇa, chief of beings and the four supporters of the universe, and the divine mothers of all the celestials, met together there. To the Aśvamedha, the great sacrifice of the magnanimous monarch, came also Indra the glorious one, surrounded by the Maruts. Rishyaśring then supplicated the gods assembled for their share of the sacrifice (saying), “This devout king Daśaratha, who, through the desire of offspring, confiding in you, has performed sacred austerities, and who has offered to you the sacrifice called Aśvamedha, is about to perform another sacrifice for the sake of obtaining sons: To him thus desirous of offspring be pleased to grant the blessing: I supplicate you all with joined hands. May he have four sons, renowned through the universe.” The gods replied to the sage's son supplicating with joined hands, “Be it so: thou, O Bráhman, art ever to be regarded by us, as the king is in a peculiar manner. The lord of men by this sacrifice shall obtain the great object of his desires.” Having thus said, the gods preceded by Indra, disappeared.

They all then having seen that (sacrifice) performed by the great sage according to the ordinance went to Prajápati the lord of mankind, and with joined hands addressed Brahmá the giver of blessings, “O Brahmá, the Ráksha Rávaṇa by name, to whom a blessing was awarded by thee, through pride troubleth all of us the gods, and even the great sages, who perpetually practise sacred austerities. We, O glorious one, regarding the promise formerly granted by thy kindness that he should be invulnerable to the gods, the Dánavas and the Yakshas have born (*sic*) all, (his oppression); this lord of Rákshas therefore distresses the universe; and, inflated by this promise unjustly vexes the divine sages, the Yakshas, and Gandharvas, the Asuras, and men: where Rávaṇa remains there the sun loses his force, the winds through fear of him do not blow; the fire ceases to burn; the rolling ocean, seeing him, ceases to move its waves. Viśravas, distressed by his power, has abandoned Lanká and fled. O divine one save us from Rávaṇa, who fills the world with noise and tumult. O giver of desired things, be pleased to contrive a way for his destruction.”

Brahmá thus informed by the devas, reflecting, replied, “Oh! I have devised the method for slaying this outrageous tyrant. Upon his requesting, ‘May I be invulnerable to the divine sages, the Gaundharvas, the Yakshas, the Rákshasas and the serpents,’ I replied ‘Be it so.’ This Ráksha, through contempt, said nothing respecting man; therefore this wicked one shall be destroyed by man.” The gods, preceded by Śakra, hearing these words spoken by Brahmá, were filled with joy.

[508] At this time Vishṇu the glorious, the lord of the world, arrayed in yellow, with hand ornaments of glowing gold, riding on Vinateya, as the sun on a cloud, arrived with his conch, his discus, and his club in his hand. Being adored by the excellent celestials, and welcomed by Brahmá, he drew near and stood before him. All the gods then addressed Vishṇu, “O Madhusudana, thou art able to abolish the distress of the distressed. We intreat thee, be our sanctuary, O Vishṇu.” Vishṇu replied, “Say, what

shall I do?" The celestials hearing these his words added further. "The virtuous, the encourager of excellence, eminent for truth, the firm observer of his vows, being childless, is performing an Aśvamedha for the purpose of obtaining offspring. For the sake of the good of the universe, we intreat thee, O Vishṇu, to become his son. Dividing thyself into four parts, in the wombs of his three consorts equal to Hari, Śrí, and Kirti, assume the sonship of king Daśaratha, the lord of Ayodhyá, eminent in the knowledge of duty, generous and illustrious, as the great sages. Thus becoming man, O Vishṇu, conquer in battle Rávaṇa, the terror of the universe, who is invulnerable to the gods. This ignorant Rákshasa Rávaṇa, by the exertion of his power, afflicts the gods, the Gandharvaa, the Siddhas, and the most excellent sages; these sages, the Gandharvas, and the Apsaras, sporting in the forest Nandana have been destroyed by that furious one. We, with the sages, are come to thee seeking his destruction. The Siddhas, the Gandharvas, and the Yakshas betake themselves to thee, thou art our only refuge; O Deva, afflicter of enemies, regard the world of men, and destroy the enemy of the gods."

Vishṇu, the sovereign of the gods, the chief of the celestials, adored by all beings, being thus supplicated, replied to all the assembled gods (standing) before Brahmá, "Abandon fear; peace be with you; for your benefit having killed Rávaṇa the cruel, destructively active, the cause of fear to the divine sages, together with all his posterity, his courtiers and counsellors, and his relations, and friends, protecting the earth, I will remain incarnate among men for the space of eleven thousand years."

Having given this promise to the gods, the divine Vishṇu, ardent in the work, sought a birth-place among men. Dividing himself into four parts, he whose eyes resemble the lotus and the pulasa, the lotus petal-eyed, chose for his father Daśaratha the sovereign of men. The divine sages then with the Gandharvas, the Rudras, and the (different sorts of) Apsaras, in the most excellent strains, praised the destroyer of Madhu, (saying) "Root

up Rávaṇa, of fervid energy, the devastator, the enemy of Indra swollen with pride. Destroy him, who causes universal lamentation, the annoyer of the holy ascetics, terrible, the terror of the devout Tapaswis. Having destroyed Rávaṇa, tremendously powerful, who causes universal weeping, together with his army and friends, dismissing all sorrow, return to heaven, the place free from stain and sin, and protected by the sovereign of the celestial powers."

Thus far the Section, containing the plan for the death of Rávaṇa.

CAREY AND MARSHMAN.

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## Caput XIV. RATIO NECANDI RAVANAEC EXCOGITATA.

Prudens ille, voluminum sacrorum gnarus, responsum quod dederat aliquamdiu meditatus, mente ad se revocata regem deuno est effatus: Parabo tibi aliud sacrum, genitale, proliis masculae adipiscendae gratia, cum carminibus in ATHARVANIS exordio expressis rite peragendum. Tum coepit modestus Vibhândaci filius, regis commodis intentus, parare sacrum, quo eius desiderium expleret. Iam'antea eo convenerant, ut suam quisque portionem acciperent, Dī cum fidicinum coelestium choris, Beatique cum Sapientibus; Brachman Superûm regnator, Sthânus nec non augustus Nârâyanus, Indrasque almus, coram visendus Ventorum cohorte circumdatus, in magno isto sacrificio equino regis magnanimi. Ibidem vates ille deos, qui portiones suas accipiendi gratia advenerant, apprecatus, En inquit, hicce ex Dasarathus filiorum desiderio castimoniis adstrictus, fidei plenus, vestrum numen adoravit sacrificio equino. Nunc iterum accingit se ad

aliud sacrum peragendum: quamobrem aequum est, ut filios cupienti vos faveatis. Ille ego, qui manus supplices tendo, vos universos pro eo appreco: nascantur ei filii quatuor, faina per triplicem mundum clari. Divi supplicem vatis filium invicem affari: Fiat quod petis! Tu nobis, virsancte, imprimis es venerandus, nee minus rex ille; compos fiet voti sui egregii hominum princeps. Ita locuti Dī Indra duce, ex oculis evanuerunt.

Superi vero, legitime in concilio congregati. BRACHMANEM mundi creatorem his verbis compellarunt: Tuo munere auctus, O Brachman! gigas nomine Rāvanas, p̄ae superbia nos omnes vexat, pariterque Sapientes castimoniis gaudentes. A te propitio olim ex voto ei hoc munus concessum fuit, ut ne a diis, Danuidis, Geniisve necari posset. Nos, oraculum tuum reveriti, facinora eius qualiacunque toleramus. At ille gigantum tyrannus ternos mundos gravibus iniuriis vexat Deos, Sapientes, Genios, Fidicines coelestes, Titanes, mortales denique, exsuperat ille aegre cohibendus, tuoque munere demens. Non ibi calet sol, neque Ventus p̄ae timore spirat, nee flagrat ignis, ubi Rāvanas versatur. Ipse oceanus, vagis fluctibus redimitus, isto viso stat immotus; eiectus fuit e sede sua Cuvérus, huius robore vexatus. Ergo ingens nobis periculum imminet ab hoc gigante visu horribili; tuum est, alme Parens! auxilium parare, quo hic deleatur. Ita admonitus ille a diis universis, paulisper meditatus, Ehem! inquit, hancce inveni rationem nefarium istum necandi. Petierat is a me, ut a Gandharvis, a Geniis, a Divis, Danuibus Gigantibusque necari non posset et me annuente voto suo potitus est. Prae contemptu vero monstrum illud homines non commemoravit: ideo ab homine est necandus: nullum aliud exstat leti genus, quod ei sit fatale. Postquam audiverant gratum hunc sermonem BRACHMANIS ore prolatum, Dī cum duce suo Indra summopere gaudio erecti sunt. Eodem temporis momento Vishnus, istuc accessit, splendore insignis, concham, discum et clavum manibus gestans, croceo vestitu, mundi dominus, vulturis Vinateii dorso, sicuti sol nimbo, vectus, armillas ex auro candente gerens, salutatus a

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Superum primoribus. Quem laudibus celebratum reverenter Dī universi compellarunt. Tu animantium afflictorum es vindex, Madhūs interfector! quamobrem nos afflicti te apprecamur. Sis praesidio nobis numine tuo inconcusso. Dicite, inquit Vishnus, quid pro vobis facere me oporteat. Audito eius sermone, Dī hunc in modum respondent: Rex quidam, nomine Dasarathus, austeri castimoniis sese castigavit, litavit sacrificio equino, proliis cupidus et prole carens. Nostro hortatu tu, Vishnus, conditionem natorum eius subeas: ex tribus eius uxoribus, Pudicitiae, Venustatis et Famae similibus, nasci, velis, temetipsum quadrifariam dividens. Ibi tu in humanam naturam conversus Rāvanam, gravissimam mundi pestem, diis insuperabilem, O Vishnus! proelio caede. Gigas ille vecors Rāvanas Deos cum Fidicinum choris, Beatos et Sapientes praestantissimos vexat, audacia superbians. Etenim ab hoc furioso Sapientes Fidicines et nymphae, ludentes in Nandano viridario, sunt proculcati. Tu es nostrum omnium summa salus, divine bellator! Ut deoram hostes extinguis, ad sortem humanam animum converte. Augustus ille Nārāyanus, diis hunc in modum coram hortantibus, eosdem apto hoc sermone compellavit: Quare, quaeso, hac in re negotium vestrum a me potissimum, corporea specie palam facto, est peragendum aut unde tantus vobis terror fuit iniectus? His verbis a Vishnū interrogati Dī talia proferre: Terror nobis instat, O Vishnus! a Rāvana mundi direptore; a quo nos vindicare, corpore humano assumpto, tuum est. Nemo aliis coelicoiarum praeter te hunc scelestum enecare potis est. Nimirum ille, O hostium domitor! per diurnum tempus sese excruciaverat severissima abstinentia, qua magnus hicce rerum Parens propitius ipsi redditus est. Itaque almus votorum sponsor olim ei concessit securitatem ab ommibus animantibus, hominibus tamen exceptis. Hinc ilium, voti compotem, non aliunde quam ab homine necis periculum urget: tu ergo, humanitate assumpta eum intertice. Sic monitus Vishnus, Superum princeps, quem mundus universus adorat, magnum Parentem oeterosque deos, in concilio congregatos, recti auctores, affatur: Mittite

timorem; bene bobis eveniat! Vestrae salutis gratia, postquam praelio necavero Râvanam cum filiis nepotibusque, cum amicis, ministris, cognatis sociisque, crudelem istum aegre cohibendum, qui divinis Sapientibus terrorem meutit, per decem millia annorum decies centenis additis, commorabor in mortalium sedibus, orbem terrarum imperio regens. Tum divini sapientes et Fidicines conjuncti cum Rudris nympharumque choris celebravere Madhûs interfectorum hymnis, quales sedem aetheriam decent.

“Râvanam ilium insolentem, acri impetu actum, superbia elatum, Superûm hostem, tumultus crientem, bonorum piorumque pestem, humanitate assumpta pessam dare tuum est.”

SCHLEGEL.

## Caput XIV. IL MEZZO STABILITO PER UCCIDERE RÁVANO.

Ma Riseyasringo soggiunse poscia al re: Tappresterò io un altro rito santissimo, genitale, onde tu conseguisca la prole che tu bramí. E in quel punto stesso il saggio figliulo di Vibhândaco, intento alla prosperità del re, pose mano al sacro rito per condurre ad effetto il suo desiderio. Già erano prima, per ricevere ciascuno la sua parte, qui convenuti al gran sacrificio del re magnanimo l'Asvamedha, i Devi coi Gandharvi, i Siddhi e i Muni, Brahma Signor dei Sari, Sthânu e l' Augusto Nârâyana, i quattro custodi dell'universo e le Madri degli Iddu, i Yacsi insieme cogli Dei, e il sovrano, venerando Indra, visibile, circondato dalla schiera dei Maruti. Quivi così parlò Riscyasringo agli Dei venuti a partecipare del sacrificio: Questo è il re Dasaratha, che per desiderio di progenie già s' astrinse ad osservanze austere, e testè pieno di fede ha a voi, O eccelsi, sacrificato con un Asvamedha. Ora egli, sollecito d' aver figli, si dispone ad adempiere un nuovo rito;

vogliate essere favorevole a lui che sospira progenie. Io alzo a voi supplici le mani, e voi tutti per lui imploro: nascano a lui quattro figli degni d'essere celebrati pei tre mondi. Risposero gli Dei al supplichevole figliuolo del Risci: Sia fatto ciò che chiedi; a te ed al re parimente si debbe da noi, O Brahmano, sommo prego; canseguirà il re per questo sacro rito il suo supremo desiderio. Ciò detto disparvero i Numi preceduti da Indra.

Poichè videro gli Dei compiersi debitamente dal gran Risci l'oblazione, venuti al cospetto di Brahma facitor del mondo, signor delle creature, così parlarono reverenti a lui dator di grazie: O Brahma, un Racsaso per nome Râvano, eui tu fosti largo del tuo favore, è per superbia infesto a noi tutti e ai grandi Saggi penitenti. Un di, O Nume, augusto, tu propizio a lui gli accordasti il favore, ch' egli bramava, di non poter essere ucciso dagli Dei, dai Dânavi nè dai Yacsi: noi venerando i tuoi oracoli, ogni cosa sopportiamo da costui. Quindi il signor dei Racsasi infesta con perpetue offese i tre mondi, i Devi, i Risci, i Yacsi ed i Gandharvi, gli Asuri e gli uomini: tutti egli opprime indegnamente inorgogli-to pel tuo dono. Colà dove si trova Râvano, più non isfavilla per timore il sole, più non spira il vento, più non fiammeggia il fuoco: l' oceano stesso cui fan corona i vasti flutti, veggendo costui, tutto si turba e si commuove. Stretto dalla forza di costui e ridotto allo stremo dovette Vaisravano abbandonare Lancâ. Da questo Râvano, terror del mondo, tu ne proteggi, O almo Nume: degna, O dator d'ogni bene, trovar modo ad estirpar costui. Fatto di queste cose conscio dai Devi, stette alquanto meditando, poi rispose Brahma: Orsù! è stabilito il modo onde distruggere questo iniquo. Egli a me chiese, ed io gliel concessi, di non poter essere ucciso dai Devi, dai Risci, dai Gandharvi, dai Yacsi, dai Racsasi nè dai Serpenti; ma per disprezzo non fece menzione degli uomini quel Racso: or bene, sarà quell' empio ucciso da un uomo. Udite le fauste parole profferte da Brahma, furono per ogni parte liete gli Iddii col loro duce Indra. In questo mezzo quì sopravvenne raggiante d'immensa luce il venerando Visnu,

pensato da Brahma nell' immortal sua mente, siccome atto ad estirpar colui; Allora Brahma colla schiera de' Celesti così parlò a Visnu: Tu sei il conforto delle gente oppresse, O distruttor di Madhu: noi quindi a te supplichiamo afflitti: sia tu nostro sostegno, O Aciuto. Dite, loro rispose Visnu, quale cosa io debba far per voi; e gli Dei, udite queste parole, così soggiunsero: Un re per nome Dasaratha, giusto, virtuoso, veridico e pio, non ha progenie e la desidera: ei già s' impose durissime penitenze, ed ora ha sacrificato con un Asvamedha: tu, per nostro consiglio, O Visnu, consenti a divenir suo figlio: fatte di te quattro parti, ti manifesta, O invocato dalle genti, nel seno delle quattro sue consorti, simili alla venusta Dea. Così esortato dagli Dei qui vi presenti, l'augusto Nârâyana loro rispose queste opportune parole: Quale opra s'ha da me, fatto visible nel mondo, a compiere per voi, O Devi? e d'onde in voi cotal terrore? Intese le parole di Visnu, così risposero gli Dei: Il nostro terrore. O Visnu, nasce da un Racsaso per nome Râvano, spavento dell' universo. Vestendo umano corpo, tu debbi esterminar costui. Nessuno fra i Celesti, fuorchè tu solo, è valevole ad uccidere quell' iniquo. Egli, O domator de' tuoi nemici, sostenne per lungo tempo acerbissime macerazioni: per esse fu di lui contento l'augusto sommo Genitore: e un di gli accordò propizio la sicurezza da tutti gli esseri, eccettutine gli uomini. Per questo favore a lui concesso nou ha egli a temere offesa da alcuna parte, fuorchè dall' uomo, perciò, assumendo la natura umana, costui tu uccidi. Egli, il peggior di tutti i Racsasi, insano per la forza che gli infonde il dono avuto, da travaglio ai Devi ed ai Gaudharvi, ai Risci, ai Muni ed ai mortali. Egli, sicuro da morte pel favore ottenuto, è turbatore dei sacrificj, nemico ed uccisor dei Brahmi, divoratore degli uomini, peste del mondo. Da lui furono assaliti re coi loro carri ed elefanti; altri percessi e fugati si dispersero per ogni dove. Da lui furono divorati Risci ed Apsarase: egli insomma oltracotato continuamente e quasi per ischerzo tutti travaglia i sette mondi. Perciò, O terribile ai nemici è stabilita la morte di costui per opra d'un uomo; poich' un di

per superbia del dono tutti sprezzò gli uomini. Tu, O supremo fra i Numi, dei, umanandoti, estirpare questo tremendo, superbo Ràvano, oltracotato, a noi nemico, terrore e flagello dei penitenti.

GORRESIO.

## XIV.

De nouveau Rishyaçringa tint ce langage au Monarque: "Je vais célébrer un autre sacrifice, afin que le ciel accorde à tes vœux les enfants que tu souhaites." Cela dit, cherchant le bonheur du roi et pour l'accomplissement de son désir, le fils puissant de Vibhándaka se mit à célébrer ce nouveau sacrifice.

Là auparavant, étaient venus déjà recevoir une part de l' offrande les Dieux, accompagnés des Gaudharvas, et les Siddhas avec les Mounis divins, Brahma, le monarque des Souras, l' immuable Śiva, et l' auguste Náráyana, et les quatre gardiens vigilants du monde, et les mères des Immortels, et tous les Dieux, escortés des Yakshas, et le maître éminent du ciel, Indra, qui se manifestait aux yeux, environné par l' essaim des Maroutes. Alors ce jeune anachorète avait supplié tous les Dieux, que le désir d'une part dans l' offrande avait conduits à l' açwamédha, cette grande cérémonie de ce roi magnanime; *et, dans ce moment, l' époux de Śántá les conjurait ainsi pour la seconde fois:* "Cet homme *en prières*, c'est le roi Daçaratha, qui est privé de fils. Il est rempli d' une foi vive; il s'est infligé de pénibles austérités; il vous a déjà servi, divinités augustes, le sacrifice d'un açwamédha, et maintenant il s'étudie encore à vous plaire avec ce nouveau sacrifice dans l'espérance que vous lui donnerez les fils, où tendent ses désirs. Versez donc sur lui votre bienveillance et daignez sourire à son vœu pour des fils. C'est pour lui que moi ici, les mains jointes, je vous adresse à tous mes supplications: envoyez-lui quatre fils, qui soient vantés dans les trois mondes!"

“Oui! répondirent les Dieux au fils suppliant du rishi; tu mérites que nous t'écoutions avec faveur, toi, brahme saint, et même, en premier lieu, ce roi. Comme récompense de ces différents sacrifices, le monarque obtendra cet objet le plus cher de ses désirs.”

Ayant aussi parlé et vu que le grand saint avait mis fin suivant les rites à son *pieux* sacrifice, les Dieux, Indra à leur tête, s'évanouissent dans le vide des airs et se rendent vers l'architecte des mondes, le souverain des créatures, le donateur des biens, vers Brahma enfin, auquel tous, les mains jointes, ils adressent les paroles suivantes: “O Brahma, un rakshasa, nommé Râvana, tourne su mal les grâces, qu'il a reçues de toi. Dans son orgueil, il nous opprime tous; il opprime avec nous les grands anchorètes, qui se font un bonheur des macérations: car jadis, ayant su te plaire, O Bhagavat, il a reçu de toi ce don incomparable. ‘Oui, as-tu dit, exauçant le vœu du mauvais Génie; Dieu. Yaksha ou Démon ne pourra jamais causer ta mort!’ Et nous, par qui ta parole est respectée, nous avons tout supporté de ce roi des rakshasas, qui écrase de sa tyrannie les trois mondes, ou il promène l'injure impunément. Enorgueilli de ce don victorieux, il opprime indignement les Dieux, les rishis, les Yakshas, les Gandharvas, les Asouras et les enfants de Manou. Là où se tient Râvana, la peur empêche le soleil d'échauffer, le vent craint de souffler, et le feu n'ose flamboyer. A son aspect, la guirlande même des grands flots tremble au sein de la mer. Accablé par sa vigueur indomptable, Kouvéra défait lui a cédé Lankâ. Suave-nous donc, ô toi, qui reposes dans le bonheur absolu; sauve-nous de Râvana, le fléau des mondes. Daigne, ô toi, qui souris aux vœux du suppliant, daigne imaginer un expedient pour ôter la vie à ce cruel Démon.” Les Dieux ayant ainsi dénoncé leurs maux à Brahma, il réfléchit un instant et leur tint ce langage: “Bien, voici que j'ai découvert un moyen pour tuer ce Génie scélérat. Que ni les Dieux, a-t-il dit, ni les rishis, ni les Gandharvas ni les Yakshas, ni les rakshasas, ni les Nágas même ne puissent me donner la mort!

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Soit lui ai-je répondu. Mais, par dédain pour la force humaine, les hommes n'ont pas été compris daus sa demande. C'est donc par la main d' un homme, qu'il faut immoler ce méchant." Ainsi tombée de la bouche du créateur, cette parole salutaire satisfit pleinement le roi des habitants du ciel et tous les Dieux avec lui. Là, dans ce même instant, survint le fortuné Visnou, revêtu d'une splendeur infinie; car c'était a lui, que Brahma avait pensé dans son âme pour la mort du tyran. Celui-ci donc avec l'essaim des Immortels adresse à Vishnou ces paroles: "Meurtrier de Madhou, comme tu aimes á tirer de l'affliction les êtres malheureux, nous te supplions, nous qui sommes plongés dans la tristesse, Divinité auguste, sois notre asyle!" "Dites! reprit Vishnou; que dois-je faire?" "Ayant oui les paroles de l'ineffable, tous les Dieux répondirent: Il est un roi nommé Daçaratha; il a embrassé une très-duré pénitence; il a célébré même le sacrifice d'un açwamedha, parce qu'il n'a point de fils et qu'il veut en obtenir du ciel. Il est inébranlable dans sa piété, il est vanté pour ses vertus; la justice est son caractère, la verite est sa parole. Acquiesce donc à notre demande, ô toi, Vishnou, et consens à naître comme son fils. Divisé en quatre portions de toi-même, daigne, ô toi, qui foules aux pieds tes ennemis, daigne t' incarner dans le sein de ses trois épouses, belles comme la déesse de la beauté." Náráyana, le maître, *non perceptible aux sens, mais qui alors s'était rendu visible*, Náráyana répondit cette parole salutaire aux Dieux, qui i invitaient à cet *heroique avatára*. Quelle chose, une fois revêtu de cette incarnation, faudra-t-il encore que je fasse pour vous, et de quelle part vient la terreur, qui vous trouble ainsi? A ces mots du grand Vishnou: "C'est le démon Rávana, reprent les Dieux; c'est lui, Vishnou, cette désolation des mondes, qui nous inspire un tel effroi. Enveloppe-toi d'un corps, humain, et qu'il te plaise arrâcher du monde cette blessante epine; car nul autre que toi parmi les habitants du ciel n'est capable d'immoler ce pécheur. *Sache que* longtemps il s'est imposé la plus austére pénitence, et *que* par elle il s'est rendu agreable au suprême

ayeul de toutes les créatures. Aussi le distributeur ineffable des grâces lui a-t-il accordé ce don insigne d'être invulnérable à tous les êtres, l' homme seul excepté. Puisque, doué ainsi de cette faveur, la mort terrible et sûre ne peut venir à lui de nulle autre part que de l'homme, va, dompteur *puissant* de tes ennemis, va dans la condition humaine, et tue-le. Car ce don, auquel on ne peut résister, élevant au plus haut point l'ivresse de sa force, le vil rakshasa tourmente les Dieux, les rishis, les Gandharvas, les hommes sanctifiés par la pénitence; et, quoique, destructeur des sacrifices, lacérateur des Saintes Ecritures, ennemi des brahmes, dévorateur des hommes, cette faveur incomparable sauve de la mort Rávana le triste fléau des mondes. Il ose attaquer les rois, que défendant les chars de guerre, que remparent les éléphants: d'autres blessés et mis en fuite, sont dissipés ça et là devant lui. Il a dévoré des saints, il a dévoré même une foule d'apsaras. Sans cesse, dans son délire, il s'amuse à tourmenter les sept mondes. Comme *on vient de nous apprendre qu'* il n'a point daigné parler d'eux ce jour, que lui fut donnée cette faveur, *dont il abuse*, entre dans un corps humain, ô toi, qui peux briser tes ennemis, et jette sans vie à tes pieds, roi puissant des treize Dieux, ce Rávana superbe, d'une force épouvantable, d'un orgueil immense, l'ennemi de tous les ascètes, ce ver, *qui les ronge*, cette cause de leurs gémissements.”

*Ici, dans le premier tome du saint Râmâyana,* Finit le quatorzième chapitre, nommé: UN EXPÉDIENT POUR TUER RÁVANA.

HIPPOLYTE FAUCHE.

## Uttarakánda.

The Rámáyan ends, epically complete, with the triumphant return of Ráma and his rescued queen to Ayodhyá and his consecration and coronation in the capital of his forefathers. Even if the

story were not complete, the conclusion of the last Canto of the sixth Book, evidently the work of a later hand than Válmíki's, which speaks of Ráma's glorious and happy reign and promises blessings to those who read and hear the Rámáyan, would be sufficient to show that, when these verses were added, the poem was considered to be finished. The Uttarakáṇḍa or Last Book is merely an appendix or a supplement and relates only events antecedent and subsequent to those described in the original poem. Indian scholars however, led by reverential love of tradition, unanimously ascribe this Last Book to Válmíki, and regard it as part of the Rámáyan.

Signor Gorresio has published an excellent translation of the Uttarakáṇḍa, in Italian prose, from the recension current in Bengal;<sup>1030</sup> and Mr. Muir has epitomized a portion of the book in the Appendix to the Fourth Part of his Sanskrit Texts (1862). From these scholars I borrow freely in the following pages, and give them my hearty thanks for saving me much wearisome labour.

[515] “After Ráma had returned to Ayodhyá and taken possession of the throne, the rishis [saints] assembled to greet him, and

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<sup>1030</sup> *The Academy*, Vol. III., No 43, contains an able and interesting notice of this work from the pen of the Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge: “The *Uttarakáṇḍa*,” Mr. Cowell remarks, “bears the same relation to the *Rámáyana* as the Cyclic poems to the *Iliad*. Just as the *Cypria* of Stasinus, the *Aethiopis* of Arctinus, and the little *Iliad* of Lesches completed the story of the *Iliad*, and not only added the series of events which preceded and followed it, but also founded episodes of their own on isolated allusions in Homer, so the *Uttarakáṇḍa* is intended to complete the *Rámáyana*, and at the same time to supplement it by intervening episodes to explain casual allusions or isolated incidents which occur in it. Thus the early history of the giant Rávána and his family fills nearly forty Chapters, and we have a full account of his wars with the gods and his conquest of Lanká, which all happened long before the action of the poem commences, just as the *Cypria* narrated the birth and early history of Helen, and the two expeditions of the Greeks against Troy; and the latter chapters continue the history of the hero Ráma after his triumphant return to his paternal kingdom, and the poem closes with his death and that of his brothers, and the founding by their descendants of various kingdoms in different parts of India.”

Agastya, in answer to his questions recounted many particulars regarding his old enemies. In the Krita Yuga (or Golden Age) the austere and pious Brahman rishi Pulastya, a son of Brahmá, being teased with the visits of different damsels, proclaimed that any one of them whom he again saw near his hermitage should become pregnant. This had not been heard by the daughter of the royal rishi Triṇavindu, who one day came into Pulastya's neighbourhood, and her pregnancy was the result (Sect. 2, vv. 14 ff.). After her return home, her father, seeing her condition, took her to Pulastya, who accepted her as his wife, and she bore a son who received the name of Viśravas. This son was, like his father, an austere and religious sage. He married the daughter of the muni Bharadvája, who bore him a son to whom Brahmá gave the name of Vaiśravaṇ-Kuvera (Sect. 3, vv. 1 ff.). He performed austerities for thousands of years, when he obtained from Brahmá as a boon that he should be one of the guardians of the world (along with Indra, Varuṇa, and Yáma) and the god of riches. He afterwards consulted his father Viśravas about an abode, and at his suggestion took possession of the city of Lanká, which had formerly been built by Viśvakarmán for the Rákshasas, but had been abandoned by them through fear of Vishṇu, and was at that time unoccupied. Ráma then (Sect. 4) says he is surprised to hear that Lanká had formerly belonged to the Rákshasas, as he had always understood that they were the descendants of Pulastya, and now he learns that they had also another origin. He therefore asks who was their ancestor, and what fault they had committed that they were chased away by Vishṇu. Agastya replies that when Brahmá created the waters, he formed certain beings,—some of whom received the name of Rákshasas,—to guard them. The first Rákshasas kings were Heti and Praheti. Heti married a sister of Kála (Time). She bore him a son Vidyutkeśa, who in his turn took for his wife Lankatanka[t.]á, the daughter of Sandhyá (V. 21). She bore him a son Sukeśa, whom she abandoned, but he was seen by Śiva as he was passing by with his wife Párvatí,

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who made the child as old as his mother, and immortal, and gave him a celestial city. Sukeśa married a Gandharví called Devavatí who bore three sons, Mályavat, Sumáli and Máli. These sons practised intense austerities, when Brahmá appeared and conferred on them invincibility and long life. They then harassed the gods. Viśvakarmá gave them a city, Lanká, on the mountain Trikúta, on the shore of the southern ocean, which he had built at the command of Indra.... The three Rákshasa, Mályavat and his two brothers, then began to oppress the gods, rishis, etc.; who (Sect. 6, v. 1 ff.) in consequence resort for aid to Mahádeva, who having regard to his protégé Sukeśa the father of Mályavat, says that he cannot kill the Rákshasas, but advises the suppliants to go to Vishṇu, which they do, and receive from him a promise that he will destroy their enemies. The three Rákshasa kings, hearing of this, consult together, and proceed to heaven to attack the gods. Vishṇu prepares to meet them. The battle is described in the seventh section. The Rákshasas are defeated by Vishṇu with great slaughter, and driven back to Lanká, one of their leaders, Máli, being slain. Mályavat remonstrates with Vishṇu, who was assaulting the rear of the fugitives, for his unwarrior-like conduct, and wishes to renew the combat (Sect. 8, v. 3 ff.). Vishṇu replies that he must fulfil his promise to the gods by slaying the Rákshasas, and that he would destroy them even if they fled to Pátala. These Rákshasas, Agastya says, were more powerful than Rávaṇa, and, could only be destroyed by Nárāyaṇa, *i.e.* by Ráma himself, the eternal, indestructible god. Sumáli with his family lived for along time in Pátala, while Kuvera dwelt in Lanká. In section 9 it is related that Sumáli once happened to visit the earth, when he observed Kuvera going in his chariot to see his father Viśravas. This leads him to consider how he might restore his own fortunes. He consequently desires his daughter Kaikasí to go and woo Viśravas, who receives her graciously. She becomes the mother of the dreadful Rávaṇa, of the huge Kumbhakarṇa, of Śúrpaṇakhá, and of the righteous

Vibhishána, who was the last son. These children grow up in the forest. Kumbhakarṇa goes about eating rishis. Kuvera comes to visit his father, when Kaikasí takes occasion to urge her son Rávaṇa to strive to become like his brother (Kuvera) in splendour. This Rávaṇa promises to do. He then goes to the hermitage of Gokarna with his brothers to perform austerity. In section 10 their austere observances are described: after a thousand years' penance Rávaṇa throws his head into the fire. He repeats this oblation nine times after equal intervals, and is about to do it the tenth time, when Brahmá appears, and offers a boon. Rávaṇa asks immortality, but is refused. He then asks that he may be indestructible by all creatures more powerful than men; which boon is accorded by Brahmá together with the recovery of all the heads he had sacrificed and the power of assuming any shape he pleased. Vibhishána asks as his boon that even amid the greatest calamities he may think only of righteousness, and that the weapon of Brahmá may appear to him unlearnt, etc. The god grants his request, and adds the gift of immortality. When Brahmá is about to offer a boon to Kumbhakarṇa, the gods interpose, as, they say, he had eaten seven Apsarases and ten followers of Indra, besides rishis and men; and beg that under the guise of a boon stupefaction may be inflicted on him. Brahmá thinks on Sarasvatí, who arrives and, by Brahmá's command, enters into Kumbhakarṇa's mouth that she may speak for him. Under this influence he asks that he may receive the boon of sleeping for many years, which is granted. When however Sarasvatí has left him, and he recovers his own consciousness, he perceives that he has been deluded. Kuvera by his father's advice, gives up the city of Lanká to Rávan.”<sup>1031</sup> Rávaṇa marries (Sect. 12) Mandodarí the beautiful daughter of the Asur Maya whose name has several times occurred in the Rámáyan as that of an artist of wonderful skill. She bears a son Meghanáda or the Roaring Cloud who was

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<sup>1031</sup> MUIR {FNS, *Sanskrit Texts*, Part IV., pp. 414 ff.

afterwards named Indrajít from his victory over the sovereign of the skies. The conquest of Kuvera, and the acquisition of the magic self-moving chariot which has done much service in the Rámáyan, form the subject of sections XIII., XIV. and XV. “The rather pretty story of Vedavatí is related in the seventeenth section, as follows: Rávaṇa in the course of his progress through the world, comes to the forest on the Himálaya, where he sees a damsel of brilliant beauty, but in ascetic garb, of whom he straightway becomes enamoured. He tells her that such an austere life is unsuited to her youth and attractions, and asks who she is and why she is leading an ascetic existence. She answers that she is called Vedavatí, and is the vocal daughter of Vṛīhaspati's son, the rishi Kuśadhwaja, sprung from him during his constant study of the Veda. The gods, gandharvas, etc., she says, wished that she should choose a husband, but her father would give her to no one else than to Vishṇu, the lord of the world, whom he desired for his son-in-law. Vedavatí then proceeds: ‘In order that I may fulfil this desire of my father in respect of Náráyaṇa, I wed him with my heart. Having entered into this engagement I practise great austerity. Náráyaṇa and no other than he, Purushottama, is my husband. From the desire of obtaining him, I resort to this severe observance.’ Rávaṇa's passion is not in the least diminished by this explanation and he urges that it is the old alone who should seek to become distinguished by accumulating merit through austerity, prays that she who is so young and beautiful shall become his bride; and boasts that he is superior to Vishṇu. She rejoins that no one but he would thus contemn that deity. On receiving this reply he touches the hair of her head with the tip of his finger. She is greatly incensed, and forthwith cuts off her hair and tells him that as he has so insulted her, she cannot continue to live, but will enter into the fire before his eyes. She goes on ‘Since I have been insulted in the forest by thee who art wicked-hearted, I shall be born again for thy destruction. For a man of evil desire cannot be slain by a woman; and the

merit of my austerity would be lost if I were to launch a curse against thee. But if I have performed or bestowed or sacrificed aught may I be born the virtuous daughter, not produced from the womb, of a righteous man.' Having thus spoken she entered the blazing fire. Then a shower of celestial flowers fell (from every part of the sky). It is she, lord, who, having been Vedavatí in the Krita age, has been born (in the Treta age) as the daughter of the king of the Janakas, and (has become) thy [Ráma's] bride; for thou art the eternal Vishṇu. The mountain-like enemy who was [virtually] destroyed before by her wrath, has now been slain by her having recourse to thy superhuman energy." On this the commentator remarks: "By this it is signified that Sítá was the principal cause of Rávaṇa's death; but the function of destroying him is ascribed to Ráma." On the words, "thou art Vishṇu," in the preceding verse the same commentator remarks: "By this it is clearly affirmed that Sítá was Lakshmí." This is what Parásara says: "In the god's life as Ráma, she became Sítá, and in his birth as Krishṇa [she became] Rukmini."<sup>1032</sup>

In the following section (XVIII.) "Rávaṇa is described as violently interrupting a sacrifice which is being performed by king Marutta, and the assembled gods in terror assume different shapes to escape; Indra becomes a peacock, Yáma a crow, Kuvera a lizard, and Varuṇa a swan; and each deity bestows a boon on the animal he had chosen. The peacock's tail recalls Indra's thousand eyes; the swan's colour becomes white, like the foam of the ocean (Varuṇa being its lord); the lizard obtains a golden colour; and the crow is never to die except when killed by a violent death, and the dead are to enjoy the funeral oblations when they have been devoured by the crows."<sup>1033</sup>

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Rávaṇ then attacks Arjuna or Kártavírya the mighty king of Máhiṣmati on the banks of the Narmadá, and is defeated, captured and imprisoned by Arjuna. At the intercession of Pu-

<sup>1032</sup> MUIR {FNS, *Sanskrit Texts*, Part IV., 391, 392.

<sup>1033</sup> See *Academy*, III., 43.

lastya (Sect. XXII.) he is released from his bonds. He then visits Kishkindhá where he enters into alliance with Bálí the King of the Vánars: "We will have all things in common," says Rávaṇ, "dames, sons, cities and kingdoms, food, vesture, and all delights." His next exploit is the invasion of the kingdom of departed spirits and his terrific battle with the sovereign Yáma. The poet in his description of these regions with the detested river with waves of blood, the dire lamentations, the cries for a drop of water, the devouring worm, all the tortures of the guilty and the somewhat insipid pleasures of the just, reminds one of the scenes in the under world so vividly described by Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Yáma is defeated (Sect. XXVI.) by the giant, not so much by his superior power as because at the request of Brahmá Yáma refrains from smiting with his deadly weapon the Rákshas enemy to whom that God had once given the promise that preserved him. In the twenty-seventh section Rávaṇ goes "under the earth into Pátála the treasure-house of the waters inhabited by swarms of serpents and Daityas, and well defended by Varuṇ." He subdues Bhogavatí the city ruled by Vásuki and reduces the Nágas or serpents to subjection. He penetrates even to the imperial seat of Varuṇ. The God himself is absent, but his sons come forth and do battle with the invader. The giant is victorious and departs triumphant. The twenty-eighth section gives the details of a terrific battle between Rávaṇ and Mándhátá King of Ayodhyá, a distinguished ancestor of Ráma. Supernatural weapons are employed on both sides and the issue of the conflict is long doubtful. But at last Mándhátá prepares to use the mighty weapon "acquired by severe austerities through the grace and favour of Rudra." The giant would inevitably have been slain. But two pre-eminent Munis Pulastya and Gálava beheld the fight through the power given by contemplation, and with words of exhortation they parted King Mándhátá and the sovereign of the Rákshases. Rávaṇ at last (Sect. XXXII.) returns homeward carrying with him in his car Pushpak the virgin daughters of kings,

of Rishis, of Daityas, and Gandharvas whom he has seized upon his way. The thirty-sixth section describes a battle with Indra, in which the victorious Meghanáda son of the giant, makes the King of the Gods his prisoner, binds him with his magic art, and carries him away (Sect. XXVII.) in triumph to Lanká. Brahmá intercedes (Sect. XXXVIII.) and Indrajít releases his prisoner on obtaining in return the boon that sacrifice to the Lord of Fire shall always make him invincible in the coming battle. In sections XXXIX., XL, "we have a legend related to Ráma by the sage Agastya to account for the stupendous strength of the monkey Hanumán, as it had been described in the *Rámáyana*. Rama naturally wonders (as perhaps many readers of the *Rámáyana* have done since) why a monkey of such marvellous power and prowess had not easily overcome Bálí and secured the throne for his friend Sugríva. Agastya replies that Hanumán was at that time under a curse from a Rishi, and consequently was not conscious of his own might."<sup>1034</sup> The whole story of the marvellous Vánar is here given at length, but nothing else of importance is added to the tale already given in the *Rámáyana*. The Rishis or saints then (Sect. XL.) return to their celestial seats, and the Vánars, Rákshases and bears also (Sect. XLIII.) take their departure. The chariot Pushpak is restored to its original owner Kuvera, as has already been related in the *Rámáyan*.

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The story of Ráma and Sítá is then continued, and we meet with matter of more human interest. The winter is past and the pleasant spring-time is come, and Ráma and Sítá sit together in the shade of the Aśoka trees happy as Indra and Śachí when they drink in Paradise the nectar of the Gods. "Tell me, my beloved," says Ráma, "for thou wilt soon be a mother, hast thou a wish in thy heart for me to gratify?" And Sítá smiles and answers: "I long, O son of Raghu, to visit the pure and holy hermitages on the banks of the Ganges and to venerate the feet of the saints

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<sup>1034</sup> *Academy*, Vol. III., No. 43.

who there perform their rigid austerities and live on roots and berries. This is my chief desire, to stand within the hermits' grove were it but for a single day." And Ráma said: "Let not the thought trouble thee: thou shalt go to the grove of the ascetics." But slanderous tongues have been busy in Ayodhyá, and Sítá has not been spared. Ráma hears that the people are lamenting his blind folly in taking back to his bosom the wife who was so long a captive in the palace of Rávaṇ. Ráma well knows her spotless purity in thought, word, and deed, and her perfect love of him; but he cannot endure the mockery and the shame and resolves to abandon his unsuspecting wife. He orders the sad but still obedient Lakshmaṇ to convey her to the hermitage which she wishes to visit and to leave her there, for he will see her face again no more. They arrive at the hermitage, and Lakshmaṇ tells her all. She falls fainting on the ground, and when she recovers her consciousness sheds some natural tears and bewails her cruel and undeserved lot. But she resolves to live for the sake of Ráma and her unborn son, and she sends by Lakshmaṇ a dignified message to the husband who has forsaken her: "I grieve not for myself," she says "because I have been abandoned on account of what the people say, and not for any evil that I have done. The husband is the God of the wife, the husband is her lord and guide; and what seems good unto him she should do even at the cost of her life."

Sítá is honourably received by the saint Válmíki himself, and the holy women of the hermitage are charged to entertain and serve her. In this calm retreat she gives birth to two boys who receive the names of Kuśa and Lava. They are carefully brought up and are taught by Válmíki himself to recite the Rámáyaṇ. The years pass by: and Ráma at length determines to celebrate the Aśvamedha or Sacrifice of the Steed. Válmíki, with his two young pupils, attends the ceremony, and the unknown princes recite before the delighted father the poem which recounts his deeds. Ráma inquires into their history and recognizes them

as his sons. Sítá is invited to return and solemnly affirm her innocence before the great assembly.

“But Sítá’s heart was too full; this second ordeal was beyond even her power to submit to, and the poet rose above the ordinary Hindu level of women when he ventured to paint her conscious purity as rebelling: ‘Beholding all the spectators, and clothed in red garments, Sítá clasping her hands and bending low her face, spoke thus in a voice choked with tears: “as I, even in mind, have never thought of any other than Ráma, so may Mádhaví the goddess of Earth, grant me a hiding-place.”’ As Sítá made this oath, lo! a marvel appeared. Suddenly cleaving the earth, a divine throne of marvellous beauty rose up, borne by resplendent dragons on their heads: and seated on it, the goddess of Earth, raising Sítá with her arm, said to her, “Welcome to thee!” and placed her by her side. And as the queen, seated on the throne, slowly descended to Hades, a continuous shower of flowers fell down from heaven on her head.<sup>1035,,</sup>

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“Both the great Hindu epics thus end in disappointment and sorrow. In the *Mahábhárata* the five victorious brothers abandon the hardly won throne to die one by one in a forlorn pilgrimage to the Himálaya; and in the same way Ráma only regains his wife, after all his toils, to lose her. It is the same in the later Homeric cycle—the heroes of the *Iliad* perish by ill-fated deaths. And even Ulysses, after his return to Ithaca, sets sail again to Thesprotia, and finally falls by the hand of his own son. But in India and Greece alike this is an afterthought of a self-conscious time, which has been subsequently added to cast a gloom on the strong cheerfulness of the heroic age.”<sup>1036</sup>

“The termination of Ráma’s terrestrial career is thus told in Sections 116 ff. of the Uttarakánda. Time, in the form of an ascetic, comes to his palace gate, and asks, as the messenger

<sup>1035</sup> E. B. Cowell. *Academy*, No. 43. The story of Sítá’s banishment will be found roughly translated from the *Raghuvanśa*, in the Additional Notes.

<sup>1036</sup> E. B. Cowell. *Academy*, Vol. III, No. 43.

of the great rishi (Brahmá) to see Ráma. He is admitted and received with honour, but says, when he is asked what he has to communicate, that his message must be delivered in private, and that any one who witnesses the interview is to lose his life. Ráma informs Lakshmaṇ of all this, and desires him to stand outside. Time then tells Ráma that he has been sent by Brahmá, to say that when he (Ráma, *i.e.* Vishṇu) after destroying the worlds was sleeping on the ocean, he had formed him (Brahmá) from the lotus springing from his navel, and committed to him the work of creation; that he (Brahmá) had then entreated Ráma to assume the function of Preserver, and that the latter had in consequence become Vishṇu, being born as the son of Aditi, and had determined to deliver mankind by destroying Rávaṇa, and to live on earth ten thousand and ten hundred years; that period, adds Time, was now on the eve of expiration, and Ráma could either at his pleasure prolong his stay on earth, or ascend to heaven and rule over the gods. Ráma replies, that he had been born for the good of the three worlds, and would now return to the place whence he had come, as it was his function to fulfil the purposes of the gods. While they are speaking the irritable rishi Durvásas comes, and insists on seeing Ráma immediately, under a threat, if refused, of cursing Ráma and all his family."

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Lakshmaṇ, preferring to save his kinsman, though knowing that his own death must be the consequence of interrupting the interview of Ráma with Time, enters the palace and reports the rishi's message to Ráma. Ráma comes out, and when Durvásas has got the food he wished, and departed, Ráma reflects with great distress on the words of Time, which require that Lakshmaṇ should die. Lakshmaṇ however exhorts Ráma not to grieve, but to abandon him and not break his own promise. The counsellors concurring in this advice, Ráma abandons Lakshmaṇ, who goes to the river Sarayú, suppresses all his senses, and is conveyed bodily by Indra to heaven. The gods are delighted by the arrival of the fourth part of Vishṇu. Ráma then resolves to install

Bharata as his successor and retire to the forest and follow Lakshman. Bharata however refuses the succession, and determines to accompany his brother. Ráma's subjects are filled with grief, and say they also will follow him wherever he goes. Messengers are sent to Śatrughna, the other brother, and he also resolves to accompany Ráma; who at length sets out in procession from his capital with all the ceremonial appropriate to the "great departure," silent, indifferent to external objects, joyless, with Śrí on his right, the goddess Earth on his left, Energy in front, attended by all his weapons in human shapes, by the Vedas in the forms of Bráhmans, by the Gáyatrí, the Omkára, the Vashatkára, by rishis, by his women, female slaves, eunuchs, and servants. Bharata with his family, and Śatrughna, follow together with Bráhmans bearing the sacred fire, and the whole of the people of the country, and even with animals, etc., etc. Ráma, with all these attendants, comes to the banks of the Sarayú. Brahmá, with all the gods and innumerable celestial cars, now appears, and all the sky is resplendent with the divine splendour. Pure and fragrant breezes blow, a shower of flowers falls. Ráma enters the waters of the Sarayú; and Brahmá utters a voice from the sky, saying: "Approach, Vishṇu; Rághava, thou hast happily arrived, with thy godlike brothers. Enter thine own body as Vishṇu or the eternal ether. For thou art the abode of the worlds: no one comprehends thee, the inconceivable and imperishable, except the large-eyed Mâyá thy primeval spouse." Hearing these words, Ráma enters the glory of Vishṇu with his body and his followers. He then asks Brahmá to find an abode for the people who had accompanied him from devotion to his person, and Brahmá appoints them a celestial residence accordingly.<sup>1037</sup>

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<sup>1037</sup> MUIR {FNS, *Sanskrit Texts*, Part IV., Appendix.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

### Queen Fortune.

“A curious festival is celebrated in honour of this divinity (Lakshmî) on the fifth lunar day of the light half of the month Mâgha (February), when she is identified with Saraswatî the consort of Brahmá, and the goddess of learning. In his treatise on festivals, a great modern authority, Raghunandana, mentions, on the faith of a work called *Samvatsara-sandipa*, that Lakshmî is to be worshipped in the forenoon of that day with flowers, perfumes, rice, and water; that due honour is to be paid to inkstand and writing-reed, and no writing to be done. Wilson, in his essay on the *Religious Festivals of the Hindus* (works, vol. ii, p. 188. ff.) adds that on the morning of the 2nd February, the whole of the pens and inkstands, and the books, if not too numerous and bulky, are collected, the pens or reeds cleaned, the inkstands scoured, and the books wrapped up in new cloth, are arranged upon a platform, or a sheet, and strewn over with flowers and blades of young barley, and that no flowers except white are to be offered. After performing the necessary rites, ... all the members of the family assemble and make their prostrations; the books, the pens, and ink having an entire holiday; and should any emergency require a written communication on the day dedicated to the divinity of scholarship, it is done with chalk or charcoal upon a black or white board.”

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. *Lakshmî*.

## Indra.

“The Hindu Jove or Jupiter Tonans, chief of the secondary deities. He presides over swarga or paradise, and is more particularly the god of the atmosphere and winds. He is also regent of the east quarter of the sky. As chief of the deities he is called Devapati, Devadeva, Surapati, etc.; as lord of the atmosphere Divaspati; as lord of the eight Vasus or demigods, Fire, etc., Vásava; as breaking cities into fragments, Purandara, Puranda; as lord of a hundred sacrifices (the performance of a hundred Aśvamedhas elevating the sacrificer to the rank of Indra) Šatakratu, Šatamakha; as having a thousand eyes, Sahasráksha; as husband of Šachí, Šachípati. His wife is called Šachí, Indrání, Sakráñí, Maghoni, Indraśakti, Pulomajá, and Paulomí. His son is Jayanta. His pleasure garden or elysium is Nandana; his city, Amarávatí; his palace, Vaijayanta; his horse, Uchchaihśravas, his elephant, Airávata; his charioteer, Mátali.”

PROFESSOR M. WILLIAMS's English-Sanskrit Dictionary. *Indra.*

## Vishnu.

“The second person of the Hindu triad, and the most celebrated and popular of all the Indian deities. He is the personification of the preserving power, and became incarnate in nine different forms, for the preservation of mankind in various emergencies. Before the creation of the universe, and after its temporary annihilation, he is supposed to sleep on the waters, floating on the serpent Šesha, and is then identified with Náráyaṇa. Brahmá, the creator, is fabled to spring at that time from a lotus which grows from his navel, whilst thus asleep.... His ten avatárs or incarnations are:

“1. The Matsya, or fish. In this avatár Vishṇu descended in the form of a fish to save the pious king Satyavrata, who with the seven Rishis and their wives had taken refuge in the ark to escape the deluge which then destroyed the earth. 2, The Kúrma, or Tortoise. In this he descended in the form of a tortoise, for the purpose of restoring to man some of the comforts lost during the flood. To this end he stationed himself at the bottom of the ocean, and allowed the point of the great mountain Mandara to be placed upon his back, which served as a hard axis, whereon the gods and demons, with the serpent Vásuki twisted round the mountain for a rope, churned the waters for the recovery of the amrita or nectar, and fourteen other sacred things. 3. The Varáha, or Boar. In this he descended in the form of a boar to rescue the earth from the power of a demon called ‘golden-eyed,’ Hiranyáksha. This demon had seized on the earth and carried it with him into the depths of the ocean. Vishṇu dived into the abyss, and after a contest of a thousand years slew the monster. 4. The Narasinha, or Man-lion. In this monstrous shape of a creature half-man, half-lion, Vishṇu delivered the earth from the tyranny of an insolent demon called Hiranyakasípu. 5. Vámana, or Dwarf. This avatár happened in the second age of the Hindús or Tretáyug, the four preceding are said to have occurred in the first or Satyayug; the object of this avatár was to trick Bali out of the dominion of the three worlds. Assuming the form of a wretched dwarf he appeared before the king and asked, as a boon, as much land as he could pace in three steps. This was granted; and Vishṇu immediately expanding himself till he filled the world, deprived Bali at two steps of heaven and earth, but in consideration of some merit, left Pátala still in his dominion. 6. Paraśuráma. 7. Rámchandra. 8. Krishṇa, or according to some Balaráma. 9. Buddha. In this avatár Vishṇu descended in the form of a sage for the purpose of making some reform in the religion of the Brahmins, and especially to reclaim them from their proneness to animal sacrifice. Many of the Hindús will not

allow this to have been an incarnation of their favourite god. 10. Kalki, or White Horse. This is yet to come. Vishṇu mounted on a white horse, with a drawn scimitar, blazing like a comet, will, according to prophecy, end this present age, viz. the fourth or Kaliyug, by destroying the world, and then renovating creation by an age of purity.”

WILLIAM'S DICTIONARY. *Vishṇu.*

## Siva.

“A celebrated Hindú God, the Destroyer of creation, and therefore the most formidable of the Hindú Triad. He also personifies reproduction, since the Hindú philosophy excludes the idea of total annihilation without subsequent regeneration. Hence he is sometimes confounded with Brahmá, the creator or first person of the Triad. He is the particular God of the Tántrikas, or followers of the books called Tantras. His worshippers are termed Śaivas, and although not so numerous as the Vaishṇavas, exalt their god to the highest place in the heavens, and combine in him many of the attributes which properly belong to the other deities. According to them Siva is Time, Justice, Fire, Water, the Sun, the Destroyer and Creator. As presiding over generation, his type is the Linga, or Phallus, the origin probably of the Phallic emblem of Egypt and Greece. As the God of generation and justice, which latter character he shares with the god Yama, he is represented riding a white bull. His own colour, as well as that of the bull, is generally white, referring probably to the unsullied purity of Justice. His throat is dark-blue; his hair of a light reddish colour, and thickly matted together, and gathered above his head like the hair of an ascetic. He is sometimes seen with two hands, sometimes with four, eight, or ten, and with five faces. He has three eyes, one being in the centre of his forehead, pointing

up and down. These are said to denote his view of the three divisions of time, past, present, and future. He holds a trident in his hand to denote, as some say, his relationship to water, or according to others, to show that the three great attributes of Creator, Destroyer, and Regenerator are combined in him. His loins are enveloped in a tiger's skin. In his character of Time, he not only presides over its extinction, but also its astronomical regulation. A crescent or half-moon on his forehead indicates the measure of time by the phases of the moon; a serpent forms one of his necklaces to denote the measure of time by years, and a second necklace of human skulls marks the lapse and revolution of ages, and the extinction and succession of the generations of mankind. He is often represented as entirely covered with serpents, which are the emblems of immortality. They are bound in his hair, round his neck, wrists, waist, arms and legs; they serve as rings for his fingers, and earrings for his ears, and are his constant companions. Śiva has more than a thousand names which are detailed at length in the sixty-ninth chapter of the Śiva Purāṇa.”—WILLIAMS'S DICTIONARY, *Śiva*.

## Apsarases.

“Originally these deities seem to have been personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the sun, and form into mist or clouds: their character may be thus interpreted in the few hymns of the Rigveda where mention is made of them. At a subsequent period when the Gandharva of the Rigveda who personifies there especially the Fire of the Sun, expanded into the Fire of Lightning, the rays of the moon and other attributes of the elementary life of heaven as well as into pious acts referring to it, the Apsarasas become divinities which represent phenomena or objects both of a physical and ethical kind closely associated

with that life; thus in the *Yajurveda* Sunbeams are called the Apsarasas associated with the Gandharva who is the Sun; Plants are termed the Apsarasas connected with the Gandharva Fire: Constellations are the Apsarasas of the Gandharva Moon: Waters the Apsarasas of the Gandharva Wind, etc. etc.... In the last Mythological epoch when the Gandharvas have saved from their elementary nature merely so much as to be musicians in the paradise of Indra, the Apsarasas appear among other subordinate deities which share in the merry life of Indra's heaven, as the wives of the Gandharvas, but more especially as wives of a licentious sort, and they are promised therefore, too, as a reward to heroes fallen in battle when they are received in the paradise of Indra; and while, in the Rigveda, they assist Soma to pour down his floods, they descend in the epic literature on earth merely to shake the virtue of penitent Sages and to deprive them of the power they would otherwise have acquired through unbroken austerities.”—GOLDSTÜCKER's *Sanskrit Dictionary*.

## Vishnu's Incarnation As Ráma.

“Here is described one of the *avatárs*, descents or manifestations of Vishṇu in a visible form. The word *avatár* signifies literally *descent*. The *avatár* which is here spoken of, that in which, according to Indian traditions, Vishṇu descended and appeared upon earth in the corporeal form of Ráma, the hero of the Rámáyana, is the seventh in the series of Indian *avatárs*. Much has been said before now of these *avatárs*, and through deficient knowledge of the ideas and doctrines of India, they have been compared to the sublime dogma of the Christian Incarnation. This is one of the grossest errors that ignorance of the ideas and beliefs of a people has produced. Between the *avatárs* of India and the Christian Incarnation there is such an immensity

of difference that it is impossible to find any reasonable analogy that can approximate them. The idea of the *avatárs* is intimately united with that of the Trimúrti; the bond of connection between these two ideas is an essential notion common to both, the notion of Vishṇu. What is the Trimúrti? I have already said that it is composed of three Gods, Brahmá (masculine), Vishṇu the God of *avatárs*, and Śiva. These three Gods, who when reduced to their primitive and most simple expression are but three cosmogonical personifications, three powers or forces of nature, these Gods, I say, are here found, according to Indian doctrines, entirely external to the true God of India, or Brahma in the neuter gender. Brahma is alone, unchangeable in the midst of creation: all emanates from him, he comprehends all, but he remains extraneous to all: he is Being and the negation of beings. Brahma is never worshipped; the indeterminate Being is never invoked; he is inaccessible to the prayers as the actions of man; humanity, as well as nature, is extraneous to him. External to Brahma rises the Trimúrti, that is to say, Brahmá (masculine) the power which creates, Vishṇu the power which preserves, and Śiva the power which destroys: theogony here commences at the same time with cosmogony. The three divinities of the Trimúrti govern the phenomena of the universe and influence all nature. The real God of India is by himself without power; real efficacious power is attributed only to three divinities who exist externally to him. Brahmá, Vishṇu, and Śiva, possessed of qualities in part contradictory and attributes that are mutually exclusive, have no other accord or harmony than that which results from the power of things itself, and which is found external to their own thoughts. Such is the Indian Trimúrti. What an immense difference between this Triad and the wonderful Trinity of Christianity! Here there is only one God, who created all, provides for all, governs all. He exists in three Persons equal to one another, and intimately united in one only infinite and eternal substance. The Father represents the eternal thought and

the power which created, the Son infinite love, the Holy Spirit universal sanctification. This one and triune God completes by omnipotent power the great work of creation which, when it has come forth from His hands, proceeds in obedience to the laws which He has given it, governed with certain order by His infinite providence.

“The immense difference between the Trimúrti of India and the Christian Trinity is found again between the *avatárs* of Vishṇu and the Incarnation of Christ. The *avatár* was effected altogether externally to the Being who is in India regarded as the true God. The manifestation of one essentially cosmogonical divinity wrought for the most part only material and cosmogonical prodigies. At one time it takes the form of the gigantic tortoise which sustains Mount Mandar from sinking in the ocean; at another of the fish which raises the lost Veda from the bottom of the sea, and saves mankind from the waters. When these *avatárs* are not cosmogonical they consist in some protection accorded to men or Gods, a protection which is neither universal nor permanent. The very manner in which the *avatár* is effected corresponds to its material nature, for instance the mysterious vase and the magic liquor by means of which the *avatár* here spoken of takes place. What are the forms which Vishṇu takes in his descents? They are the simple forms of life; he becomes a tortoise, a boar, a fish, but he is not obliged to take the form of intelligence and liberty, that is to say, the form of man. In the *avatár* of Vishṇu is discovered the impress of pantheistic ideas which have always more or less prevailed in India. Does the *avatár* produce a permanent and definitive result in the world? By no means. It is renewed at every catastrophe either of nature or man, and its effects are only transitory.... To sum up then, the Indian *avatár* is effected externally to the true God of India, to Brahma; it has only a cosmogonical or historical mission which is neither lasting nor decisive; it is accomplished by means of strange prodigies and magic transformations; it may assume promiscuously all the

forms of life; it may be repeated indefinitely. Now let the whole of this Indian idea taken from primitive tradition be compared with the Incarnation of Christ and it will be seen that there is between the two an irreconcilable difference. According to the doctrines of Christianity the Everlasting Word, Infinite Love, the Son of God, and equal to Him, assumed a human body, and being born as a man accomplished by his divine act the great miracle of the spiritual redemption of man. His coming had for its sole object to bring erring and lost humanity back to Him; this work being accomplished, and the divine union of men with God being re-established, redemption is complete and remains eternal.

“The superficial study of India produced in the last century many erroneous ideas, many imaginary and false parallels between Christianity and the Brahmanical religion. A profounder knowledge of Indian civilization and religion, and philological studies enlarged and guided by more certain principles have dissipated one by one all those errors. The attributes of the Christian God, which by one of those intellectual errors, which Vico attributes to the vanity of the learned, had been transferred to Vishṇu, have by a better inspired philosophy been reclaimed for Christianity, and the result of the two religions, one immovable and powerless, the other diffusing itself with all its inherent force and energy, has shown further that there is a difference, a real opposition, between the two principles.”—GORRESIO.

## Kusa and Lava.

As the story of the banishment of Sítá and the subsequent birth in Válmíki's hermitage of Kuśa and Lava the rhapsodists of the Rámáyan, is intimately connected with the account in the introductory cantos of Válmíki's composition of the poem, I shall, I trust, be pardoned for extracting it from my rough translation of

Kálidásá's Raghuvan̄śa, parts only of which have been offered to the public.

“Then, day by day, the husband's hope grew high,  
Gazing with love on Sítá's melting eye:  
With anxious care he saw her pallid cheek,  
And fondly bade her all her wishes speak.

“Once more I fain would see,” the lady cried,

“The sacred groves that rise on Gangá's side,  
Where holy grass is ever fresh and green,  
And cattle feeding on the rice are seen:

There would I rest awhile, where once I strayed  
Linked in sweet friendship to each hermit maid.”

And Rámá smiled upon his wife, and sware,  
With many a tender oath, to grant her prayer.

It chanced, one evening, from a lofty seat  
He viewed Ayodhyá stretched before his feet:

He looked with pride upon the royal road  
Lined with gay shops their glittering stores that showed,  
He looked on Sarjú's silver waves, that bore

The light barks flying with the sail and oar;  
He saw the gardens near the town that lay,  
Filled with glad citizens and boys at play.

Then swelled the monarch's bosom with delight,  
And his heart triumphed at the happy sight.

He turned to Bhadra, standing by his side,—  
Upon whose secret news the king relied.—

And bade him say what people said and thought  
Of all the exploits that his arm had wrought.

The spy was silent, but, when questioned still,  
Thus spake, obedient to his master's will:

“For all thy deeds in peace and battle done  
The people praise thee, King, except for one:  
This only act of all thy life they blame,—  
Thy welcome home of her, thy ravished dame.”

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Like iron yielding to the iron's blow,  
 Sank Ráma, smitten by those words of woe.  
 His breast, where love and fear for empire vied,  
 Swayed, like a rapid swing, from side to side.  
 Shall he this rumour scorn, which blots his life,  
 Or banish her, his dear and spotless wife?  
 But rigid Duty left no choice between  
 His perilled honour and his darling queen.  
 Called to his side, his brothers wept to trace  
 The marks of anguish in his altered face.  
 No longer bright and glorious as of old,  
 He thus addressed them when the tale was told:  
 "Alas! my brothers, that my life should blot  
 The fame of those the Sun himself begot:  
 As from the labouring cloud the driven rain  
 Leaves on the mirror's polished face a stain.  
 E'en as an elephant who loathes the stake  
 And the strong chain he has no power to break,  
 I cannot brook this cry on every side,  
 That spreads like oil upon the moving tide.  
 I leave the daughter of Videha's King,  
 And the fair blossom soon from her to spring,  
 As erst, obedient to my sire's command,  
 I left the empire of the sea-girt land.  
 Good is my queen, and spotless; but the blame  
 Is hard to bear, the mockery and the shame.  
 Men blame the pure Moon for the darkened ray,  
 When the black shadow takes the light away.  
 And, O my brothers, if ye wish to see  
 Ráma live long from this reproach set free,  
 Let not your pity labour to control  
 The firm sad purpose of his changeless soul."

Thus Ráma spake. The sorrowing brothers heard  
His stern resolve, without an answering word;  
For none among them dared his voice to raise,  
That will to question:—and they could not praise.  
“Beloved brother,” thus the monarch cried  
To his dear Lakshmaṇ, whom he called aside.—  
Lakshmaṇ, who knew no will save his alone  
Whose hero deeds through all the world were known:—  
“My queen has told me that she longs to rove  
Beneath the shade of Saint Válmíki's grove:  
Now mount thy car, away my lady bear;  
Tell all, and leave her in the forest there.”

The car was brought, the gentle lady smiled,  
As the glad news her trusting heart beguiled.  
She mounted up: Sumantra held the reins;  
And forth the coursers bounded o'er the plains.  
She saw green fields in all their beauty dressed,  
And thanked her husband in her loving breast.  
Alas! deluded queen! she little knew  
How changed was he whom she believed so true;  
How one she worshipped like the Heavenly Tree  
Could, in a moment's time, so deadly be.  
Her right eye throbbed,—ill-omened sign, to tell  
The endless loss of him she loved so well,  
And to the lady's saddening heart revealed  
The woe that Lakshmaṇ, in his love, concealed.  
Pale grew the bloom of her sweet face,—as fade  
The lotus blossoms,—by that sign dismayed.  
“Oh, may this omen,”—was her silent prayer,—  
“No grief to Ráma or his brothers bear!”

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When Lakshmaṇ, faithful to his brother, stood  
 Prepared to leave her in the distant wood,  
 The holy Gangá, flowing by the way,  
 Raised all her hands of waves to bid him stay.  
 At length with sobs and burning tears that rolled  
 Down his sad face, the king's command he told;  
 As when a monstrous cloud, in evil hour,  
 Rains from its labouring womb a stony shower.  
 She heard, she swooned, she fell upon the earth,  
 Fell on that bosom whence she sprang to birth.  
 As, when the tempest in its fury flies,  
 Low in the dust the prostrate creeper lies,  
 So, struck with terror sank she on the ground,  
 And all her gems, like flowers, lay scattered round.  
 But Earth, her mother, closed her stony breast,  
 And, filled with doubt, denied her daughter rest.  
 She would not think the Chief of Raghu's race  
 Would thus his own dear guiltless wife disgrace.  
 Stunned and unconscious, long the lady lay,  
 And felt no grief, her senses all astray.  
 But gentle Lakshmaṇ, with a brother's care,  
 Brought back her sense, and with her sense, despair.  
 But not her wrongs, her shame, her grief, could wring  
 One angry word against her lord the King:  
 Upon herself alone the blame she laid,  
 For tears and sighs that would not yet be stayed.  
 To soothe her anguish Lakshmaṇ gently strove;  
 He showed the path to Saint Válmíki's grove;  
 And craved her pardon for the share of ill  
 He wrought, obedient to his brother's will.  
 "O, long and happy, dearest brother, live!  
 I have to praise," she cried, "and not forgive:  
 To do his will should be thy noblest praise;  
 As Vishṇu ever Indra's will obeys.

Return, dear brother: on each royal dame  
Bestow a blessing in poor Sítá's name,  
And bid them, in their love, kind pity take  
Upon her offspring, for the father's sake.  
And speak my message in the monarch's ear,  
The last last words of mine that he shall hear:  
“Say, was it worthy of thy noble race  
Thy guiltless queen thus lightly to disgrace?  
For idle tales to spurn thy faithful bride,  
Whose constant truth the searching fire had tried?  
Or may I hope thy soul refused consent,  
And but thy voice decreed my banishment?  
Hope that no care could turn, no love could stay  
The lightning stroke that falls on me to-day?  
That sins committed in the life that's fled  
Have brought this evil on my guilty head?  
Think not I value now my widowed life,  
Worthless to her who once was Rámá's wife.  
I only live because I hope to see  
The dear dear babe that will resemble thee.  
And then my task of penance shall be done,  
With eyes uplifted to the scorching sun;  
So shall the life that is to come restore  
Mine own dear husband, to be lost no more.”  
And Lakshmaṇ swore her every word to tell,  
Then turned to go, and bade the queen farewell.  
Alone with all her woes, her piteous cries  
Rose like a butchered lamb's that struggling dies.  
The reverend sage who from his dwelling came  
For sacred grass and wood to feed the flame,  
Heard her loud shrieks that rent the echoing wood,  
And, quickly following, by the mourner stood.  
Before the sage the lady bent her low,  
Dried her poor eyes, and strove to calm her woe.

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With blessings on her hopes the blameless man  
 In silver tones his soothing speech began:  
 “First of all faithful wives, O Queen, art thou;  
 And can I fail to mourn thy sorrows now?  
 Rest in this holy grove, nor harbour fear  
 Where dwell in safety e'en the timid deer.  
 Here shall thine offspring safely see the light,  
 And be partaker of each holy rite.  
 Here, near the hermits' dwellings, shall thou lave  
 Thy limbs in Tonse's sin-destroying wave,  
 And on her isles, by prayer and worship, gain  
 Sweet peace of mind, and rest from care and pain.  
 Each hermit maiden with her sweet soft voice,  
 Shall soothe thy woe, and bid thy heart rejoice:  
 With fruit and early flowers thy lap shall fill,  
 And offer grain that springs for us at will.  
 And here, with labour light, thy task shall be  
 To water carefully each tender tree,  
 And learn how sweet a nursing mother's joy  
 Ere on thy bosom rest thy darling boy....”

That very night the banished Sítá bare  
 Two royal children, most divinely fair....

The saint Válmíki, with a friend's delight,  
 Graced Sítá's offspring with each holy rite.  
 Kuśa and Lava—such the names they bore—  
 Learnt, e'en in childhood, all the Vedas' lore;  
 And then the bard, their minstrel souls to train,  
 Taught them to sing his own immortal strain.  
 And Ráma's deeds her boys so sweetly sang,  
 That Sítá's breast forgot her bitterest pang....

Then Sítá's children, by the saint's command,  
 Sang the Rámáyan, wandering through the land.  
 How could the glorious poem fail to gain  
 Each heart, each ear that listened to the strain!  
 So sweet each minstrel's voice who sang the praise  
 Of Ráma deathless in Válmíki's lays.  
 Ráma himself amid the wondering throng  
 Marked their fair forms, and loved the noble song,  
 While, still and weeping, round the nobles stood,  
 As, on a windless morn, a dewy wood.  
 On the two minstrels all the people gazed,  
 Praised their fair looks and marvelled as they praised;  
 For every eye amid the throng could trace  
 Ráma's own image in each youthful face.  
 Then spoke the king himself and bade them say  
 Who was their teacher, whose the wondrous lay.  
 Soon as Válmíki, mighty saint, he saw,  
 He bowed his head in reverential awe.  
 "These are thy children" cried the saint, "recall  
 Thine own dear Sítá, pure and true through all."  
 "O holy father," thus the king replied,  
 "The faithful lady by the fire was tried;  
 But the foul demon's too successful arts  
 Raised light suspicions in my people's hearts.  
 Grant that their breasts may doubt her faith no more,  
 And thus my Sítá and her sons restore."

*Raghuvaṇśa Cantos XIV, XV.*

“He cleared the earth thrice seven times of the Kshatriya caste, and filled with their blood the five large lakes of Samanta, from which he offered libations to the race of Bhrigu. Offering a solemn sacrifice to the King of the Gods Paraśuráma presented the earth to the ministering priests. Having given the earth to Kaśyapa, the hero of immeasurable prowess retired to the Mahendra mountain, where he still resides; and in this manner was there enmity between him and the race of the Kshatriyas, and thus was the whole earth conquered by Paraśuráma.” The destruction of the Kshatriyas by Paraśuráma had been provoked by the cruelty of the Kshatriyas. *Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. II. p. 334.

The scene in which he appears is probably interpolated for the sake of making him declare Ráma to be Vishṇu. “Herr von Schlegel has often remarked to me,” says Lassen, “that without injuring the connexion of the story all the chapters [of the Rámáyan] might be omitted in which Ráma is regarded as an incarnation of Vishṇu. In fact, where the incarnation of Vishṇu as the four sons of Daśaratha is described, the great sacrifice is already ended, and all the priests remunerated at the termination, when the new sacrifice begins at which the Gods appear, then withdraw, and then first propose the incarnation to Vishṇu. If it had been an original circumstance of the story, the Gods would certainly have deliberated on the matter earlier, and the celebration of the sacrifice would have continued without interruption.” LASSEN, *Indische Alterthumskunde*, Vol. I. p. 489.

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## Yáma, Page 68.

Son of Vivasvat=Jima son of Vivanghvat, the Jamshíd of the later Persians.

## Fate, Page 68.

"The idea of fate was different in India from that which prevailed in Greece. In Greece fate was a mysterious, inexorable power which governed men and human events, and from which it was impossible to escape. In India Fate was rather an inevitable consequence of actions done in births antecedent to one's present state of existence, and was therefore connected with the doctrine of metempsychosis. A misfortune was for the most part a punishment, an expiation of ancient faults not yet entirely cancelled."

GORRESIO.

## Visvámitra, Page 76.

"Though of royal extraction, Viśvámitra conquered for himself and his family the privileges of a Brahman. He became a Brahman, and thus broke through all the rules of caste. The Brahmans cannot deny the fact, because it forms one of the principal subjects of their legendary poems. But they have spared no pains to represent the exertions of Viśvámitra, in his struggle for Brahmanhood, as so superhuman that no one would easily be tempted to follow his example. No mention is made of these monstrous penances in the Veda, where the struggle between Viśvámitra, the leader of the Kuśikas or Bharatas, and the Brahman Vaśishtha, the leader of the white-robed Tritsus, is represented as the struggle of two rivals for the place of Purohita or chief priest and minister at the court of King Sudás, the son of Pijavana." *Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. II. p. 336.

## Household Gods, Page 102.

“No house is supposed to be without its tutelary divinity, but the notion attached to this character is now very far from precise. The deity who is the object of hereditary and family worship, the *Kuladevatá*, is always one of the leading personages of the Hindu mythology, as Śiva, Vishṇu or Durgá, but the *Grihadevatá* rarely bears any distinct appellation. In Bengal, the domestic god is sometimes the *Sálagrám* stone, sometimes the *tulasi* plant, sometimes a basket with a little rice in it, and sometimes a water-jar—to either of which a brief adoration is daily addressed, most usually by the females of the family. Occasionally small images of Lakshmi or Chāndī fulfil the office, or should a snake appear, he is venerated as the guardian of the dwelling. In general, however, in former times, the household deities were regarded as the unseen spirits of ill, the ghosts and goblins who hovered about every spot, and claimed some particular sites as their own. Offerings were made to them in the open air, by scattering a little rice with a short formula at the close of all ceremonies to keep them in good humour.

“The household gods correspond better with the genii locorum than with the lares or penates of antiquity.”

H. H. WILSON.

*Śaivya, a king whom earth obeyed,  
Once to a hawk a promise made.*

The following is a free version of this very ancient story which occurs more than once in the *Mahábhárát*:

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE.

Chased by a hawk there came a dove  
With worn and weary wing,  
And took her stand upon the hand  
Of Káśí's mighty king.  
The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes  
And laid her on his breast,  
And cried, "No fear shall vex thee here,  
Rest, pretty egg-born, rest!  
Fair Káśí's realm is rich and wide,  
With golden harvests gay,  
But all that's mine will I resign  
Ere I my guest betray."  
But panting for his half won spoil  
The hawk was close behind.  
And with wild cry and eager eye  
Came swooping down the wind:  
"This bird," he cried, "my destined prize,  
'Tis not for thee to shield:  
'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight  
O'er hill and dale and field.  
Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,  
And I am faint with toil:  
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey  
Who claims his rightful spoil.  
They say thou art a glorious king,  
And justice is thy care:  
Then justly reign in thy domain,  
Nor rob the birds of air."  
Then cried the king: "A cow or deer  
For thee shall straightway bleed,  
Or let a ram or tender lamb

Be slain, for thee to feed.  
Mine oath forbids me to betray  
    My little twice-born guest:  
See how she clings with trembling wings  
    To her protector's breast.”  
“No flesh of lambs,” the hawk replied,  
    “No blood of deer for me;  
The falcon loves to feed on doves  
    And such is Heaven's decree.  
But if affection for the dove  
    Thy pitying heart has stirred,  
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,  
    Weighed down against the bird.”  
He carved the flesh from off his side,  
    And threw it in the scale,  
While women's cries smote on the skies  
    With loud lament and wail.  
He hacked the flesh from side and arm,  
    From chest and back and thigh,  
But still above the little dove  
    The monarch's scale stood high.  
He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,  
    With sinews, blood and skin,  
And when alone was left him bone  
    He threw himself therein.  
Then thundered voices through the air;  
    The sky grew black as night;  
And fever took the earth that shook  
    To see that wondrous sight.  
The blessed Gods, from every sphere,  
    By Indra led, came nigh:  
While drum and flute and shell and lute  
    Made music in the sky.  
They rained immortal chaplets down,

Which hands celestial twine,  
 And softly shed upon his head  
 Pure Amrit, drink divine.  
 Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph  
 Their heavenly voices raised,  
 And a glad throng with dance and song  
 The glorious monarch praised.  
 They set him on a golden car  
 That blazed with many a gem;  
 Then swiftly through the air they flew,  
 And bore him home with them.  
 Thus Káśí's lord, by noble deed,  
 Won heaven and deathless fame:  
 And when the weak protection seek  
 From thee, do thou the same.

*Scenes from the Rámáyan, &c.*

## Page 108.

The ceremonies that attended the consecration of a king (*Abhik-shepa* lit. *Sprinkling over*) are fully described in Goldstücker's Dictionary, from which the following extract is made: "The type of the inauguration ceremony as practised at the Epic period may probably be recognized in the history of the inauguration of *Ráma*, as told in the *Rámáyana*, and in that of the inauguration of *Yudhishtíra*, as told in the *Mahábháratha*. Neither ceremony is described in these poems with the full detail which [535] is given of the vaidik rite in the *Aitareya-Bráhmaṇam*; but the allusion that *Ráma* was inaugurated by *Vásishtha* and the other Bráhmaṇas in the same manner as Indra by the Vasus ... and the observation which is made in some passages that a certain

rite of the inauguration was performed ‘according to the sacred rule’ ... admit of the conclusion that the ceremony was supposed to have taken place in conformity with the vaidik injunction.... As the inauguration of *Ráma* was intended and the necessary preparations for it were made when his father Daśaratha was still alive, but as the ceremony itself, through the intrigues of his step-mother *Kaikeyí*, did not take place then, but fourteen years later, after the death of *Daśaratha*, an account of the preparatory ceremonies is given in the *Ayodhyákáṇḍa* (Book II) as well as in the *Yuddha-Káṇḍa* (Book VI.) of the Rámáyaṇa, but an account of the complete ceremony in the latter book alone. According to the *Ayodhyákáṇḍa*, on the day preceding the intended inauguration *Ráma* and his wife *Sítá* held a fast, and in the night they performed this preliminary rite: *Ráma* having made his ablutions, approached the idol of *Náráyaṇa*, took a cup of clarified butter, as the religious law prescribes, made a libation of it into the kindled fire, and drank the remainder while wishing what was agreeable to his heart. Then, with his mind fixed on the divinity he lay, silent and composed, together with *Sítá*, on a bed of Kuśa-grass, which was spread before the altar of Vishṇu, until the last watch of the night, when he awoke and ordered the palace to be prepared for the solemnity. At day-break reminded of the time by the voices of the bards, he performed the usual morning devotion and praised the divinity. In the meantime the town Ayodhyá had assumed a festive appearance and the inauguration implements had been arranged ... golden water-jars, an ornamented throne-seat, a chariot covered with a splendid tiger-skin, water taken from the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, as well as from other sacred rivers, tanks, wells, lakes, and from all oceans, honey, curd, clarified butter, fried grain, Kuśa-grass, flowers, milk; besides, eight beautiful damsels, and a splendid furious elephant, golden and silver jars, filled with water, covered with *Udumbara* branches and various lotus flowers, besides a white jewelled *chourie*, a white splendid parasol, a

white bull, a white horse, all manner of musical instruments and bards.... In the preceding chapter ... there are mentioned *two* white *chouries* instead of one, and all kinds of seeds, perfumes and jewels, a scimitar, a bow, a litter, a golden vase, and a blazing fire, and amongst the living implements of the pageant, instead of the bards, gaudy courtesans, and besides the eight damsels, professors of divinity, Bráhmaṇas, cows and pure kinds of wild beasts and birds, the chiefs of town and country-people and the citizens with their train.”

## Page 109.

*Then with the royal chaplains they  
Took each his place in long array.*

*The twice born chiefs, with zealous heed,  
Made ready what the rite would need.*

“Now about the office of a Purohita (house priest). The gods do not eat the food offered by a king, who has no house-priest (Purohita). Thence the king even when (not) intending to bring a sacrifice, should appoint a Bráhman to the office of house-priest.”  
HAUG's *Autareya Bráhmanam*. Vol. II. p. 528.

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## Page 110.

*There by the gate the Sáras screamed.*

The Sáras or Indian Crane is a magnificent bird easily domesticated and speedily constituting himself the watchman of his master's house and garden. Unfortunately he soon becomes a troublesome and even dangerous dependent, attacking strangers with his long bill and powerful wings, and warring especially upon "small infantry" with unrelenting ferocity.

## Page 120.

*My mothers or my sire the king.*

All the wives of the king his father are regarded and spoken of by Ráma as his mothers.

## Page 125.

*Such blessings as the Gods o'erjoyed  
Poured forth when Vritra was destroyed.*

“Mythology regards Vritra as a demon or Asur, the implacable enemy of Indra, but this is not the primitive idea contained in the name of Vritra. In the hymns of the Veda Vritra appears to be the thick dark cloud which Indra the God of the firmament attacks and disperses with his thunderbolt.” GORRESIO.

“In that class of Rig-veda hymns which there is reason to look upon as the oldest portion of Vedic poetry, the character of Indra is that of a mighty ruler of the firmament, and his principal feat is that of conquering the demon *Vritra*, a symbolical personification of the cloud which obstructs the clearness of the sky, and withholds the fructifying rain from the earth. In his battles with Vritra he is therefore described as ‘opening the receptacles of the waters,’ as ‘cleaving the cloud’ with his ‘far-whirling thunderbolt,’ as ‘casting the waters down to earth,’ and ‘restoring the sun to the sky.’ He is in consequence ‘the upholder of heaven, earth, and firmament,’ and the god ‘who has engendered the sun and the dawn.’ ” CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA, *Indra*.

“Throughout these hymns two images stand out before us with overpowering distinctness. On one side is the bright god of the heaven, as beneficent as he is irresistible: on the other the demon of night and of darkness, as false and treacherous as he is malignant.... The latter (as his name Vritra, from var, to veil, indicates) is pre-eminently the thief who hides away the rain-clouds.... But the myth is yet in too early a state to allow of the definite designations which are brought before us in the conflicts of Zeus with Typhôn and his monstrous progeny, of Apollôn with the Pythôn, of Bellerophôn with Chimaira of Oidipous with the Sphinx, of Hercules with Cacus, of Sigurd with the dragon Fafnir; and thus not only is Vritra known by many names, but he is opposed sometimes by Indra, sometimes by Agni the fire-god, sometimes by Trita, Brihaspati, or other deities; or rather these are all names of one and the same god.” Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*. Vol. II. p. 326.

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## Page 125.

*And that prized herb whose sovereign power  
Preserves from dark misfortune's hour.*

“And yet more medicinal is it than that Moly,  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use  
'Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,  
Or ghastly furies' apparition.” *Comus.*

The *Moly* of Homer, which Dierbach considers to have been the *Mandrake*, is probably a corruption of the Sanskrit *Múla* a root.

## Page 136.

*True is the ancient saw: the Neem  
Can ne'er distil a honeyed stream.*

The Neem tree, especially in the Rains, emits a strong unpleasant smell like that of onions. Its leaves however make an excellent cooling poultice, and the Extract of Neem is an admirable remedy for cutaneous disorders.

## Page 152.

*Who of Nisháda lineage came.*

The following account of the origin of the Nishádas is taken from Wilson's *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Book I. Chap. 15. "Afterwards the Munis beheld a great dust arise, and they said to the people who were nigh: 'What is this?' And the people answered and said: 'Now that the kingdom is without a king, the dishonest men have begun to seize the property of their neighbours. The great dust that you behold, excellent Munis, is raised by troops of clustering robbers, hastening to fall upon their prey.' The sages, hearing this, consulted, and together rubbed the thigh of the king (Vena), who had left no offspring, to produce a son. From the thigh, thus rubbed, came forth a being of the complexion of a charred stake, with flattened features like a negro, and of dwarfish stature. 'What am I to do,' cried he eagerly to the Munis. 'Sit down (nishídā),' said they. And thence his name was Nisháda. His descendants, the inhabitants of the Vindhýa mountain, great Muni, are still called Nishádas and are characterized by the exterior tokens of depravity." Professor Wilson adds, in his note on the passage: "The Matsya says that there were born outcast or barbarous races, Mlechchhas, as black as collyrium. The Bhágavata describes an individual of dwarfish stature, with short arms and legs, of a complexion as black as a crow, with projecting chin, broad flat nose, red eyes, and tawny hair, whose descendants were mountaineers and foresters. The Padma (Bhúmi Khanḍa) has a similar decription; adding to the dwarfish stature and black complexion, a wide mouth, large ears, and a protuberant belly. It also particularizes his posterity as Nishádas, Kirátas, Bhillas, and other barbarians and Mlechchhas, living in woods and on mountains. These passages intend, and do not much exaggerate, the uncouth appearance of the Gonds, Koles, Bhils, and other uncivilized tribes, scattered along the forests and mountains of Central India from Behar to Khandesh, and who are, not improbably, the predecessors of the present occupants of the cultivated portions of the country. They are always very black, ill-shapen, and dwarfish, and have countenances of a very

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African character.”

Manu gives a different origin of the Nishádas as the offspring of a Bráhman father and a Súdra mother. See Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. I. p. 481.

## Page 157.

*Beneath a fig-tree's mighty shade,  
With countless pendent shoots displayed.*

“So counselled he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose  
The fig-tree: not that kind for fruit renowned,  
But such as at this day, to Indians known,  
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillared shade  
High overarched, and echoing walks between.”

*Paradise Lost*, Book IX.

## Page 161.

*Now, Lakshman, as our cot is made,  
Must sacrifice be duly paid.*

The rites performed in India on the completion of a house are represented in modern Europe by the familiar “house-warming.”

## Page 169.

*I longed with all my lawless will  
Some elephant by night to kill.*

One of the regal or military caste was forbidden to kill an elephant except in battle.

*Thy hand has made no Brahman bleed.*

“The punishment which the Code of Manu awards to the slayer of a Brahman was to be branded in the forehead with the mark of a headless corpse, and entirely banished from society; this being apparently commutable for a fine. The poem is therefore in accordance with the Code regarding the peculiar guilt of killing Brahmans; but in allowing a hermit who was not a *Divija* (twice-born) to go to heaven, the poem is far in advance of the Code. The youth in the poem is allowed to read the Veda, and to accumulate merit by his own as well as his father's pious acts; whereas the exclusive Code reserves all such privileges to *Divijas* invested with the sacred cord.” Mrs. SPEIR'S *Life in Ancient India*, p. 107.

## Page 174. The Praise Of Kings

“Compare this magnificent eulogium of kings and kingly government with what Samuel says of the king and his authority:

And Samuel told all the words of the LORD unto the people that asked of him a king.

And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen: and some shall run before his chariots.

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And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to work his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instrument of war, and instruments of his chariots.

And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers.

And he will take your fields, and your vineyards and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants.

And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants.

And he will take your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work.

He will take the tenth of your sheep: and ye shall be his servants.

And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you. I. *Samuel*, VIII.

In India kingly government was ancient and consecrated by tradition: whence to change it seemed disorderly and revolutionary: in Judæa theocracy was ancient and consecrated by tradition, and therefore the innovation which would substitute a king was represented as full of dangers.” GORRESIO.

According to the Bengal recension Šálmalí appears to have been another name of the Vipásá. Šálmalí may be an epithet signifying rich in Bombax heptaphyllum. The commentator makes another river out of the word.

## Page 178. Bharat's Return.

“Two routes from Ayodhyá to Rájagriha or Girivraja are described. That taken by the envoys appears to have been the shorter one, and we are not told why Bharat returned by a different road. The capital of the Kekayas lay to the west of the Vipásá. Between it and the Šatadru stretched the country of the Báhikás. Upon the remaining portion of the road the two recensions differ. According to that of Bengal there follow towards the east the river Indamatí, then the town Ajakálá belonging to the Bodhi, then Bhulingá, then the river Šaradañdá. According to the other instead of the first river comes the Ikshumatí ... instead of the first town Abhikálá, instead of the second Kulingá, then the second river. According to the direction of the route both the above-mentioned rivers must be tributaries of the Šatadrú.... The road then crossed the Yamuná (Jumna), led beyond that river through the country of the Panchálas, and reached the Ganges at Hástinapura, where the ferry was. Thence it led over the Rámagangá and its eastern tributaries, then over the Gomati, and then in a southern direction along the Málini, beyond which it reached Ayodhyá. In Bharat's journey the following rivers are passed from west to east: *Kutikoshtiká, Uttániká, Kuṭiká, Kapívatí, Gomatí* according to Schlegel, and *Hiranjavatí, Uttáriká, Kuṭilá, Kapívatí, Gomatí* according to Gorresio. As these rivers are to be looked for on the east of the Ganges, the first must be the modern *Koh*, a small affluent of the Rámagangá, over which the highway cannot have gone as it bends too far to the north.

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The Uttániká or Uttáriká must be the Rámangangá, the Kuṭíká or Kuṭilá its eastern tributary, Kośilá, the Kapívatí the next tributary which on the maps has different names, *Gurra* or above Kailas, lower down *Bhaigu*. The Gomatí (Goomtee) retains its old name. The Máliní, mentioned only in the envoys' journey, must have been the western tributary of the Sarayú now called Chuká.” LASSEN's *Indische Alterthumskunde*, Vol. II. P. 524.

## Page 183.

*What worlds await thee, Queen, for this?*

“Indian belief divided the universe into several worlds (*lokáh*). The three principal worlds were heaven, earth, and hell. But according to another division there were seven: Bhúrloka or the earth, Bhuvarloka or the space between the earth and the sun, the seat of the Munis, Siddhas, &c., Svarloka or the heaven of Indra between the sun and the polar star, and the seventh Brahmaloka or the world of Brahma. Spirits which reached the last were exempt from being born again.” GORRESIO.

## Page 203.

*When from a million herbs a blaze  
Of their own luminous glory plays.*

This mention of lambent flames emitted by herbs at night may be compared with Lucan's description of a similar phenomenon in the Druidical forest near Marseilles, (*Pharsalia*, III. 420.).

*Non ardentis fulgere incendia silvae.*

Seneca, speaking of Argolis, (*Thyestes*, Act IV), says:—

Tota solet

Micare flamma silva, et excelsae trabes  
*Ardent sine igni.*

Thus also the bush at Horeb (Exod. II.) flamed, but was not consumed.

The Indian explanation of the phenomenon is, that the sun before he sets deposits his rays for the night with the deciduous plants. See *Journal of R. As. S. Bengal*, Vol. II. p. 339.

Schlegel says in his Preface: “Lubrico vestigio insistit V. Cl. *Heerenius, prof. Gottingensis*, in libro suo de commerciis veterum populorum (OPP. Vol. HIST. XII, pag. 129,) dum putat, ex mentione sectatorum Buddhæ secundo libro Rameidos iniecta de tempore, quo totum carmen sit conditum, quicquam legitime concludi posse.... Sunt versus spurii, reiecti a Bengalis in sola commentatorum recensione leguntur. Buddhas quidem mille fere annis ante Christum natum vixit: sed post multa demumsecula, odiointernecivo inter Brachmanos et Buddhæ sectatores orto, his denique ex India pulsis, fingi potuit iniquissima criminatio, eos animi immortalitatem poenasque et praemia in vita futura negare. Praeterea metrum, quo concinnati sunt hi versus, de quo metro mox disseram, recentiorem aetatem arguit.... Poenitet me nunc mei consilii, quod non statim ab initio, ... eiecerim cuncta disticha diversis a sloco vulgari metris composita. Metra sunt duo: pariter ambo constant quatuor hemistichiis inter se aequalibus, alterum undenarum syllabarum, alterum duodenarum, hunc in modum:

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Cuius generis versus in primo et secundo Rameidos libro nusquam nisi ad finem capitum apposita inveniuntur, et huic loco unice sunt accommodata, quasi peroratio, lyricis numeris assurgens, quo magis canorae cadant clausulae: sicut musici in concentibus extremis omnium vocum instrumentorumque ictu fortiore aures percussere amant. Igitur disticha illa non ante divisionem per capita illatam addi potuerunt: hanc autem grammaticis deberi argumento est ipse recensionum dissensus, manifesto inde ortus, quod singuli editores in ea constituenda suo quisque iudicio usi sunt; praeterquam quod non credibile est, poetam artis suae peritum narrationem continuam in membra tam minuta dissecuisse. Porro discolor est dictio: magniloquentia affectatur, sed nimis turgida illa atque effusa, nec sententiarum

pondere satis suffulta. Denique nihil fere novi affertur: amplificantur prius dicta, rarius aliquid ex capite sequente anticipatur. Si quis appendices hosce legendo transiliat, sentiet slocum ultimum cum primo capitinis proximi apte coagmentatum, nec sine vi quadam inde avulsum. Eiusmodi versus exhibit utraque recensio, sed modo haec modo illa plures paucioresve numero, et lectio interdum magnopere variat."

"The narrative of Ráma's exile in the jungle is one of the most obscure portions of the Rámáyana, inasmuch as it is difficult to discover any trace of the original tradition, or any illustration of actual life and manners, beyond the artificial life of self-mortification and self-denial said to have been led by the Brahman sages of olden time. At the same time, however, the story throws some light upon the significance of the poem, and upon the character in which the Brahmanical author desired to represent Ráma; and consequently it deserves more serious consideration than the nature of the subject-matter would otherwise seem to imply.

"According to the Rámáyana, the hero Ráma spent more than thirteen years of his exile in wandering amongst the different Brahmanical settlements, which appear to have been scattered over the country between the Ganges and the Godáveri; his wanderings extending from the hill of Chitra-kúta in Bundelkund, to the modern town of Nasik on the western side of India, near the source of the Godáveri river, and about seventy-five miles to the north-west of Bombay. The appearance of these Brahmanical hermitages in the country far away to the south of the Raj of Kasala, seems to call for critical inquiry. Each hermitage is said to have belonged to some particular sage, who is famous in Brahmanical tradition. But whether the sages named were really contemporaries of Ráma, or whether they could possibly have flourished at one and the same period, is open to serious question. It is of course impossible to fix with any degree of certainty the relative chronology of the several sages, who are said to have been visited by Ráma; but still it seems tolerably clear that some

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belonged to an age far anterior to that in which the Rámáyana was composed, and probably to an age anterior to that in which Rámá existed as a real and living personage; whilst, at least, one sage is to be found who could only have existed in the age during which the Rámáyana was produced in its present form. The main proofs of these inferences are as follows. An interval of many centuries seems to have elapsed between the composition of the Rig-Veda and that of the Rámáyana: a conclusion which has long been proved by the evidence of language, and is generally accepted by Sanskrit scholars. But three of the sages, said to have been contemporary with Rámá, namely, Viśvámitra, Atri and Agastya, are frequently mentioned in the hymns of the Rig-Veda; whilst Válmíki, the sage dwelling at Chitra-kúṭha, is said to have been himself the composer of the Rámáyana. Again, the sage Atri, whom Rámá visited immediately after his departure from Chitra-kúṭha, appears in the genealogical list preserved in the Mahá Bhárata, as the progenitor of the Moon, and consequently as the first ancestor of the Lunar race: whilst his grandson Buddha [Budha] is said to have married Ilá, the daughter of Ikhsváku who was himself the remote ancestor of the Solar race of Ayodhyá, from whom Rámá was removed by many generations. These conclusions are not perhaps based upon absolute proof, because they are drawn from untrustworthy authorities; but still the chronological difficulties have been fully apprehended by the Pundits, and an attempt has been made to reconcile all contradictions by representing the sages to have lived thousands of years, and to have often re-appeared upon earth in different ages widely removed from each other. Modern science refuses to accept such explanations; and consequently it is impossible to escape the conclusion that if Válmíki composed the Rámáyana in the form of Sanskrit in which it has been preserved, he could not have flourished in the same age as the sages who are named in the Rig-Veda." WHEELER'S *History of India*, Vol. II, 229.

## Page 249.

*And King Himálaya's Child.*

Umá or Párvatí, was the daughter of Himálaya and Mená. She is the heroine of Kálidása's *Kumára-Sambhava* or *Birth of the War-God*.

## Page 250.

*Strong Kumbhakarṇa slumbering deep  
In chains of never-ending sleep.*

“Kumbhakarṇa, the gigantic brother of the titanic Rávan̄,—named from the size of his ears which could contain a *Kumbha* or large water-jar—had such an appetite that he used to consume six months' provisions in a single day. Brahmá, to relieve the alarm of the world, which had begun to entertain serious apprehensions of being eaten up, decreed that the giant should sleep six months at a time and wake for only one day during which he might consume his six months' allowance without trespassing unduly on the reproductive capabilities of the ”  
*Scenes front the Rámáyan*, p. 153, 2nd Edit.

## Page 257.

*Like Śiva when his angry might  
Stayed Daksha's sacrificial rite.*

The following spirited version of this old story is from the pen of Mr. W. Waterfield:

“This is a favorite subject of Hindú sculpture, especially on the temples of Shiva, such as the caves of Elephanta and Ellora. It, no doubt, is an allegory of the contest between the followers of Shiva and the worshippers of the Elements, who observed the old ritual of the Vedas; in which the name of Shiva is never mentioned.

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Daksha for devotion  
 Made a mighty feast:  
 Milk and curds and butter,  
 Flesh of bird and beast,  
 Rice and spice and honey,  
 Sweetmeats ghí and gur,<sup>1038</sup>  
 Gifts for all the Bráhmans,  
 Food for all the poor.  
 At the gates of Gangá<sup>1039</sup>  
 Daksha held his feast;  
 Called the gods unto it,  
 Greatest as the least.  
 All the gods were gathered  
 Round with one accord;  
 All the gods but Umá,  
 All but Umá's lord.  
 Umá sat with Shiva  
 On Kailása hill:  
 Round them stood the Rudras  
 Watching for their will.  
 Who is this that cometh  
 Lilting to his lute?  
 All the birds of heaven

<sup>1038</sup> Ghí: clarified butter. Gur: molasses.

<sup>1039</sup> Haridwar (Anglicè Hurdwar) where the Ganges enters the plain country.

Heard his music, mute.  
Round his head a garland  
Rich of hue was wreathed:  
Every sweetest odour  
From its blossoms breathed.  
'Tis the Muni Nárad;  
'Mong the gods he fares,  
Ever making mischief  
By the tales he bears.  
“Hail to lovely Umá!  
Hail to Umá's lord!  
Wherefore are they absent  
For her father's board?  
Multiplied his merits  
Would be truly thrice,  
Could he gain your favour  
For his sacrifice.”  
Worth of heart was Umá;  
To her lord she spake:—  
“Why dost thou, the mighty,  
Of no rite partake?  
Straight I speed to Daksha  
Such a sight to see:  
If he be my father,  
He must welcome thee.”  
Wondrous was in glory  
Daksha's holy rite;  
Never had creation  
Viewed so brave a sight.  
Gods, and nymphs, find fathers,  
Sages, Bráhmans, sprites,—  
Every diverge creature  
Wrought that rite of rites.  
Quickly then a quaking

Fell on all from far;  
 Umá stood among them  
 On her lion car.  
 “Greeting, gods and sages,  
 Greeting, father mine!  
 Work hath wondrous virtue,  
 Where such aids combine.  
 Guest-hall never gathered  
 Goodlier company:  
 Seemeth all are welcome.  
 All the gods but me.”  
 Spake the Muni Daksha,  
 Stern and cold his tone:—  
 “Welcome thou, too, daughter,  
 Since thou com’st alone.  
 But thy frenzied husband  
 Suits another shrine;  
 He is no partaker  
 Of this feast of mine.  
 He who walks in darkness  
 Loves no deeds of light:  
 He who herds with demons  
 Shuns each kindly sprite.  
 Let him wander naked.—  
 Wizard weapons wield,—  
 Dance his frantic measure  
 Round the funeral field.  
 Art thou yet delighted  
 With the reeking hide,  
 Body smeared with ashes.  
 Skulls in necklace tied?  
 Thou to love this monster?  
 Thou to plead his part!  
 Know the moon and Gangá

Share that faithless heart  
Vainly art thou vying  
With thy rivals' charms.  
Are not coils of serpents  
Softer than thine arms?"  
Words like these from Daksha  
Daksha's daughter heard:  
Then a sudden passion  
All her bosom stirred.  
Eyes with fury flashing.  
Speechless in her ire,  
Headlong did she hurl her  
'Mid the holy fire.  
Then a trembling terror  
Overcame each one,  
And their minds were troubled  
Like a darkened sun;  
And a cruel Vision,  
Face of lurid flame,  
Umá's Wrath incarnate,  
From the altar came.  
Fiendlike forms by thousands  
Started from his side,  
'Gainst the sacrificers  
All their might they plied:  
Till the saints availed not  
Strength like theirs to stay,  
And the gods distracted  
Turned and fled away.  
Hushed were hymns and chanting,  
Priests were mocked and spurned;  
Food defiled and scattered;  
Altars overturned.—  
Then, to save the object

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Sought at such a price,  
 Like a deer in semblance  
     Sped the sacrifice.  
 Soaring toward the heavens,  
     Through the sky it fled?  
 But the Rudras chasing  
     Smote away its head.  
 Prostrate on the pavement  
     Daksha fell dismayed:—  
 “Mightiest, thou hast conquered  
     Thee we ask for aid.  
 Let not our oblations  
     All be rendered vain;  
 Let our toilsome labour  
     Full fruition gain.”  
 Bright the broken altars  
     Shone with Shiva's form;  
 “Be it so!” His blessing  
     Soothed that frantic storm.  
 Soon his anger ceases,  
     Though it soon arise;—  
 But the Deer's Head ever  
     Blazes in the skies.”

*Indian Ballads and other Poems.*

## Page 286. Urvasi.

“The personification of Urvasi herself is as thin as that of Eôs or Selênê. Her name is often found in the Veda as a mere name for the morning, and in the plural number it is used to denote the dawns which passing over men bring them to old age and

death. Urvasî is the bright flush of light overspreading the heaven before the sun rises, and is but another form of the many mythical beings of Greek mythology whose names take us back to the same idea or the same root. As the dawn in the Vedic hymns is called Urûkî, the far-going (*Téléphassa*, *Tèlephos*), so is she also Uruasî, the wide-existing or wide-spreading; as are Eurôpê, Euryanassa, Euryphassa, and many more of the sisters of Athênê and Aphroditê. As such she is the mother of Vasishtha, the bright being, as Oidipous is the son of Iokastê; and although Vasishtha, like Oidipous, has become a mortal bard or sage, he is still the son of Mitra and Varuña, of night and day. Her lover Purûravas is the counterpart of the Hellenic Polydeukês; but the continuance of her union with him depends on the condition that she never sees him unclothed. But the Gandharvas, impatient of her long sojourn among mortal men resolved to bring her back to their bright home; and Purûravas is thus led unwittingly to disregard her warning. A ewe with two lambs was tied to her couch, and the Gandharvas stole one of them; Urvasî said, ‘They take away my darling, as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man.’ They stole the second, and she upbraided her husband again. Then Purûravas looked and said, ‘How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?’ And naked he sprang up; he thought it was too long to put on his dress. Then the Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband naked as by daylight. Then she vanished. ‘I come back,’ she said, and went. ‘Then he bewailed his vanished love in bitter grief.’ Her promise to return was fulfilled, but for a moment only, at the Lotos-lake, and Purûravas in vain beseeches her to tarry longer. ‘What shall I do with thy speech?’ is the answer of Urvasî. ‘I am gone like the first of the dawns. Purûravas, go home again. I am hard to be caught like the winds.’ Her lover is in utter despair; but when he lies down to die, the heart of Urvasî was melted, and she bids him come to her on the last night of the year. On that night only he might be with her; but a son should be born to him.

On that day he went up to the golden seats, and there Urvasî told him that the Gandharvas would grant him one wish, and that he must make his choice. ‘Choose thou for me,’ he said: and she answered, ‘Say to them, Let me be one of you.’”

Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*. Vol. I. p. 397.

## Page 324.

*The sovereign of the Vánar race.*

“Vánar is one of the most frequently occurring names by which the poem calls the monkeys of Ráma's army. Among the two or three derivations of which the word Vánar is susceptible, one is that which deduces it from vana which signifies a wood, and thus Vánar would mean a forester, an inhabitant of the wood. I have said elsewhere that the monkeys, the Vánars, whom Ráma led to the conquest of Ceylon were fierce woodland tribes who occupied the mountainous regions of the south of India, where their descendants may still be seen. I shall hence forth promiscuously employ the word Vánar to denote those monkeys, those fierce combatants of Ráma's army.” GORRESIO.

## Page 326.

*No change of hue, no pose of limb  
Gave sign that aught was false in him.  
Concise, unfaltering, sweet and clear,  
Without a word to pain the ear,  
From chest to throat, nor high nor low,  
His accents came in measured flow.*

Somewhat similarly in *The Squire's Tale*:

“He with a manly voice said his message,  
After the form used in his language,  
Withouten vice of syllable or of letter.  
And for his talë shouldë seem the better  
Accordant to his wordës was his chere,  
As teacheth art of speech them that it lere.”

## Page 329. Ráma's Alliance With Sugríva.

“The literal interpretation of this portion of the Rámáyana is indeed deeply rooted in the mind of the Hindu. He implicitly believes that Ráma is Vishnu, who became incarnate for the purpose of destroying the demon Rávana: that he permitted his wife to be captured by Rávana for the sake of delivering the gods and Bráhmans from the oppressions of the Rákshasa; and that he ultimately assembled an army of monkeys, who were the progeny of the gods, and led them against the strong-hold of Rávana at Lanká, and delivered the world from the tyrant Rákshasa, whilst obtaining ample revenge for his own personal wrongs.

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One other point seems to demand consideration, namely, the possibility of such an alliance as that which Ráma is said to have concluded with the monkeys. This possibility will of course be denied by modern critics, but still it is interesting to trace out the circumstances which seem to have led to the acceptance of such a wild belief by the dreamy and marvel loving Hindi. The south of India swarms with monkeys of curious intelligence and rare physical powers. Their wonderful instinct for organization, their attachment to particular localities, their occasional journeys in large numbers over mountains and across rivers, their obstinate assertion of supposed rights, and the ridiculous caricature

which they exhibit of all that is animal and emotional in man, would naturally create a deep impression.... Indeed the habits of monkeys well deserve to be patiently studied; not as they appear in confinement, when much that is revolting in their nature is developed, but as they appear living in freedom amongst the trees of the forest, or in the streets of crowded cities, or precincts of temples. Such a study would not fail to awaken strange ideas; and although the European would not be prepared to regard monkeys as sacred animals he might be led to speculate as to their origin by the light of data, which are at present unknown to the naturalist whose observations have been derived from the menagerie alone.

Whatever, however, may have been the train of ideas which led the Hindú to regard the monkey as a being half human and half divine, there can be little doubt that in the Rámáyana the monkeys of southern India have been confounded with what may be called the aboriginal people of the country. The origin of this confusion may be easily conjectured. Perchance the aborigines of the country may have been regarded as a superior kind of monkeys; and to this day the features of the Marawars, who are supposed to be the aborigines of the southern part of the Carnatic, are not only different from those of their neighbours, but are of a character calculated to confirm the conjecture. Again, it is probable that the army of aborigines may have been accompanied by outlying bands of monkeys impelled by that magpie-like curiosity and love of plunder which are the peculiar characteristics of the monkey race; and this incident may have given rise to the story that the army was composed of Monkeys."

WHEELER's *History of India. Vol. II. pp. 316 ff.*

“As regards the narrative, it certainly seems to refer to some real event amongst the aboriginal tribes: namely, the quarrel between an elder and younger brother for the possession of a Ráj; and the subsequent alliance of Ráma with the younger brother. It is somewhat remarkable that Ráma appears to have formed an alliance with the wrong party, for the right of Báli was evidently superior to that of Sugríva; and it is especially worthy of note that Ráma compassed the death of Báli by an act contrary to all the laws of fair fighting. Again, Ráma seems to have tacitly sanctioned the transfer of Tárá from Báli to Sugríva, which was directly opposed to modern rule, although in conformity with the rude customs of a barbarous age; and it is remarkable that to this day the marriage of both widows and divorced women is practised by the Marawars, or aborigines of the southern Carnatic, contrary to the deeply-rooted prejudice which exists against such unions amongst the Hindús at large.”

WHEELER's *History of India*, Vol. II. 324.

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“The splendid Marutas form the army of Indras, the red-haired monkeys and bears that of Rámas; and the mythical and solar nature of the monkeys and bears of the Rámáyanam manifests itself several times. The king of the monkeys is a sun-god. The ancient king was named Bálín, and was the son of Indras. His younger brother Sugrívás, he who changes his shape at pleasure (Kámarúpas), who, helped by Rámas, usurped his throne, is said to be own child of the sun. Here it is evident that the Vedic antagonism between Indras and Vishṇus is reproduced in a zoological and entirely apish form. The old Zeus must give way to the new,

the moon to the sun, the evening to the morning sun, the sun of winter to that of spring; the young son betrays and overthrows the old one.... Râmas, who treacherously kills the old king of the monkeys, Bâlin, is the equivalent of Vishnus, who hurls his predecessor Indras from his throne; and Sugrîvas, the new king of the monkeys resembles Indras when he promises to find the ravished Sítá, in the same way as Vishnus in one of his incarnations finds again the lost vedás. And there are other indications in the *Râmâyânam* of opposition between Indras and the monkeys who assist Râmas. The great monkey Hanumant, of the reddish colour of gold, has his jaw broken, Indras having struck him with his thunderbolt and caused him to fall upon a mountain, because, while yet a child, he threw himself off a mountain into the air in order to arrest the course of the sun, whose rays had no effect upon him. (The cloud rises from the mountain and hides the sun, which is unable of itself to disperse it; the tempest comes, and brings flashes of lightning and thunder-bolts, which tear the cloud in pieces.)

The whole legend of the monkey Hanumant represents the sun entering into the cloud or darkness, and coming out of it. His father is said to be now the wind, now the elephant of the monkeys (Kapikunjaras), now Keśarin, the long-haired sun, the sun with a mane, the lion sun (whence his name of *Keśariñah putrah*). From this point of view, Hanumant would seem to be the brother of Sugrîvas, who is also the offspring of the sun....

All the epic monkeys of the *Râmâyânam* are described in the twentieth canto of the first book by expressions which very closely resemble those applied in the Vedic hymns to the Marutas, as swift as the tempestuous wind, changing their shape at pleasure, making a noise like clouds, sounding like thunder, battling, hurling mountain-peaks, shaking great uprooted trees, stirring up the deep waters, crushing the earth with their arms, making the clouds fall. Thus Bâlin comes out of the cavern as the sun out of the cloud....

But the legend of the monkey Hanumant presents another curious resemblance to that of Samson. Hanumant is bound with cords by Indrajit, son of Rávaṇas; he could easily free himself, but does not wish to do so. Rávaṇas to put him to shame, orders his tail to be burned, because the tail is the part most prized by monkeys....

The tail of Hanumant, which sets fire to the city of the monsters, is probably a personification of the rays of the morning or spring sun, which sets fire to the eastern heavens, and destroys the abode of the nocturnal or winter monsters.”

DE GUBERNATIS, *Zoological Mythology*, Vol. II. pp. 100 ff.

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“The Jaitwas of Rajputana, a tribe politically reckoned as Rajputs, nevertheless trace their descent from the monkey-god Hanuman, and confirm it by alleging that their princes still bear its evidence in a tail-like prolongation of the spine; a tradition which has probably a real ethnological meaning, pointing out the Jaitwas as of non-Aryan race.”<sup>1040</sup> TYLOR’s *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I. p. 341.

The names of peoples occurring in the following *ślokas* are omitted in the metrical translation:

“Go to the Brahmamálas,<sup>1041</sup> the Videhas,<sup>1042</sup> the

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<sup>1040</sup> Campbell in “Journ. As. Soc. Bengal,” 1866, Part ii. p. 132; Latham, “Descr. Eth.” Vol. ii. p. 456; Tod, “Annals of Rajasthan,” Vol. i. p. 114.

<sup>1041</sup> Said by the commentator to be an eastern people between the Himálayan and Vindhyan chains.

<sup>1042</sup> Videha was a district in the province of Behar, the ancient Mithilá or the modern Tirhoot.

Málavas,<sup>1043</sup> the Kásikośalas,<sup>1044</sup> the Mágadnas,<sup>1045</sup> the Puṇḍras,<sup>1046</sup> and the Angas,<sup>1047</sup> and the land of the weavers of silk, and the land of the mines of silver, and the hills that stretch into the sea, and the towns and the hamlets that are about the top of Mandar, and the Karṇaprávaraṇas,<sup>1048</sup> and the Os-

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<sup>1043</sup> The people of Malwa.

<sup>1044</sup> “The Kásikośalas are a central nation in the Váyu Puráṇa. The Rámáyaṇa places them in the east. The combination indicates the country between Benares and Oude.... Kośala is a name variously applied. Its earliest and most celebrated application is to the country on the banks of the Sarayú, the kingdom of Ráma, of which Ayodhyá was the capital.... In the Mahábhárata we have one Kośala in the east and another in the south, besides the Prák-Kośalas and Uttara Kośalas in the east and north. The Puráṇas place the Kośalas amongst the people on the back of Vindhya; and it would appear from the Váyu that Kuśa the son of Ráma transferred his kingdom to a more central position; he ruled over Kośala at his capital of Kúśasthali of Kuśavatí, built upon the Vindhyan precipices.” WILSON’S{FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa*, Vol. II. pp. 157, 172.

<sup>1045</sup> The people of south Behar.

<sup>1046</sup> The Puṇḍras are said to be the inhabitants of the western provinces of Bengal. “In the *Aitareyabrahmána*, VII. 18, it is said that the elder sons of Viśvamitra were cursed to become progenitors of most abject races, such as Andhras, Puṇḍras, Śabaras, Pulindas, and Mútibas.” WILSON’S{FNS *Vishṇu Puráṇa* Vol. II. 170.

<sup>1047</sup> Anga is the country about Bhagulpore, of which Champá was the capital.

<sup>1048</sup> A fabulous people, “men who use their ears as a covering.” So Sir John Maundevile says: “And in another Yle ben folk that han gret Eres and long,

h̄thakarṇakas,<sup>1049</sup> and the Ghoralohamukhas,<sup>1050</sup> and the swift Ekapádakas,<sup>1051</sup> and the strong imperishable Eaters of Men, and the Kirátas<sup>1052</sup> with stiff hair-tufts, men like gold and fair to look upon: And the Eaters of Raw Fish, and the Kirátas who dwell in islands, and the fierce Tiger-men<sup>1053</sup> who live amid the waters.”

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that hangen down to here knees,” and Pliny, lib. iv. c. 13: “In quibus nuda alioquin corpora prægrandes ipsorum aures tota contegunt.” Isidore calls them Panotii.

<sup>1049</sup> “Those whose ears hang down to their lips.”

<sup>1050</sup> “The Iron-faces.”

<sup>1051</sup> “The One-footed.”

“In that Contree,” says Sir John Maundevile, “ben folk, that han but o foot and thei gon so fast that it is marvaylle: and the foot is so large that it schadeweth alle the Body azen the Sonne, when thei wole lye and rest hem.” So Pliny, Natural History, lib. vii. c. 2: speaks of “Hominum gens ... singulis cruribus, miræ pernicitatis ad saltum; eosdemque Sciopodas vocari, quod in majori æstu, humi jacentes resupini, umbrâ se pedum protegant.”

These epithets are, as Professor Wilson remarks, “exaggerations of national ugliness, or allusions to peculiar customs, which were not literally intended, although they may have furnished the Mandevilles of ancient and modern times.”

*Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. p. 162.

<sup>1052</sup> The Kirrhadæ of Arrian: a general name for savage tribes living in woods and mountains.

<sup>1053</sup> Said by the commentator to be half tigers half men.

“Go to the Vidarbhas<sup>1054</sup> and the Rishtikas<sup>1055</sup> and the Mahishikas,<sup>1056</sup> and the Matsyas<sup>1057</sup> and Kalingas<sup>1058</sup> and the Kauśikas<sup>1059</sup> ... and the Andhras<sup>1060</sup> and the Puṇḍras<sup>1061</sup> and the

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<sup>1054</sup> The kingdom seems to have corresponded with the greater part of Berar and Khandesh.

<sup>1055</sup> The Bengal recension has Kishikas, and places them both in the south and the north.

<sup>1056</sup> The people of Mysore.

<sup>1057</sup> “There are two Matsyas, one of which, according to the Yantra Samráj, is identifiable with Jeypoor. In the Digvijaya of Nakula he subdues the Matsyas further to the west, or Gujarat.” WILSON’S{FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. 158. Dr. Hall observes: “In the *Mahábhárata Sabhá-parwan*, 1105 and 1108, notice is taken of the king of Matsya and of the Aparamatsyas; and, at 1082, the Matsyas figure as an eastern people. They are placed among the nations of the south in the *Rámáyaṇa Kishkindhá-káṇḍa*, XLI., II, while the Bengal recension, *Kishkindhá-káṇḍa*, XLIV., 12, locates them in the north.”

<sup>1058</sup> The Kalingas were the people of the upper part of the Coromandel Coast, well known, in the traditions of the Eastern Archipelago, as Kling. Ptolemy has a city in that part, called Caliga; and Pliny Calingæ proximi mari. WILSON’S{FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. 156, Note.

<sup>1059</sup> The Kauśikas do not appear to be identifiable.

<sup>1060</sup> The Andhras probably occupied the modern Telingana.

<sup>1061</sup> The Puṇḍras have already been mentioned in Canto XL.

Cholas<sup>1062</sup> and the Pañdyas<sup>1063</sup> and the Keralas,<sup>1064</sup> Mlechch- [550]  
has<sup>1065</sup> and the Pulindas<sup>1066</sup> and the Súrasenas,<sup>1067</sup> and the  
Prasthalas and the Bharatas and Madrakas<sup>1068</sup> and the Kámbo-

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<sup>1062</sup> The inhabitants of the lower part of the Coromandel Coast; so called, after them, Cholamandala.

<sup>1063</sup> A people in the Deccan.

<sup>1064</sup> The Keralas were the people of Malabar proper.

<sup>1065</sup> A generic term for persons speaking any language but Sanskrit and not conforming to the usual Hindu institutions.

<sup>1066</sup> "Pulinda is applied to any wild or barbarous tribe. Those here named are some of the people of the deserts along the Indus; but Pulindas are met with in many other positions, especially in the mountains and forests across Central India, the haunts of the Bheels and Gonds. So Ptolemy places the Pulindas along the banks of the Narmadá, to the frontiers of Larice, the Látá or Lár of the Hindus,—Khandesh and part of Gujerat." WILSON'S {FNS *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, Vol. II. 159, Note.

Dr. Hall observes that "in the Bengal recension of the *Rámáyana* the Pulindas appear both in the south and in the north. The real *Rámáyana* K.-k., XLIII., speaks of the northern Pulindas."

<sup>1067</sup> The Súrasenas were the inhabitants of Mathurá, the Suraseni of Arrian.

<sup>1068</sup> These the Mardi of the Greeks and the two preceding tribes appear to have dwelt in the north-west of Hindustan.

jas<sup>1069</sup> and the Yavanas<sup>1070</sup> and the towns of the Śakas<sup>1071</sup> and the Varadas.”<sup>1072</sup>

## Page 378. Northern Kurus.

Professor Lassen remarks in the *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, ii. 62: “At the furthest accessible extremity of the earth appears Harivarsha with the northern Kurus. The region of Hari or Vishṇu belongs to the system of mythical geography; but the case is different with the Uttara Kurus. Here there is a real basis of geographical fact; of which fable has only taken advantage, without creating it. The Uttara Kurus were formerly quite independent of the mythical system of *dvīpas*, though they were included in it at an early date.” Again the same writer says at p. 65: “That the conception of the Uttara Kurus is based upon an actual country and not on mere invention, is proved (1) by the way in which they are mentioned in the Vedas; (2) by the existence of Uttara Kuru in historical times as a real country; and

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<sup>1069</sup> The Kámbojas are said to be the people of Arachosia. They are always mentioned with the north-western tribes.

<sup>1070</sup> “The term Yavanas, although, in later times, applied to the Mohammedans, designated formerly the Greeks.... The Greeks were known throughout Western Asia by the term Yavan, or Ion. That the Macedonian or Bactrian Greeks were most usually intended is not only probable from their position and relations with India, but from their being usually named in concurrence with the north-western tribes, Kámbojas, Daradas, Páradas, Báhlíkas, Śakas &c., in the Rámáyana. Mahábhárata, Purásas, Manu, and in various poems and plays.” WILSON’S {FNS *Vishṇu Purána* Vol. II. p. 181, Note.

<sup>1071</sup> These people, the Sakai and Sacæ of classical writers, the Indo-Scythians of Ptolemy, extended, about the commencement of our era, along the west of India, from the Hindu Kosh to the mouths of the Indus.

<sup>1072</sup> The corresponding passage in the Bengal recension has instead of Varadas Daradas the Dards or inhabitants of the modern Dardistan along the course of the Indus, above the Himálayas, just before it descends to India.

(3) by the way in which the legend makes mention of that region as the home of primitive customs. To begin with the last point the Mahábhárata speaks as follows of the freer mode of life which women led in the early world, Book I. verses 4719-22: ‘Women were formerly unconfined and roved about at their pleasure, independent. Though in their youthful innocence they abandoned their husbands, they were guilty of no offence; for such was the rule in early times. This ancient custom is even now the law for creatures born as brutes, which are free from lust and anger. This custom is supported by authority and is observed by great rishis, and it is *still practiced among the northern Kurus.*’

“The idea which is here conveyed is that of the continuance in one part of the world of that original blessedness which prevailed in the golden age. To afford a conception of the happy condition of the southern Kurus it is said in another place (M.-Bh, i. 4346.) ‘The southern Kurus vied in happiness with the northern Kurus and with the divine rishis and bards.’

Professor Lassen goes on to say: ‘Ptolemy (vi. 16.) is also acquainted with *Uttara Kuru*. He speaks of a mountain, a people, and a city called *Ottorakorra*. Most of the other ancient authors who elsewhere mention this name, have it from him. It is a part of the country which he calls Serica; according to him the city lies twelve degrees west from the metropolis of Sera, and the mountain extends from thence far to the eastward. As Ptolemy has misplaced the whole of eastern Asia beyond the Ganges, the *relative* position which he assigns will guide us better than the absolute one, which removes *Ottorakorra* so far to the east that a correction is inevitable. According to my opinion the *Ottorakorra* of Ptolemy must be sought for to the east of Kashgar.’ Lassen also thinks that Magasthenes had the Uttara Kurus in view when he referred to the Hyperboreans who were fabled by Indian writers to live a thousand years. In his Indian antiquities, (Ind. Alterthumskunde, i. 511, 512. and note,) the same writer concludes that though the passages above cited

relative to the Uttara Kurus indicate a belief in the existence of a really existing country of that name in the far north, yet that the descriptions there given are to be taken as pictures of an ideal paradise, and not as founded on any recollections of the northern origin of the Kurus. It is probable, he thinks, that some such reminiscences originally existed, and still survived in the Vedic era, though there is no trace of their existence in latter times.” MUIR's *Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. II. pp. 336, 337.

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*Trust to these mighty Vánars.*

The corresponding passage in the Bengal recension has “these silvans in the forms of monkeys, vánaráh kapirupinah.” “Here it manifestly appears,” says Gorresio, “that these hosts of combatants whom Ráma led to the conquest of Lanká (Ceylon) the kingdom and seat of the Hamitic race, and whom the poem calls monkeys, were in fact as I have elsewhere observed, inhabitants of the mountainous and southern regions of India, who were wild-looking and not altogether unlike monkeys. They were perhaps the remote ancestors of the Malay races.”

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## Page 431.

*“Art thou not he who slew of old  
The Serpent-Gods, and stormed their hold.”*

All these exploits of Rávaṇ are detailed in the *Uttarakáṇḍa*, and epitomized in the Appendix.

## Page 434.

*Within the consecrated hall.*

The Bráhmaṇ householder ought to maintain three sacred fires, the *Gáṛhapatya*, the *Ahavaniya* and the *Dakṣiṇa*. These three fires were made use of in many Brahmanical solemnities, for example in funeral rites when the three fires were arranged in prescribed order.

## Page 436.

*Fair Punjikasthalá I met.*

“I have not noticed in the Úttara Káṇḍa any story about the daughter of Varuṇa, but the commentator on the text (VI 60, 11) explains the allusion to her thus:

“The daughter of Varuṇa was Punjikasthalí. On her account, a curse of Brahmá, involving the penalty of death, [was pronounced] on the rape of women.” MUIR, *Sanskrit Texts*, Part IV. Appendix.

## Page 452.

“*Shall no funereal honours grace  
The parted lord of Raghu's race?*”

“Here are indicated those admirable rites and those funeral prayers which Professor Müller has described in his excellent work, *Die Todtenbestattung bei den Brahmanen*, Sítá laments that the body of Ráma will not be honoured with those rites and prayers, nor will the Bráhman priest while laying the ashes from the pile in the bosom of the earth, pronounce over them those solemn and magnificent words: ‘Go unto the earth, thy mother, the ample, wide, and blessed earth.... And do thou, O Earth, open and receive him as a friend with sweet greeting: enfold him in thy bosom as a mother wraps her child in her robes.’” GORRESIO.

Page 462.

*Each glorious sign  
That stamps the future queen is mine.*

We read in Josephus that Caesar was so well versed in chiro-mancy that when one day a *soi-disant* son of Herod had audience of him, he at once detected the impostor because his hand was destitute of all marks of royalty.

Page 466.

*In battle's wild Gandharva dance.*

“Here the commentator explains: ‘the battle resembled the dance of the Gandharvas,’ in accordance with the notion of the Gandharvas entertained in his day. They were regarded as celestial musicians enlivening with their melodies Indra’s heaven and the banquets of the Gods. But the Gandharvas before becoming celestial musicians in popular tradition, were in the primitive and true signification of the name heroes, spirited and ardent warriors, followers of Indra, and combined the heroical character with their atmospherical deity. Under this aspect the dance of the Gandharvas may be a very different thing from what the commentator means, and may signify the horrid dance of war.”

GORRESIO.

The Homeric expression is similar, “to dance a war-dance before Ares.”

*By Anaraṇya’s lips of old.*

“The story of Anaraṇya is told in the Uttara Kāṇḍa of the Rámáyaṇa.... Anaraṇya a descendant of Ixváku and King of Ayodhyá, when called upon to fight with Rávaṇa or acknowledge himself conquered, prefers the former alternative; but his army is overcome, and he himself is thrown from his chariot.

When Rávaṇa triumphs over his prostrate foe, the latter says that he has been vanquished not by him but by fate, and that Rávaṇa is only the instrument of his overthrow; and he predicts that Rávaṇa shall one day be slain by his descendant Ráma.”

*Sanskrit Texts, IV., Appendix.*

## Page 497.

“With regard to the magic image of Sítá made by Indrajit, we may observe that this thoroughly oriental idea is also found in Greece in Homer's Iliad, where Apollo forms an image of Æneas to save that hero beloved by the Gods: it occurs too in the Æneid of Virgil where Juno forms a fictitious Æneas to save Turnus:

Tum dea nube cava tenuem sine viribus umbram  
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum)  
 Dardaniis ornat telis; clipeumque jubaisque  
 Divini assimulat capitï; dat inania verba;  
 Dat sine mente sonum, gressusque effingit euntis.

*(Æneidos, lib. X.)*” GORRESIO.

## Page 489.

*“To Raghu's son my chariot lend.”*

“Analogous to this passage of the Rámáyana, where Indra sends to Ráma his own chariot, his own charioteer, and his own arms, is the passage in the Æneid where Venus descending from heaven brings celestial arms to her son Æneas when he is about to enter the battle:

At Venus æthereos inter dea candida nimbos  
 Dona fereus aderat;...

...

Arma sub adversa posuit radiantia quercum.  
 Ille, deæ donis et tanto lætus honore,  
 Expleri nequit, atque oculus per singula volvit,  
 Miraturque, interque manus et brachia versat  
 Terribilem cristis galeam flammasque vomentem,  
 Fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex ære rigentem.

(*Aeneidos*, lib. VIII)” GORRESIO.

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## Page 489.

*Agastya came and gently spake.*

“The Muni or saint Agastya, author of several Vedic hymns, was celebrated in Indo-Sanskrit tradition for having directed the first brahmanical settlements in the southern regions of India; and the Mahábhárata gives him the credit of having subjected those countries, expelled the Rákshases. and given security to the solitary ascetics, who were settled there. Hence Agastya was regarded in ancient legend as the conqueror and ruler of the southern country. This tradition refers to the earliest migrations made by the Sanskrit Indians towards the south of India. To Agastya are attributed many marvellous mythic deeds which adumbrate and veil ancient events; some of which are alluded to here and there in the Rámáyana.” GORRESIO.

The following is the literal translation of the Canto, text and commentary, from the Calcutta edition:

Having found Ráma weary with fighting and buried in deep thought, and Rávan standing before him ready to engage in battle, the holy Agastya, who had come to see the battle, approached Ráma and spoke to him thus: “O mighty Ráma, listen to the old mystery by which thou wilt conquer all thy foes in the battle. Having daily repeated the Ádityahridaya (the delighter of the mind of the Sun) the holy prayer which destroys all enemies (of him who repeats it) gives victory, removes all sins, sorrows and distress, increases life, and which is the blessing of all blessings, worship the rising and splendid sun who is respected by both

the Gods and demons, who gives light to all bodies and who is the rich lord of all the worlds, (To the question why this prayer claims so great reverence; the sage answers) Since yonder<sup>1073</sup> sun is full of glory and all gods reside in him (he being their material cause) and bestows being and the active principle on all creatures by his rays; and since he protects all deities, demons and men with his rays.

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He is Brahmá,<sup>1074</sup> Vishṇu,<sup>1075</sup> Śiva,<sup>1076</sup> Skanda,<sup>1077</sup> Prajápati,<sup>1078</sup> Mahendra,<sup>1079</sup> Dhanada,<sup>1080</sup> Kála,<sup>1081</sup> Yáma,<sup>1082</sup> Soma,<sup>1083</sup> Apám Pati i.e. The lord of waters, Pitrí,<sup>1084</sup> Vasus,<sup>1085</sup> Sádhyas,<sup>1086</sup> Aśvins,<sup>1087</sup>

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<sup>1073</sup> From the word yonder it would appear that the prayer is to be repeated at the rising of the Sun.

<sup>1074</sup> The creator of the world and the first of the Hindu triad.

<sup>1075</sup> He who pervades all beings; or the second of the Hindu triad who preserves the world.

<sup>1076</sup> The bestower of blessings; the third of the Hindu triad and the destroyer of the world.

<sup>1077</sup> A name of the War-God; also one who urges the senses to action.

<sup>1078</sup> The lord of creatures; or the God of sacrifices.

<sup>1079</sup> A name of the King of Gods; also all-powerful.

<sup>1080</sup> The giver of wealth. A name of the God of riches.

<sup>1081</sup> One who directly urges the mental faculties to action.

<sup>1082</sup> One who moderates the senses, also the God of the regions of the dead.

<sup>1083</sup> One who produces nectar (amrita) or one who is always possessed of light; or one together with Umá (Ardhanárisvara).

<sup>1084</sup> The names or spirits of departed ancestors.

<sup>1085</sup> Name of a class of eight Gods, also wealthy.

<sup>1086</sup> They who are to be served by Yogíś; or a class of Gods named Sádhyas.

<sup>1087</sup> The two physicians of the Gods; or they who pervade all beings.

Maruts,<sup>1088</sup> Manu,<sup>1089</sup> Váyu,<sup>1090</sup> Vahni,<sup>1091</sup> Prajá,<sup>1092</sup>  
 Práṇa,<sup>1093</sup> Ritukartá,<sup>1094</sup> Prabhákara,<sup>1095</sup> (Thou,<sup>1096</sup> art)  
 Aditya,<sup>1097</sup> Savitá,<sup>1098</sup> Súrya,<sup>1099</sup> Khaga,<sup>1100</sup> Púshan,<sup>1101</sup>

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<sup>1088</sup> They who are immortal; or a class of Gods forty-nine in number.

<sup>1089</sup> Omniscient; or the first king of the world.

<sup>1090</sup> He that moves; life; or the God of wind.

<sup>1091</sup> The God of fire.

<sup>1092</sup> Lord of creatures.

<sup>1093</sup> One who prolongs our lives.

<sup>1094</sup> The material cause of knowledge and of the seasons.

<sup>1095</sup> One who shines. The giver of light.

<sup>1096</sup> The hymn entitled the Ádityahridaya begins from this verse and the words, thou art, are understood in the beginning of this verse.

<sup>1097</sup> One who enjoys all (pleasurable) objects; The son of Aditi, the lord of the solar disk.

<sup>1098</sup> One who creates the world, i.e., endows beings with life or soul, and by his rays causes rain and thereby produces corn.

<sup>1099</sup> One who urges the world to action or puts the world in motion, who is omnipresent.

<sup>1100</sup> One who walks through the sky; or pervades the soul.

<sup>1101</sup> One who nourishes the world, i.e., is the supporter.

Gabhastimán,<sup>1102</sup> Šuvarṇasadriśa,<sup>1103</sup> Bhánu,<sup>1104</sup> Hiranyakare-tas,<sup>1105</sup> Dívákara,<sup>1106</sup> Haridaśva,<sup>1107</sup> Sahasráchish,<sup>1108</sup> Sap-tasapti,<sup>1109</sup> Marichimán,<sup>1110</sup> Timironmathana,<sup>1111</sup> Sambhu,<sup>1112</sup> Twashtá,<sup>1113</sup> Márтanda,<sup>1114</sup> Anśumán,<sup>1115</sup> Hiranyagarbha,<sup>1116</sup>

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<sup>1102</sup> One having rays (Gabhasti) or he who is possessed of the all-pervading goddess Lakshmí.

<sup>1103</sup> One resembling gold.

<sup>1104</sup> One who is resplendent or who gives light to other objects.

<sup>1105</sup> One whose seed (Retas) is gold; or quicksilver, the material cause of gold.

<sup>1106</sup> One who is the cause of day.

<sup>1107</sup> One whose horses are of tawny colour; or one who pervades the whole space or quarters.

<sup>1108</sup> One whose knowledge is boundless or who has a thousand rays.

<sup>1109</sup> One who urges the seven (Práṇas) that is the two eyes, the two ears, the nostrils and the organ of speech, or whose chariot, is drawn by seven horses.

<sup>1110</sup> Vide Gabhastimán.

<sup>1111</sup> One who destroys darkness, or ignorance.

<sup>1112</sup> One from whom our blessings or the enjoyments of Paradise come.

<sup>1113</sup> The architect of the gods; or one who lessens the miseries of our birth and death.

<sup>1114</sup> One who gives life to the lifeless world.

<sup>1115</sup> One who pervades the internal and external worlds; or one who is resplendent.

<sup>1116</sup> He who is identified with the Hindu triad, i.e. the creator (Brahmá) the supporter (Vishnu) and the destroyer (Śiva).

Siśíra,<sup>1117</sup> Tapana,<sup>1118</sup> Ahaskara,<sup>1119</sup> Ravi,<sup>1120</sup> Agnigarbha,<sup>1121</sup> Aditiputra,<sup>1122</sup> Sankha,<sup>1123</sup> Siśiranáśana,<sup>1124</sup> Vyomanátha,<sup>1125</sup> Tamobhedí,<sup>1126</sup> Rigyajussámapáraga,<sup>1127</sup> Ghanavríshti,<sup>1128</sup> Apám-Mitra,<sup>1129</sup> Vindhyavíthíplavangama,<sup>1130</sup> Átapí,<sup>1131</sup> Mandalí,<sup>1132</sup> Mrityu (death), Pingala,<sup>1133</sup> Sarvatápana,<sup>1134</sup> Kavi,<sup>1135</sup>

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<sup>1117</sup> Cold or good natured. He is so called because he allays the three sorts of pain.

<sup>1118</sup> One who is the lord of all.

<sup>1119</sup> Vide Divákara.

<sup>1120</sup> One who teaches Brahmá and others the Vedas.

<sup>1121</sup> One from whom Rudra the destroyer or the third of the Hindu triad springs.

<sup>1122</sup> One who is knowable through Aditi, i.e., the eternal Brahmavid्या.

<sup>1123</sup> Great happiness or the sky.

<sup>1124</sup> The destroyer of cold or stupidity.

<sup>1125</sup> The Lord of the sky.

<sup>1126</sup> Vide Timironmathana.

<sup>1127</sup> One who is known through the Upanishads.

<sup>1128</sup> He who is the cause of heavy rain.

<sup>1129</sup> He who is a friend to the good, or who is the cause of water.

<sup>1130</sup> One who moves in the solar orbit.

<sup>1131</sup> One who determines the creation of the world; or who is possessed of heat.

<sup>1132</sup> One who has a mass of rays; or who has Kaustubha and other precious stones as his ornaments.

<sup>1133</sup> He who urges all to action; or who is yellow in colour.

<sup>1134</sup> One who is the destroyer of all.

<sup>1135</sup> One who is omniscient; or a poet.

Viśva,<sup>1136</sup> Mahátejas,<sup>1137</sup> Rakta,<sup>1138</sup> Sarvabhavodbhava.<sup>1139</sup> The Lord of stars, planets, and other luminous bodies, Viśvabhávana,<sup>1140</sup> Tejasvinám-Tejasvi,<sup>1141</sup> Dwádaśátman:<sup>1142</sup> I salute thee. I salute thee who art the eastern mountain. I salute thee who art the western mountain. I salute thee who art the Lord of all the luminous bodies. I salute thee who art the Lord of days.

I respectfully salute thee who art Jaya,<sup>1143</sup> Jayabhadra,<sup>1144</sup> Haryaśa,<sup>1145</sup> O Thou who hast a thousand rays, I repeatedly salute thee. I repeatedly and respectfully salute thee who art Áditya, I repeatedly salute thee who art Ugra,<sup>1146</sup> Víra,<sup>1147</sup> and Sáranga.<sup>1148</sup> I salute thee who openest the lotuses (or the lotus of the heart). I salute thee who art furious. I salute thee who art the Lord of Brahmá, Śiva and Vishṇu. I salute thee who art the sun, Ádityavarchas,<sup>1149</sup> splendid, Sarvabhaksha,<sup>1150</sup> and Raudravapush.<sup>1151</sup>

I salute thee who destroyest darkness, cold and enemies; whose form is boundless, who art the destroyer of the ungrateful;

<sup>1136</sup> One who is identified with the whole world.

<sup>1137</sup> One who is of huge form.

<sup>1138</sup> One who pleases all by giving nourishment; or who is red in colour.

<sup>1139</sup> One who is the cause of the whole world.

<sup>1140</sup> One who protects the whole world.

<sup>1141</sup> The most glorious of all that are glorious.

<sup>1142</sup> One who is identical with the twelve months.

<sup>1143</sup> One who gives victory over all the worlds to those who are faithfully devoted to him; or the porter of Brahmá, named Jaya.

<sup>1144</sup> One who is identical with the blessing which can be obtained by conquering all the worlds; or with the porter of Brahmá named Jayabhadra.

<sup>1145</sup> One who has Hanúmán as his conveyance.

<sup>1146</sup> One who controls the senses; or is furious with those who are not his devotees.

<sup>1147</sup> He who is free in moving the senses; or urges all beings to action.

<sup>1148</sup> He who can be known through the Pranava (the mystical Om-kára.)

<sup>1149</sup> One who is the knowledge of Brahmá.

<sup>1150</sup> One who devours all things.

<sup>1151</sup> He who is the destroyer of all pains; and of love, and hate, the causes of pain; and ignorance which is the cause of love and hate.

who art Deva;<sup>1152</sup> who art the Lord of the luminous bodies, and who appearest like the heated gold. I salute thee who art Hari,<sup>1153</sup> Viśvakarman,<sup>1154</sup> the destroyer of darkness, and who art splendid and Lokasákshin.<sup>1155</sup> Yonder sun destroys the whole of the material world and also creates it. Yonder sun dries (all earthly things), destroys them and causes rain with his rays. He wakes when our senses are asleep; and resides within all beings. Yonder sun is Agnihotra<sup>1156</sup> and also the fruit obtained by the performer of Agnihotra. He is identified with the gods, sacrifices, and the fruit of the sacrifices. He is the Lord of all the duties known to the world, if any man, O Rágħava, in calamities, miseries, forests and dangers, prays to yonder sun, he is never overwhelmed by distress.

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Worship, with close attention Him the God of gods and the Lord of the world; and recite these verses thrice, whereby thou wilt be victorious in the battle. O brave one, thou wilt kill Rávaṇa this very instant.”

Thereupon Agastya having said this went away as he came. The glorious Ráma having heard this became free from sorrow. Rágħava whose senses were under control, being pleased, committed the hymn to memory, recited it facing the sun, and obtained great delight. The brave Ráma having sipped water thrice and become pure took his bow, and seeing Rávaṇa, was delighted, and meditated on the sun.

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## Page 492. Rávan's Funeral.

<sup>1152</sup> One who is bliss; or the mover.

<sup>1153</sup> One who destroys ignorance and its effects.

<sup>1154</sup> The doer of all actions.

<sup>1155</sup> One who beholds the universe; who is a witness of good and bad actions.

<sup>1156</sup> Sacrifice of the five sensual fires.

"In the funeral ceremonies of India the fire was placed on three sides of the pyre; the *Dakshiṇa* on the south, the *Gárhapatya* on the west, and the *Áhavaníya* on the east. The funeral rites are not described in detail here, and it is therefore difficult to elucidate and explain them. The poem assigns the funeral ceremonies of Aryan Brahmans to the Rákshases, a race different from them in origin and religion, in the same way as Homer sometimes introduces into Troy the rites of the Grecian cult." GORRESIO.

Mr. Muir translates the description of the funeral from the Calcutta edition, as follows: "They formed, with Vedic rites, a funeral pile of faggots of sandal-wood, with *padmaka* wood, *uśira* grass, and sandal, and covered with a quilt of deer's hair. They then performed an unrivalled obsequial ceremony for the Ráxasa prince, placing the sacrificial ground to the S.E. and the fire in the proper situation. They cast the ladle filled with curds and ghee on the shoulder<sup>1157</sup> of the deceased; he (?) placed the car on the feet, and the mortar between the thighs. Having deposited all the wooden vessels, the [upper] and lower fire-wood, and the other pestle, in their proper places, they departed. The Ráxasas having then slain a victim to their prince in the manner prescribed in the Śástras, and enjoined by great rishis, cast [into the fire] the coverlet of the king saturated with ghee. They then, Vibhíshaṇa included, with afflicted hearts, adorned Rávaṇa with perfumes and garlands, and with various vestments, and besprinkled him with fried grain. Vibhíshaṇa having bathed, and having, with his clothes wet, scattered in proper form *tila* seeds mixed with *darbha* grass, and moistened with water, applied the fire [to the pile]."

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<sup>1157</sup> According to Ápastamba (says the commentator) "it should have been placed on the nose: this must therefore have been done in conformity with some other Sútras."

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The following is a literal translation of Brahmá's address to Ráma according to the Calcutta edition, text and commentary:

“O Ráma, how dost thou, being the creator of all the world, best of all those who have profound knowledge of the Upanishads and all-powerful as thou art, suffer Sítá to fall in the fire? How dost thou not know thyself as the best of the gods? Thou art one of the primeval Vasus,<sup>1158</sup> and also their lord and creator. Thou art thyself the lord and first creator of the three worlds. Thou art the eighth (that is Mahádeva) of the Rudras,<sup>1159</sup> and also the fifth<sup>1160</sup> of the Sádhyas.<sup>1161</sup> (The poet describes Ráma as made of the following gods) The Aśvinikumáras (the twin divine physicians of the gods) are thy ears; the sun and the moon are thy eyes; and thou hast been seen in the beginning and at the end of creation. How dost thou neglect the daughter of Videha (Janaka) like a man whose actions are directed by the dictates of nature?” Thus addressed by Indra, Brahmá and the other gods, Ráma the descendant of Raghu, lord of the world and the best of the virtuous, spoke to the chief of the gods. “As I take myself to be a man of the name of Ráma and son of Daśaratha, therefore, sir, please tell me who I am and whence have I come.” “O thou whose might is never failing,” said Brahmá to Kákutstha the foremost of those who thoroughly know Brahmá, “Thou art Náráyaṇa,<sup>1162</sup> almighty, possessed of fortune, and armed with the discus. Thou art the boar<sup>1163</sup> with one tusk; the conqueror of thy past and future foes. Thou art Brahmá true and eternal or undecaying. Thou art Viśvaksena,<sup>1164</sup> having four arms; Thou art

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<sup>1158</sup> A class of eight gods.

<sup>1159</sup> A class of eleven gods called Rudras.

<sup>1160</sup> Named Víryaván.

<sup>1161</sup> A class of divine devotees named Sádhyas.

<sup>1162</sup> One who resides in the water.

<sup>1163</sup> The third incarnation of Vishṇu, that bore the earth on his tusk.

<sup>1164</sup> One whose armies are everywhere.

Hrishíkeśa,<sup>1165</sup> whose bow is made of horn; Thou art Purusha,<sup>1166</sup> the best of all beings; Thou art one who is never defeated by any body; Thou art the holder of the sword (named Nandaka). Thou art Vishṇu (the pervader of all); blue in colour: of great might; the commander of armies; and lord of villages. Thou art truth. Thou art embodied intelligence, forgiveness, control over the senses, creation, and destruction. Thou art Upendra<sup>1167</sup> and Madhusúdana.<sup>1168</sup> Thou art the creator of Indra, the ruler over all the world, Padmanábha,<sup>1169</sup> and destroyer of enemies in the battle. The divine Rishis call thee shelter of refugees, as well as the giver of shelter. Thou hast a thousand horns,<sup>1170</sup> a hundred heads.<sup>1171</sup> Thou art respected of the respected; and the lord and first creator of the three worlds. Thou art the forefather and shelter of Siddhas,<sup>1172</sup> and Sádhyas.<sup>1173</sup> Thou art sacrifices; Vashatkára,<sup>1174</sup> Omkára.<sup>1175</sup> Thou art beyond those who are beyond our senses. There is none who knows who thou art and who knows thy beginning and end. Thou art seen in all material objects, in Bráhmans, in cows, and also in all the quarters, sky and streams. Thou hast a thousand feet, a hundred heads, and a thousand eyes. Thou hast borne the material objects and the earth with the mountains; and at the bottom of the ocean thou art seen the great serpent. O Ráma, Thou hast borne the three

<sup>1165</sup> One who controls the senses.

<sup>1166</sup> He who resides in the heart, or who is full, or all-pervading.

<sup>1167</sup> Vámana, or the Dwarf incarnation of Vishṇu.

<sup>1168</sup> The killer of Madhu, a demon.

<sup>1169</sup> He from whose navel, the lotus, from which Brahmá was born, springs.

<sup>1170</sup> He who has a thousand horns. The horns are here the Sákhas of the Sáma-veda.

<sup>1171</sup> One who has a hundred heads. The heads are here meant to devote a hundred commandments of the Vedas.

<sup>1172</sup> Siddhas are those who have already gained the summit of their desires.

<sup>1173</sup> Sádhyas are those that are still trying to gain the summit.

<sup>1174</sup> A mystic syllable uttered in Mantras.

<sup>1175</sup> A mystic syllable made of the letters which respectively denote Brahmá, Vishṇu, and Śiva.

worlds, gods, Gandharvas,<sup>1176</sup> and demons. I am, O Ráma, thy heart; the goddess of learning is thy tongue; the gods are the hairs of thy body; the closing of thy eyelids is called the night: and their opening is called the day. The Vedas are thy Sanskáras.<sup>1177</sup> Nothing can exist without thee. The whole world is thy body; the surface of the earth is thy stability.”

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O Śírvatsalakshaṇa, fire is thy anger, and the moon is thy favour. In the time of thy incarnation named Vámana, thou didst pervade the three worlds with thy three steps; and Mahendra was made the king of paradise by thee having confined the fearful Bali.<sup>1178</sup> Sítá (thy wife) is Lakshmí; and thou art the God Vishṇu,<sup>1179</sup> Krishṇa,<sup>1180</sup> and Prajápati. To kill Rávaṇa thou hast assumed the form of a man; therefore, O best of the virtuous, thou hast completed this task imposed by us (gods). O Ráma, Rávaṇa has been killed by thee: now being joyful (i.e. having for some time reigned in the kingdom of Ayodhyá,) go to paradise. O glorious Ráma, thy power and thy valour are never failing. The visit to thee and the prayers made to thee are never fruitless. Thy devotees will never be unsuccessful. Thy devotees who obtain thee (thy favour) who art first and best of mankind, shall obtain their desires in this world as well as in the next. They who recite this prayer, founded on the Vedas (or first uttered by the sages), and the old and divine account of (Ráma) shall never suffer defeat.”

## Page 503. The Meeting.

<sup>1176</sup> A class of divine gods.

<sup>1177</sup> Sanskáras are those sacred writings through which the divine commands and prohibitions are known.

<sup>1178</sup> Bali, a demon whom Vámana confined in Pátála.

<sup>1179</sup> Vishṇu, the second of the Hindu triad.

<sup>1180</sup> Krishṇa, (black coloured) one of the ten incarnations of Vishṇu.

The *Bharat-Miláp* or meeting with Bharat, is the closing scene of the dramatic representation of Ráma's great victory and triumphant return which takes place annually in October in many of the cities of Northern India. The Rám-Lalá or Play of Ráma, as the great drama is called, is performed in the open air and lasts with one day's break through fifteen successive days. At Benares there are three nearly simultaneous performances, one provided by H. H. the Maharajah of Benares near his palace at Ramnaggur, one by H. H. the Maharajah of Vizianagram near the Missionary settlement at Sigra and at other places in the city, and one by the leading gentry of the city at Chowká Ghát near the College. The scene especially on the great day when the brothers meet is most interesting: the procession of elephants with their gorgeous howdahs of silver and gold and their magnificently dressed riders with priceless jewels sparkling in their turbans, the enthusiasm of the thousands of spectators who fill the streets and squares, the balconies and the housetops, the flowers that are rained down upon the advancing car, the wild music, the shouting and the joy, make an impression that is not easily forgotten.

*Still on his head, well trained in lore  
Of duty, Ráma's shoes he bore.*

Ráma's shoes are here regarded as the emblems of royalty or possession. We may compare the Hebrew "Over Edom will I cast forth my shoe." A curiously similar passage occurs in LYSCHANDER'S *Chronicon Greenlandiae Rhythmicon*:

"Han sendte til Irland sin skiden skoe,  
Og böd den Konge. Som der monne boe,  
Han skulde dem hæderlig bære  
Pan Juuledag i sin kongelig Pragt,  
Og kjende han havde sit Rige og Magt  
Af Norges og Quernes Herre."

He sent to Ireland his dirty shoes,  
And commanded the king who lived there  
To wear them with honour  
On Christmas Day in his royal state,  
And to own that he had his kingdom and power  
From the Lord of Norway and the Isles.

*Notes & Queries, March 30, 1872.*

## Final Notes.

I end these notes with an extract which I translate from Signor Gorresio's Preface to the tenth volume of his Rámáyan, and I take this opportunity of again thankfully acknowledging my great obligations to this eminent Śanskritist from whom I have so frequently borrowed. As Mr. Muir has observed, the Bengal recension which Signor Gorresio has most ably edited is throughout an admirable commentary on the genuine Rámáyan of northern India, and I have made constant reference to the faithful and elegant translation which accompanies the text for assistance and confirmation in difficulties:

“Towards the southern extremity and in the island of Lanká (Ceylon) there existed undoubtedly a black and ferocious race, averse to the Aryans and hostile to their mode of worship: their ramifications extended through the islands of the Archipelago, and some traces of them remain in Java to this day.

The Sanskrit-Indians, applying to this race a name expressive of hatred which occurs in the Vedas as the name of hostile, savage and detested beings, called it the Rákshas race: it is against these Rákshases that the expedition of Ráma which the Rámáyan celebrates is directed. The Sanskrit-Indians certainly

altered in their traditions the real character of this race: they attributed to it physical and moral qualities not found in human nature; they transformed it into a race of giants; they represented it as monstrous, hideous, truculent, changing forms at will, blood-thirsty and ravenous, just as the Semites represented the races that opposed them as impious, horrible and of monstrous size. But notwithstanding these mythical exaggerations, which are partly due to the genius of the Aryans so prone to magnify everything without measure, the Rámáyan in the course of its epic narration has still preserved and noted here and there some traits and peculiarities of the race which reveal its true character. It represents the Rákshases as black of hue, and compares them with black clouds and masses of black collyrium; it attributes to them curly woolly hair and thick lips, it depicts them as loaded with chains, collars and girdles of gold, and the other bright ornaments which their race has always loved, and in which the kindred races of the Soudan still delight. It describes them as worshippers of matter and force. They are hostile to the religion of the Aryans whose rites and sacrifices they disturb and ruin ... Such is the Rákshas race as represented in the Rámáyan; and the war of the Aryan Ráma forms the subject of the epic, a subject certainly real and historical as far as regards its substance, but greatly exaggerated by the ancient myth. In Sanskrit-Indian tradition are found traces of another struggle of the Aryans with the Rákshas races, which preceded the war of Ráma. According to some pauranic legends, Kárttavírya, a descendant of the royal tribe of the Yádavas, contemporary with Parasurama and a little anterior to Ráma, attacked Lanká and took Rávaṇ prisoner. This well shows how ancient and how deeply rooted in the Aryan race is the thought of this war which the Rámáyan celebrates.

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“But,” says an eminent Indianist<sup>1181</sup> whose learning I highly appreciate, “the Rámáyan is an allegorical epic, and no precise

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<sup>1181</sup> A. Weber, *Akademische Vorlesungen*, p. 181.

and historical value can be assigned to it. Sítá signifies the furrow made by the plough, and under this symbolical aspect has already appeared honoured with worship in the hymns of the Rig-veda; Rámá is the bearer of the plough (this assertion is entirely gratuitous); these two allegorical personages represented agriculture introduced to the southern regions of India by the race of the Kosalas from whom Rámá was descended; the Rákshases on whom he makes war are races of demons and giants who have little or nothing human about them; allegory therefore predominates in the poem, and the exact reality of an historical event must not be looked for in it." Such is Professor Weber's opinion. If he means to say that mythical fictions are mingled with real events,

Forsan in alcun vero suo arco percuote,

as Dante says, and I fully concede the point. The interweaving of the myth with the historical truth belongs to the essence, so to speak, of the primitive epopeia. If Sítá is born, as the Rámáyan feigns, from the furrow which King Janak opened when he ploughed the earth, not a whit more real is the origin of Helen and Æneas as related in Homer and Virgil, and if the characters in the Rámáyan exceed human nature, and in a greater degree perhaps than is the case in analogous epics, this springs in part from the nature of the subject and still more from the symbol-loving genius of the orient. Still the characters of the Rámáyan, although they exceed more or less the limits of human nature, act notwithstanding in the course of the poem, speak, feel, rejoice and grieve according to the natural impulse of human passions. But if by saying that the Rámáyan is an allegorical epic, it is meant that its fundamental subject is nothing but allegory, that the war of the Aryan Rámá against the Rákshas race is an allegory, that the conquest of the southern region and of the island of Lanká is an allegory, I do not hesitate to answer that such a presumption cannot be admitted and that the thing is in

my opinion impossible. Father Paolíno da S. Bartolommeo,<sup>1182</sup> had already, together with other strange opinions of his own on Indian matters, brought forward a similar idea, that is to say that the exploit of Ráma which is the subject of the Rámáyan was a symbol and represented the course of the sun: thus he imagined that Brahmá was the earth, Vishnú the water, and that his avatárs were the blessings brought by the fertilizing waters, etc. But such ideas, born at a time when Indo-sanskrit antiquities were enveloped in darkness, have been dissipated by the light of new studies. How could an epic so dear in India to the memory of the people, so deeply rooted for many centuries in the minds of all, so propagated and diffused through all the dialects and languages of those regions, which had become the source of many dramas which are still represented in India, which is itself represented every year with such magnificence and to such crowds of people in the neighbourhood of Ayodhyá, a poem welcomed at its very birth with such favour, as the legend relates, that the recitation of it by the first wandering Rhapso-dists has consecrated and made famous all the places celebrated by them, and where Ráma made a shorter or longer stay, how, I ask, could such an epic have been purely allegorical? How, upon a pure invention, upon a simple allegory, could a poem have been composed of about fifty thousand verses, relating with such force and power the events, and giving details with such exactness? On a theme purely allegorical there may easily be composed a short mythical poem, as for example a poem on Proserpine or Psyche: but never an epic so full of traditions and historical memories, so intimately connected with the life of the people, as the Rámáyan.<sup>1183</sup> Excessive readiness to find allegory whenever some traces of symbolism occur, where the myth partly veils

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<sup>1182</sup> *Systema brahmanicum, liturgicum, mythologicum, civile, exmonumentis Indicis, etc.*

<sup>1183</sup> Not only have the races of India translated or epitomized it, but foreign nations have appropriated it wholly or in part, Persia, Java, and Japan itself.

the historical reality, may lead and often has led to error. What poetical work of mythical times could stand this mode of trial? could there not be made, or rather has there not been made a work altogether allegorical, out of the Homeric poems? We have all heard of the ingenious idea of the anonymous writer, who in order to prove how easily we may pass beyond the truth in our wish to seek and find allegory everywhere, undertook with keen subtlety to prove that the great personality of Napoleon I. was altogether allegorical and represented the sun. Napoleon was born in an island, his course was from west to east, his twelve marshals were the twelve signs of the zodiac, etc.

I conclude then, that the fundamental theme of the Rámáyan, that is to say the war of the Aryan Ráma against the Rákshases, an Hamitic race settled in the south, ought to be regarded as real and historical as far as regards its substance, although the mythic element intermingled with the true sometimes alters its natural and genuine aspect.

How then did the Indo-Sanskrit epopeia form and complete itself? What elements did it interweave in its progress? How did it embody, how did it clothe the naked and simple primitive datum? We must first of all remember that the Indo-European races possessed the epic genius in the highest degree, and that they alone in the different regions they occupied produced epic poetry ... But other causes and particular influences combined to nourish and develop the epic germ of the Sanskrit-Indians. Already in the Rig-veda are found hymns in which the Aryan genius preluded, so to speak, to the future epopeia, in songs that celebrated the heroic deeds of Indra, the combats and the victories of the tutelary Gods of the Aryan races over enemies secret or open, human or superhuman, the exploits and the memories of ancient heroes. More recently, at certain solemn occasions, as the very learned A. Weber remarks, at the solemnity, for example of the Aśvamedha or sacrifice of the horse, the praises of the king who ordained the great rite were sung by bards and minstrels in songs composed

for the purpose, the memories of past times were recalled and honourable mention was made of the just and pious kings of old. In the *Bráhmaṇas*, a sort of prose commentaries annexed to the Vedas, are found recorded stories and legends which allude to historical events of the past ages, to ancient memories, and to mythical events. Such popular legends which the *Bráhmaṇas* undoubtedly gathered from tradition admirably suited the epic tissue with which they were interwoven by successive hands.... Many and various mythico-historical traditions, suitable for epic development, were diffused among the Aryan races, those for example which are related in the four chapters containing the description of the earth, the Descent of the Ganges, etc. The epic genius however sometimes created beings of its own and gave body and life to ideal conceptions. Some of the persons in the Rámáyan must be, in my opinion, either personifications of the forces of nature like those which are described with such vigour in the *Sháhnámah*, or if not exactly created, exaggerated beyond human proportions; others, vedic personages much more ancient than Rámá, were introduced into the epic and woven into its narrations, to bring together men who lived in different and distant ages, as has been the case in times nearer to our own, in the epics, I mean, of the middle ages.

In the introduction I have discussed the antiquity of the Rámáyan; and by means of those critical and inductive proofs which are all that an antiquity without precise historical dates can furnish I have endeavoured to establish with all the certainty that the subject admitted, that the original composition of the Rámáyan is to be assigned to about the twelfth century before the Christian era. Not that I believe that the epic then sprang to life in the form in which we now possess it; I think, and I have elsewhere expressed the opinion, that the poem during the course of its rhapsodical and oral propagation appropriated by way of episodes, traditions, legends and ancient myths.... But as far as regards the epic poem properly so called which celebrates

the expedition of Ráma against the Rákshases I think that I have sufficiently shown that its origin and first appearance should be placed about the twelfth century B.C.; nor have I hitherto met with anything to oppose this chronological result, or to oblige me to rectify or reject it.... But an eminent philologist already quoted, deeply versed in these studies, A. Weber, has expressed in some of his writings a totally different opinion; and the authority of his name, if not the number and cogency of his arguments, compels me to say something on the subject. From the fact or rather the assumption that Megasthenes<sup>1184</sup> who lived some time in India has made no mention either of the Mahábhárát or the Rámáyan Professor Weber argues that neither of these poems could have existed at that time; as regards the Rámáyan, the unity of its composition, the chain that binds together its different parts, and its allegorical character, show it, says Professor Weber, to be much more recent than the age to which I have assigned it, near to our own era, and according to him, later than the Mahábhárát. As for Megasthenes it should be observed, that he did not write a history of India, much less a literary history or anything at all resembling one, but a simple description, in great part physical, of India: whence, from his silence on literary matters to draw inferences regarding the history of Sanskrit literature would be the same thing as from the silence of a geologist with respect to the literature of a country whose valleys, mountains, and internal structure he is exploring, to conjecture that such and such a poem or history not mentioned by him did not exist at his time. We have only to look at the fragments of Megasthenes collected and published by Schwanbeck to see what was the nature and scope of his *Indica*.... But only a few fragments of Megasthenes are extant; and to pretend that they should be argument and proof enough to judge the antiquity of a poem is to press the laws of criticism too far. To Professor Weber's argument as to the

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<sup>1184</sup> In the third century B.C.

[565] more or less recent age of the Rámáyan from the unity of its composition, I will make one sole reply, which is that if unity of composition were really a proof of a more recent age, it would be necessary to reduce by a thousand years at least the age of Homer and bring him down to the age of Augustus and Virgil; for certainly there is much more unity of composition, a greater accord and harmony of parts in the Iliad and the Odyssey than in the Rámáyan. But in the fine arts perfection is no proof of a recent age: while the experience and the continuous labour of successive ages are necessary to extend and perfect the physical or natural sciences, art which is spontaneous in its nature can produce and has produced in remote times works of such perfection as later ages have not been able to equal."

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