गीत रामायण

The Chronicle of Rama in Song Author — Gajanan Digambar Madgulkar

लेखक — गजानन दिगंबर माडगूळकर

स्वयं श्रा रामप्रभू एकता	swaye shree raamaprabhu aikatee	Lord Rama Himself Listens	5
सरयू तीरावरी	sarayoo teeraawaree	On the Banks of the Sarayu	8
उगा कां काळिज मझें उले?	ugaa kaa kaaLija majhe ule?	Why Does Worry Needlessly Upset Me?	11
उदास का त्?	udaas kaa tuu?	Why Are You Sad?	13
दशरथा घे हे पायसदान	dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana	Dasharath, Take This Gift	15
राम जन्माला ग सखी	raama janmalaa ga sakhee	Rama is Born, Friends	17
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र	saawaLaa ga raamachandra	O Dark Ramachandra	20
ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा	jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa	Give Me Your Eldest Son, O Dasharath	22
जोड झणिं कार्मुका	joDa jhaNi kaarmukaa	Nock Arrow to Bow	25
चला राघवा चला	chalaa raaghawaa chalaa	Come Along, Raghav	27
आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले	aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale	Today, I Became Curse Free	29
स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे	swayaMwara jhaale seeteche	Sita Chose Her Groom	31
आनंद सांगूं किती	aananda saangu kitee	How Much Joy Can I Tell?	35

मोडुं नका वचानास	moDu nakaa wachanaas	Break Not Your Vow	38
नको रे जाउं रामराया	nako re jaau raamaraayaa	O Go Not, King Rama	41
रामाविण राज्यपदिं कोण बैसतो	raamaawiNa raajyapadi koNa baisato?	Who Besides Rama Establishes Regime?	43
जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa	Where Raghav Is, There Sita Is	45
थांब सुमंता, थांबवित रे रथ	thaaMba sumaNtaa, thaaMbawita re ratha	Wait, Sumant, O Hold the Chariot	48
नकोस नौके परत फिरू ग	nakosa nauke parata firuu ga	Don't Turn Back, Ferry	50
या इथें लक्ष्मणा, बांध कुटी	yaa ithe lakshmaNaa, baaNdh kuTee	O Lakshman, Build a Hut in This Here Place	53
बोलले इतुके मज श्रीराम	bolale ituke maja shreeraama	Blessed Rama Spoke So to Me	55
दाटला चोहिकडे अंधार	daaTalaa chohikaDe aNdhaar	Darkness Congealed on All Sides	58
माता न त् वैरिणी	maataa na tuu wairiNee	You Are Not a Mother, Enemy	61
सावधान राघवा	saawadhaan raaghawaa	Beware O Raghav	64
पराधीन आहे जगती	paraadheen aahe jagatee	The Mortal is Bound to Fate	67
आपुल्या द्या पादुका	aapulyaa dyaa paadukaa	Give Your Sandals	71
कोण तूं कुठला राजकुमार?	koNa tuu kuThalaa raajakumaar?	Who and Which Prince are You?	73
सूड घे त्याचा लंकापति	sooDa ghe tyaachaa laNkaapati	Take Vengeance Upon Him, Lord of Lanka!	76
मज आणुन द्या तो हरिण अयोध्यानाथा	maja aaNuna dyaa to hariNa ayodhyaanaathaa	Bring Me That Deer, Lord of Ayodhya	80

याचका,थांबु नको दारांत	yaachakaa, thaaMbu nako daaraat	Beggar, Linger Not at the Door	83
कोठें सीता जनकनंदिनी	koThe seetaa janakanaNdinee	Where is Sita, Joy of Janaka	86
हीं तिच्या वेणिंतिल फुलें	hee tichyaa weNitil phule	These are Flowers From her Braid	89
पळविलि रावणे सीता	paLawili raawaNe seetaa	Ravana Kidnapped Sita	91
धन्य मी शबरी श्रीरामा	dhanya mee shabaree shreeraamaa	Blessed am I, Shabari, Sri Rama	93
सन्मित्र राघवांचा सुग्रीव आज झाला	sanmitra raaghawaachaa sugreew aaj jhaalaa	Today Sugreev Became Raghav's Ally	96
वालीवध ना, खलनिर्दालन	waaleewadha naa, khalanirdaalana	Not Murder of Vali, but Destruction of Evil	98
असा हा एकच श्रीहनुमान्	asaa haa ekach shreehanumaan	Sri Hanuman is the Only One Like That	100
हीच ती रामा ची सवामिनी	heech tee ramaachee swaaminee	This Must be Rama's Wife	103
नको करू:स वलगना	nako karoos walganaa	Don't Vaunt	105
मज सांग अवस्था दूता,रघुनाथांची	maja saaNg awasthaa dootaa, raghunaathaaNchee	Tell Me, O Messenger, the Status of Raghunath	107
पेटवी लंका हनुमंत	peTawee laNkaa hanumaNta	Hanuman Burns Lanka	109
सेतु बांधा रे सागरी	setu bandhaa re saagaree	Build a Bridge Over the Sea	111
रघुवरा, बोलत कां नाहीं?	raghuwaraa, bolat kaa naahee?	Boon of the Raghus, Why Don't You Speak?	114
सुगरीवा, हो साहस असलो	sugreewaa, he saahasa asale	O Sugreev, This Kind of Venture	117

शेवटचा करि विचार फिरुन एकदां	shewaTachaa kari wichaar phirun ekadaa	Turn and Consider Once and For All	120
नभा भे दुनी नाद चालले	nabhaa bhedunee naad chaalale	The Sound Sundered the Sky	122
लंकेवर काळ कठिण आज पातला	laNkewara kaaLa kaThiNa aaja paatalaa	Hard Times Have Befallen Lanka Today	125
आज का निष्फळ होती बाण	aaj kaa niShphaLa hotee baaN	Why Today are Arrows Impotent?	127
भूवरी रावणवध झाला	bhoowaree raawanawadha jhaalaa	Ravana was Slain Upon the Earth	129
लीनते, चारुते, सीते	leenate, chaarute, seete	Modest, Beautiful Sita	131
लोकसाक्ष शुद्धी झाली	lokasaaksha shuddhee jhaalee	With the World as Witness, Janaki was Purified	134
तरिवार जयजयकार, रामा	triwaar jayajayakaar, raamaa	Three Hails, Rama	137
प्रभो, मज एकच वर द्यावा	prabho, maja ekacha wara dyaawaa	Lord, Grant Me a Single Boon	140
डोहाळे पुरवा रघुकुलतिलका, माझे	DohaaLe purawaa raghukulatilakaa, maajhe	Satisfy my Cravings, Ornament of the Raghu Clan	142
मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाऊ कुठे	maja saanga lakshmaNaa, jauu kuThe	Tell Me Lakshman, Where to Go	144
गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	gaa baLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Sing, Lads, the Chronicle of Rama	147

The scene in which the Geet Ramayana opens is as follows:

A great ocean of people, hundreds of wise men and countless townspeople, had assembled in Ayodhya for Ramachandra's *Ashwamedha*¹ sacrifice. Among them were two novitiates, who said, "We are disciples of sage Valmiki. We sing the life story of Rama."

Rama did not know that the youthful, fresh mouths from which he would hear his entire life story belonged to his own children, his own sons. And Kush and Lav did not know that the one before whom they would be telling his entire life story was actually their father.

Not knowing their relationship, the sons are telling the father his entire life story. This first scene is described beautifully by the narrator, and the narrator is saying,

स्वये श्री रामप्रभू ऐकती

स्वये श्री रामप्रभू ऐकती क्श लव रामायण गाती

कुमार दोघे एक वयाचे सजीव पुतळे रघुरायाचे पुत्र सांगती चरित पित्याचे ज्योतिने तेजाची आरती कुश लव रामायण गाती

राजस मुद्रा, वेष मुनींचे गंधरवच ते तपोवनींचे वाल्मीकींच्या भाव मनींचे मानवी रुपे आकारती कुश लव रामायण गाती

swaye shree raamaprabhu aikatee

swaye shree raamaprabhoo aikatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

kumaara doghe eka wayaache sajeeva putaLe raghuraayaache putra saangatee charita pityaache jyoteene tejaachee aaratee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

raajasa mudraa, weSha muneeNche gandharwacha te tapowaneeNche valmeekeechyaa bhaava maneeMche maanavee roope aakaaratee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

Lord Rama Himself Listens

Lord Rama himself listens. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

Two boys of one age, Living statues of King Raghu, Sons tell the father's story. The worship of brilliance by flames. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

Regal visages, appearance of monks,
Those surely heavenly singers from the
ascetic world
Manifest Valmiki's sentiments
In human form.

¹ See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ashwamedha

ते प्रतिभेच्या आम्रवनातिल वसंत-वैभव-गाते कोकिल बालस्वरांनी करूनी किलबिल गायने ऋतुराजा भारिती कुश लव रामायण गाती

फुलांपरी ते ओठ उमलती सुगंधसे स्वर भुवने झुलती कर्णभूषणे कुण्डल डुलती संगती वीणा झंकारिती कुश लव रामायण गाती

सात स्वरांच्या स्वर्गामधुनी नऊ रसांच्या नऊ स्वर्धुनी यज्ञ-मंडपी आल्या उतरुनी संगमी श्रोतेजन नाहती कुश लव रामायण गाती

पुरुषार्थाची चारी चौकट त्यात पहाता निजजीवनपट प्रत्यक्षाहुनि प्रतिमा उत्कट प्रभुचे लोचना पाणावती क्श लव रामायण गाती

सामवेदसे बाळ बोलती सर्गामागुन सर्ग चालती सचीव, मुनिजन, स्त्रिया डोलती आसवे गाली ओघळती कुश लव रामायण गाती

सोडुनि आसन उठले राघव उठुन कवळिती अपुले शैशव पुत्रभेटिचा घडे महोत्सव te pratibhechyaa aamrawanaatila vasanta-vaibhava-gaate kokila baalaswaraaNnee karunee kilabila gaayane RRituraajaa bhaaritee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

phulaaNparee te oTha umalatee sugandhase swara bhuvane jhulatee karNabhooShaNe kunDala Dulatee sangatee weeNaa jhankaaritee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

saata swaraaNchyaa swargaamadhunee naoo rasaaNchyaa naoo swardhunee yaGYa-maNDapee aalyaa utarunee sangamee shrotejana naahatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

puruSharthaachee chaaree chaukaTa tyaata pahaataa nijajeewanapaTa pratyakShaahuni pratimaa utkaTa prabhuche lochana paaNaawatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

saama-vedase baaLa bolatee sargaamaaguna sarga chaalatee sacheeva, munijana, striyaa Dolatee aasave gaalee oghaLatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

soDuni aasana uThale raaghava uThuna kavaLitee apule shaishava putrabheTichaa ghaDe mahotsava Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

In the mango groves of virtuosity,
They are cuckoos singing spring's glory.
Twittering in child's tones,
By song overwhelm the king of seasons.
Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

Those lips are like blooming flowers.
Like fragrance, notes sway into the hall.
Ear-adorning ornaments swing.
The accompanying veena drones.
Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

Out of the heaven of the seven notes

Nine rivers of nine moods

Came cascading into the sacrificial hall.

The audience bathed at their confluence.

Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

Seeing his own life arrayed
Inside all four facets of humanity,
The image more profound than the actual,
The Lord's eyes well up.
Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

The children declare in saama-veda form.

One stanza comes after the other.

Men, monks, women sway.

Tears flow down cheeks.

Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

Leaving the throne, Raghav rose. Risen, embraces his own childhood. A festive occasion of reunion of father and परि तो उभयां नच माहिती कुश लव रामायण गाती

pari to ubhayaan nacha maahitee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee

sons.
Yet neither knows.
Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.

In Sri Rama's hall of sacrifice, concentrating their very life forces upon their ears, the audience is listening. Sri Rama himself is listening, seated on the golden throne. The princes Lav and Kush, having assumed the guise of ascetics, are singing Rama's life history.

सरयू तीरावरी

सरयू तीरावरी अयोध्या मनुनिर्मित नगरी

त्या नगरीच्या विशालतेवर उभ्या राहिल्या वास्तू सुंदर मधुन वाहती मार्ग समातर रथ, वाजी, गज, पथिक चालती, नटुनि त्यांच्यावरती

घराघरावर रत्नतोरणे अवती भंवती रम्य उपवने त्यांत रंगती नृत्य गायने मृदंग वीणा नित्य नादती, अलका नगरीपरी

स्त्रीया पतिव्रता पुरुषिह धार्मिक पुत्र उपजित निजकुल-दीपक नृशस ना कुणि, कुणि ना नास्तिक अत्रुप्तीचा कुठे न वावर, नगरीं, घरीं, अंतरीं

sarayoo teeraawaree

sarayoo teeraawaree ayodhya manunirmita nagari

tyaa nagareechyaa wishaalatewar ubhyaa rahilyaa waastoo sundar madhuna waahatee maarga samaantar ratha, waajee, gaja, pathika chaalatee naTuni tyaanchyaawaratee

gharaagharaawara ratnatoraNe awatee bhawatee ramya upawane tyaat rangatee nrutya gaayane mrudanga weeNaa nitya naadatee alakaa nagareeparee

streeyaa patiwrataa puruShahi dhaarmika putra upajati nijakula-deepaka

On the Banks of the Sarayu

On the banks of the Sarayu, Ayodhya, city created from the heart

Upon the greatness of that city, Stood beautiful habitations. Through the center flowed equidistant ways.

Chariots, horses, elephants, travelers walked bedecked upon them.

Jeweled *torans*² on house upon house, Romantic groves here and there, Dances, songs are performed there. The *mridanga*, *veena* are constantly humming, as in the city of Alaka³.

Women are devoted, men lawful too, Sons are born the light of their families. Not anyone odious, not anyone faithless, Dissatisfaction lingers nowhere in the city,

² See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Toran (art)

³ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alaka

at home, or without.

इक्ष्वाकु-कुल कीर्ती भूषण राजा दशरथ धर्मपरायण त्या नगरीचे करितो रक्षण गृही चंद्रसा, नगरी इंद्रसा, सूर्य जसा संगरी

दशरथास त्या तीघी भार्या सुवंशजा त्या सुमुखी आर्या सिद्ध पतीच्या सेवाकार्या बह्शुता त्या रूपशालिनी, अतुलप्रभा सुंदरी

तिघी स्त्रियांच्या प्रीतिसंगमी तिन्ही लोकिंचे सुख ये धार्मी एक उणे पण गृहस्थाश्रमीं पुत्रोदय पण अजुनी नव्हता, प्रीतीच्या अंबरीं

शल्य एक तें कौसल्येसी दिसे सुमित्रा सदा उदासी कैक कैकयी करी नवसासी दशरथासही व्यथा एक ती, छळिते अभ्यंतरीं

राजसौख्य तें सौख्य जनांचें एकच चिंतन लक्ष मनाचें काय काज या सौख्य-धनाचे? कल्पतरूला फूले नसे का? वसंत सरला तरी Ikshwaaku-kula kiirtii bhooShaNa raajaa dasharatha dharmaparaayaNa tyaa nagariiche karito rakshaNa gruhii chandrasaa, nagarii indrasaa, soorya jasaa saMgarii

dasharathaas tyaa tiighii bhaaryaa suwaMshajaa tyaa sumukhii aaryaa siddha patiichyaa sewaakaaryaa bahushrutaa tyaa roopashaalinee, atulaprabhaa sundaree

tighee striyaaMcyaa preetisaMgamee tinhee lokiche sukh ye dhaarmee ek uNe paN grihasthaashramee putrodaya paN ajunee nawhataa, preeteechyaa aMbaree

shalya eka te kausalyesee dise sumitraa sadaa udaasee kaika kaikayee karee nawasaasee, dasharathaasahee wyathaa eka tee, chhaLite abhyaNtari

raajasaukhya te saukhya janaache ekach chiNtana laksha manaache kaaya kaaja yaa saukhya-dhanaache? kalpataroolaa phule nase kaa? wasanta Success-ornament of the Ikshvaku⁴ clan, King Dasharatha, devoted to integrity, Gives protection to that city, As the moon among planets, as Indra among cities, as the sun among colors.

For Dasharatha, those three wives,
Well-bred those fair-faced nobles,
Doing service to their accomplished
husband,
Educated, those measures of grace

Educated, those measures of grace, incomparably radiant beauties.

Along with the kindness of all three, Came the righteous contentment of all three worlds.

Yet one [thing] was missing in the household ashram:

There was not yet offspring under the cover of kindness.

A thorn for Kausalya, Sumitra always looked sad. Kaikeyi made many vows; She was the one who even needlessly tormented Dasharatha in private.

Royal comfort is people's comfort.

The mind attends to but a single thought.

On what does this wealth of comfort hinge?

Why doesn't the wishing tree bloom

⁴ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/lkshvaku

9	ral	22	ta	ree
50	ıaı	laa	เส	ıee

Despite the onset of spring?

Was there any greater misfortune, than that no cradle should rock in the house of Dasharatha, who showered the citizens with comfort? This question arose repeatedly in the minds of every thoughtful citizen of Ayodhya. What, then, could be the predicament of Dasharatha's queens? Moreover, like a creek in summer, Kausalya was a little frail, yet calm. But what was she saying in her mind?

उगा कां काळिज मझें उले? ugaa kaa kaaLija majhe ule?

उगा कां काळिज मझें उले? पाह्नी वेलीवरचीं फुलें

कधीं नव्हे तें मळलें अंतर कधीं न शिवला सवतीमत्सर आज कां लतिकावैभव सले?

काय मना हे भलते धाडस? तुला नावडे हरिणी-पाडस पापणी वृथा भिजे का जले?

गोवत्सांतिल पाहुन भावां काय वाटते तुजसी हेवा? चिडे कां मौन तरी आंतले?

कुणी पक्षिणी पिलां भरविते दृश्य तुला ते व्याकुळ करितें काय है विपरित रें जाहिलें?

स्वतः स्वतःशीं कशास चोरी?

ugaa kaa kaaLija majhe ule? paahunee weleewarachee phule

kadhee nawhe te maLale aMtara kadhee na shiwalaa sawateematsara aaja kaa latikaawaibhawa sale?

kaay manaa he bhalate dhaaDasa? tulaa naawaDe hariNee-paaDasa paapaNee wruthaa bhije ka jale?

gowatsaatila paahuna bhaawaa kaaya waaTate tujasee hewa? chiDe kaa mauna taree aatale?

kuNee pakshiNee pilaa bharawite drushya tulaa te wyaakuLa karite kaaya he wiparita re jaahile?

swataH swataHshee kashaas choree?

Why Does Worry Needlessly Upset Me?

Why does worry needlessly upset me Upon seeing flowers on the vine?

The relation never before soiled,
Never touched by jealousy between wives,
Why, today, does the creeper's splendor
rankle?

O mind, what misadventure is this?
You dislike a doe's fawn.
Why does the eyelid needlessly drench in water?

The emotion from seeing a cow's calf, Why do you feel envy? Why rage inside though mute?

Some hen feeds her chicks.
That sight makes you anxious.
O what is this preposterous happening?

Why do you steal from yourself?

वात्सल्याविण अपूर्ण् नारी कळाले सार्थक जन्मांतलें

मूर्त जन्मते पाषाणांतुन कौसल्या का हिन शिळेहून? विचारे मस्तक या व्यापिलें

गगन अम्हाहुनि वृद्ध नाहि का? त्यांत जनमती किती तारिका! अकारण जीवन हें वाटलें waatsalyaawiNa apoorNa naaree kaLaale saarthaka janmaatale

moorta janmate paaShaaNaatun kausalyaa kaa hina shiLehun? wichaare mastaka yaa wyaapile

gagana amhaahuni wruddha naahi kaa? tyaat janmatee kitee taarikaa! akaaraNa jeewana he waaTale A woman incomplete without lovingness Understood the purpose of existence.

A statuette is born from a stone. Why is Kausalya inferior to ore? The thought overwhelms the head.

Is the sky not older than us? How many starlets are born in it! This life feels purposeless. With Empress Kausalya in this remarkable state of mind---burning with worry even upon seeing flowers on the vine---Emperor Dasharath entered the interior chamber and asked his favorite queen,

उदास का तू?

उदास का तू? आवर वेडे, नयनातिल पाणी लाडले कौसल्ये राणी

वसंत आला, तुरूतुरूवर आली नव पालवी मनांत माझ्या उमालुन आली तशीच आशा नवी कानीं माझ्या धुमूं लागली सादाविण वाणी

ती वाणी मज म्हणे, "दशरथा, अश्वमेध तूं करी चार बोबडे वेद रांगतिल तुझ्या धर्मरत घरीं." विचार माझा मला जागवो. आलें हे ध्यानीं

निमंत्रिला मी सुमंत मंत्री आज्ञा त्याला दिली -"वसिष्ठ, काश्यप, जाबालींना घेउन ये या स्थलिं. इष्ट काय तें मला सांगतिल ग्रुजन ते ज्ञानी"

udaasa kaa tuu?

udaasa kaa tuu? aawara weDe, nayanaatila paaNee laaDale kausalye raaNee

wasanta aalaa, turuturuwara aalee nawa paalawee manaata maajhyaa umaluna aalee tasheecha aashaa nawee kaanee maajhyaa dhumuu laagalee saadaawiNa waaNee

tee waaNee maja mhaNe, "dasharathaa, ashwamedha tuu karee chaar bobaDe weda raaMgatila tujhyaa dharmarata gharee wichaara maajhaa malaa jaagawo. aale he dhyaanee

nimantrilaa mee sumanta mantree ajnaa tyaalaa dilee -"wasiShTha, kaashyapa, jaabaaleeNnaa gheun ye yaa sthali. iShTa kaaya te malaa saaNgatila gurujana te jnaanee"

Why are you sad?

Why are you sad? Collect your silly self. The water in your eyes is overindulged, Queen Kausalya

Spring has come, in a hurry have come new sprouts,

So, in my heart a new hope has come into bloom,

In my ears is starting to smoulder a soundless voice.

That voice says to me, "O Dasharatha, if you perform the Ashwamedha⁵, Four babbling Vedas will crawl in your dutifully consummated home."

My idea awakened me. It has become an obsession.

I invited Minister Sumanta, gave him an order -

"Return to this place with Vasishtha, Kashyap, Jabali.

Those knowledgeable sages will tell me what is necessary."

⁵ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ashvamedha

आले गुरुजन, मनांतलें मी सारे त्यां कथिलें मीच माझ्या मनास त्यांच्या साक्षिनें मथिलें नवनीतासम तोंच बोलले स्निम्धमधुर कोणी

"तुझे मनोरथ पूर्ण् व्हायचे," मनोदेवता वदे "याच मुहूर्ती सोड अश्व तूं, सत्वर तो जाउं दे" "मान्य" -- म्हणालों -- "गुर्वाज्ञा" मी, कर जुळले दोन्ही

अंग देशींचा ऋष्यश्रृंग मी घेउन येतो स्वतः त्याच्या करवीं करणें आहे इष्टीसह सांगता धूमासह ही भारुन जावो नगरी मंत्रांनी

सरयूतीरीं यज्ञ करूं गे, मुक्त करांनी दान करूं शेवटचा हा यत्न करूं गे, अंतीं अवभृत स्नाना करूं ईप्सित तें तो देडल अग्नी. अनंत हातांनीं aale gurujana, manaatale mee saare tyaa kathile meecha majhyaa manaas tyaNchyaa sakshine mathile nawaneetaas tocha bolale snigdhamadhura koNee

"Tujhe manoratha puurNa whaayache,"
manodewataa wade
"yaacha muhuurtee soDa ashwa tuu, satwara
to jaau de"
"maanya" -- mhaNaalo -- "gurwaajnaa" mee,
kara juLale donhee

aNga desheecaa RriShyashruNga mee gheuna yeto swataH tyaachyaa karawee karaNe aahe iShTiisaha saaNgataa dhoomaasaha hee bhaarun jaawo nagaree maNtraaNnee

sarayooteeree yaGYa karuu ge, mukta karaaNnee daana karuu shewaTachaa haa yatna karuu ge, aNtee awabhrita snaanaa karuu eepsita te to deila agnee, anaNta haataaNnee The sages arrived, I narrated everything on my mind.
I myself scrutinized my thinking under their witness.
Then, someone spoke like rich sweet

"Upon completion of your plan," the lord of my heart said,

butter:

"On that occasion, release a horse, let him go swiftly."

"Acceptable" -- I said -- "Guru's command." I joined both my hands.

I myself will return with Rishyashrunga of Angadesh,

The sacrificial rite is to be concluded and performed under his control. May this town be enchanted by the

smoke and mantras

On the banks of the Sarayu shall we do the *yajña*⁶, with free hands shall we donate.

This final effort shall we make, at the end shall we bathe,

Whatever is desired shall Agni give, with endless hands.

⁶ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yajna

Hoping for the blessing of the god Agni, Dasharath released a sacrificial horse. After a year, the sacrificial horse returned. At Emperor Dasharath's command, sages constructed the sacrificial hall. At an auspicious time, a great man formed out of the sacrificial fire. This blood-red man was a form of the god Agni.

In a thundering yet sweet voice, Agni told Dasharath

दशरथा घे हे पायसदान

दशरथा घे हे पायसदान तुझ्या यज्ञि मी प्रकट झालो हा माझा सन्मान

तव यज्ञाची होय सांगता तृप्त जाहल्या सर्व देवता प्रसन्न झाले नृपा तुझ्यावर श्रीविष्णू भगवान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान

श्रीविष्णूंची अज्ञा महणुनी आलो मी हा प्रसाद घेउनि या दानासि या दानाहुन अन्य नसे उपमान दशरथा घे है पायसदान

करांत घे ही सुवर्णस्थाली दे राण्यांना क्षीर आतली कामधेनुच्या दुग्धाहुनही ओज हिचे बलवान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान

dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana

dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaan tujhyaa yaGYi mee prakaTa jhaalo haa maajhaa sanmaana

tawa yaGYaachee hoya saaMgataa trupta jaahalyaa sarwa devataa prasanna jhaale nrupaa tujhyaawara shreeviShNuu bhagawaana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana

shreeviShNuNchee aGYaa mhaNunee aalo mee haa prasaada gheuni yaa daanaasi yaa daanaahuna anya nase upamaana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana

karaata ghe hee suwarNasthaalee de raaNyaaMnaa kSheera aatalee kaamadhenuchyaa dugdhaahunahee oja hiche balawaana

Dasharath, Take This Gift

Dasharath, take this gift of porridge. It is my honor to emerge from your *yadña*.

May your *yadña* conclude now, All the goddesses are satisfied. Lord Vishnu is pleased with you, O king. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.

At Lord Vishnu's command, I have come bearing this blessing. Nothing is equal to or better than this gift. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.

Take this pot of gold in your hands. Serve your queens the porridge in it. Its essence is more powerful than Kamadhenu's⁷ milk.

⁷ The miraculous "cow of plenty" that fulfills all the desires of her owner. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kamadhenu

राण्या करितिल पायसभक्षण उदरी होईल वंशारोपण त्यांच्या पोटी जन्मा येतिल योद्धे चार महान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान

प्रसवतील त्या तीनही देवी श्रीविष्णूंचे अंश मानवी धन्य दशरथा, तुला लाभला देवपित्याचा मान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान

कृतार्थ दिसती तुझी लोचने कृतार्थ मीही तुझ्या दर्शने दे आज्ञा मज नृपा, पावतो यज्ञी अंतर्धान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana

raaNyaa karitila paayasabhakShaNa udaree hoiila waMshaaropaNa tyaanchyaa poTee janmaa yetila yoddhe chaara mahaan dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana

prasawateela tyaa teenahee devii shreeviShnuuNche aMsha maanawee dhanya dasharathaa, tulaa laabhalaa devapityaachaa maana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana

krutaartha disatee tujhee lochane krutaartha meehee tujhyaa darshane de aaGYaa maja nrupaa, paawato yaGYee aMtardhaan dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.

Your queens will consume the porridge. In their wombs, your lineage will be seeded.

From their bellies will be born four mighty warriors.

Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.

All three queens will conceive Mortal portions of Lord Vishnu. Blessed Dasharath, you have gained the honor of god-fatherhood. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.

Your eyes show gratitude.

I too am deeply grateful for having seen you.

Dismiss me, O king, so that I can disappear into the *yajña*. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.

"From their bellies will be born four mighty warriors" - This declaration of the sacrificial fire-man proved true. By ingesting the porridge, all three queens of Dasharatha became pregnant. At the appropriate time, they delivered. Kausalya bore Rama. Sumitra bore Lakshman and Shatrughna. Kaikeyi bore Bharat. These four sons fulfilled Dasharath's wish. The joys of the palace knew no bounds. The happiness of the people of the town was overflowing.

Rama and his brothers began to crawl. Still, the women of Ayodhya sang of his birth. Again and again, they sang,

राम जन्माला ग सखी

चैत्रमास त्यात शुद्ध नवमि ही तिथी गंधयुक्त तरिहि वात उष्ण हे किती दोन प्रहरी का ग शिरी सूर्य थांबला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला

कौसल्याराणि हळू उघडी लोचने दिपुन जाय माय स्वतः पुत्र-दर्शने ओघळले आसु, सुखे कण्ठ दाटला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला

राजगृही येई नवी सौख्य पर्वणी पान्हावुन हंबल्यी धेनु अंगणी दुंदभिचा नाद तोच धुंद कोंदला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला

raama janmalaa ga sakhee

chaitramaasa tyaata shuddha nawami hee tithee gaNdhayukta tarihi waata uShNa he kitee don prahari kaa ga shiree surya thaaMbalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa

kausalyaaraaNi haLuu ughaDi lochane dipuna jaaya maaya swataH putra-darshane oghaLale aasu, sukhe kaNTha daaTalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa

raajagruhee yeii nawee saukhya-parwaNee paanhaawuna haMbarlyaa dhenu aNgaNee duNdabhichaa naada tocha dhuNda

Rama is Born, Friends

In the month of Chaitra, the ninth day, first phase of the moon,
Winds fragrant but yet so warm.
At midday, oh! the sun stopped!
Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!

Queen Kausalya slowly opened her eyes. The mother was awed when she beheld her son.

Tears flowed and her throat swelled with joy.

Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!

A new season of happiness arrived at the royal household.

Expressing milk, cows lowed in the courtyard.

The drone of kettle drums resounded.

	koNdalaa	Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!
	raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	
	jamilalaa	
पेंगुळल्या आतपात जागत्या कळ्या 'काय काय' करित पुन्हा उमलल्या खुळ्या उच्चरवे वायु त्यास हसुन बोलला	peNguLalyaa aatapaata jaagatyaa kaLyaa	In the drowsy atmosphere, awakening buds
उच्चरवे वायु त्यास हसुन बोललॉ राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	kaaya kaaya karita punhaa umalalyaa khuLyaa	Going, "What? What?" the dim-wits bloomed.
	uchcharawe waayu tyaasa hasuna bolalaa	A vigorous wind laughed at them and stated,
	raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	"Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!"
वार्ता ही सुखद जधी पोचली जनी गेहातुन राजपथी धावले कुणी युवतीचा संघ एक गात चालला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	waartaa hee sukhada jadhee pochalee janee	When these happy tidings reached the public,
युवतीचा संघ एक गात चालला	gehaatuna raajapathee dhaawale kuNee	Some ran from their houses along the
राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	yuwateeNchaa sangha eka gaata	highways.
	chaalalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama	A procession of maidens went singing, "Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!"
	janmalaa	Rama is born, mends, Rama is born:
पुष्पांजलि फेकि कुणी, कोणी भूषणे हास्याने लोपविले शब्द, भाषणे	puShpaanjali pheki kuNee, koNee bhuuShaNe	Some threw flowers, and some, ornaments.
वाद्याचा ताल मात्र जलद वाढला	haasyaane lopawile shabda, bhaaShaNe	Words and speeches filled with laughter.
राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	waadyaachaa taala maatra jalada waaDhalaa	The tempo of instruments, though increased quickly.
	raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!
वीणारव नूपुरात पार लोपले कर्ण्यांचे कंठ त्यात अधिक तापले	veeNaarawa nuupuraata paara lopale	The sound of veenas was lost in
कण्याच कठ त्यात आधक तापल बावरल्या आमशिरी मूक कोकिला	karNyaaNche kaNTha tyaata adhika taapale	ankle-bells. The throats of horns grew heated.
राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	baawaralyaa aamrashiree muka kokilaa	The speechless cuckoo in the mango
	raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama	grove was bewildered.

janmalaa

दिग्गजही हलुन जरा चित्र पाहती गगनातुना आज नवे रंग पोहती मोत्यांचा चुर नभी भरून राहीला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला

बुडुनि जाय नगर सर्व नृत्य गायनी स्र, रंग, ताल यात मग्न मेदिनी डोलतसे तीहि, जरा, शेष डोलला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला diggajahee haluna jaraa chitra paahatee gaganaatuna aaja nawe ranga pohatee motyaanchaa chura narbhee bharuna raaheelaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama

janmalaa

buDuni jaaya nagara sarwa nrutya gaayanee soora, ranga, taala yaata magna medinee Dolatase teehi, jaraa, sheSha Dolalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama

janmalaa

Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!

The very directions shifted to see the scene.

Today, new colors swam through the heavens.

Fragments of pearls filled the sky. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!

The whole town was immersed in dance and song.

Earth drowned in an ocean of notes, colors, rhythms.

She swayed a bit. Shesha⁸ swayed. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!

Page 19 of 150

⁸ Referring to the mythical giant serpent that upholds the earth. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shesha.

Ayodhya was engrossed in such joyous song. In the palace, Sri Rama grew daily, monthly. He had started walking, started babbling. Empress Kausalya was admiringly telling the other wives, who were like her sisters,

सांवळा ग रामचंद्र	saawaLaa ga raamachandra	O Dark Ramachandra
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र माझ्या मांडीवर न्हातो अष्टगंधांचा सुवास निळ्या कमळांना येतो	saawaLaa ga raamachandra maajhyaa maaNDeewara nhaato aShTagandhaachaa suwaasa niLyaa kamaLaaNnaa yeto	O dark Ramachandra bathes on my lap, The fragrance of Ashtagandha ⁹ arises from blue lotuses.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र माझ्या हातांनी जेवतो उरलेल्या घासासाठी थवा राघुंचा थांबतो	saawaLaa ga raamachandra maajhyaa haataaNnee jewato uralelyaa ghaasaasaaThee thawaa raaghuchaa thaambato	O dark Ramachandra eats from my hand, Raghu's army halts for the remaining morsel.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र रत्नमंचकी झोंपतो त्याला पाहता लाजुन चंद्र आभाळीं लोपतो	saawaLaa ga raamachandra ratnamaNchakee jhopato tyaalaa paahataa laajuna chandra aabhaaLee lopato	O dark Ramachandra sleeps on a jeweled couch, Seeing him, the embarrassed moon disappears in the sky.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र चार भावांत खेळतो हीरकांच्या मेळाव्यात नीलमणी उजळतो	saawaLaa ga raamachandra chaara bhaawaata kheLato hiirakaaNchyaa meLaawyaata neelamaNi ujaLato	O dark Ramachandra revels in four emotions, In a collection of diamond bits, a sapphire beams.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र करि भावंडांसी प्रीत थोरथोरांनीं शिकावी बाळाची या बाळरीत	saawaLaa ga raamachandra karee bhaawaNDaasee preeta	O dark Ramachandra feels love for his brothers,

⁹ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dysoxylum#Ecological_connections

	thorathoraaNnee shikaawee baaLaachee yaa baaLareet	The very greatest should learn this child's way.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र त्याचे अनुज हे तीन माझ्या भग्याच्या श्लोकाचे चार अखंड चरण	saawaLaa ga raamachandra tyaache anuja he teena maajhyaa bhaagyaachyaa shlokaache chaara akhaNDa charaNa	O dark Ramachandra, these his three younger brothers, The four unbroken cadences of the verse of my fate.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र करी बोबडे भाषण त्याशी करितां संवाद झाले बोबडे आपण	saawaLaa ga raamachandra karee bobaDe bhaaShaNa tyaashee karitaa saMwaad jhaale bobaDe aapaNa	O dark Ramachandra makes babbling speeches. Conversing with him, we became babblers.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र करी बोबडे हे घर वेद म्हणतां विप्रांचे येती बोबडे उच्चार	saawaLaa ga raamachandra karee bobaDe he ghara weda mhaNataa wipraaNche yetii bobaDe ucchaar	O dark Ramachandra makes this house babble. When sages recite the Vedas, babbling pronunciations emerge.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र कर पसरुनी धांवतो रात जागावतो बाई सारा प्रासाद जागतो	saawaLaa ga raamachandra kara pasarunee dhaawato raata jaagaawato baee saaraa praasaad jaagato	O dark Ramachandra runs with hands spread. Wakes me up at night. Goodness, the entire palace awakens.
सांवळा ग रामचंद्र उद्या होईल तरुण मग पुरता वर्षेला देवकृपेचा वरुण	saawaLaa ga raamachandra udyaa hoiila taruNa maga purataa warShelaa dewakrupechaa waruNa	O dark Ramachandra tomorrow will become a youth. Then for the remaining years, by god's grace, Varuna ¹⁰ .

¹⁰ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Varuna

Empress Kausalya's "dark Ramachandra" grew rapidly. As a child, he absorbed archery and studied scriptures, and by association, so did Lakshman and his other brothers. They began to attend their father's royal court.

Once, while Dasharath was at court with his sons, the great sage Vishwamitra arrived. Emperor Dasharath welcomed him happily, and said, "O eminent monk, tell me if there is a task to be done, and I shall try to complete it."

Thoroughly pleased by the king's offer, Vishwamitra said,

ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा यज्ञ-रक्षणास योग्य तोची सर्वथा

मायावी रात्रिंचर कष्टविती मजिस फार कैकवार करुन यज्ञ नाहि सांगता ज्येष्ठ त्झा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

शाप कसा देऊ मी दीक्षित तो नित्य क्षमी सोडतोच तो प्रदेश याग मोडता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa yaGYa-rakShaNaasa yogya tochee sarwathaa

maayaawee raatriMchara kaShTawitee majasi phaar kaikawaara karuna yaGYa naahi saangataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

shaapa kasaa deuu mee deekShita to nitya kShamee soDatocha to pradesha yaaga moDataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

Give Me Your Eldest Son, O Dasharath

Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath! He, of all, is capable of guarding our yadña

Insidious nightwalkers
Torment me greatly.
Despite repeated attempts, I cannot complete the *yadña*.
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

How can I curse them?
The director of the sacrifice must be ever forgiving.
I just leave that place after every interruption.
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

आरंभिता फिरुन यज्ञ आणिति ते फिरुन विघ्न प्रकटतात मण्डपात कुण्ड पेटता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

वेदीवर रक्तमांस फेकतात ते नृशंस नाचतात स्वैर सुखे मंत्र थांबता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

बालवीर राम तुझा देवो तयां घोर सजा सान जरी बाळ तुझा थोर योग्यता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

शन्कित का होसि नृपा मुनि मागे राजकृपा बावरसी काय असा शब्द पाळता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

प्राणाहुन वचनि प्रीत रघुवशी हीच रीत दाखवी बघ राम स्वतः पूर्ण सिद्धता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

कौसल्ये. रडसि काय

aaraMbhitaa phiruna yaGYa aaNiti te phiruna wighna prakaTataata maNDapaata kuNDa peTataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

vedeewara raktamaaNsa phekataata te nrushaMsa naachataata swaira sukhe mantra thaaMbataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

baalaweera raama tujhaa dewo tayaa ghora sajaa saana jaree baaLa tujhaa thora yogyataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

shankita kaa hosi nrupaa muni maage raajakrupaa baawarasee kaaya asaa shabda paaLataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

praaNaahuna wachani preeta
raghuwaMshee heecha reeta
daakhawee bagha raama swatah purNa
siddhataa
jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei
dasharathaa

kausalye, raDasi kaaya

When the *yadña* starts anew, They bring a new obstacle, Reappear where I light the holy fire. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

Those vandals throw blood, flesh at the sacred *yadña* base, and dance hysterically when we conclude the mantras.

Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

Let your child warrior Rama
Exact punishment upon those howlers.
Though your child is young, his prowess
is grand.
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

Why so apprehensive, O king?
A sage asks for a royal favor.
Why are you tentative in keeping your word?
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

A promise is dearer than life: Such is the noble Raghu legacy. See, Rama shows himself fully prepared. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

Kausalya, why do you weep?

भीरु कशी वीरमाय उभय वंश धन्य रणी पुत्र रंगता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

मारीच तो, तो सुबाहु राक्षस ते दीर्घबाहु ठेवितील शस्त्र पुढे राम पाहता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा

श्रीरामा, तूच मान घेइ तुझे चापबाण येतो तर येउ दे अनुज मागुता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा bhiru kashee veeramaaya ubhaya waMsha dhanya raNee putra rangataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

maaricha to, to subaahu raakShasa te deerghabaahu Thewiteela shastra puDhe raama paahataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa

shreeraamaa, tuucha maana ghei tujhe chaapabaaNa yeto tara yeu de anuja maagutaa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa Can a warrior's mother be weak hearted?
Both families gain honor when the son
distinguishes himself.
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

That Marich, that Subahu,
Those mighty-armed demons
Will put their weapons down upon seeing
Rama.
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

O Rama, you listen,
Take your bow and arrow.
Let your brother follow if he wishes.
Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

"Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!" This request of the great sage Vishwamitra could not be refused by Emperor Dasharath. Rama and Lakshman got ready with bows in hand and quivers on back. The younger Lakshman joined his elder brother. Mother Kausalya, out of duty, arrested her concern. She blessed the princes with, "May you prevail." Emperor Dasharath, too, nuzzled both princes' heads. Rama, Lakshman departed the palace for their first venture with a knowledgeable leader like the great sage Vishwamitra. On the way, Guru Vishwamitra was telling those two princes many stories, imparting knowledge. On the way, the three arrived near the country of Malada-karush.

All at once, like a flash of lightning, an awful word arose. A horrible demoness blocked their path. The great sage Vishwamitra angrily commanded Rama,

जोड झणिं कार्मुका

जोड झिणिं कार्मुका सोड रे सायका मार ही ताटिका रामचंदा!

दुष्ट मायाविनी शापिता यक्षिणी वर्तनीं दर्शनीं ही अभद्रा

तप्त आरक्त ही पाहता लोचने करपल्या वल्लरी, करपलीं काननें अतुलबलगर्विता मूर्त ही क्रूरता ये घृणा पाहतां कर मद्रा

joDa jhaNi kaarmukaa

joDa jhaNi kaarmukaa soDa re saayakaa maara hii taaTikaa raamachandraa

duShTa maayaawinee shaapitaa yakshiNee wartanee darshanee hii abhadraa

tapta aarakta hee paahataa lochane karapalyaa wallarii, karapalee kaanane atulabalagarwitaa moorta hii kroorataa ye ghruNaa paahataa kroor mudraa

Nock Arrow to Bow

Nock arrow to bow!
Release the wood!
Kill this shrew,
Ramachandra!

Evil witch!
Accursed *yakshini*¹¹!
Fronting beauty,
Unpropitious she!

She heats red looking with eyes.
Vines withered, groves burned.
Incomparable power of her whirling.
The shape of cruelty!
Hate comes at the sight
Of her cruel gestures.

¹¹ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yaksha

ऐक तें हास्य तूं, दंत, दाढा पहा मरुन हस्ती जणू, भरुन गेली गुहा मृत्यु-छाया जशी येतसे ही तशी ओढ दोरी कशी मोड तंदा

aika te haasya too, danta, daaDhaa pahaa maruna hastii jaNoo, bharun gelee guhaa mrutyu-chhaayaa jashee yetase hee tashee oDha doree kashee moDa taNdraa You hear that laughter, see teeth, fangs,
As if dying at her hands, the pit was
filled!
Like a death shadow,
So does she come.
Pull the string so,
Break the trance.

थबकसी कां असा? हाण रे बाण तो तूंच मृत्यू हिचा, मी मनीं जाणतो जो जनां सुखवितो नारिवध क्षम्य तो धर्म तुज सांगतो मानवेद्रा! thabakasee kaa asaa? haaNa re baaNa to tooch mrityuu hichaa, mee manee jaaNato jo janaa sukhawito naariwadha kshamya to dharma tuja saaNgato maanawedraa!

Why stop short so? O strike that arrow!
You are her death, I know in my heart!
Who makes the people happy
The mercy killing of a woman
Is your duty, I say,
Lord of men!

दैत्यकन्या पुरा, ग्रासुं पाहे धरा देव देवेंद्रहीं, मारि तें मंथरा विष्णु धर्मोदधी शुक्रमाता वधी स्त्री जरी पारधी अरि मृगेंद्रा daityakanyaa puraa, graasu paahe dharaa dewa dewendrahii, maari te maNtharaa wishnu dharmodadhee shukramaataa wadhee stree jaree paaradhee ari mrigendra

End the monster girl, trying to swallow the earth God, god-lord too, they kill Manthara, Vishnu, cream of virtue, Killer of Venus-mother, Despite hunting a woman, O deer-lord!

धांवली लाव घे, कोप अति पावली धाड नरकीं तिला, चालल्या पावलीं बधती तव विक्रमां देव पुरुषोत्तमा होऊं दे पौर्णिमा शौर्यचंदा dhaawalee laawa ghe, kopa ati paawalee dhaaDa narakee tilaa, chaalalyaa paawalee badhatee tawa wikramaa dewa puruShottamaa houu de pourNimaa shauryachandraa

Bash her into the netherworld, walking feet.

She yields to you, O hero!
O god, foremost person!
Let the full moon commence,
O hero moon!

She ran--take aim--she manifests fury,

According to Vishwamitra's command, Sri Rama killed the demoness. At that time, the Gandharva¹² gods produced a shower of petals from the sky. Sri Rama along with Lakshman arrived at the ashram of the great sage Vishwamitra. Sri Rama released the Manavastra¹³ upon the demon Marich, who had been obstructing the *yadña*, drowning him in the ocean. Subehu was killed with the Agneyastra¹⁴. Vishwamitra's *yadña* was concluded successfully.

At the same time, a large *yadña* was about to happen in the court of King Janaka, the leader of Mithila. All the ashram's monks were going to attend that *yadña*. They began to insist that Rama and Lakshman should also come.

चला राघवा चला

chalaa raaghawaa chalaa

Come along, Raghav

चला राघवा चला पहाया जनकाची मिथिला

मिथिलेहुनिही दर्शनींय नृप राजर्षी तो जनक नराधिप नराधिपें त्या नगरामाजीं यज्ञ नवा मांडिला

यज्ञमंडपी सुनाभ कार्मुक ज्यास पेलता झाला त्र्यंबक त्र्यंबक देवे त्याच धनूनें त्रिपुरासुर मारिला chalaa raaghawaa chalaa pahaayaa janakaachee mithilaa

mithilehunihee darshaneeya nrupa raajarShee to janaka naraadhipa naraadhipe tyaa nagaraamaajii yaGYa nawaa maNDilaa

yaGYamaNDapee sunaabh kaarmuka jyaas pelataa jhaalaa tryaMbaka tryaMbaka dewe tyaacha dhanuune tripuraasur maarilaa Come along, Raghav, come along To see Janak's Mithilaa

Even more worth seeing than Mithila,
[her] king,
That sage-king Janaka, ruler.
Ruler has organized a new yadña in that
city

The central focus of the *yadña* hall is a bow

Bearing which Tryambaka manifested The god Tryambaka with this very bow killed the Tripurasura¹⁵

¹² See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gandharva

¹³ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hindu_mythological_wars#Celestial_Weapons

¹⁴ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Astra (weapon)

¹⁵ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tripurasura

शिवधनुतें त्या सदनीं ठेवून जनक तयाचें करितो पूजन पूजनीय त्या विशाल धनुला जगात नाही तुला

देशदेशींचे नृपति येउन स्तिमित जाहले धनुष्य पाहुन पाहतांच तें उचलायाचा मोह तया जाहला

देव, दैत्य वा सुर, नर, किन्नर उचलुं न शकले त्यास तसूभर तसूभरी ना सरलपणा त्या चापाचा वाकला

कोण वाकवुन त्याला ओढिल? प्रत्यंचा त्या धनूस जोडिल? सोडिल त्यांतुन बाण असा तर कोणी ना जन्मला

उपजते योद्धे तुम्ही धनुर्धर निजनयनीं तें धनु पहा तर बघा राघवा, सौमित्री तर औत्सुक्यें दाटला

उत्साहाने निघती मुनिजन चला संगतीं दोघे आपण आपण होतां सहप्रवासी भाग्यतरु ये फला shiwadhanute tyaa sadanii thewuna janaka tayaache karito puujana puujaniiya tyaa wishaala dhanulaa jagaat naahii tulaa

deshadeshiiNche nrupati yeuna stimita jaahale dhanuShya paahuna paahataach te uchalaayaachaa moha tayaa jaahalaa

dewa, daitya waa sura, nara, kinnara uchaluu na shakale tyaas tasuubhara tasuubharii na saralapaNaa tyaa chaapaachaa waakalaa

koNa wakawun tyaalaa oDhil? pratyaNchaa tyaa dhanuus joDil? soDil tyaatun baaNa asaa tar koNii naa janmalaa

upajate yoddhe tumhee dhanurdhara nijanayanee te dhanu pahaa tara baghaa raaghawaa, saumitree tara autsukye daaTalaa

utsaahaane nighatee munijana chalaa saN1gatii doghe aapaNa aapaNa hotaa sahaprawaasee bhaagyataru ye phalaa Placing that bow of Shiva in his home, Janaka performs worship of it. That immense bow, worthy of worship, has no compare in the world.

Kings of various countries having arrived,

Were reined in by the sight of the bow. At its sight, they were tempted to lift it.

God, titan nor demigod, human, celestial musician

Could not lift it two fingers.
That bow's line was not bent two fingers!

Who will pull it bent?
Connect string to that bow?
None is born who will release an arrow from it!

Born warriors, you archers, See but that bow with your own eyes. See, Raghav, eagerness has swelled in Saumitri at least!

The monks depart with enthusiasm.
You two join the party!
Our becoming fellow travelers, the
destiny-tree shall fruit!

This insistence of the monks could not be resisted by Rama. He, Lakshman, and the monks left for Mithila. On the way, sage Vishwamitra told them many stories. They arrived at a desolate ashram.

"Why has this ashram been abandoned?" asked Ramachandra. The eminent monk Vishwamitra told the story of Ahalya¹⁶, and commanded him to restore her by the touch of his feet.

By the touch of Rama's feet, illumination spilled forth from the invisible stone body of Ahalya. Musical words emanated.

आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

रामा, चरण तुझे लागले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

तुझ्या कृपेची शिल्प-सत्कृती माझी मज ये पुन्हा आकृती मुक्त जाहले श्वास चुंबिती पावन ही पाउले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

पुन्हा लोचन लोभे दृष्टि दिससि मज तु, तुझ्यात सृष्टि गोठगोठले अश्रु तापुन गालावर वाहिले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

> श्रवणांना ये पुनरपि शक्ति मना उमगली अमोल उक्ति

aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

raamaa, charaNa tujhe laagale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

tujhyaa krupechee shilpa-satkrutee maajhee maja ye punhaa aakrutee mukta jaahale shwaasa chumbitee paawana he paaule aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

punhaa lochana lobhe druShTi disasi maja tu, tujhyaata sruShTi gotThagoThale ashru taapuna gaalaawara wahile aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

shrawaNaaNnaa ye punarapi shakti manaa umagalee amola ukti

Today, I Am Curse Free

O Rama, by the touch of your feet, Today, I am curse free.

A beautiful sculpture, formed by your grace,

I have my own form again. Freed, my breath kisses your holy feet. Today, I am curse free.

Eyes gain sight again,
I see you and Creation in you,
Frozen tears melt and flow on cheeks.
Today, I am curse free.

Ears have strength again.

Mind deciphered the invaluable words,

¹⁶ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ahalya

"ऊठ अहल्ये" असे कुणीसे करुणावच बोलले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

फुलिकत झाले शरीर ओणवे तुझ्या पदांचा स्पर्श जाणवे चरणधुळीचे कुंकुम माझ्या भाळासी लागले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

मौनालागी स्फुरले भाषण श्रीरामा तू पतीतपावन तुझ्या दयेने आज हलाहल अमृतात नाहले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले

पतितपावन श्रीरघुराजा काय बांधु मी तुमची पूजा पुनर्जात हे जीवन अवघे पायावर वाहिले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले "uuTha ahalye" ase kuNeese karuNaawacha bolale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

phulakita jhaale sharira oNawe tujhyaa padaNchaa sparsha jaaNawe charaNadhuLeeche kuNkuma maajhyaa bhaaLaasee laagale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

maunaalaagee sphurale bhaaShaNa shreeraamaa tuu pateetapaawana tujhyaa dayene aaja halaahala amrutaata naahale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale

patitapaawana shreeraghuraajaa kaaya baaNdhu mee tumachee pujaa punarjaata he jeewana awaghe paayaawara waahile aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale "Arise, O Ahalya" as someone's compassionate speech.
Today, I am curse free.

My bowing body thrilled,
Feeling the touch of your feet.
The dust of your feet became vermillion
on my forehead.
Today, I am curse free.

Silence bursts into speech,
"O Rama, the redeemer of the fallen,
By your mercy, poison melts into nectar of
immortality today.
Today, I am curse free.

Raghu king, redeemer of the fallen,
How can I worship you?
This entire life, born again, is placed at
your feet."
Today, I am curse free.

After hearing Ahalya express her gratitude in these words, Rama rested at the ashram and then resumed his journey with the monks.

Upon their arrival at Janaka's Mithila, Janaka welcomed them with great happiness. Realizing that these two princes, having arrived with monks, were the sons of the supreme Dasharath, Janaka was overjoyed.

"Emperor Dasharath's mighty sons are here to see your bow of Shiva," said Vishwamitra to Janaka.

That enormous bow of Shiva was brought into the court. Rama respectfully saluted the great bow, and asked permission to lift it. Janaka said, "Of course."

Rama lifted the bow and with his great arms, bent it to string it. A sound like a thunderbolt emanated and the bow fell in two pieces.

Seeing this extraordinary sight, the people were overjoyed, and Janaka expressed his decision to betroth his adopted daughter Sita to the great hero.

Soon, Rama was wed to Earth-daughter Sita. Her sisters, namely Urmila, Mandavi and Shrutakirti were given in marriage by Janaka to Lakshman, Bharat, and Shatrughna. There was an indescribable celebration.

Having left Ayodhya for their rite of passage, Rama and Lakshman returned with their new wives. Months passed. Still, Mithila's bards were singing of Sita's choice of groom, again and again,

स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

Sita Chose Her Groom

आकाशाशी जडले नाते धरणीमातेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

श्रीरामानी सहज उचलिले धनु शंकराचे पूर्ण जहाले जनकनृपाच्या हेतु अन्तरीचे उभे ठाकले भाग्य सावळे समोर दुहितेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

मुग्ध जानकी दुरुन न्याहळी राम धनुर्धारी नयनमाजी एकवटुनिया निजशक्ती सारी फुलु लागले फुल हळु हळु गाली लज्जेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

उंचावुनिया जरा पापण्या पाहत ती राही तिडताघातापरी भयंकर नाद तोच होई श्रीरामानी केले तुकडे दोन धनुष्याचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

अंधारुनिया आले डोळे, बावरले राजे मुक्त हासता भूमीकन्या मनोमनी लाजे aakaashaashee jaDale naate dharaNeemaateche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

shreeraamaanee sahaja uchalile dhanu shaNkaraache purNa jahale janakanrupaachyaa hetu antareeche ubhe Thaakale bhaagya saawaLe samora duhiteche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche,

mugdha jaanakee duruna nyaahaLee raama dhanurdhaaree nayanamaajee ekawaTuniyaa nijashaktee saaree phulu laagale phula haLu haLu gaalee lajjeche

swayaMwara jhaale seeteche,

swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

uNchaawuniyaa jaraa paapaNyaa paahata tee raahee taDitataaghaataaparee bhayaMkara naada tocha hoii shreeraamaanee kele tukaDe dona dhanuShyaache swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

aNdhaaruniyaa aale DoLe, baawarale raaje

Mother Earth joined in kinship with the sky Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom

Sri Rama effortlessly lifted Shankar's bow. King Janak's heart's longings were fulfilled. His daughter's dark-skinned fortune stood

before him.
Sita chose her groom,
Sita chose her groom

Mesmerized Janaki beheld, from afar, bow-wielding Rama,
Concentrating all her power into her eyes.
Flowers began to flower slowly in the blusher's cheeks.
Sita chose her groom,
Sita chose her groom

Lifting her lashes slightly, she kept looking.

Then came the sound of a terrible thunderclap.

Lord Rama made two fragments out of the bow.

Sita chose her groom,

Sita chose her groom

Eyes dimmed, kings were bewildered. Smiling openly, Earth-daughter blushed in तृप्त जाहले सचिंत लोचन क्षणात जनकाचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

हात जोडुनी म्हणे नृपति तो विश्वामित्रासी "आज जानकी अर्पियली मी दशरथ-पुत्रासी" आनंदाने मिटले डोळे तृप्त मैथिलीचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

पित्राज्ञेने उठे हळू ती मंत्रमुग्ध बाला अधिर चाल ती अधिर तीहुनी हातीची माला गौरवर्ण ते चरण गाठती मन्दिर सौख्याचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

नीलाकाशी जशी भरावी उषःप्रभा लाल तसेच भरले रामांगी मधु नूपुरस्वरताल सभामण्डपी मीलन झाले माया-ब्रम्हाचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे mukta haasataa bhuumeekanyaa manomanee laaje trupta jaahale sachiNta lochana kShaNaata janakaache swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

haat joDunee mhaNe nrupati to
vishwaamitraasee
"aaja jaanaki arpiyalee mee
dasharatha-putraasee"
aanandaane miTale DoLe trupta
maithileeche
swayaMwara jhaale seeteche,
swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

pitraaGYene uThe haLuu tee mantramugdha baalaa adhira chaala tee adhira teehunee haatiichee maalaa gaurawarNa te charaNa gaaThatee mandir saukhyaache swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

neelaakaashee jashee bharaawee uShaHprabhaa laala tasecha bharale raamaangee madhu nuupuraswarataala sabhaamaNDapee meelana jhaale maayaa-bramhaace swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

her heart of hearts.

Janaka's distraught eyes were satisfied in a moment.

Sita chose her groom,

Sita chose her groom

With folded hands, that king declared to Vishwamitra,

"Today, I offer Janaki to the son of Dasharath."

Fulfilled Maithili's eyes closed with joy.

Sita chose her groom,

Sita chose her groom

With her father's blessing, that spellbound maiden slowly rose.

The bridal garland in her hand was more eager than her eager gait.

Fair complexioned feet reached the abode of happiness.

Sita chose her groom,

Sita chose her groom

As the indigo sky fills with scarlet at dawn
So Rama's frame was filled with the
rhythm of sweet ankle bells.
In the court was the meeting of transience
with permanence.
Sita chose her groom,
Sita chose her groom

झुकले थोडे राम, जानकी घाली वरमाला गगनामाजी देव करांची करती करताला त्यांच्या कानी गजर पोचले मंगल वाद्यांचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे

अंश विष्णुचा राम, धरेची दुहिता ती सीता गन्धवींचे सूर लागले जयगीता गाता आकाशाशी जडले नाते ऐसे धरणींचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे jhukale thoDe raama, jaanakee ghaalee waramaalaa gaganaamaajee dewa karaaNchee karitee karataalaa tyaanchyaa kaanee gajara pochale maNgala waadyaaMche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche

aMsha wiShNuchaa raama, dharechee duhitaa tee seetaa gandharwaaNche suura laagale jayageetaa gaataa swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche Rama leaned forward a little, Janaki bestowed the bridal garland.
In the heavens, the gods' hands heartily applauded.
A crescendo of joyous instruments reached their ears.

rescendo of joyous instruments reached their ears. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom

Vishnu's incarnation Rama, Earth's daughter Sita,
Heavenly singers hit the notes, singing triumphant songs.
Thus the sky united in kinship with Earth.
Sita chose her groom,
Sita chose her groom

Subsequently, in his palace that was lofty and snow-white like Mount Kailas, Sri Rama began enjoying the pleasures of the household-ashram. Handsome, knowledgeable, greatly accomplished, singular and yet courteous, Sri Rama became extremely dear to the populace. Seeing the general behavior of Sri Rama, waves of happiness overcame old king Dasharath. Once, a thought casually came to emperor Dasharath's mind, "This kingdom now should be given over to Sri Rama, and We should accept the contentment of retirement." He let the sages, ministers, Kaikeyi, Janak, and others in his inner circle know. They all approved of the idea. The populace became mad with joy. Dasharatha proceeded to announce, "In the month of Chaitra¹⁷, under the lunar station¹⁸ Prushya¹⁹, Sri Rama shall be seated upon the throne."

Urmila and the other sisters, going into Sita's chambers, began to say to her, out of joy mixed with humor:

आनंद सांगूं किती

aananda saangu kitee

How Much Joy Can I Tell?

आनंद सांगूं किती सखे ग आनंद सांगूं किती सीतावल्लभ उद्यां व्हायचे राम अयोध्यापति

सिंहासनीं श्रीराघव बसतां वामांगी तूं बसशिल सीता जरा गर्विता, जरा लज्जिता राजभूषणां भूषवील ही, कमनिय तव आकृति aananda saanguu kitee sakhe ga aananda saangu kitee seetaawallabha udyaa whaayache raam ayodhyaapati

sinhaasanii shreeraaghawa basataa waamaangii tuu basashila seetaa jaraa garwitaa, jaraa lajjitaa, raajabhuuShaNaa bhuuShawiila hii, kamaniya tawa aakrutee How much joy can I tell, O dear, how much joy can I tell?
Sita's beloved Rama is to become tomorrow lord of Ayodhya!

As blessed Raghav sits on the throne, You shall sit on the left side, Sita, A bit proudly, a bit coyly, The crown jewel shall this bejewel: beautiful your figure.

¹⁷ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chaitra

¹⁸ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lunar station

¹⁹ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hindu astrology#Nak%E1%B9%A3hatras %E2%80%93 lunar mansions

गुरुजन मुनिजन समीप येतिल सप्त नद्यांची जलें शिंपतिल उभय कुळें मग कृतार्थ होतिल मेघाहुनिही उच्चरवांनी, झडतिल गे नौबति gurujana munijana sameepa yetil sapta nadyaaNchee jale shiMpatil ubhaya kuLe maga kruthaartha hotil meghaahunihii uccharawaaNnee, jhaDatil ge naubati Sages and monks shall come near,
Sprinkle waters from seven rivers,
Then, the existence both clans shall be
fulfilled
From even above the clouds, O the
kettledrums shall be beaten!

भर्त्यासम तुज जनीं मान्यता राज्ञीपद गे तुला लाभतां पुत्राविण तूं होशील माता अखिल प्रजेच्या मात्रुपदाची, तुजे करणें स्वीकृति

bhartyaasama tuja janee maanyataa raajneepada ge tulaa laabhataa putraawiNa tuu hoshiil maataa akhila prajecyaa maatrupadaachee, tuje karaNe sweekRiti Popular respect for you the same as your husband
When you receive queenship.
Without children shall you become a mother,
Motherhood of the entire citizenry, affirmed in your hands.

तुझ्याच अंकित होईल धरणी कन्या होइल मातृस्वामिनी भाग्य भोगिलें असलें कोणीं? फळाफुलांनी बहरुनि राहिल, सदा माउली क्षिति

tujhyaach aNkit hoiil dharaNee kanyaa hoiila maatruswaaminee bhaagya bhogile asale koNee? phaLaaphulaannee baharuni raahil, sadaa maaulii kshiti It is under your authority that Earth shall fall.

Daughter shall become governess of

mother!

Who has enjoyed such fortune?

Mother Earth shall remain ever flush with

flower and fruit!

पतीतपावन रामासंगे पतितपावना तूंहि सुभगे पृथ्वीवर या स्वर्गसौख्य घे तिन्ही लोकी भरून राहुं दे, तुझ्या यशाची द्युति patiitapaawana raamaasange patitapaawanaa tuuhi subhage pRithwiiwar yaa swargasaukhya ghe tinhii lokii bharun raahu de, tujhyaa yashaachii dyutee Along with savior Rama,
You too are savioress, fortunate one!
On this earth enjoy heavenly pleasures.
May it fill the three worlds, the majesty of
your success.

महाराणि तूं, आम्ही दासी लीन सारख्या तव चरणांसी कधीं कोणती अज्ञा देसी तुझिया चरणीं लीन राहुं दे, सदा आमुची मति

mahaaraaNee tuu, aamhee daasee leen saarakhyaa tawa charaNaasee kadhee koNatee ajnaa desii tujhiyaa charaNee leen raahu de, sadaa aamuchee mati You empress, we servants
Meek always at thy feet!
Whenever, whatever command given,
At your feet may our minds ever remain
meek!

विनोद नच हा, हीच अपेक्षा तव भाग्याला नुरोत कक्षा देवदेवता करोत रक्षा दृष्ट न लागो आम्चीच गे, तुझिया भाग्याप्रति

ओळखिचे बघ आले पदरव सांवलींतही दिसतें सौष्ठव तुला भेटण्या येती राघव बालिश नयनी तुझ्या येइ कां, लज्जेला जागृति? winod nacha haa, heech apekshaa tawa bhaagyaalaa nurot kakshaa dewadewataa karot rakshaa druShTa na laago aamucheecha ge, tujhiyaa bhaagyaaprati

oLakhiche bagha aale padarawa saawaliitahee disate sauShThawa tulaa bheTaNyaa yetii raaghawa baalisha nayanee tujhyaa yei kaa, lajjelaa jaagrutee? This humor aside, this expectation:

To thy fortune no objection should remain,
Gods and goddesses should protect.

O no [evil] eye of ours should displace your
fortune.

See, familiar footsteps come!
Even in the shadow, goodness is seen.
Raghav comes to visit you.
Does arousal of embarrassment enter your tender eyes?

"Rama is to become lord of Ayodhya." By this proclamation, the joy of the population had ebbed as much as that of the palace. The populace had become engrossed in festivities. Both of Sri Rama's step-mothers, too, were as joyful as Kausalya. A cruel hunchbacked servant named Manthara sowed doubt in Kaikeyi's thinking - "Dasharath is anointing Rama when Bharat and Shatrughna are visiting their grandparents. Therefore, his purpose is corrupt. The kingdom should be handed over to your Bharat, and Rama must be shunned from here." Kaikeyi protested heartily, but in the end...doubt danced in her mind as well. In an angry voice, Kaikeyi warned King Dasharath:

मोडुं नका वचानास

मोडुं नका वचानास नाथा मोडुं नका वचानास भरतालागीं दया सिंहासन, रामासी वनवास

नलगे सांत्वन, नको कळवळा शब्द दिले ते आधी पाळा आजोळाहुन परत बोलवा, झणिं माझ्या भरतास

सुतस्नेहानें होउन वेडे कां घेतां हे आढेवेढे ? वचनभंग का शोभुन दिसतो, रघुवंशज वीरास?

दंडकवनि त्या लढतां शंभर इंद्रासाठी घडले संगर रथास तुमच्या कुणी घातला, निजबाहूंचा आंस?

moDu nakaa wachanaas

moDu nakaa wachanaas naathaa moDu nakaa wachanaas bharataalaagii dyaa siMhaasana, raamaasee wanawaas

nalage saaNtwana, nako kaLawaLaa shabda dile te aadhii paaLaa aajoLaahun parat bolawaa, jhaNi maajhyaa bharataas

sutasnehaane houn weDe kaa ghetaa he aaDheweDhe? wachanabhaNga kaa shobhun disato, raghuwaMshaja weeraas?

daNDakawani tyaa laDhataa shaMbhar indraasaaThii ghaDale sangara rathaasa tumachyaa kuNee ghaatalaa, nijabaahuMchaa aas?

Break Not Your Vow

Break not your vow, lord, break not your vow.

Present the throne to Bharat, to Rama forest exile.

Appeasement unwanted! Cease pleading!
Given word--follow that first!
Call back my Bharat from his grandparents immediately.

With prince-love gone mad, Why do you make obstructions? Does promise-breaking look good in the heroic scion of the Raghu dynasty?

Fighting a hundred in that Dandak forest For Indra, the bargain was made! Who fastened the axle to the side of your chariot? नाथ रणीं त्या विजयी झाले स्मरतें का ते काय बोलले? "दिधले वर तुज दोन लाडके, सांग आपुली आम"

नारिसुलभ मी चतुरपणानें अजुन रक्षिलीं अपुलीं वचने आज मागतें वर ते दोन्ही, साधुनिया समयास

एक वरानें द्या मज अंदण भारतासाठी हें सिंहासन द्जा वरानें चवदा वर्ष रामाला वनवास

पक्षपात करि प्रेमच तुमचें उणें अधिक ना यांत व्हायचे थोर मुखाने दिलेत वर मग, आतां कां निश्वाम?

प्रासादांतुन रामा काढा वा वंशाची रीती मोडा धन्यताच वा मिळवा देवा, जागुनि निज शन्टांम

खोटी मूर्च्छा, खोटे आंसूं ऐश्वयाचा राम पिपासु तृप्त करावा त्यास हाच कीं आपणांसि हव्यास

व्योम कोसळो, भंगो धरणी पुन्हां पुन्हां कां ही मनधरणी? वर-लाभाविण मी न घ्यायची, शेवटचाहि श्वास naatha raNee tyaa wijayee jhaale smarate kaa te kaaya bolale? "didhale wara tuja don laaDake, saang aapulii aas"

naarisulabha mee chaturapaNaane ajuna rakshilee apulee wachane aaja maagate wara te donhee, saadhuniyaa samayaas

eka waraane dyaa maja andaNa bhaarataasaaThee he siMhaasana dujaa waraane chawadaa warShe raamaalaa wanawaas

pakshapaat kari premacha tumache uNe adhika naa yaat whaayache thora mukhaane dilet wara maga, aataa kaa nishwaas?

praasaadaatun raamaa kaaDhaa waa waMshaachii reetee moDaa dhanyataacha waa miLawaa dewaa, jaaguni nija shabdaas

khoTee muurcChaa, khoTe aasuu aishwaryaachaa raam pipaasu trupta karaawaa tyaas haach kii aapaNaasi hawyaas

wyom kosaLo, bhango dharaNii punhaa punhaa kaa hee manadharaNee wara-labhaawiNa mee na ghyaayachee, shewaTachaahi shwaas Lord was victorious in that battle.
Remember what you said?
"I grant you two boons, dear, tell [me] your hope."

I, a woman easily appeased by shrewdness,
Still reserved your promises.
Today I ask both those boons, considering the circumstances.

By one boon, give my bride-price:
This throne for Bharat.
By the other boon, fourteen years' exile for Rama.

It is your love that is biased.

Nothing remains to happen here.

Boons were granted with a heroic mouth,
then why expiration now?

Remove Rama from the palace Or break the dynasty's custom Or earn gratification from God by awakening your own word.

False swoon, false tears!
Rama is thirsty for power.

"He should be satiated," is your desire.

Let the sky fall, let the earth split, Why again and again dwell on this? Boon ungranted, I shall not take even my final breath. Kaikeyi's harsh scolds struck repeated thunderbolts on king Dasharath's head. Dasharath fell into a sorry state. He tried begging, tried pleading. Kaikeyi's insistence did not lessen an iota. The king, in a perplexed state, sat numb like a statue. Just then, minister Sumant arrived at the door of Kaikeyi's chambers. The impatient Kaikeyi commanded Sumant, "Bring Rama here."

Sumant arrived at Kaikeyi's chambers with Sri Rama, who was prepared for the succession ceremony. Upon seeing king Dasharath in a faint and taciturn state, seated with head lowered, Sri Rama was wonderstruck. With a glance, Sri Rama asked Kaikeyi the cause. She related the whole episode and said finally, "He cannot stand actually to tell you, but his want is for Bharat to receive the kingdom and you to go into exile for fourteen years." Even at this, Dasharath said nothing. Understanding his silence as assent, Rama happily agreed to exile. The joy of the ceremony was suddenly deflated. Sri Rama took Lakshman to Kausalya's chambers in order to tell his mother of the episode.

Kausalya, dressed in white, was making an offering to Agni. Rama's arrival delighted her. She advanced a seat for him to sit upon.

Not only did Rama not sit, but he told his mother he was departing for exile at his father's command. Kausalya was dumbfounded. Kaikeyi's insistence, king Dasharath's grant of a boon, and Sri Rama's strict adherence to duty--she could countenance none of this. Embracing Rama to her breast, she began to say in pained tones,

नको रे जाऊ रामराया

उंबरट्यासह ओलांडुनिया मातेची माया नको रे जाउं रामराया

शतनवसांनी येउन पोटों सुखविलेंस का दुःखासाठीं? प्राण मागतो निरोप, रडते कासाविस काया

कशी मूढ ती सवत कैकयी तीही मजसम अबला आई आज्ञा देइल का भरता ती कांतारी जाया?

तृप्त हाउं दे तिर्ची लोचनें भरत भोगुं दे राज्य सुखाने वनीं धाडीते तुर्जिस कशास्तव वैरिण ती वाया?

सांगुं नयें ते आज सांगतें मजहुन हयांना ती आवडते आजवरी मी कुणां न कथिल्या मूक यातना या

तिच्या नयनिंच्या अंगारांनीं जळतच जगलें मुला, जीवनीं तुझिया राज्यीं इच्छित होतें अंतिं तरी छाया

nako re jaau raamaraayaa

umbarThyaasaha olaaNDuniyaa maatechee maayaa nako re jaau raamaraayaa

shatanawasaaNnee yeuna poTo sukhawiles kaa duHkhaasaaThee? praaNa maagato niropa, raDate kaasaawisa kaaya

kashee mooDha tee sawata kaikayee teehee majasama abalaa aaee ajnaa deil kaa bharataa tee kaantaaree jaayaa?

trupta haau de tirchii lochane bharata bhogu de raajya sukhaane Wanee dahaDite tujasi kashaastawa wairiNa tee waayaa

saaNgu naye te aaj saaNgate majahun hyaaNnaa tee aawaDate aajawaree mee kuNaa na kathilyaa mooka yaatanaa yaa

tichyaa nayanicyaa aNgaaraaNnee jaLatacha jagale mulaa, jeewanee tujhiyaa raajyee icchita hote aNti taree chhaayaa

O Go Not, King Rama

Crossing with the threshold, mother's tenderness
O go not, King Rama

Entering [my] belly after a hundred pacts, Why did you content for grief? Soul asks leave, body weeps distressed.

How foolish that mistress Kaikeyi. She too, like me, a powerless mother. Would she give Bharat a command to leave for the forest?

Let her eyes be satiated.

Let Bharat enjoy the kingdom in peace.

For what reason does she drive you to the forest, that waste of an enemy?

Today I say what should not be said:

More than me, he likes her.

Before today, I did not relate to anyone these mute pains.

Burning in the livecoal of her eyes [I've] lived my whole life, son.
In your kingdom, at least in the end, I wanted shade.

अधर्म सांगू कसा बालका? तुष्ट ठेव तूं तुझिया जनका माग अनुज्ञा मात्र जननितें कांतारी न्याया

तुझ्यावांचुनी राहुं कशी मी? वियोग रामा, साहुं कशी मी? जमदग्नीसम तात तुझें कां कथिति न माराया

तुझ्या करें दें मरणच मजसी हो राजा वा हो वनवासी देहावांचुन फिरेन मग मी मागोवा ध्याया adharma saaNgoo kasaa baalakaa? tuShTa Thewa tuu tujhiyaa janakaa maaga anudnyaa maatra jananite kaaNtaaree nyaayaa

tujhyaawaachunii raahu kashii mee? wiyoga raamaa, saahu kashii mee? jamadagneesama taat tujhe kaa kathiti na maaraayaa

tujhyaa kare de maraNacha majasee ho raajaa waa ho wanawaasee dehaawaacun phiren maga mee maagowaa dhyaayaa How can I call you away from duty, child?
You keep your Janaka satisfied!
However, request a declaration, out of
decorum, for forest justice

How can I live without you?
Rama, how can I endure detachment?
Why doesn't your father, as told of
Jamadagni²⁰, kill [me]?

Give me but death by your hands
Be king or be exile.
Then, without a body I shall return
immediately to meditate.

Page 42 of 150

²⁰ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jamadagni

Despite Kausalya's lamentation saying, "O go not, king Rama," Sri Rama's determination did not waver. Indeed, Sri Rama told Kausalya that under no circumstances should a wife live separately from her husband. Observing everything with steady eyes, Lakshman however could no longer tolerate this. He said furiously-

रामाविण राज्यपदिं कोण बैसतो

रामाविण राज्यपदिं कोण बैसतो? घेउनियां खड़गा करीं, मीच पाहतो

श्रीरामा, तूं समर्थ् मोहजालि फससि व्यर्थ् पाप्यांचे पाप तुला उघड सांगतो

वरहि नव्हे, वचन नव्हे कैकयिला राज्य हवें विषयधुंद राजा तर तिजसि मानतो

वांच्छिति जे पुत्रघात ते कसले मायतात? त्ज दिधला शब्द कसा नृपति मोडतो?

लंपट तो विषयिं दंग तुजसि करी वचनभंग भायेंचा हट्ट मात्र निम्ट पाळितो

वर दिधलें कैकयीस आठवले या मितीस आजवरी नृपति कधीं बोलला न तो?

raamaawiNa raajyapadi koNa baisato?

raamaawiNa raajyapadi koNa baisato? gheuniyaa khaDgaa karee, meecha paahato

sreeraamaa, tuu samartha mohajaali phasasi wyartha paapyaache paap tulaa ughaDa saaNgato

warahi nawhe, wachana nawhe kaikeyilaa raajya hawe wiShayadhuNda raajaa tara tijasi maanato

waaMcChiti je putraghaat te kasale maayataat? tuja didhalaa shabda kasaa nrupati moDato?

lampaTa to wiShayi daNga tujasi karii wachanabhaNga bhaayechaa haTTa maatra nimuTa paaLito

wara didhale kaikayees aaThawale yaa mitees aajawaree nrupati kadhee bolalaa na to?

Who Besides Rama Establishes Regime?

Who besides Rama establishes regime? Taking sword in hand, I myself will see!

Sri Rama, you [are] powerful Needlessly cheated by worldly snares The sin of a sinner I tell you openly!

Not boon, not vow, Kaikeyi wants the kingdom. The bewildered king defers to her!

Who desire the ruination of a son,
What kind of mother-father are they?
How does a king break the word given to
you?

That lecher, ensnared, obsessed, Breaks his vow to you, Yet silently obeys wife's insistence!

Boons given to Kaikeyi Recalled on this occasion Why before today did the king never

speak?

मत मतंगजापरी दैव तुझे चाल करो श्रीरामा, मीच त्यास दोर लावितो

बैस तूंच राज्यपदीं आड कोण येइ मधीं येउं देत, कंठस्नान त्यास घालितो

येउं देत तिन्ही लोक घालिन मी त्यांस धाक पाह्ं देच वृद्ध पिता काय योजितो

शत शतकें पाळ धरा श्रीरामा चापधरा रक्षणासि पाठीं मीं सिद्ध राहतों

येइल त्या करिन सजा बंधु नच, दास तुझा मात्:श्री कौसल्येशपथ सांगतो matta mataNgajaaparee daiwa tujhe chaal karo Shreeraamaa, meech tyaas dor laawito

baisa tuucha raajyapadii aaDa koNa yei madhee yeu det, kaNThasnaana tyaas ghaalito

yeu det tinhee lok ghalin mee tyaas dhaak paahu dech wruddha pitaa kaay yojito

shata shatake paaLa dharaa shreeraamaa chaapadharaa rakshaNaasi paaThee mee siddha raahato

yeil tyaa karin sajaa bandhu nacha, daas tujhaa maatuHshree kausalyeshapatha saaNgato Like a mad stampeding elephant, Should he advance your fortune, Sri Rama, I myself will tie his noose!

You establish the regime! Whoever comes in between to obstruct, Let them, I shall drench his throat!

Let the three worlds come,
I shall put fear in them!
We shall see what useless father does
then!

Conquer a hundred hundred lands, Sri Rama, bow-weilder! I shall remain ready at your back to protect!

I'll suffer what punishments come, Not just brother, your servant, I swear on blessed mother Kausalya! Rama took great pains to calm the inflamed Lakshman. He said to his mother Kausalya, "Mother, Emperor Dasharath has fallen into misery because I am bound for forest exile. In this circumstance, it is not right for you to leave him and join me. You must stay with him in this painful circumstance." Eventually, Kausalya had to accept Rama's exhortation.

Then, Rama entered Sita's palace. Sita was extremely happy and welcomed Rama. But not only did Rama not accept her welcome, but with elaborate introduction asked for her leave to go into forest exile.

Hearing the word "leave," that devoted wife smiled sadly and said

जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

निरोप माझा कसला घेता? जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

ज्या मार्गी हे चरण चालती त्या मार्गी मी त्यांच्या पढ़ती वनवासाची मला न भीति संगे आपण भाग्य विधाता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

संगे असता नाथा, आपण प्रासादाहुनि प्रसंन कानन शिळेस म्हणतिल जन सिंहासन रघुकुल शेखर वरी बैसता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

वनी श्वापदे, क्रूर निशाचर भय न तयांचे मजसी तिळभर पुढती मागे दोन धनुर्धर

jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

niropa maajhaa kasalaa gheta? jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

jyaa maargee he charaNa chaalatee tyaa margee mee tyaanchyaa puDhatee vanavaasaachee malaa na bheeti sange aapaNa bhaagya vidhaataa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

sange asataa naathaa, aapaNa praasaadaahuni prasanna kaanana shiLesa mhaNatila jana siMhaasana raghukula shekhara waree baisataa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

wanee shwaapade, kruura nishaachara bhaya na tayaaNche majasee tiLabhara puDhatee maage dona dhanurdhara

Where Raghav Is, There Sita Is

Why are You taking leave of me? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

On what path these feet walk
On that path I will follow them.
I have no fear of forest exile
With You securing my luck.
Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

When You are with me, Lord,
The forest is more pleasing than a palace.
People will call "throne" even a stone
Upon which sits the Raghu clan garland.
Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

Forest predators, vicious night-walkers, I have not a bit of fear of them. Before and behind, two archers. चाप त्यां करी पाठिस भाता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

ज्या चरणांच्या लाभासाठी दडले होते धरणीपोटी त्या चरणांचा विरह शेवटी? काय दिव्य हे मला सांगता? जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

कोणासाठी सदनी राहू? का विरहाच्या उन्हात न्हाऊ? का भरतावर छत्रे पाहू? दास्य करू का कारण नसता? जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

का कैकयि वर मीळवी तीसरा? का अपुल्याही मनी मंथरा का छळिता मग वृथा अंतरा एकटीस मज का हो त्यजिता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

विजनवास या आहे दैवी ठौक होते मला शेशवी सुखद्ःखांकित जन्म मानवी द्र्ख सुखाचे प्रीति लाभता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

तोडा आपण, मी न तोडिते शत जन्मांचे अपुले नाते वनवासासी मीही येते जाया-पति का दोन मानिता chaapa tyaa karee paaThisa bhaataa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

jyaa charaNaaNchyaa laabhaasaaThee daDale hote dharaNeepoTee tyaa charaNaanchaa wiraha shewaTee? kaay diwya he malaa saaNgataa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

koNaasaaThee sadanee raahu? kaa wirahaachyaa unhaata nhaauu? kaa bharataawara chhatre paahu? daasya karuu kaa kaaraNa nasataa? jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

kaa kaikayi wara miLawee tisaraa kaa apulyaahee manee manthara kaa chhaLitaa maga wruthaa antaraa ekaTeesa maja kaa tyajitaa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

wijanawaasa yaa aahe daiwee Thauka hote malaa shaishawee sukhaduhkhaaNkita janma maanawee duhkha sukhache preeti laabhataa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

toDaa aapaNa, mee na toDite shata janmaanche apule naate wanawaasaasee meehee yete jaayaa-pati kaa dona maanitaa Bow in hand, quiver on back. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

For the gain of what feet
I was concealed in the earth's womb,
Separation from those feet finally?
What is this ordeal you ask of me?
Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

For whom should I remain in the palace? Why should I suffer the blaze of separation?

Why should I see the royal canopy over Bharat?

Should I slave when there is no reason? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

Why did Kaikayee get a third boon?
Why is Manthara in Your head too?
Then why do You torture with
unnecessary separation?
Why do you abandon me alone?
Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

This forest exile was a fate
Known to me since childhood.
Human birth is filled with contentment and
misery.

In love, misery is contentment. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

You sever—I am not severing—
Our relationship of a hundred lifetimes.
I too shall enter forest exile.
Why do you consider husband and wife

जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

पतीच छाया, पतीच भूषण पातीचरणांचे अखंड पूजन हे आर्यांचे नारीजीवन अंतराय का त्यात आणिता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

मुक राहता का हो आता? कितीदा ठेऊ चरणी माथा? असेन चुकले कुठे बोलता क्षमा करावी जानकिनाथा जेथे राघव तेथे सीता

jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

pateecha chhaayaa, pateecha bhuuShaNa pateecharaNaaNche akhaNDa poojana he aaryaaNche naareejeewana antaraaya kaa tyaata aaNitaa jethe raaghawa tethe seetaa

muka raahataa kaa ho aataa? kiteedaa Theuu charaNee maathaa? asena chukale kuThe bolataa kShamaa karaawee jaanakinaathaa jethe raghawa tethe seetaa

dual? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

Husband is shadow. Husband is ornament.

Complete worship is of the husband's feet.

This is the proper woman's life.
Why do you bring separation into that?
Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

Why do You remain silent?

How often must I place my head on your feet?

If I have erred in my speech,
Forgive, Janaki-lord.

Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

"Where Raghav is, there Sita is." What could Sri Rama say before this resolve of Sita? He said, "Sita, this resolve of yours gilds both families. Donate clothes and ornaments to brahmins, and immediately prepare yourself to depart for forest exile."

Sri Rama, Lakshman, and Janaki, all three were leaving for forest exile. All three had discarded royal clothes for bark clothes. Having taken leave of everyone, Sri Rama was departing. Minister Sumant sat in his chariot. The chariot began moving. Behind it, all Ayodhya began walking. The grief of the citizens of Ayodhya broke out in speech. Calling to Minister Sumant, they began to request a halt of Rama's chariot:

थांब सुमंता, थांबवित रे रथ

राम चालले, तो तर सत्पथ थांब सुमंता, थांबवित रे रथ

थांबा रामा, थांब जानकी चरणधूळ द्या धरूं मस्तकीं काय घडें हें आज अकल्पित!

रामराज्य या पुरीं यायचें स्वप्न लोचनीं अजुन कालचें अवचित झाले भग्न मनोरथ

गगननील हे, उषःप्रभा ही श्रीरघुनंदन, सीतामाई चवदा वर्षे का अस्तंगत

चवदा वर्षे छत्र लोपतां चवदा वर्षे रात्रच आता

thaaMba sumaNtaa, thaaMbawita re ratha

raama chaalale, to tar satpatha thaaMba sumaNtaa, thaaMbawita re ratha

thaaMbaa raamaa, thaaMba jaanakee charaNadhuuL dyaa dharuu mastakee kaaya ghaDe he aaj akalpita!

raamaraajya yaa purii yaayache swapna lochanee ajuna kaalache awachita jhaale bhagna manoratha

gagananeel he, uShaHprabhaa hii shreeraghunaNdana, seetaamaaee chawadaa warShe kaa astaNgata

chawadaa warShe Chatra lopataa chawadaa warShe raatracha aataa

Wait, Sumant, O hold the chariot

Rama goes, that is the way, Wait. Sumant. O hold the chariot

Wait, Rama, wait, Janaki, Give [your] dusty feet to hold to [our] heads. What is happening today is unimaginable!

Rama's kingdom to come to this town, Yesterday's dream still in the eyes, Unexpectedly the reverie shattered.

He the blue sky, she the dawn, Blessed joy of the Raghus, mother Sita, Why fourteen years undercover?

Banner sagging for fourteen years Only night for fourteen years now उरेल नगरी का ही मूर्च्छित?

कुठें लपें ती दुष्ट कैकयी? पहा म्हणावे हीन दशा ही अनर्थ नच हा तुझेच चेष्टित

करि भरतातें नृप मातोश्री रामा मागे निघे जयश्री आज अयोध्या प्रथम पराजित

पिताहि मूच्छित, मूच्छित माता सोडुन रामा कोठे जातां? सर्वे न्या तरी नगर निराश्रित

ये अश्र्ंचा पट डोळ्यांवर कोठें रथ तो? कोठे रघुवर गळ्यांत रुतली वाणी कपित urel nagaree kaa hee moorcChita?

kuThe lape tee duShTa kaikayee? pahaa mhaNaawe heen dashaa hee anartha nacha haa tujhech cheShTit

kari bharataate nrupa maatoshree raamaa maage nighe jayashree aaj ayodhyaa prathama paraajita

pitaahi muurcChita muurcChita maataa soDuna raamaa koThe jaataa? sarwe nyaa taree nagara nirashrita

ye ashruNchaa paTa DoLyaaNwara koThe ratha to? koThe raghuwara gaLyaat rutalee waaNee kaMpita Will this fainted city remain?

Where does that cruel Kaikeyi hide? "See this lowly state," it should be said. Not just calamity, this is but your doing

Blessed mother makes Bharat king. Behind Rama the flush of victory departs. Today, for the first time, Ayodhya is defeated.

> Father fainted, too, mother fainted. Leaving, Rama, where do you go? Take then the entire homeless city.

A roll of tears comes to the eyes.
Where is that chariot? Where the boon of the Raghus?
Quivering speech pricks the throat.

The prayers of the townsfolk could not obstruct Rama's chariot. With his brother Lakshman and his wife Janaki, Rama left Ayodhya. That night, no fire was stoked, no light was lit, no food was cooked in any home in Ayodhya. Like a sea without water, that Raghu town was saddened. After crossing Ayodhya's border, Rama turned in her direction and saluted her. The chariot continued on its way.

Rama arrived at Shrungawirpur on the banks of the Ganga. The head of the village, Guha, received Sri Rama and with great devotion welcomed them warmly. They spent the night under a tree. At dawn, Guha prepared a boat. Sri Rama commanded Sumant to go back to Ayodhya. He, with Lakshman and, Sita stepped into the boat. Upon its launch, it turned, and wave upon wave began to push it back to shore. The ferryman and his fellows began to sing,

नकोस नौके परत फिरू ग

नकोस नौके परत फिरू ग, नकोस गंगे उर भरू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

जय गंगे जय भागीरथी जय जय राम दाशरथी श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

ही दैवाची उलटी रेघ माथ्यावरचा ढळवू मेघ भाग्य आपुले अपुल्या हाते अपुल्यापासुन दूर करू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

nakosa nauke parata phiru ga

nakosa nauke parata phiru ga, nakosa gange ura bharu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

jaya gange jaya bhageerathee jaya jaya raama daasharathee shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

hee daiwaachee ulaTee regh maathyaawarachaa DhaLawoo megh bhaagya aapule apulyaa haate apulyaapaasuna doora karuu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

Don't Turn Back, Ferry

Don't turn back, ferry. Don't flood, Ganga. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.

Hail Ganga! Hail Bhagirathi!
Hail hail Rama, son of Dasharath!
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

This is a reversal of fortune,
An overhead rolling cloud.
With our fate in our hands, let us push it
away.
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

श्री विष्णूचा हा आवतार भव - सिन्धुच्या करतो पार तारका त्याला तारून नेऊ पदस्पर्शान्ने सर्व तरु श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

जिकडे जातो राम नरेश सुभग सुभग तो दक्षिण देश ऐल अयोध्या पडे अहल्या, पैल उगवतील कल्पतरु श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

कर्तव्याची धरुनी कास राम स्वीकारी हां वनवास दासच त्याचे आपण, का मग कर्ताव्यासी परत सरू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

अतिथी असो वा असतो राम पैल लाविणी अपुले काम भलेबुरे ते राम जाणता, आपण अपुले काम करू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू

गंगे तुझा हां मंगल योग भगीरथ आणि तुझा जलीघ त्याचा वंशज नेसी तूही दक्षिण-देशा अमर करू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू shree viShNoochaa haa awataara bhawa - sindhuchyaa karato paar taaraka tyaalaa taaruna neuu padasparShaanne sarwa taru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

jikaDe jaato raama naresha subhaga subhaga to dakShiNa desh aila ayodhyaa paDe ahalyaa, paila ugawatila kalpataru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

kartawyaachee dharunee kaas raama swikaaree haa wanawaas daasacha tyaache aapaNa, kaa mag kartawyaasee parata saru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

atithee aso wa asato raama paila laawiNee apule kaama bhalebure te raama jaaNataa, aapaNa apule kaama karu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

gange tujhaa haa mangala yog bhageeratha aaNi tujhaa jalaugh tyaachaa waMshaja nesee tuuhee dakshiNa-deshaa amara karu This incarnation of Lord Vishnu
Takes us across the Sindhu of existence.
Stars to him will we deliver. By the touch
of his feet, we will navigate all.
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

Where goes king Rama,
Lucky, lucky is that southern country.
This side, Ayodhya will become Ahalya.
That side, *kalpataru*²¹ trees will grow.
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

Holding fast to responsibility,
Rama accepts this forest exile.
We are but his servants. Then why would
we shirk our responsibilities?
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

Be they guests or be it Rama,
Ferrying them is our job.
Rama understands good and evil. Let us
do our job.
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

O Ganga, this is an auspicious occasion for you
Bhagirath, who brought you here--Immortalize the southern country by

²¹ Wish-fulfilling trees. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kalpataru

shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu

transporting his descendant.
Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take
Lord Rama across.

पावन गंगा, पावन राम श्रीरामाचे पादन नाम त्रिदोषानाशी प्रवास हां प्रभु, नाविका आम्ही नित्य स्मरू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू paawana gangaa, paawana raamaa shreeraamaache paadana naam tridoShaanaashee prawaasa ha prabhu, naawika aamhee nitya smaru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu Purifier Ganga, purifier Rama.

Lord, we ferrymen will always remember this purifying journey made

While chanting Lord Rama's name.

Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.

Guha's boatmen transported Sri Rama's party across the Ganga. The exile Sri Rama, with his wife and brother, then went on their way. They spent the interim days walking and at night sleeping somewhere under a tree on foliage, remembering Ayodhya. One evening, they reached the ashram of the monk Bharadwaj. Bharadwaj received them appropriately and told them that Mount Chitrakut was a suitable place to settle. He also related the path to Chitrakut. Taking leave of him, Sri Rama went on.

On the way, Janaki was asking about many unfamiliar flowers. Sri Rama was satisfying her curiosity. Lakshman was giving woven bunches of flowers to his sister-in-law.

So enjoying the forest, the three of them arrived at Mount Chitrakut. There, pointing to a flat and attractive place, Sri Rama said,

या इथें लक्ष्मणा, बांध कुटी

या इथें लक्ष्मणा, बांध कुटी या मंदाकिनीच्या तटनिकटी

चित्रकूट हा, हेंच तपोवन येथे नांदति साधक मुनिजन सखे जानकी, करि अवलोकन ही निसर्गशोभा भुलवी दिठी

पलाश फुलले, बिल्व वाकले

yaa ithe lakshmaNaa, baaNdh kuTee

yaa ithe lakshmaNaa, baaNdh kuTee yaa maNdaakineechyaa taTanikaTee

chitrakuuTa haa, hecha tapowana yethe naadati saadhaka munijana sakhe jaanakii, kari awalokana hee nisargashobhaa bhulawii diThee

palaash phulale, bilwa waakale

O Lakshman, build a hut in this here place

O Lakshman, build a hut in this here place, Near the shore of this Mandakini²².

This Chitrakut is itself an austerity forest.

Here seekers and monks chant.

Dear Janaki, take in the view.

This nature's grandeur bewitches sight.

The palash²³ bloomed, the bael²⁴ bowed,

²² See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mandakini River

²³ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Butea monosperma

²⁴ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aegle_marmelos

भल्लातक फलभारें लवले दिसति न यांना मानव शिवले ना सैल लतांची कुठें मिठी

किती फुलांचे रंग गणावे? कुणा सुगंधा काय म्हणावें? मूक रम्यता सहज दुणावें येतांच कूजनें कण्पेटीं

कुठें काढिती कोकिल सुस्वर निळा सूर तो चढिव मयूर रत्नें तोलित निज पंखांवर संमिश्र नाद तो उंच वटीं

शाखा-शाखांवरी मोहळे मध त्यांच्यांतिल खालीं निथळे वन संजीवक अमृत सगळें ठेविती मक्षिक भरून घटीं

हां सौमित्रे, सुसज्ज, सावध, दिसली,लपली क्षणांत पारध सिद्ध असूं दे सदैव आयुध या वनीं श्वापदां नाहिं तुटी

जानिकसाठीं लितका, कलिका, तुझिया माझ्या भक्ष्य सायकां उभय लाभले वनांत एका पोंचलों येथ ती शुभचि घटी

जमव सत्वरी काष्ठें कणखर उटज या स्थळीं उभवूं सुंदर शाखापल्लव अंथरुनी वर रेखुं या चित्र ये गगनपटीं bhallaataka phalabhaare lawale disati na yaaNnaa maanawa shiwale naa sail lataaNchee kuThe miThee

kitee phulaaNche raNga gaNaawe? kuNaa sugaNdhaa kaaya mhaNaawe? muuka ramyataa sahaja duNaawe yetaacha kuujane karNapaTee

kuThe kaaDhitee kokila suswara niLaa suur to chaDhawi mayuur ratne tolita nija paNkhaawara saMmishra naad to uNcha waTee

shaakhaa shaakhaaNwarii mohaLe madha tyaaNchyaatila khaalii nithaLe wana sanjeewaka amruta sagaLe Thewitee makshika bharun ghaTee

haa saumitre, susajja, saawadha, disali, lapalee kshaNaat paaradha siddha asuu de sadaiwa aayudha yaa wanee shaapadaa naahi tuTee

jaanakisaaThee latikaa, kalikaa, tujhiyaa maajhyaa bhakshya saayakaa ubhaya laabhale wanaat ekaa pochalo yeth tee shubhachi ghaTee

jamawa satwarii kaaShTe kaNakhara uTaja yaa sthaLee ubhawuu suNdara shaakhaapallawa aNtharunii wara rekhu yaa chitra ye gaganapaTee The marking nut, fruit-bearing, bent.
These appear untouched by man.
Nowhere is the embrace of creepers loose.

How many flowers' colors should be counted?
What to say of which fragrances?
Easily double the silent delight
Just as cooing comes to ears.

Where the cuckoo emits notes, That blue peacock raises a melody Bearing jewels upon his wings. That combined refrain piles high!

Hives on branch after branch, Honey drains down from them. All forest-resuscitating nectar, Bees keep it in full vessels.

Ho! Soumitri, ready, careful!

Game was seen, hid the next moment!

Let [your] weapon be constantly ready!

No break for beasts in this forest!

Creepers and flower buds for Janaki,
Prey for your and my arrows,
Both were procured in a single forest.
Arrival here, that is a coffer of goodness!

Gather quickly stout rods!

A beautiful cottage shall we raise in this place,
Spreading branches and shoots atop.
Let us draw a picture on this sky scroll.

At Rama's order, Lakshman constructed an ashram on the mountain Chitrakut. Rama conducted the appropriate rites before Rama, Lakshman, and Janaki entered the ashram.

Sumanta entered the palace in an Ayodhya seemingly deserted by the loss of Rama. As he entered, King Dasharatha asked him, doe-eyed and in a trembling voice, "Sumanta, what did my Rama say as he left?" Overwhelmed with emotion, Sumanta said,

बोलले इतुके मज श्रीराम

शेवटी करिता नम्र प्रणाम बोलले इत्के मज श्रीराम

अयोध्येस तू परत सुमंता कुशल अमुचे कथुनी ताता पदवंदन कीरे माझ्याकरिता तात चरण ते वंदनीय रे शततीर्थाचे धाम

अंतःपुरी त्या दोघी माता अतीव दुःखी असतील सूता धीर देइ त्या धरुन शांतता सौख्य आमुचे सांगून त्यांच्या शोका देइ विराम

सांग माउली कौसल्येसी सुखात सीता सुत वनवासी पूजित जा तू नित्य अग्निशी तुझिया श्रवणी सदा असावा मुनिवरघोषित साम

वडिलपणाची जाणीव सोड्नी

bolale ituke maja shreeraama

shewaTee karitaa namra praNaama bolale ituke maja shreeraama

ayodhyesa tuu parata sumaNtaa kushala amuche kathunee taataa padawaNdana kari maajhyaakaritaa taata charaNa te waNdaneeya re shatateerthache dhaama

antahpuree tyaa doghee maataa ateewa duhkhee asateela sootaa dheera dei tyaa dharuna shaaNtataa saukhya aamuche saaNguna tyaaNchyaa shokaa dei wiraam

saaNga maulee kausalyesee sukhaata seetaa suta wanawaasee poojita jaa tuu nitya agnishee tujhiyaa shrawaNee sadaa asaawaa muniwaraghoShita saama

waDilapaNaachee jaaNeewa soDunee

Blessed Rama Spoke So to Me

Finally, making respectful obeisance, Blessed Rama spoke so to me:

"You return to Ayodhya, Sumanta.
Relate our well-being to father.
Revere his feet on my behalf.
Father's feet, home of a hundred holy rivers, are worthy of reverence.

"Those two mothers, in the inner chamber,

Must be extremely sorrowful, O charioteer.

Keeping calm, give them courage. Give relief to their sadness by telling of our contentment.

"Tell respected mother Kausalya,
'Sita and your son are happy in the forest.
Worship Agni always.
May monks' chanting of the sama-veda
be always in your hearing.

"Abandoning awareness of parenthood,

सवतींशी करि वर्तन जननी मग्न पतीच्या रहा पजनी तव हृदयाविन त्या जीवासी अन्य नसे विश्राम

sawateeMshee kari wartana jananee magna pateechyaa rahaa puujanee tawa hRidayaawina tyaa jeewaasee anya nase wishraam

Live with the other wives. Keep serving your husband who is absorbed in the citizenry. Outside of your heart, that soul has no refuge.

राजधर्म तू आठव आई अभिषिक्ताते गुण वय नाही दे भरतासी मान प्रत्यही पढव स्मंता, विनयाने हे, सांग्न माझे नाम

raajadharma tuu aaThawa aaee abhiShiktaate guNa waya naahee de bharataasee maana pratyahee paDhawa sumaNtaa, winayaane he, saaMguna maajhe naama

"Remember your royal duties, O mother. The coronated one has no age or inherent qualities.

सांग जाउनी कुमार भरता हो युवराजा, स्वीकार सत्ता प्रजाजनांवर ठेवी ममता भोग स्खाचा अखण्ड घेई, मनी राही निष्काम

saaNga jaaunee kumaara bharataa ho yuwaraajaa, sweekaara sattaa prajaajanaaNwara Thewee mamataa

Give Bharata every respect.' Affirm this humbly, Sumanta, in my name.

छत्र शिरावर तुझ्या पित्याचे पाळच वत्सा वचन तयांचे सार्थक कर त्या वृद्धपणाचे राज्य नीतीने करुन वाढवी रघुवंशाचे नाम bhoga sukhaachaa akhaNDa gheii, manee raahee niShkaama

"Go and tell prince Bharata, 'Become the crown prince. Accept authority. Hold love for the populace.

paaLacha watsaa wachana tayaaNche saarthaka kara tyaa vRiddhapaNaache raajya neeteene karuna waaDhawee

Experiencing happiness completely, remain free from desire in your heart

काय सांगणे तज धीमंता उदारधी तू सर्वे जाणता पुत्रवियोगिनि माझी माता chhatra shiraawara tujhyaa pityaache raghuwaMshaache naama

"'Father's royal canopy is over your head. Hold to his promise, son. Make his old age significant. By politics, make the Raghu dynasty's name greater.

बोलत बोलत ते गहिवरले कमलनयनि त्या आसू भरले करुण दृश्य ते अजुन न सरले गंगातीरी सौमित्रीसह उँभे जानकी राम

kaaya saaNgaNe tuja dheemaNtaa udaaradhee tuu sarwa jaaNataa putrawiyogini majhee maataa त्झ्या वर्तने तिला भासवी भरत तोच श्रीराम tujhyaa wartane tilaa bhaasawee bharata tocha shreeraama

"Why am I telling you, sensible one? Most generous, you, knowing everything. My mother, separated from her son--By your behavior, let her feel that Bharata is Rama."

bolata bolata te gahiwarale kamalanayani tyaa aasuu bharale karuNa dRishya te ajuna na sarale gangaateeree saumitreesaha ubhe jaanakee As he spoke, he was overcome with emotion. Tears filled those lotus eyes. That sorry sight has not gone away: raama

Standing with the son of Sumitra on the banks of the Ganga, Janaki and Rama.

When charioteer Sumant in this fashion told Sri Rama's message to king Dasharath, the emperor's state became extremely pathetic. His eyes began to water. His breath quickened. His throat thickened from extreme sadness. Waving his hands as if extremely angry with himself, he began to speak. Everyone in the palace including the three queens gathered around. As if struggling to rise, emperor Dasharath then lost his balance and collapsed. Suddenly as if about to expire, he spoke deludedly,

दाटला चोहिकडे अंधार

daaTalaa chohikaDe aNdhaar

daaTalaa chohikaDe aNdhaar

Darkness Congeals on All Sides

दाटला चोहिकडे अंधार देउं न शकतो क्षिण देह हा प्राणांसी आधार

deu na shakato kshiNa deha praaNaasee aadhaar Darkness congeals on all sides.
This faint body is unable to give spirit support

आज आठवे मजसी श्रावण शब्दवेध, ती मृगया भीषण पारधींत मी वधिला ब्राह्मण त्या विप्राच्या अंध पित्याचें उमगे दुःख अपार

aaja aaThawe majasii shraawaNa shabdawedh, tee mrugayaa bheeShaNa paaradheet mee wadhilaa braahmaN tyaa wipraachyaa aNdha pityaache umage duHkha apaar Today I remember Shravan²⁵.
Sound-seeking, that horrible stalking,
In that hunt, I slew a Brahmin
That brahmin's blind parents discovered
unsurpassed grief.

त्या अंधाची कंपित वाणी आज गर्जते माझ्या कानीं यमदूतांचे शंख होउनी त्याच्यासम मी पुत्रवियोगें तृषर्तसा मरणार

tyaa aNdhaachee kaMpita waaNee aaja garjate maajhyaa kaanee yamadootaaNche shaNkha hounee tyaachyaasama mee putrawiyoge tRiShartasaa maraNaar The pitiful wail of the blind
Today roars in my ears
With the horns of Yama's²⁶ servants.
Like them, separated from [my] son, I will die thirsty.

श्रीरामाच्या स्पर्शावाचुन अतृप्त हें जळकें जीवन नाहीं दर्शन, नच संभाषण

shreeraamaachyaa sparshaawaacuna atruptacha he jaLake jeewana naahee darshana, nacha saMbhaaShaNa Without the touch of Sri Rama, This burning life is unsatisfied. No sight, nor conversation,

²⁵ Accidentally killed by a young Dasharatha. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shravan

²⁶ The god of death. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yama

मीच धाडिला वनांत माझा त्राता राजक्मार

मरणसमयिं मज राम दिसेना जन्म कशाचा? आत्मवंचना अजुन न तोडी जीव बंधनां धजेल संचित केवीं उघडूं मज मोक्षाचें द्वार?

कुंडलमंडित नयनमनोहर श्रीरामाचा वदनसुधाकर फुलेल का या गाढ तमावर? जातां जातां या पार्यावर फेकित रश्मितुषार

अघटित आतां घडेल कुठलें? स्वर्गसौख्य मी दूर लोटले ऐक कैकयी, दुष्टे, कुटिले, भाग्यसह तूं सौभाग्यासहि क्षणांत अंतरणार

पाहतील जे राम जानकी देवच होतील मानवलोकीं स्वर्गसौख्य ते काय आणखी? अद्दष्टा, तुज ठावें केव्हां रामागम होणार?

क्षमा करी तूं मज कौसल्ये क्षमा सुमित्रे पुत्रवत्सले क्षमा देवते सती ऊर्मिले क्षमा प्रजाजन करा, चाललो सुखदुःखांच्या पार

क्षमा पित्याला करि श्रीरामा

meecha dhaaDilaa wanaat maajhaa traataa raajakumar

maraNasamayi maja raama disenaa janma kashaachaa? aatmawaNchanaa ajuna na toDee jeewa baNdhanaa dhajel saNchit kewee ughaDoo maja mokshaache dwaar?

kuNDalamaNDit nayanamanohar shreeraamaachaa wadanasudhaakara phulela kaa yaa gaaDha tamaawara? jaataa jaataa yaa paaryaawara phekita rashmituShaar

aghaTita aataa ghaDela kuThale? swargasaukhya mee duur loTale aika kaikeyi, duShTe, kuTile, bhaagyasaha tuu saubhaagyaasahee kshaNaat aNtaraNaar

paahateel je raam jaanakee dewacha hotil maanawalokee swargasaukhya te kaaya aaNakhee? addaShTaa, tuja Thaawe kewhaa raamaagama hoNaar?

kshamaa karee tuu maja kausalye kshamaa sumitre, putrawatsale kshamaa dewate satee oormile kshamaa prajaanana karaa, chaalalo sukhaduHkhaachyaa paar

kshamaa pityaalaa kari shreeraamaa

It is I who threw my savior prince into the forest.

Near death, [if] I couldn't see Rama,
What for birth? Self-deception
Soul still couldn't break. Binders
Accumulated pressing. How to open the
door of my liberation?

Bewitching eyes adorned with earrings, Will Sri Rama's moon face Bloom on this heavy darkness? Throwing, while leaving, a spray of light on this pariah?

Now what horrendous occurrence will happen?

I thrust aside the joy of heaven.
Listen Kaikeyi, cruel, hateful,
Along with fortune, you will momentarily distance wifehood.

Who will see Rama and Janaki
Will become gods among mortals.
What more to joy of heaven?
Invisible one, do you know when Rama's
arrival will happen?

Forgive me, O Kausalya!
Forgive, O Sumitra, son-dear!
Forgive, O goddess, virtuous Urmila!
Forgive, my people, I go beyond joy and grief.

Sri Rama, forgive [your] father!

पतितपावना मेघश्यामा राम लक्ष्मणा सीतारामा गंगोदकसा अंती ओठीं तुमचा जयजयकार

patitapaawanaa meghashyaamaa raam lakshmaNaa seetaaraamaa gangodakasaa aNtee oThee tumachaa jayajayakaar Savior! Cloud-dark!
Rama, Lakshman, Sita, Rama!
At the Ganges water's end, on [my] lips,
"Victory! Victory!" to you.

Vasishtha sent servants to fetch Bharat, but he wisely kept the news of Dasharath's death secret. Thinking that Rama may be named heir, Bharat happily left and arrived in Ayodhya.

The Ayodhya he entered stunned him beyond imagination and nightmare. He saw the city's spirit gone. There were no signs of life. He could not understand why. He entered his palace and met his mother, Kaikayi.

Kaikayi said, "I have been eagerly awaiting your arrival! Your father is dead. Rama has gone into forest exile. The throne is vacant for you! Cremate your father and crown yourself! I cannot wait to see my son on the throne. I myself have done this for you."

Bharat could not control his fury at his mother's careless and haughty words. That furious Bharat cried out at his mother.

माता न तू वैरिणी

अश्वपतीची नव्हेस कन्या, नव्हेस माझी माय धर्मत्म्यांच्या वंशी कृत्या निपजे, नांदे काय? वध नाथाचा करील मूढे पतिव्रता का कुणी? माता न तू वैरिणी

शाखे सह तू वृक्ष तोडीला, फळां इच्छिसि वाढ आत्मघातक ज्ञानाचे या गातील भार पवाड स्वीकारीन मी राज्य तुझ्यास्तव, किर्ती होइल दुणी माता न तू वैरिणी

maataa na tuu vairiNee

ashwapateechee nawhesa kanyaa, nawhesa maajhee maay dharmatmyaaNchyaa waMshee krutyaa nipaje, naaNde kaay? wadha naathaachaa kareela muuDhe patiwrataa kaa kuNee maataa na tuu vairiNee

shaakhe saha tuu vrikSha toDeelaa, phaLaa icchisi waaDh aatmaghaataka jnaanaache ya gaateela bhaara pawaaD sweekaareena me raajya tujhyaastawa, kirtee hoila duNee

You Are Not a Mother, Enemy

You are not the daughter of Ashwapati.
You are not my mother.
Can a witch be born to, or assimilate with, a righteous lineage?
Would any dedicated wife cause her lord's death, fool?
You are not a mother, enemy.

You broke the tree and its branches, wanting fruits to grow.

Bards will sing ballads of this suicidal scheme:

I will accept the kingdom for your sake

maataa na tuu vairiNee

वनात भ्रात्या धाडिलेस तू, स्वर्गि धाडिले तात श्रीरामाचे वल्कल देता का नच जळले हात? उभी न राही पळभर येथे, काळे कर जा वनी माता न तू वैरिणी

wanaata bhraatyaa dhaaDilesa tuu, swargi dhaaDile taat shreeraamaache walkala detaa kaa nacha jaLale haata ubhee na raahee paLabhara yethe, kaaLe kara jaa wanee maataa na tuu vairiNee You are not a mother, enemy.

You sent Brother to the forest, to heaven you sent Father.

Why did your hands not burn when giving

Why did your hands not burn when giving Rama's tree-bark garments?
Without standing here a moment, blacken your face and go to the forest.

You are not a mother, enemy.

निराधार हा भरत पोरका, कुठे आसरा आज निपुत्रिके, तू मिरव लेवुनी वैधव्याचा साज पडो न छाया तुझी पापिणी, सदनी, सिंहासनी माता न तु वैरिणी

niraadhaara ha bharata porakaa, kuThe aasaraa aaja niputrike, too mirawa lewunee waidhawyaachaa saaja paDo na chhaayaa tujhee paapiNee, sadanee, sinhaasanee maataa na tuu vairiNee Helpless is this orphan Bharat. Where is support today?

Childless woman, dress like a widow and flaunt it.

Sinful one, let not your shadow fall in the palace, on the throne.

You are not a mother, enemy.

तुला पाहता तृषार्ता होते या खड्गाची धार श्रीरामांची माय परी तू, कसा करू मी वार कुपुत्र म्हणतिल मला कैकयी, माता दोघीजणी माता न तू वैरिणी

tulaa paahataa truShaarta hote yaa khaDgaachee dhaara shreeraamaanchee maaya paree tuu, kasaa karu mee waara kuputra mhaNatila malaa kaikayee, maataa dogheejaNee maataa na tuu vairiNee

Seeing you, the edge of this sword becomes thirsty.

How can I harm you, who are like Rama's mother?

Kaikayi, both my mothers will call me a disgraceful son.

You are not a mother, enemy.

How can I soothe, with words,

Kausalyaa's sadness?

For grief-stricken Sumitra, all three worlds

कसा शांतवू शब्दांने मी कौसल्येचा शोक सुमित्रेस त्या उदासवाणे गमतिल तिन्ही लोक कुठल्या वचने नगरजनांची करू मी समजावणी माता न तू वैरिणी

kasaa shaaNtawuu shabdaaNne mee kausalyechaa shoka sumitresa tyaa udaasawaaNe gamatila tinhee loka kuThalyaa wachane nagarajanaaNchee karu mee samajaawaNee

maataa na tuu vairiNee

will be dulled.
With what words can I console the citizens?

You are not a mother, enemy.

वनाहुनीही उजाड झाले रामाविण हे धाम वनात हिण्डुन धुडुन आणिन परत प्रभु श्रीराम नका आडवे थेउ आता कुणी माझिया पणी माता न तू वैरिणी

चला सुमंता द्या सेनेला एक आपुल्या हाक श्रीरामाला शोधायास्तव निघोत नजरा लाख अभिषेकास्तव घ्या संगती वेदजाणते मुनी माता न तू वैरिणी

असेल तेथे श्रीरामाचा मुकुट अर्पिणे त्यास हाच एकला ध्यास, येथुनी हीच एकली आस कालरात्रसी रहा इथे तू आक्रंदत विजनी माता न तू वैरिणी wanaahuneehee ujaaDa jhaale raamaawiNa he dhaam wanaata hiNDuna dhuDuna aaNina parata prabhu shreeraama nakaa aaDawe yeu aataa kuNee maajhiyaa paNee maataa na tuu vairiNee

chalaa sumantaa dyaa senelaa eka aapulyaa haak shreeraamaalaa shodhaayaastawa nighota najaraa laakh abhiShekaastawa ghyaa sangatee wedajaaNate munee maataa na tuu vairiNee

asela tethe shreeraamaachaa mukuTa arpiNe tyaasa haacha ekalaa dhyaas, yethunee heecha ekalee aasa kaalaraatrasee rahaa ithe tuu aakraNdata wijanee maataa na tuu vairiNee More desolate than a wilderness has this palace become, without Rama.

Having wandered through the forest, I will Seek out and bring back lord Sri Rama.

Let no one now obstruct my resolve.

You are not a mother, enemy.

Come, Sumanta, give the army our summons.

To search for Rama, let us take hundreds of thousands of eyes.

For the coronation, bring along monks versed in the vedas

You are not a mother, enemy.

Present his crown to Rama, wherever he is:

This is the only goal; henceforth, this is the only wish.

Like the black night, you stay here lamenting alone.

You are not a mother, enemy.

Rejecting Kaikeyi with these harsh words, Bharat departed Ayodhya in search of Rama. Escorting him, the four-power²⁷ army departed. The townspeople departed. Kausalya and Sumitra, too, departed.

Just like Sri Rama, Bharat donned the garb of an ascetic. The sea of people departed on the same path that Rama and Lakshmana had gone. At the ashram of Bharadwaj, Bharat learned that Sri Rama's ashram was on Mount Chitrakut. Bharat departed for it along with the army.

There, sheltering under a leaf hut, Rama was eating with Lakshman and Janaki. From the northern direction, suddenly, clouds of dust arose and deadening rhythms reached his ears. Strong-armed Lakshman, ever alert, in great haste said to Rama,

सावधान राघवा

आश्रया गुहेकडे जानकीस पाठवा चापबाण घ्या करीं सावधान राघवा!

मेघगर्जनेपरी, काननांत हो ध्वनी धावतात श्वापदें, भक्ष्यभाग टाकुनी कोंकतात भेंकरें, कंपितांग थांबुनी धूल ही नभीं उडे, सैन्य येतसे कुणी खूण ना दिसो कुणा, दीप्त अग्नि शातवा

उत्तरेस तो थवा, काय तर्कबांधुनी? पाहतोंच काय तें, तालवृक्षि जाउनी कोण येइ चालुनी, निर्मनुष्य ह्या वनीं

saawadhaan raaghawaa

aashrayaa guhekaDe jaanakees paaThawaa chaapabaaNa ghyaa karee saawadhaan raaghawaa!

meghagarjaneparii, kaananaat ho dhwanee dhaawataat shwapade, bhakshyabhaag Taakunee

koNkataat bhekare, kaMpitaag thambunee dhool hee nabhee uDe, sainya yetase kuNee khuuNa naa diso kuNaa, deepta agni shaaNtawaa

uttaresa to thawaa, kaaya tarkabaaNdhunee paahatocha kaaya te, taalawRikshi jaauni koNa yei chaalunee, nirmanuShya hyaa wanee

Beware O Raghav

Send Janaki to the cave refuge!
Take bow and arrows in hand, beware O
Raghav!

Like cloud-rumbling, a sound comes from the forest!

Beasts run, dropping feed!
Deer howl, quiver halting!
Dust, too, flies skyward, as if some army approaches!

Let no one see a sign, extinguish the fire light!

That crowd in the north, what tactic?
I'll see what it is, from a palm tree.
Who comes along in this uninhabited forest?

²⁷ Elephants, cavalry, chariots, infantry

सिद्ध राहुं द्या तळीं, चाप रज्जु ओढुनी पाह्ं वीर कोण तो, दावि शौर्य-वैभवा

कैक पायिं धांवती, हस्ति अश्व दौडति धर्मस्नात सारथी, आंत ते महारथी कोण श्रेष्ठ एक तो, राहिला उभा रथीं सांवळी तुम्हांपरि, दीर्घबाहु आकृति बंध् युद्धकाम का, शोध्ं येंड् बांधवां?

भ्याड भरत काय हा बंधुघात साधतो येउं दे पुढे जरा, कंठनाल छेडतों कैकयीस पाहुं दे, छिन्न पुत्रदेह तो घोडदौड वाजतो, ये समीप नाद तो ये पुनश्च आज ही, संधि शस्त्रपाटवा

एक मी उभा इथें, येउं देत लाख ते लोकपाल तो नवा, स्वत्वहीन लोक ते क्षम्य ना रणांगणीं पोरकेंहि पोर तें शत्रुनाश क्षत्रियां, धर्मकार्य थोर तें ये समोर त्यास मी. धाडितोच रौरवा

नावरेच क्रोध हा बोधिल्या अनेकदा राम काय जन्मला सोसण्यास आपदा होउं देच मेदिनी पापयुक्त एकदां Siddha raahu dyaa taLee, chaapa rajju oDhunee paahu weer koNa to, daawi shaurya-waibhawaa

kaika paayi dhaawatii, hasti ashwa dauDati dharmasnaat saarathi, aat te mahaarathee koNa shreSHTha eka to, raahilaa ubhaa rathii saawaLee tumhaapari, deerghabaahu aakRiti baNdhu yuddhakaam kaa, shodhu yei bandhawaa?

bhyaaD bharata kaaya haa baNdhughaat saadhato
yeu de puDhe jaraa, kaNThanaal chheDato kaikayees paahu de, chhinna putradeha to ghoDadauDa waajato, ye sameepa naada to ye punashcha aaja hee, sandhi

ek mee ubha ithe, yeu det laakh te lokapaal to nawaa, swatwaheen loka te kshamya naa raNaaNgaNee porakehi por te shatrunaash kshatriyaa, dharmakaarya thor te ye samora tyaas mee, dhaaDitoch raurawaa

shastrapaaTawaa

naawarech krodha haa bodhilyaa anekadaa raama kaaya janmalaa sosaNyaas aapadaa hou dech medinee paapayukta ekadaa Let arrows be ready, bow-string pulled! See who is the hero, showing valor, glory!

Many race afoot, elephants, horses running, Ascetically dressed driver, great charioteer inside

Who is that great one standing in the chariot?
Form dark like yourself, great-armed?
O brother, why does brother come seeking
war?

This timorous Bharat seeks fratricide?
Let him come ahead a bit, I'll graze his larynx!
Let Kaikeyi see the shredded body of her son!
Racing horses sound, that rhythm comes
near.

Today afresh the opportunity comes for arms prowess!

I stand here one, let 100,000 of them come, He the new master, those dependent people! No mercy on the battlefield, those orphaned children!

Destruction of enemies by Kshatriyas²⁸, a great duty that!

When I go in front of them, I will sweep them into hell!

Uncontrollable anger this, explained many times:

Was Rama born to suffer distress?

Page 65 of 150

²⁸ The warrior caste. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kshatriya

भरतखंड भोगुं दे रामराज्य संपदा धर्मरक्षण-क्षणीं, मी अजिंक्य वासवां

bharatakhaNDa bhogu de raamaraajya sampadaa dharmarakshaNa-kshaNee, mee ajinkya waasawaa Let the earth be joined to sin once!

Let the riches of Rama's kingdom experience
Bharat's lordship!

At the moment of virtue-protection, let me be seen undefeated!

Rama soothed Lakshman's anger toward Bharat. Bharat came into Rama's ashram. Desperately, he embraced Rama's feet. Rama held him close, and asked after him. With great difficulty, Bharat told the news of their father's passing.

The shadow of grief fell over the entire ashram. At this time, Rama conducted his father's last rites. Bharat began saying again and again, "Rama, because of my mother's foolishness and father's love for her, you had to become an exile."

Then, all-knowing Rama said to Bharat,

पराधीन आहे जगती

दैवजात दुःखे भरता दोष ना कुणाचा पराधीन आहे जगती प्त्र मानवाचा

माय कैकयी ना दोषी नव्हे दोषी तात राज्यत्याग काननयात्रा सर्व कर्मजात खेळ चललासे माझ्या पूर्वसंचिताचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा

अन्त उन्नतीचा पतनी होइ या जगात सर्व संग्रहाचा वत्सा, नाश हाच अन्त वियोगार्थ मीलन होते नेम हा जगाचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा

paraadheena aahe jagatee

daiwajaata duhkhe bharataa doSha naa kuNaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa

maaya kaikayee naa doShee nawhe doShee taat raajyatyaaga kaananayaatraa sarwa karmajaat kheLa chalalaase maajhyaa poorwasaMchitaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa

anta unnateechaa patanee hoi ya jagaata sarwa saMgrahaachaa watsaa, naasha haacha anta wiyogaartha meelana hote nema ha jagaachaa

The Mortal is Bound to Fate

The living are born to grief, Bharat. It is no one's fault.

The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.

Mother Kaikayi is not at fault. Father is not at fault
Renunciation of the kingdom and forest journey are all born out of *karma*,
The playing out of my account of merit and demerit from previous lives.
The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.

What rises, eventually falls, in this world.

Everything accumulated, son, is

eventually destroyed.

Meeting only to part is the rule of this

world.

	paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
जिवासवे जन्मे मृत्यू जोड जन्मजात दिसे भासते ते सारे विश्व नाशवन्त काय शोक करिसी वेड्या स्वप्निच्या फळांचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	jiwaasawe janme mrityuu joDa janmajaata dise bhaasate te saare wishwa naashawanta kaaya shoka karisee weDyaa swapnichyaa phaLaanchaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	By birth we are bound to life and death. What we see and feel is all perishable. Why do you mourn, silly, the fruits of dreams? The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
तात स्वर्गवासी झाले, बन्धु ये वनात अतर्क्य ना झाले काही जरी अकस्मात मरण कल्पनेशी थांबे तर्क जाणत्यांचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	taata swargawaasee jhaale, bandhu ye wanaata atarkya naa jhaale kaahee jaree akasmaata maraNa kalpaneshee thaambe tarka jaaNatyaanchaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	Father became a dweller in heaven, brother in this forest. What happened was sudden but not incomprehensible. Those who understand logic halt at the thought of death. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
जरामरण यातुन सुटला कोण प्राणिजात दुःखमुक्त जगला का रे कुणी जीवनात वधमान ते ते चाले मागे रे क्षयाचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	jaraamaraNa yaatuna suTalaa koNa praaNijaata duhkhamukta jagalaa kaa re kuNee jeewanaata wardhamaana te te chaale maarga re kShayaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	Which living soul escaped old age and death? Who ever lived a life free of sorrow? Everything in the present walks the path to annihilation. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
दोन ओण्डक्यांची होते सागरात भेट एक लाट तोडी दोघां पुन्हा नाहि गाठ क्षणिक तेवि आहे बाळा मेळ माणसांचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	dona onDakyaaMchee hote saagaraata bheTa eka laaTa toDee doghaaM punhaa naahi gaaTha kShaNika tewi aahe baaLaa meLa	Two wooden blocks meet in the ocean. One wave breaks the two apart, never to meet again. Similarly, son, union of people is also momentary.

	maaNasaanchaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
नको आसु ढाळु आता पुस लोचनास तुझा आणि माझा आहे वेगळा प्रवास अयोध्येत हो तू राज रंक मी वनीचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	nako aasu DhaaLu aataa pusa lochanaasa tujhaa aaNi maajhaa aahe wegaLaa prawaasa ayodhyeta ho tuu raaja ranka mee waneechaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	Hold back your tears. Wipe your eyes. Your journey and mine are different. You become king in Ayodhya, I a wretch in the forest. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
नको आग्रहाने मजसी परतव्स व्यर्थ पित्रुवचन पाळून दोघे होउ रे कृतार्थ मुकुटकवच धारण किर का वेष तापसाचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	nako aagrahaane majasee paratawuusa wyartha pitruwachana paaLoona doghe hou re krutaartha mukuTakawacha dhaaraNa kari kaa weSha taapasaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	Do not needlessly insist on my return. Let us both be satisfied in compliance with our pledge to Father, Whether wearing the crown and armor or the hermit's clothes. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
संपल्याविना ही वर्षे दशोत्तरी चार अयोध्येस नाही येणे सत्य हे त्रिवार तूच एक स्वामी आता राज्यसंपदेचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	saMpalyaawinaa hee warShe dashottaree chaar ayodhyesa naahee yeNe satya he triwaara toocha eka swaamee aataa raajyasaMpadechaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	"Unless these four upon ten years are over, Come not to Ayodhya," is the truth thrice-said. You are now the one master of the kingdom-treasure. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
पुन्हा नको येउ कोणी दूर या वनात प्रेमभाव तुमचा माझ्या जागता मनात मान वाढवी तू लोकी अयोध्यापुरीचा	punhaa nako yeu koNee duura yaa wanaata premabhaawa tumachaa maajhyaa	Let none come again to this distant forest. Sentiments of love for you endure in my heart.

पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा

jaagataa manaata maana waaDhawee tuu lokee ayodhyaapureechaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa Please spread Ayodhya's honor to the world.

The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.

"The living are born to grief, Bharata. It is no one's fault." No matter how many times Sri Rama so urged, Bharata's eyes would not dry. Again and again he insisted to Sri Rama, "Come back. Be anointed king."

Like Bharata, the rishis who had come with Bharata insisted. But Sri Rama only respectfully declined. He said, "O Bharata, by paternal command, I have received exile and you the throne. You go back and reign over Ayodhya. This is dutiful and proper. After enduring fourteen years of exile according to paternal command, I will come to Ayodhya with Sita and Lakshman.

Disappointed by this answer of Sri Rama, Bharata bowed and, touching Sri Rama's sandals, said in pitiable tones,

आपुल्या द्या पादुका

aapulyaa dyaa paadukaa

Give Your Sandals

ताता गेले, माय गेली, भारत आता पोरका मागणें हें एक रामा, आप्ल्या द्या पाद्का

taataa gele, maaya gelee, bharata aataa porakaa maagaNe he eka, raamaa, aapulyaa dyaa paadukaa

Father left, mother left, Bharata now an orphan.

This one request, O Rama, give your sandals

वैनतेयाची भरारी काय मशकां साधते? का गजाचा भार कोणी अश्वपृष्टीं लादतें? राज्य करणें राघवाचें अज भरता शक्य का? wainateyaachee bharaaree kaaya mashakaa saadhate? kaa gajaachaa bhaar koNee ashwapRiShTee laadate? raajya karaNe raaghawaache ajna bharataa shakya kaa? What mosquito achieves an eagle's flight?
Who would heave an elephant's weight on a horse's back?
Is it possible for ignorant Bharat to take Raghav's reign?

वंशरीतीं हेंच सांगे -- थोर तो सिंहासनी सान तो सिंहासनीं कां, ज्येष्ठ ऐसा काननीं? दान देतां राज्य कैसें या पदांच्या सेवका?

waMshareetee hech saaNge -- thor to siMhaasanee saan to siMhaasanee kaa, jyeShTha aisaa kaananee? daan detaa raajya kaise yaa padaaNchyaa sewakaa?

throne.
Why is the lesser on the throne, the greater so in the forest?
How can you gift reign to the servant of these feet?

Clan custom says this--the great one on the

घेतला मी वेष मुनिचा सोडताना देश तो कैकयीसा घेऊं माथीं का प्रजेचा रोष तो? काय आज्ञा आगळी ही तुम्हिच देतां बालका?	ghetalaa mee weSh munichaa soDataanaa desha to kaikayees gheuu maathee kaa prajechaa roSha to? kaay aajnaa aagaLee hee tumhich detaa baalakaa?	I took the form of a monk when leaving that country Should [I] take the populace's anger toward Kaikeyi upon my forehead? What an offensive command this is that you give to her child!
पादुका या स्थापितो मी दशरथांच्या आसनीं याच देवी राज्यकर्त्या कोसलाच्या शासनीं चरणचिन्हें पूजुनीं हीं साधितों मी सार्थका	paadukaa yaa sthaapito mee dasharathaachyaa aasanee yaach dewee raajyakartyaa kosalaachyaa shaasanee charaNachinhe puujunee hee saadhito mee sarthakaa	These sandals I shall situate on Dasharath's seat. These the goddesses in the reigning silkworm's administration. It is by worshipping these foot-symbols that I achieve meaning.
राग नाहीं, चरणचिन्हें राहुं द्या हीं मंदिरीं नगरसीमा सोडुनी मी राहतों कोठें तरी भास्कराज्या किरणरेखा सांध्यकाळीं दीपिका	raag naahee, charanachinhe raahu dyaa hee maNdiree nagaraseemaa soDunee mee raahato koThe taree bhaaskaraajyaa kiraNarekhaa saaNdhyakaaLee deepikaa	No anger, let these foot symbols remain in the court. I will remain somewhere outside the city limits. Ray-lines of the solar reign, evening lights.
चालवितो राज्य रामा, दुरून तुम्ही येइतों मोजितों संवत्सरें मी, वाट तुमची पाहतों नांदतों राज्यांत, तीर्थी कमलपत्रासारखा	chaalawito raajya raamaa, duruna tumhee yeito mojito saMwatsare mee, waaTa tumachee paahato naadato raajyaat, teerthee kamalapatraasaarakhaa	O Rama, [I] will operate the kingdom, until you come, from afar. I will count the years, await you, Forget myself in the kingdom, like a lotus leaf in holy water.
सांगता तेव्हां न आले, चरण जर का मागुती त्या क्षणीं या तुच्छ तनुची अग्निदेवा आहृती ही प्रतिज्ञा, ही कपाळीं पाउलांची मृतिका	saaNgataa tewhaa na aale, charaNa jar kaa maagutee tyaa kshaNee yaa tuccHa tanuchee agnidewaa aahutee hee pratijnaa, hee kapaaLee paaulaaNchee mRittikaa	In case the desired feet come not when you say, At that moment, a fire sacrifice of this worthless body. This a promise, this forehead ground for feet.

"This one request, O Rama, give your sandals." Sri Rama could not deny this request made so humbly by Bharat. Bharat paraded those gold-trimmed sandals, purified by Sri Rama's foot-dust, upon an elephant to Ayodhya. He had those sandals coronated and and began to oversee administration of the kingdom.

Sri Rama left Chitrakut. They traveled south. On the way, both brothers slew a demon named Wiraadh. Going to Sharbhang's ashram, they saw the great soul in that heavenly place. It was at Sharbhang's ashram that some rishis respectfully requested of Rama, "The rishis resident at the ashram are being tormented mercilessly by demons. You are powerful, a king. Protect the law-abiding." Upon hearing this, all-knowing Rama said with certainty and humility, "It is my desire to slay demons who threaten the lives of ascetics. Be assured."

Thus promising the rishis freedom from fear, Sri Rama went on with life. For ten years, they lived happily at the Suteekshna ashram in the region of lake Panchaapsar. Then, at Suteekshna's command, they proceeded to the Agasti ashram. The great rishis Suteekshna and Agasti bestowed divine weapons on Rama and Lakshman.

After ten years, Sri Rama arrived at Panchavati on the coast of the Godavari. In that enchanting forest, their hut stood beautifully.

Once, at the entrance to this very thatched dwelling, Sri Rama was talking and joking with Janaki and Lakshman when an extraordinary woman entered the courtyard. Making seductive gestures, she began to inspect Sri Rama with misty eyes. She began to speak to Sri Rama in light, musical tones. She said,

कोण तूं कुठला राजकुमार?

koNa tuu kuThalaa raajakumaar?

Who and which prince are you?

कोण तूं कुठला राजकुमार? देह वाहिला तुला श्यामला, कर माझा स्वीकार

तुझ्या स्वरूपीं राजलक्षणें रुद्राक्षांचीं श्रवणि भूषणे योगी म्हणुं तर तुझ्या भोंवती वावरतो परिवार

काय कारणें विनं या येसी? असा विनोदें काय हांससी? ज्ञात नाहिं का? येथ आमुचा अनिर्बंध अधिकार

शूर्पणखा मी रावणभगिनी याच वनाची समज स्वामिनी अगणित रूपें घेउन करितें वनोवनीं संचार

तुझ्यासाठिं मी झाले तरुणी षोडषवर्षा मधुरभाषिणी तुला पाहतां मनांत मन्मथ जागुन दे हुंकार

तव अधराची लालस कांती पिऊं वाटते मज एकांती स्मरता स्मर का अवतरसी तूं अनंग तो साकार?

मला न ठावा राजा दशरथ मनांत भरला त्याचा परि सुत प्राणनाथ हो माझा रामा, करु सौख्यें संसार koNa tuu kuThalaa raajakumaar? deha waahilaa tulaa shyaamalaa, kara maajhaa swikaar

tujhyaa swaroopee raajalakshaNe rudraakshaaNchee shrawaNee bhuuShaNe yogee mhaNu tara tujhyaa bhowatee waawarato pariwaar

kaay kaaraNe wani yaa yesee? asaa winode kaaya haasasee? jnaata naahi kaa? yeth aamuchaa anirbaNdha adhikaar

shoorpaNakhaa mee raawaNabhaginee yaacha wanaachee samaj swaaminee agaNit ruupe gheun karite wanowanee saNchaar

tujhyaasaaThi mee jhaale taruNee ShoDaShawarShaa madhurabhaaShiNee tulaa paahataa manaat manmatha jaagun de huNkaar

tawa adharaachee laalasa kaaNtee piuu waaTate maja ekaaNtee smarataa smara kaa awatarasee tuu anaNga too saakaar?

malaa na Thaawaa raajaa dasharatha manaat bharalaa tyaachaa pari suta praaNanaath ho majhaa raamaa, karu Who and which prince are you?

I offer [my] body to you, O dark one, accept me!

Regal cues in your appearance, Rudraksha²⁹ ornaments in ears Would say "yogi," yet entourage encircles you.

For what reason do you come to the forest?
Why do you laugh at jokes so?
Don't know? Here, we have sovereign authority.

I am Shoorpanakhaa, Ravana's sister.
Consider me lady of this very forest.
I proceed from glade to glade, taking countless forms.

For you, I've become a maiden, Sixteen-year-old sweet talker. Seeing you, let Cupid raise consent in my heart.

The red lustre of your nether-lip Should be drunk, I feel, in private. Did you incarnate from remembrance, that Cupid manifest?

No king Dasharatha is known to me. Yet his son has filled my heart. O Rama, become lord of my soul! We'll

²⁹ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rudraksha

saukhye saMsaar

तुला न शोभे ही अर्धांगी दूर लोट ती कुरूप कृशांगी समीप आहे तुझ्या तिचा मी क्षणिं करितें संहार

माझ्यासंगे राहुनि अविरत पाळ तुझें तूं एकपत्निव्रत अलिंगनाची आस उफाळे तनूमनीं अनिवार tulaa na shobhe hee ardhaaNgee door loTa tee kuroop kRRishaaNgee sameep aahe tujhyaa tichaa me kshaNi karite saMhaar

maajhyaasaNge raahuni awirata paaLa tujhe tuu ekapatniwrata aliNganaachee aasa uphaaLe tanuumanee aniwaar make a happy life.

This wife suits you not.
Sweep away that ugly, skinny one
Who is near you. I'll exterminate her
momentarily.

Living with me constantly,
Observe your monogamy vow.
Let the center of our embrace boil body and
mind irrepressibly.

"Who and which prince are you?" So Shoorpankha flirtatiously asked Sri Rama again and again sweetly. To her, Sri Rama humorously said, "I have married and taken a vow of monogamy. I won't be able to receive your love. This my younger brother is yet unmarried. See if he'll turn to you."

Shoorpankha turned her attentions toward Lakshman. Laughingly, Lakshman said, "To become my wife is to become servant to a servant. I am a servant to the feet of my elder brother. Do this: become junior wife to Sri Rama. For you, he may abandon his first wife."

Not recognizing the humor in Lakshman's speech, that foolish monster really approached Sri Rama and said, "Rama, so that you will be all mine, I shall eat up this your woman in front of you."

But when Shoorpankha rushed Janaki, mighty Sri Rama commanded Lakshman, "Disfigure this monstress."

In obedience to his elder brother's command, Lakshman drew his sword and severed that Shoorpankha's nose and ears. Horribly outraged, that monstress began running through the forest emitting screams. She took a grievance of her violation to her brothers Khar and Dooshan. Hearing it, those monsters came running for a six-month battle. But Sri Rama, the great bowman, in a moment and a half, exterminated them all along with their armies. Seeing Rama defeat Khar, Dooshan, Trishir and fourteen thousand monsters, that disfigured monstress fled to Lanka. She stood before her brother, the governor of Lanka, Ravana. Before the entire court, she began to say to Ravana,

सूड घे त्याचा लंकापति

sooDa ghe tyaachaa laNkaapati

Take Vengeance Upon Him, Lord of Lanka!

विरूप झाली शूर्पणखा, ही दाशरथीची कृति

wiroop jhaalee shoorpaNakhaa, hee

Shoorpanakha disfigured, this the doing

सूड घे त्याचा लंकापति
कसलें कारिसी राज्य रावणा, कसलें
जनपालान?
श्रीरामानें पूर्ण् जिंकिलें तुझें दंडका-वन सत्तांधा, तुज नाहीं तरिही कर्तव्याची स्मृती

वीस लोचने उघडुनि बघ या शूर्पणखेची दशा श्रीरामाच्या पराक्रमानें कंपित दाही दिशा तुझे गुप्तचर येउन नच का वार्ता ही सांगती?

जनस्थानिं त्या कहर उडाला, मेले खर दूषण सहस्र चौदा राक्षस मेले हें का तुझ भूषण? देवासम तो सुपूज्य ठरला जनस्थानिंचा यति

तुझ्याच राज्यीं तुझ्याहुनीही पूज्य जाहला नर सचिवांसंगें बैस येथ तूं स्वस्थ जोडुनी कर जाळुन टाकिल तव सिहासन उद्या त्याची द्युति

स्दर्शनासह व्यर्थ झेलले छातिवर तूं शर

daasharatheechee kRiti sooDa ghe tyaachaa laNkaapati

kasale kaarisee raajya raawaNaa, kasale janapaalana?
shreeraamaane puurNa jiNkile tujhe daNDakaa-wana sattaadhaa, tuja naahee tarihee kartawyaachee smRitee

wees lochane ughaDuni bagha yaa shoorpaNakhechee dashaa shreeraamaachyaa paraakrakramaane kaMpit daahee dishaa tujhe guptachar yeun nacha kaa waartaa hee saaNgatee?

janasthaani tyaa kahar uDaalaa, mele khara duuShaNa sahasra chaudaa raakshasa mele he kaa tujha bhuuShaNa? dewaasama to supoojya Tharala janasthaanichaa yati

Tujhyaach raajyee tujhyaahunihee poojya jaahalaa nara sachiwaasaNge bais yeth tuu swastha joDunee kara jaaLuna Takil tawa siMhaasana udyaa tyaachee dyuti

sudarshanaasaha wyartha jhelale

of the son of Dasharath!

Take vengeance upon him, lord of Lanka!

What kind of reign, O Ravana, what protection of the people?
Sri Rama has won your entire Dandaka forest.

No dominion of yours, still a reminder of duty.

Open your twenty eyes³⁰ and see this Shoorpanakha's plight!
Sri Rama's prowess has shaken the ten directions!
Do your spies not come and tell you this

Do your spies not come and tell you this news?

Havoc was wreaked in that Janasthan, Khar and Dooshan died.

Fourteen thousand monsters died--is this your heirloom?

He proved worthy of worship like a god, the hermit of Janasthan.

A man proved more worthy of worship than you, in your own kingdom!
You sit here among viziers sedately joining hands!
Your throne will be burned up tomorrow

Your throne will be burned up tomorrow by his radiance!

Useless your taking arrow with

³⁰ Ravana was thought to have ten heads. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ravana#Iconography

ट्यर्थ मर्दिले देव, उचलिले सामध्ये डोंगर त्ंच काय तो धर्मीच्छेदक अजिंक्य सेनापति?

Chaatiwara tuu shar wyartha mardile dewa, uchalile saamathye DoNgara tuuch kaaya to dharmocChedaka ajinkya senaapati?

Sudarshan³¹ in your chest! Useless your killing devas, lifting a mountain with your strength³²! Are you that apostate, undefeated commander?

त्ंच काय रे कुबेर जिंकुन पुष्पक नेलें घरीं? त्ंच काय तो, वरिली ज्यानें तक्षकनृपसुंदरी? त्ंच काय तो भय मृत्युचें लव नाहीं ज्याप्रति?

tuucha kaaya re kuber jiNkun puShpak nele gharii? tuucha kaay to, warilee jyaane takshakanRipasuNdarii tuucha kaay to bhaya mRityuche lawa naahii iyaaprati?

Are you the one, defeating Kubera brought home the Pushpak? Are you the one who married the beauty of the Takshak people? Are you the one who bends not to the fear of death?

ऐक सांगतें पुन्हां तुला त्या श्रीरामाची कथा बाण मारतां करांत त्याच्या चमके विद्युल्लता शस्त्रनिपुणता बघून त्याची गुंग होतसे मति

aika saaNgate punhaa tulaa tyaa shreeraamaachee kathaa baaNa maarataa karaat tyachyaa chamake widyullataa shatranipuNataa baghun tyaachee guNga hotase mati

Listen, I tell you again the tale of that Sri Rama.

While shooting arrows, in his hands glints the spark of weapon-dexterity! Seeing it is bewildering!

तो रूपनें रेखिव, श्यामल, भूमीवरती स्मर त्याच्यासंगे जनकक्न्यका रतीहुनी सुंदर तुलाच साजुन दिसेल ऐसी मोहक ती युवति

to roopaane rekhiwa, shyaamala, bhoomeewaratee smara tyaachyaasaNge janakakanyakaa rateehunee suNdar tulaach saajun disel aisee mohaka tee yuwati

In appearance he is handsome, dark blue. Remember, on the earth. With him, Janaka's daughter is more beautiful than Rati³³. That enchanting maiden is such that she would suit you.

तिला पळव्नि घेउन यावें त्जसाठीं सत्वर याचसाठी मी गेलें होतें त्याँच्या कटिरावर श्रवणनासिक तोडन त्यांनी विटंबिलें मज

tilaa paLawuni gheun yaawe tujasaaThee satwara yaachasaaThee mee gele hote tyaaNchyaa kuTiraawara ShrawaNanaasika toDun tyaaNnee

To abduct and bring her for you swiftly, That is why I had gone to their cottage. How they denigrated me, severing nose and ears!

³¹ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sudarshana Chakra

³² See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ravananugraha

³³ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rati

wiTaMbile maja kitee

जा, सत्वर जा, ठार मार ते बंधु दोघेजण हसली मज ती जनककन्या, येई तिज घेउन मझ्यासम ते तव सत्तेची विटंबती आकृति

jaa, satwar jaa, Thaar maar te baNdhu doghejaNa hasalee maja tee janakakanyaa, yeii tija gheun maajhyaa sama te tawa sattechee wiTaMbatee aakRiti Go, swiftly go, put both those brothers to death!

Janaka's daughter who laughed at me, come back with her!

They humiliated your power along with me.

Warned by Shoorpanakhaa again and again, "Take vengeance upon him, lord of Lanka," ten-faced Ravana embarked upon battling Rama and winning Sita. For this, he requested the assistance of Marich. Marich knew of Sri Rama's exploits. He tried to dissuade Ravana. But it was of no use.

Finally, thinking a deception might work, Ravana found a solution. He told Marich to take the form of a deer. And disguising himself as a beggar hermit, he followed him to Panchavati.

Sita was actually enchanted by the unexpected appearance of a deer, the disguise of Maricha. She entered the hut and began to say to Sri Rama,

मज आणुन द्या तो हरिण अयोध्यानाथा

तोडितां फुलें मी सहज पाहिला जाता मज आणुन द्या तो हरिण अयोध्यानाथा

झळकती तयाच्या रत्ने शृंगावरती नव मोहमुळांसम सुवर्ण अंगावरती हे नयन भाळले त्याच्या रंगावरती तें इंद्रचापसे पुच्छ भासलें उडतां

तो येउन गेला अनेकदां या दारीं दिसतात उमटलीं पदचिन्हें सोनेरी घाशिलें शिंग या रंभास्तंभावरी तो दिसे सुवर्णी बघा देवरा, कांता

चालतो जलद-गति, मान मुरडितो मंद डोळ्यांत कांहिसा भाव विलक्षण धुंद लागला मृगाचा मला नाथ हो छंद

maja aaNuna dyaa to hariNa ayodhyaanaathaa

toDitaa phule mee sahaja paahilaa jaataa maja aaNuna dyaa to hariNa ayodhyaanaathaa

jhaLakati tayaachyaa ratne shRiNgaawaratii nawa mohamuLaasama suwarNa aNgaawaratii he nayana bhaaLale tyaaachyaa rangaawaratii te indrachaapase puccha bhaasale uDataa

to yeun gelaa anekadaa yaa daarii disataat umaTalee padachinhe soneree ghaashile shinga yaa raMbhaastaMbhaawaree to dise suwarnee baghaa dewaraa, kantaa

chaalato jalada-gati, maan muraDito maNda DoLyaat kaahisaa bhaawa wilakshaNa dhuNda laagalaa mRigaachaa malaa naatha ho

Bring Me That Deer, Lord of Ayodhya

While I was picking flowers, I saw it go. Bring me that deer, lord of Ayodhya.

Jewels glitter on its horns. Gold on body like new infatuation. These eyes were speared on its color. That flying tail seemed like a rainbow.

He visited this door frequently.
Golden footprints seen to appear.
Scraped horns on this banana tree trunk,
He looks golden, see, dear
brother-in-law!

Walks swift-gaited, lifts head mildly, In eyes some extraordinary intoxicating feeling.

वेडीच जाहलें तृणांतरीं त्या बघतां	chhaNda weDeecha jhaale tuNaatarii tyaa baghataa	O lord, I am entranced by the deer! Become mad seeing that grazer!
किती किती मृगाचे लक्षण मी त्या गणूं ? त्या मृगास धरणें अशक्य कैसे म्हणूं ? मजसाठिं मोडिलें आपण शांकरधनू जा, करा त्वरा, मी पृष्ठि बांधितें भाता	kitee kitee mRigaache lakshaNa mee tyaa gaNu? tyaa mRigaas dharaNe ashakya kaise mhaNu? majasaaThi moDile aapaNa shaaNkaradhanoo jaa, karaa twaraa, mee pRishThi baaNdhite bhaataa	How many traits of that deer should I count? How can I say holding that deer is impossible? You broke Shankar's bow for me! Go, make haste, I'll tie quiver to [your] back.
कोषांत कोंडिलें अयोध्येंत जें धन ते असेल धुंडित 'चरणां' साठीं वन जा आर्य, तयातें कुटिरीं या घेउन राखील तोंवरी गेह आपुला भ्राता	koShaat koNDile ayodhyet je dhana te asel dhuNDit 'charaNaa' saaThee wana jaa aarya, tayaate kuTiree yaa gheun rakhil towaree guhe aapulaa bhraataa	The wealth held fast in Ayodhya's treasury Must be searching the forest for [your] 'feet.' Go, noble one, bring it into the cottage. Meanwhile brother will guard from the cave.
सांपडे जरी तो सजीव अपुल्या हातीं अंगिंचीं तयाच्या रत्नें होतिल ज्योति देतील आपणां प्रकाश रानीं राती संगती नेउं त्या परत पुरीसी जातां	saapaDe jaree to sajeew apulyaa haatee angichee tayaachyaa ratne hotil jyoti detil aapaNaa prakaash raanee raatee saNgatee neu tyaa parat pureesee jaataa	Even if captured alive by your hand, The jewels of its body will become lamps. Giving us light in the forest night. Returning to the town, we'll take it along.
जातांच पाहतिल हरिण सासवा, जावा करितील कैकयी भरत आपुला हेवा ठेवीन तोंवरी जपून गडें तो ठेवा थांबला कशास्तव धनुर्धरा हो आतां ?	jaataach paahatil hariNa saasawaa, jaawaa kariteel kaikayee bharat aapulaa hewaa Theween towaree japoon gaDe to Thewaa thaaMbalaa kashaastawa dhanurdharaa ho aataa?	Mothers- and sisters-in-law will see the deer when we go. Kaikeyi and Bharat will be envious. Until then I'll keep that treasure safe in the stable. Why do you hesitate now, O bow-wielder?
फेंकून बाण त्या अचुक जरी माराल काढून भाउजी घेतिल त्याची खाल त्या मृगासनीं प्रभु, इंद्र जसे शोभाल	phekuun baaN tyaa achuka jaree maaraal kaaDhuun bhaujee ghetil tyaachee khaal tyaa mRigaasanee prabhu, iNdra jase	Even if you kill it with your unerringly cast arrow, Brother-in-law will remove its skin.

तो पहा, दिसे तो दूर टेकडी चढतां

shobhaal to pahaa, dise to door TekaDee chaDhataa On that deer-seat, lord, you will present like Indra!

Look, it is seen climbing the far hill.

"Bring me that deer, lord of Ayodhya." In response to this insistence by Sita, Sri Rama took his bow and arrow and ran off to track the deer. Just as Sri Rama's arrow found its mark, that deceitful Marich cried out in human speech, "Oh Sita! Oh Lakshman! Run!" The sound was just like Sri Ramachandra's voice. So, in the hut, Sita's body began to tremble. With the idea that Sri Rama had suffered some accident, she sent Lakshman to find him. She remained alone in the ashram. To exploit the situation, Ravana approached disguised as a hermit. In a short time, he displayed his true purpose. He began to make advances upon her. Then that faithful Maithili affirmed to him in cutting tones.

याचका,थांबु नको दारांत

yaachakaa, thaaMbu nako daaraat

Beggar, Linger Not at the Door

याचका,थांबु नको दारांत घननीळांची मूर्त वीज मी, नकोस जाळूं हात

कामव्यथेची सुरा प्राशुनी नकोस झिंगूं वृथा अंगणी जनकसुतेचा नखस्पर्शही अशक्य तुज स्वप्नांत

मी न एकटी, माझ्याभंवती रामकीर्तिच्या भव्य आकृती दिसल्यावांचुन तुला धाडतील देहासह नरकांत

जंबुकस्वरसें कसलें हंससी ? टक लावुन कां ऐसा बघसी ? रामावांचुन अन्य न कांही दिसेल या नयनांत yaachakaa, thaaMbu nako daaraat ghananeeLaachee moorta weej mee, nakos jaaLoo haat

kaamawyathechee suraa praashunee nakos jhiNgoo wRithaa aNgaNee janakasutechaa nakhasparshahee ashakya tuja swapnaat

mee na ekaTee, maajhyaabhawatee raamakeertichyaa bhawyaa aakRitee disalyaawaachun tulaa dhaaDateel dehaasaha narakaat

jambukaswarase kasale hasasee? Tak laawun kaa aisa baghasee? raamaawaachun anya na kaahee disale yaa Beggar, linger not at the door

Living lightning of the blue am I. Burn not your hand!

Having drunk the liquor of lust-torment,

Don't needlessly lurch in the yard.

Even the touch of Janaka's daughter's nails is impossible in your dreams!

I am not alone. Around me Are the magnificent signs of Rama's fame.

Invisibly, they will sweep you bodily to hell!

Why do you laugh in jackal's tones?
Why do you stare so?
Besides Rama, these eyes have seen

nayanaat

या सीतेची प्रीत इच्छिसी कालकुटांतुन क्षेम वांच्छिसी चंद्रसूर्य कां धरूं पाहसी हतभाग्या हातांत ?

वनीं निर्जनीं मला पाहुनी नेउं पाहसी बळें उचलुनी प्रदीप्त ज्वाला बांधुन नेसी मूढा, कां वसनांत ?

निकषोपल निज नयनां गणसी वर खड्गासी धार लाविसी अंधपणासह यात आंधळ्यां, वसे तुझ्या प्राणांत

कुठें क्षुद्र तूं, कोठें रघुवर कोठें ओहळ, कोठें सागर विषसदृश तूं, रामचंद्र ते अमृत रे साक्षात

कुठें गरुड तो, कुठें कावळा देवेंद्रच तो राम सांवळा इंद्राणीची अभिलाषा कां धरिती मर्त्य मनात ?

मज अबलेला दावृनिया बल सरसाविसि कर जर हे दुर्बल श्रीरामाचे बाण तुझ्यावर करितील वज्राघात yaa seetechee preet icchasi kaalakuTaatun kshem wacchisee chaNdrasoorya kaa dharoo paahasee hatabhaagyaa haataat?

wanee nirjanee malaa paahunee neu paahasee baLe uchalunee pradeepta jwaalaa baaNdhuna nesee muuDhaa, kaa wasanaat?

nikaShopal nij nayanaa gaNasee wara khaDgaasee dhaar laawisee aNdhapaNaasaha yaat aaNdhaLyaa wase tujhyaa praaNaat

kuThe kshudra tuu, koThe raghuwar koThe ohaLa, koThe saagar wiShasadRisha tuu, raamachandra te amRita re saakshaat

kuThe garuDa to, kuThe kaawaLaa deweNdracha to raam saawaLaa iNdraaNeechee abhilaShaa kaa dharitee martya manaat?

maja abalelaa daawuniyaa bala sarasaawisee kara jara he durwala shreeraamaache baaN tujhyaawara kariteel wajraaghaat

nothing.

Want the love of this Sita?
Wish for timeless joy?
Do you see sun and moon held partnered in your hand?

Seeing me in the uninhabited forest, You want to try taking me away by force. Want to tie and snatch a burning fire out of lust, fool?

Your eyes count, testing, And you place a sword-like edge! Foolishness upon blindness persists in your spirit.

Where worthless you, where the boon of the Raghus?
Where a creek, where the ocean?
Like poison are you, while Ramachandra is truly *Amrit*³⁴.

Where the eagle? Where a crow?
That dark Rama is lord of the gods
Why do you keep infatuation for Indrani
in your heart?

My strength weakened under pressure,
If you thrust aside these powerless
hands,
Sri Rama's arrows will rain thunderbolts
upon you

³⁴ The nectar of immortality: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amrita

सरशि कशाला पुढती पुढती ? पाप्या, बघ तव चरणहि अडती चरणांइतुकी सावधानता नाहीं तव माथ्यांत

धांवा धांवा नाथ रघुवर ! गजशुंडा ये कमलकळीवर असाल तेथुन ऐका माझा शेवटचा आकांत sarashi kashaalaa puDhatee puDhatee? paapyaa, bagha tawa charaNahe aDatee charaNaaNitukee saawadhaanataa naahee tawa maathyaat

dhawaa dhaawaa naath raghuwar! gajashuNDa ye kamalakaLeewar asaal tethun aikaa maajhaa shewaTachaa aakaat Why do you advance in small steps?
Sinner, see! Your feet obstruct!
In your head is not as much caution as your feet.

Run, run, Lord, boon of the Raghus! Elephant's trunk, reach lotus petal! Wherever you are, hear my final cry! "Beggar, linger not at the door," Ignoring these words of Sita, Ravana siezed her. In spite of her outrage and fury, he put her in his chariot on the road to Lanka

Meanwhile, having slain the illusionist Marich, Sri Rama was about to return when Lakshman came into his view, approaching. When he realized that Lakshman had left Sita alone at the cottage, his heart quickened. "Lakshman, why have you come, leaving Janaki alone? The pining calls made by that illusionist demon in my voice didn't fool you, did they? Come, was it possible for him to escape my archery?"

Upon this, Lakshman respectfully said, "I told lady Janaki all this. But she made extremely stern assurances, and by her wishes I was required to come here."

"Idiot, you took seriously what a woman said in a moment of anger? Whatever happened, you did not do well to come here, abandoning her alone. Make haste to the cottage. My left eye is twitching. My body is starting to tremble. Sita will be all right, won't she?"

The two brothers arrived at the ashram. Sita was not in the cottage. The deer skin and sacred grass was lying about. The ambiance of the ashram was itself gone. Sri Rama wandered everywhere and began calling Sita:

कोठें सीता जनकनंदिनी

koThe seetaa janakanaNdinee

Where is Sita, joy of Janaka

उजाड आश्रम उरे काननीं कोठें सीता जनकनंदिनी ?

सांग कदंबा बघुनी सत्वर दिसते का ती नदीतटावर ? ujaaDa aashrama ure kaananee koThe seetaa janakanaNdinee

saaNg kadaMbaa baghunee satwar disate kaa tee nadeetaTaawara

In the forest the ashram remains desolate Where is Sita, joy of Janaka?

Say, Kadamba³⁵ after swiftly looking, Do you see her on the river bank?

³⁵ A tree of species neolamarckia cadamba, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Neolamarckia cadamba

करी कमंडलु, कलश कटिवर हरिमध्या ती मंदगामिनी

सांग अशोका शोकनाशका ! कुठें शुभांगी क्षमा-कन्यका ? कंपित कां तव पल्लव-शाखा ? अशुभ कांहिं का तुझिया स्वप्नीं ?

कुठें चंदना, गौरांगी ती ? कुदलते, ती कुठें सुदती ? कोठें आम्रा, विनयवती ती ? शहारतां कां वाऱ्यावांचुनि ?

घात-घटी का पुन्हां पातली ? सीते, सीते, सखे मैथिली ! हांक काय तूं नाहिं ऐकिली ? येइ, शिळेच्या बसूं आसनीं

पहा लक्ष्मणा, दिसती डोळे प्रियेचेच ते विशाल भोळे मृगशावक हें तिचें कोवळें का याच्याही नीर लोचनी?

अबोल झाले वारें पक्षी हरिली कां कुणि मम कमलाक्षी ? का राक्षस तिज कोणि भक्षी शतजन्माचें वैर साध्नी ?

> पुनश्च विजयी दैव एकदां घातांवर आघात, आपदा निष्प्रभ अवधी शौर्यसंपदा जाइ बांधवा, पुरा परतुनी

karee kamaNDalu, kashala kaTiwara harimadhyaa tee maNdagaaminee

saaNg ashokaa shokanaashakaa! kuThe shubhangee kshamaa-kanyakaa kaMpit kaa tawa pallawa-shaakhaa? ashubha kaahi kaa tujhiya swapnee?

kuThe chaNdanaa, gauraaNgee tee? kuNdalate, tee kuThe sudatee? koThe aamraa, winayawatee tee? shahaarataa kaa waaryaawaachuni

ghaat-ghaTee kaa punhaa paatalee? seete, seete, sakhe maithilee! haak kaay tuu naahi aikalee? yei, shiLechyaa basoo aasanee

pahaa lakshmaNaa, disatee DoLe priyechech te wishaal bhoLe mRigashaawak he tiche kowaLe ka yachyaahee neer lochanee?

abol jhaale waare pakshee harilee kaa mama kamalaakshee? kaa raakshasa tija koNi bhakshee shatajanmaache wair saadhunee

punashcha wijayee daiwa ekadaa ghaataawara aaghaat, aapadaa niShprabha awadhee shauryasaMpadaa jaai baaNdhawaa, puraa paratunee Keeping waterpot in hand and urn on hip, Slim-waisted, she is easy-gaited.

Say, Ashoka³⁶, destroyer of sorrow! Where is beauty, daughter of mercy? Why do your leaved branches quiver? In your dream is there something evil?

Where, Sandalwood, that fair-bodied one?
Mistreated, where does she flee?
Where, Mango, is she humiliated?
Why do you shiver from the wind?

Could an ambush have befallen again?
Sita! Sita! Dear Maithili!
Why don't you hear my call?
Come, we'll sit on the stone seat.

Look, O Lakshman see the eyes. My dear's those, large and innocent. This is her newborn pet fawn. Why is there water in his eyes?

Wind, birds have muted Is my lotus-eyed one lost? Or has some monster eaten her, Daring enmity for a hundred births?

Once again, fate prevails.

Trauma upon attack, disaster!

At twilight, the bounty of valor
Is gone, brother, reversed completely.

³⁶ A tree of species saraca asoca, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saraca_asoca

काय भोगणें आतां उरलें ? चार दिसांचें चरित्र सरलें हे दुःखांचे सागर भरलें यांत जाउं दे राम वाहुनी

kaay bhogaNe aataa urale? chaar disaache charitra sarale he duHkhaache saagar bharale yaat jaau de raam waahunee What suffering remains now?
The history of four directions gives way.
An ocean of grief overwhelms.
Let Rama be swept away in this.

"Where is Sita, joy of Janaka?" Rendered plaintive by separation, Sri Rama asked this pining question of all the vines, trees, rivers, forests and deer. But none could give him an answer. The deer that had settled next to the ashram kept looking to the south. Therefore, Sri Rama thought, Sita must have gone in that direction. Lakshman consoled the separation-anxious Rama with soft words. The two brothers began walking south in search of Janaki. Sri Rama kept calling Sita's name. He was sobbing in disappointment. He even asked heavy mountains of Sita's whereabouts.

On the way, they came upon some flowers spilled on the trail. Sri Rama recognized those flowers. By his own hand, he had woven them into Janaki's braids. The sight of those flowers caused Sri Rama to become overcome with emotion, and he said to Lakshman,

हीं तिच्या वेणिंतिल फुलें

हीं तिच्या वेणिंतिल फुलें लक्ष्मणा. तिचींच ही पाउलें

एक पदांचा ठसा राक्षसी छेदित गेला पदचिन्हांसी वादळें त्टली पद्मदलें

खचित लक्ष्मणा, खचित या स्थलीं रात्रिंचर कुणि छळी मैथिली जिंकिले सत्वा अंगबलें ?

> दूर छिन्न हें धनु कुणाचें? जडाव त्यावर रत्नमण्यांचे कुणाला कोणी झुंजविलें ?

hee tichyaa weNitil phule

hee tichyaa weNitil phule lakshmaNaa, ticheech hee paaule

eka padaachaa Thasaa raakshasee chhedit gela padachinhaasi waadaLe tuTalee padmadale

khachit lakshmaNaa, khachit yaa sthalee raatriNchara kuNee chhaLee maithilee jiNkile satwaa aNgabale?

door Chhinna he dhanu kuNaache? jaDaaw tyaawara ratnamaNyaache kuNaalaa koNee jhuNjawile?

These are Flowers From her Braid

These are flowers from her braid.

O Lakshman, these footprints are hers.

One foot's print is monstrous. The footprint goes as if piercing. Lotus petals broke in the storm.

Certainly, O Lakshman, certainly here, Some nightwalker tormented Maithili. Did they truly take her by force?

Whose bow is this, split asunder? Inlay upon it, of gems, jewels. Who guarreled with whom?

वैदुर्यांकित कवच कुणाचें ? धुळिंत मिळले मणी तयाचे राक्षसा कोणीं आडविलें ?

पहा छत्र तें धूलीधूसर मोडुन दांडा पडलें भूवर कुणी या सूतां लोळविलें ?

प्रेत होउनी पडे सारथी लगाम तुटके तसेच हातीं तोंड तें रुधिरें भेसुरलें

पहा रथाचें धूड मोडके कणा मोडला, तुटलीं चाके बाणही भंवती विस्कटले

थंड दृष्टिनें न्याहळीत नभ मरून थिजले ते बघ रासभ कृणाचें वाहन हें असलें ?

अनुमानाही पडे सांकडें कोणी नेली प्रिया ? कुणिकडे ? तिच्यास्तव दोघे का लढले ?

हता, जिता वा मृता, भक्षिता कैसी कोठे माझी सीता ? गृढ तें नाहीं आकळलें

असेल तेथुन असेल त्यांनी परतुन द्यावी रामस्वामिनी क्षात्रबल माथीं प्रस्फुरलें

स्वर्गिय वा तो असो अमानुष त्यास जाळण्या उसळे पौरुष कांपविन तीन्ही लोक बलें waiduryaaNkit kawacha kuNaache? dhuLit miLale maNee tayaache raakshasaa koNee aaDawile?

pahaa chhatra te dhooleedhoosar moDuna daaNDaa paDale bhoowar kuNee yaa sootaa loLawile?

pret hounee paDe saarathee lagaam tuTake tasech haatee toND te rudhire bhesurale

pahaa rathaache dhooD moDake kaNaa moDalaa, tuTalee chaake baaNahee bhawatee wiskaTale

thaNDa dRiShTine nyaahaLeet nabha maroon thijale te bagh raasabha kuNaache waahan he asale?

anumaanaahee paDe saaNkaDe koNee nelee priyaa? kuNikaDe? tichyaastawa doghe kaa laDhale?

hataa, jitaa waa mRitaa, bhakshitaa kaisee koThe maajhee seetaa? gooDh te naahee aakaLale

asel tethun asel tyaaNnee paratun dyaawee raamaswaaminee kshaatrabala maathee prasphurale

swargiya waa to aso amaanuSh tyaas jaaLaNyaa usaLe pauruSh kaaMpawin teenhee loka bale Whose chrysoberyl-crusted armor is this, Its jewels gathered in the dust?

Did some monster obstruct?

See that canopy grey with dust, Broken mast fallen on the earth! Who felled this charioteer?

The charioteer fell a corpse, Broken reins still in hand, That face smeared in blood.

See the chariot's broken hulk, Axle snapped, wheels split, Arrows too. strewn about.

Watching the sky with cold gaze, See those donkeys dead and frozen. Whose vehicle could this be?

Even conjecture is rendered difficult.
Who took my dear? To whom?
Why did two battle over her?

Killed, dead or alive, devoured, How and where is my Sita? That mystery is not known.

Whoever it is, from wherever they are, Should return Rama's lady, Kshatriya power blossoming on her head.

Be he heavenly or inhuman
To burn him, men spring up,
With the unwavering power of three worlds.

With his warrior instincts stoked by recognition of those flowers, Rama continued searching for Sita. On his way, he encountered a great bird, lying on the ground, covered in blood. Thinking it was a demon who had devoured Sita, Rama aimed an arrow at it. Then, vomiting foam and blood, that king of birds Jatayu said to Rama,

पळविलि रावणे सीता

paLawili raawaNe seetaa

Ravana Kidnapped Sita

मरणोन्मुख त्याला का रे मारिसी पुन्हा रघुनाथा अडविता खलासी पडलो, पळविलि रावणे सीता

पाहिली जधी मी जाता रामाविण राज्ञी सीता देवरही संगे नव्हता मी बळे उडालो. रामा, रोधिले रथाच्या पंथा

तो नृशंस रावण कामी नेतसे तिला का धामी जाणिले सारे मनी मी चावले तयाच्या हाता, हाणिले हे पंख माथा

रक्षिण्या रामराज्ञीसी झुंजलो घोर मी त्यासी तोडिले कवचमुकुटासी लाव् नच दिधले बाणा, स्पर्शे ना दिधला भाता maraNonmukha tyaalaa kaa re maarisee punhaa raghunaathaa aDawitaa khalaasee paDalo, paLawili raawaNe seetaa

paahilee jadhee mee jaataa raamaawiNa raJnee seetaa dewarahee saMge nawhataa mee baLe uDaalo, raamaa, rodhile rathaachyaa paNthaa

to nrushaMsa raawaNa kaamee netase tilaa kaa dhaamee jaaNile saare manee mee chaawale tayaachyaa haataa, haaNile he paNkha maathaa

rakShiNyaa raamaraaJneesee jhuMjalo ghora mee tyaasee toDile kawachamukuTaasee laawu nacha didhale baaNaa, sparshu naa didhalaa bhaataa Raghu-lord, why do you strike, again, one about to die?

Obstructing him, I fell, expired. Ravana kidnapped Sita.

When I saw
Queen Sita going without Rama...
Nor was brother-in-law with her.
I flew mightily, Rama, blocked the chariot's path.

That nefarious lustful Ravana...
Why he must be taking her home...
I knew fully in my heart.
I bit his hand, hit his head with these wings.

To protect Rama's queen,
I fought him violently,
Broke breastplate and crown,
Didn't allow him to set an arrow, didn't
allow him to touch quiver.

सर्वांगा दिधले डंख वज्रासम मारित पंख खेळलो द्वंद्व निःशंक पाडला सारथि खाली, खाइ तो खराच्या लाथा

सारुनी दूर देवीस मोडिला रथाचा आंस भंगिले उभय चक्रास ठेचाळुनि गर्दभ पडले, दुसर्याच्या थटुनी प्रेता

लोळले छत्रहि खाली युद्धाची सीमा झाली मी शर्थ, राघवा, केली धावला उगारुन खड्गा पौलस्ती चावित दाता

हे पंख छेदिल्यावरती मी पडलो धरतीवरती ती थरथर कापे युवती तडफडात झाला माझा, तिज कवेत त्याने घेता

मम प्राण लोचनी उरला मी तरी पाहिला त्याला तो गगनपथाने गेला लाडकी तुझी सम्राज्ञी आक्रंदत होती जाता sarwaaNgaa didhale DaNkha wajraasama maarita paNkha kheLalo dwaNdwa nihshanka paaDalaa saarathi khaalee, khai to kharaachyaa laathaa

saarunee doora deweesa moDilaa rathaachaa aaMsa bhaNgile ubhaya chakraasa ThechaLuni gardabha paDale, dusryaachyaa thaTunee pretaa

loLale chhatrahi khaalee yuddhaachee seemaa jhaalee mee shartha, raaghawaa, kelee dhaawalaa ugaaruna khaDgaa paulastee chaawita daataa

he paNkha chhedilyaawaratee mee paDalo dharateewaratee tee tharathara kaape yuwatee taDaphaDaata jhaalaa maajhaa, tija kaweta tyaane ghetaa

mama praaNa lochani uralaa mee taree paahilaa tyaalaa to gaganapathaane gelaa laaDakii tujhee samraaJnee aakraNdata hotee jaataa Delivered blows to his whole body,
Pummeling wings like thunderbolts.
Fearlessly I clashed with him.
Threw down the charioteer who ate mule kicks.

Moving the queen away,
Broke the chariot's axle,
Shattered both wheels.
Colliding mules fell, one tripping over the
other's corpse.

The royal canopy, too, sprawled down.

It was a profuse battle.

I bested him, Raghav.

He pounced, brandishing sword, gnashing teeth.

After these wings were severed,
I fell upon the earth.
That maiden shook trembling.
I floundered as he took her in his arms.

My life force remained in my eyes.

At least I saw him.

He went along the skyway.

Your dear queen was shrieking as she went.

Certifying "Ravana kidnapped Sita," Jatayu, the king of birds, departed his body. After cremating his dead body in a suitable manner, Rama and Lakshman pressed on. Thereupon, they encountered a horrible monster named Kambadha. That headless monster in actuality was a brilliant Danuputra³⁷. Recognizing Rama and Lakshman, he said, "Indra has told me that when Sri Rama, accompanied by Lakshman, come into this forest and break my arms, then I will ascend to heaven. O Ramachandra, kill and burn me."

"My Sita has been taken by some 'Ravana.' Tell me about this thoroughly," Sri Rama requested of him.

"Cremate my body. Then I will tell you," said Kambadha.

Finally, Rama and Lakshman threw that Kambadha into a ditch, and lighting a bonfire cremated him without rites. Thereupon, he was reborn like smokeless fire and came out. "Make friends with Sugreeva, lord of Kishkindha, so that he will assist you in finding your wife." So he told Rama and also showed him the way forward.

Upon arriving at the western coast of Lake Pampa, Sri Rama reached Shabari's ashram. That ascetic, with indescribable eagerness, stood before Sri Rama and said,

धन्य मी शबरी श्रीरामा

dhanya mee shabaree shreeraamaa

Blessed am I, Shabari, Sri Rama

धन्य मी शबरी श्रीरामा ! लागलीं श्रीचरणें आश्रमा

चित्रकुटा हे चरण लागतां किती पावले मुनी मुक्तता dhanya mee shabaree shreeraamaa! laagalee shreecharaNe aashramaa

chitrakuTaa he charaNa laagataa kitee paawale munee muktataa

Blessed am I, Shabari, Sri Rama! [Your] honorable feet have touched [my] ashram

Upon the arrival of these feet in Chitrakut, So many monks attained³⁸ liberation.

³⁷ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Danu_(Asura)

³⁸ A pun on पावले as "steps" or "attained"

वृक्षतिळं या थांबा क्षणभर, करा खुळीला क्षमा

या चरणांच्या पूजेकरितां नयनिं प्रगटल्या माझ्या सरिता पदप्रक्षालन करा, विस्मरा प्रवासांतल्या श्रमां

गुरुसेवेंतच झिजलें जीवन विलेपनार्थे त्याचे चंदन रोमांचांचीं फुलें लहडलीं, वठल्या देहद्रमा

निजज्ञानाचे दीप चेतवुन करितें अर्चन, आत्मनिवेदन अनंत माझ्या समोर आलें, लेवुनिया नीलिमा

नैवेद्या पण काय देउं मी ? प्रसाद म्हणुनी काय घेउं मी ? आज चकोरा-घरीं पातली, भुकेजली पौर्णिमा

सेवा देवा, कंदमुळें हीं पक्व मधुरशीं बदरिफळें हीं वनवेलींनीं काय वाहणें, याविन कल्पद्रुमा ?

क्षतें खगांचीं नव्हेत देवा, मीच चाखिला स्वयें गोडवा गोड तेवढीं पुढें ठेविलीं, फसवा नच रक्तिमा wRikshataLee yaa thaaMbaa kshaNabhar, karaa khuLeelaa kshamaa

yaa charaNaNchyaa poojekaritaa nayani pragaTalyaa maajhyaa saritaa padaprakshaalana karaa, wismaraa prawaasaatalyaa shramaa

gurusewetach jhijale jeewan wilepanaarthe tyaache chaNdana romaachaachee phule lahaDalee, waThalyaa dehadrumaa

nijajnyaanaache deep chetawun karite archana, aatmaniwedana anaNta maajhyaa samora aale lewuniyaa neelimaa

naiwedya paNa kaaya deu mee? prasaad mhaNunee kaaya gheu me? aaj chakoraa-gharee paatalee, bhukejalee paurNimaa

sewaa dewaa, kaNdamuLe hee pakwa madhurashee badareephaLe hee wanaweleeNnee kaaya waahaNe, yaawina kalpadrumaa?

kshate khagaaNchee nawhet dewaa, meech chaakhilaa swaye goDawaa goDa tewaDhee puDhe Thewilee, phasawaa nacha raktimaa Wait a moment at the bottom of this tree, have mercy upon silly me

For the worship of these feet Rivers materialized in my eyes. Wash your feet, forget the exertions from travels

Life consumed in service of guru
Its sandalwood for unguent
Flowers of horripilation hanging, body-trees grew

Igniting the flame of self-knowledge, I perform worship, consecration of body and soul.

The infinite came before me, kindling sky blue.

What offering should I give?
What remnant should I take?
Today, the chukar³⁹, hungry for the full moon, was satiated.

Worship of god, these onion roots.
Ripe, sweet these jujube fruits.
What? showering with forest vines, otherwise wishing tree?

God, these are not bitten by birds, I myself tasted their sweetness, Placed only the sweet ones before, not the false red ones

³⁹ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chukar_partridge, fabled to subsist on moonlight

कां सौमित्री, शंकित दृष्टी ? अभिमंत्रित तीं, नव्हेत उष्टीं या वदनीं तर नित्य नांदतो, वेदांचा मधुरिमा

kaa saumitree, shaNkit dRShTee? abhimaNtrita tee, nawhet uShTee yaa wadanee tar nitya naadate wedaaNchaa madhurimaa Why, Saumitri, a doubtful look?
Consecrated are they, not tainted.
The sweetness of the Vedas ever drones in this mouth.

"Blessed am I, Shabari, Sri Rama," Happily so saying, Shabari merged with the infinite. Later, Sri Rama and Lakshman arrived at Mount Rishyamuk. It was on this mountain that, his reign having been corrupted, the great monkey Sugreev, with his ministers and Hanuman, was lying in wait in hiding. Sugreev's elder brother Vali had banished him out of Kishkindha. That sinner had also forcibly kidnapped Sugreev's wife Rooma. Seeing Rama and Lakshman from afar, Sugreev thought, "Vali has sent these some archers against me." He fled to Mount Malaya and from there, sent Hanuman to investigate. The excellent vizier Hanuman took a meeting with Sri Rama. Affection formed between Sri Rama and Hanuman at first sight. Hanuman organized a meeting between Sri Rama and Sugreev. Both made articulate speeches. Hanuman built a bonfire. Before that fire, Sugreev said to Sri Rama,

सन्मित्र राघवांचा सुग्रीव आज झाला

sanmitra raaghawaachaa sugreew aaj jhaalaa

Today Sugreev Became Raghav's Ally

साक्षीस वयोम, पृथवी, साक्षीस अग्निज्वाला सन्मित्र राघवांचा सुग्रीव आज झाला

रामा, तुझ्यापरी मी वनवास भोगताहें हनुमन्मुखें तुला तें साद्यंत ज्ञात आहे दुःखीच साहय होतो दुःखांत दुःखिताला

बंधूच होय वैरी, तुज काय सांगुं आर्या ! नेई हरून वाली माझी सुशील भार्या वालीस राघवा, त्या तूं धांड रौरवाला saakshees wyom, pRithwee, sakshees agnijwaalaa sanmitra raaghawaachaa sugreew aaj jhaalaa

raamaa, tujhyaaparee mee wanawaas bhogataahe hanumanmukhe tulaa te saadyaNta jnyaat aahe duHkheech saahya hote duHkhaat duHkhitaalaa

bandhooch hoy wairee, tuja kaaya saaNgoo aaryaa! neii haroon waalee maajhee susheel bhaaryaa waalees raaghawaa, tyaa too dhaaD raurawaalaa With the sky as witness, earth, blazing fire as witness,

Today Sugreev became Raghav's ally.

O Rama, like you I am suffering exile By Hanuman's mouth, you know this full well In suffering, the sufferer is of aid to the sufferer.

Own brother become enemy, what can I say, noble one!

Vali has taken away my good-natured wife Sweep that Vali, you, into purgatory!

बाहूंत राहुच्या मी निस्तेज अंशुमाली गतराज्य-लाभ होतां होईन शक्तिशाली baahut raahuchyaa mee nisteja aNshumaalee By the arm of Rahu, I am the eclipsed sun. gataraajya-laabh hotaa hoeen shaktishaalee I'll become powerful on receipt of the final माझेंच शौर्य सांगूं माझ्या मुखें कशाला ? maajhech shaurya saaNgoo maajhyaa mukhe kingdom. Why tell my own heroism to my face? kashaalaa? होतां फिरून माझें तें सैन्य वानरांचे hotaa phiroon maajhe te sainya Once that army of monkeys is mine again, होतील लाख शत्रू त्या दुष्ट रावणाचे ते लंघतील सिंधू, खणतील शैलमाला They will be 100 thousand enemies of that waanaraaNche hoteel laakh shatroo tyaa duShTa cruel Ravana. They will cross the Sindhu, tunnel ranges of raawaNaache te laNghateel siNdhoo, khaNateel mountains. shailamaalaa ते शोधितील सीता, संदेह यात नाहीं te shodhiteel seetaa, saNdeha yaat naahee They will seek Sita, no doubt of that. निष्ठा प्लवंगमांची तुं लोचनेंच पाही niSHThaa plawaNgamaaNchee tuu The loyalty of the monkeys you see with होतील सिद्ध सारे सर्वस्व अर्पिण्याला lochanecha paahee [your very own] eyes. Will become ready, all, to sacrifice hoteel siddha saare sarwaswa arpiNyaalaa everything. झालेच सख्य रामा, देतों करीं करातें jhaalech sakhya raamaa, deto karee karaate Friendship is sealed, O Rama, I give you आतां कशास भ्यावे कोणा भयंकरातें ? aataa kashaas bhyaawe koNaa hands in hands तुं सिदध हो क्षमेंद्रा, वालीस मारण्याला bhayaNkaraate? Now what to fear? Which terrible one? tuu siddha ho kshamendraa, waalees Prepare yourself, patient one, for killing Vali. maaraNyaalaa घालीन पालथी मी सारी धरा नृपाला रामासमीप अंतीं आणीन जानकीला ghaaleen paalathee mee saaree dharaa I shall overturn the entire earth, O king. In the end, bring Janaki to Rama's side. nRipaalaa धाडीन स्वर्ग-लोकीं येतील आड त्याला raamaasameepa aNtee aaNeen jaanakeelaa Shall sweep into heaven anyone who dhaDeen swarga-lokee yeteel aaD tyaalaa obstructs. हनुमान, नील, ऐका, मंत्री तुम्ही न माझे सुग्रीव एक मंत्री, हे रामचंद्र राजे आज्ञा प्रमाण यांची आतां मला, तुम्हांला hanumaan, neel, aikaa, maNtree tumhee na Hanuman, Neel, listen, are you not my maajhe ministers? sugreew eka maNtree, he raamachaNdra Sugreev is a minister [to] this Ramachandra raaje king. aajnyaa pramaaN yaaNchee aataa malaa, His commands' scope now includes me, tumhaalaa you.

After Sugreev declared, "Today Raghav became Sugreev's ally," before the fire, Sri Rama, too, promised friendship to Sugreev. Sugreev issued a challenge to battle Vali. The duel between Vali and Sugreev was intense. Finally, seeing that Sugreev was about to be defeated, Sri Rama shot an arrow from a tree. Vali collapsed to the earth, dying by that arrow. Realizing that death was coming by Sri Rama's arrow, despite having committed no offense against him, he said desperately to Sri Rama,

"Rama, what kind of humanity did you find by murdering me when I was not facing you?"

Thereupon, Lord Ramachandra answered,

वालीवध ना, खलनिर्दालन

मी धर्माचें केलें पालन वालीवध ना, खलनिर्दालन

अखिल धरा ही भरतशासिता न्यायनीति तो भरत जाणता त्या भरताचा मी तर भ्राता जैसा राजा तसे प्रजाजन

शिष्य, पुत्र वा कनिष्ठ भ्राता धर्मे येते त्यास पुत्रता तूं भ्रात्याची हरिली कांता मनीं गोपुनी हीन प्रलोभन

तूं तर पुतळा मूर्त मदाचा सुयोग्य तुज हा दंड वधाचा अंत असा हा विषयांधांचा मरण पश्चें पारध होउन

दिधलें होतें वचन सुग्रिवा

waaleewadha naa, khalanirdaalana

mee dharmaache kele paalana waaleewadha naa, khalanirdaalana

akhil dharaa hee bharatashaasitaa nyaayaneeti to bharata jaaNataa tyaa bharataachaa mee tara bhraataa jaisaa raajaa tase prajaajana

shiShya, putra waa kaniSHTha bhraata dharme yete tyaas putrataa tuu bhraatyaachee harilee kaaNtaa manee gopunee heen pralobhana

too tar putaLaa moorta madaachaa suyogya tuja haa daNDa wadhaachaa aNta asaa haa wiShayaadhaaNchaa maraNa pashooche paaradha houn

didhale hote wachana sugreewaa

Not Murder of Vali, But Destruction of Evil

I assumed responsibility for the law. Not murder of Vali, but destruction of evil.

This entire earth is Bharat's governance.
That Bharat knows judicious policy.
I am surely the brother of that Bharat.
As king, so citizens.

Student, son, or younger brother
Becomes a son to the law.
You kidnapped your brother's lover,
Concealing your heart's base temptation.

You are but a statue, lust materialized Most appropriate, this your death penalty. Thus this is the end of sensualists:

Animal death after being hunted.

Had given a promise to Sugreev:

जीविह देइन तुझिया जिवा भावास्तव मी विधलें भावा दिल्या वचाचें हें प्रतिपालन

नृपति खेळती विनं मृगयेतें लपुनि मारिती तीर पश्तें दोष कासया त्या क्रीडेते शाखामृग तूं क्रूर पशूह्न

अंत्य घडी तुज ठरो मोक्षदा सांभाळिन मी तुझ्या अंगदा राज्य तुझें हें, ही किष्किंधा सुग्रीवाच्या करीं समर्पण jeewahi dein tujhiyaa jiwaa bhaawaastawa mee wadhile bhaawaa dilyaa wachaache he pratipaalana

nRipati kheLatee wanee mRigayete lapuni maaritee teer pashoote doSha kaasayaa tyaa kreeDete shakhaamRiga tuu kroor pashoohun

antya ghaDee tuja Tharo mokshadaa saambhaaLin mee tujhyaa angadaa raajya tujhe he, hee kiShkiNdhaa sugreevaachyaa karee samarpaNa "Will give even my life for your life."
"Brother, I slew your brother."
So gave this fulfillment of promise.

A king sports in a deer forest,
Concealed, shoots an arrow into a beast.
What fault is there in that recreation?
You are more wicked than any horned deer animal.

Let your end become liberation.
I shall care for your Angada⁴⁰.
This your kingdom, this Kishkindha,
Shall bestow into Sugreeva's hands.

⁴⁰ The son of Vali. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Angada

Sri Rama killed Vali. The kingdom of Kishkindha was restored to Sugreev. There was a sweet meeting between Ruma and Sugreev. Enjoying the luxuries of royalty, Sugreev forgot his work for Rama. Just as the exasperated Lakshman was reminding him of his duty, his eyes suddenly opened. He called together the bands of monkeys. At Sugreev's command, billions of monkeys gathered. Sugreev sent them in all eight directions in search of Sita. Sri Rama gave the great monkey hero Hanuman a ring from his finger. He thought he would be the one to complete the search for Sita.

The monkey army began walking in all directions. In the squad that went south were heroes Hanuman, Neel, Angad, Taar, Jambuvan and others. Despite endless searching, Sita's location was not found. Then, those great monkeys became dejected. Vali's son Angad became desperate. The month-long term given by Sugreev passed. The entire group came to a mountain and sat, desperate.

Then, a vulture-king named Sampati approached them. He was Jatayu's brother and a friend of Dasharatha. Sampati said, "From this very place, I can see Janaka's daughter and Ravana. I can see them with my far-seeing awareness. Sita is captive in the interior of Ravana's golden island named Lanka. Seek a solution for crossing the unfathomable salt waters of the ocean."

Angad and the rest thought for some time. Who should cross the sea? Finally, Jambuvan said, with certainty,

असा हा एकच श्रीहनुमान्

तरुन जो जाइल सिंधु महान असा हा एकच श्रीहन्मान्

भुजंग धरुनी दोन्हीं चरणीं झेपेसरशी समुद्र लंघुनि गरुड उभारी पखे गगनीं गरुडाहुन बलवान्

asaa haa ekach shreehanumaan

taroon jo jaail sindhu mahaan asaa haa ekach shreehanumaan

bhujanga dharunee donhee charaNee jhepesarashee samudra laNghuni garuDa ubhaaree paNkhe gaganee garuDaahun balawaan

Sri Hanuman is the Only One Like That

Who can go across the great ocean, Sri Hanuman is the only one like that

Holding snakes in both feet, Makes an ocean-crossing leap: The eagle rises on wings to the sky! More powerful than an eagle! अंजनिचा हा बलाढ्य आत्मज हा अनिलाचा सुपुत्र क्षेत्रज निजशक्तीनें ताडिल दिग्गज बलशाली धीमान्

सूर्योदयिं हा वीर जन्मला त्रिशत योजनें नभीं उडाला समजुनिया फळ रविबिंबाला धरुं गेला भास्वान

बाल-वीर हा रवितें धरितां भरें कापरें तीन्ही जगतां या इवल्याशा बाळाकरितां वज्र धरी मघवान

देवेंद्राच्या वज्राघातें जरा दुखापत होय हनुतें कोप अनावर येइ वायुतें थांबे तो गतिमान

पवन थांबता थांबे जीवन देव वायुचें करिती सांत्वन पुत्रातें वर त्याच्या देउन गौरविती भगवान्

शस्त्र न छेदिल या समरांगणिं विष्णुवरानें इच्छामरणी ज्याच्या तेजें दिपला दिनमणी चिरतर आयुष्मान्

करि हनुमन्ता, निष्चय मनसा सामान्य न तूं या कपिजनसा aNjanichaa haa balaaDhya aatmaja haa anilaachaa suputra kshetraja nijashakteene taaDil diggaja balashaalee dheemaan

sooryodayi haa weer janmalaa trishat yojane nabhee uDaalaa samajuniyaa phaLa rawibiMbaalaa dharuu gelaa bhaaswaan

baal-weer haa rawite dharitaa bhare kaapare teenhee jagataa yaa iwalyaashaa baaLaakaritaa vajra dharee maghawaan

deweNdraachyaa wajraaghaate jaraa dukhaapat hoya hanute kopa anaawara yei waayute thaaMbe to gatimaan

pawana thaaMbataa thaaMbe jeewana dewa waayuche karitee saaNtwan putraate wara tyaachyaa deun gaurawitee bhagawaan

shastra na chhedil yaa samaraaNgaNi wiShNuwaraane icchaamaraNee jyaachyaa teje dipalaa dinamaNee chiratara aayuShmaan

kari hanumantaa, niShchaya manasaa saamaanya na tuu yaa kapijanasaa This mighty offspring of Anjani,
This adopted son of Anil,
With his strength will strike giants!
Powerful and wise!

At sunrise this hero was born,
Flew three hundred *yojanas*⁴¹ into the sky
Thinking the solar disk a fruit,
Went to hold the sun!

This baby hero grasping the sun, Filled the three worlds with trembling! For this little baby, Indra armed the thunderbolt!

From the assault of the god-king's weapon,
A small nick happened on the chin.
Unbridled anger came to the wind,
It halted its motion.

Life halts at the halt of air.
[So] the god made supplication to the wind,
Giving his son a boon⁴²,
The lord honored [him]!

No weapon will pierce him on the battlefield, By Vishnu's boon, will choose his own death, By whose brilliance the sun was eclipsed, Forever long-lived!

O Hanuman, resolve your mind! You are not ordinary like these monkey people.

Page 101 of 150

⁴¹ One *yojana* is approximately 8 miles or 12 kilometers. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yojana

⁴² That his body would henceforth be stronger than the thunderbolt.

उचल एकदां पद वामनसा घे विजयी उड्डाण

uchala ekadaa pada waamanasaa ghe wijayee uDDaaN Lift once your foot like Vamana⁴³
Make a leap to victory!

⁴³ The incarnation of Vishnu who strode the three worlds in three steps. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vamana

As Jambuvan was describing Hanuman's abilities, Hanuman's arms began to swell. Before their eyes, he assumed an enormous form. The monkeys rejoiced. They began singing his praises.

Hanuman, the son of the wind, perched upon Mount Mahendra. Concentrating on Lanka, he took a leap into the sky. He arrived on Trikutachal. From afar, he surveyed Lanka, which appeared like Indra's Amaravati⁴⁴. Strong guards were prepared to defend that prosperous city. Even entering the city was difficult. That night, Hanuman took a subtle form and started to scout the city. He even scouted the harem of Lanka's king, Ravana. Nowhere could Maithili be found. Disappointed, he sat at the fort surrounding the Ashoka forest. He saw that forest of unparalleled beauty and then climbed up a rosewood tree. It was from there that Sita came into view, dressed in rags and surrounded by monstresses. Hanuman had never seen Sita before this. That great hero began to debate himself. He thought to himself with certainty,

हीच ती रामा ची सवामिर्न heech tee ramaachee This Must be Rama's Wife swaaminee

चंद्रविरहिणी जणूं रोहिणी व्याघ्रींमाजी चुकली हरिणी श्येन-कोटरीं फसे पक्षिणी हिमप्रदेशीं थिजे वाहिनी

मिलन, कृशांगी तरी सुरेखा धूमांकित कीं अग्निशलाका शिशिरीं तरिं ही चंपकशाखा व्रतधारिणि ही दिसे योगिनी

रुदनें नयनां येइ अंधता उरे कपोलीं आर्द्र शुष्कता अनिद्रिता ही चिंताक्रान्ता chaNdrawirahiNee jaNuu rohiNee wyaaghreemaajee chukalee hariNee shyena-koTaree phase pakshiNee himapradeshee thije waahinee

malin, kRishaaNgee taree surekhaa dhumaaNkit kee agnishalaakaa shishiree taree hee chaMpakashaakhaa wratadhaariNi hee dise yogini

> rudane nayanaa yei aNdhataa ure kapolee aardra shuShkataa anidritaa hee chintaakraantaa

Like Rohini⁴⁵ longing for the moon, A tigress who missed her deer, A hen deceived in a hawk's nest, An army frozen in wintry country.

Dirtied, wan, still exquisite, Surrounded by smoke, a jet of fire, This champak⁴⁶ branch despite the cold, Keeping covenant, she looks a yogi.

Blindness has come to weeping eyes, Wet hollow remains in cheeks, This sleepless worrier

⁴⁴ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amaravati (mythology)

⁴⁵ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rohini_(goddess)

⁴⁶ Referring to the evergreen tree https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Magnolia champaca

मग्न सारखी पती-चिंतनीं

पंकमिलन ही दिसे पद्मजा खचित असावी सती भूमिजा किती दारुणा स्थिती देवजा! अपमानित ही वनीं मानिनी

असुन सुवर्णा, श्यामल, मिलना अधोमुखी ही शशांक-वदना ग्रहण-कालिंची का दिग्ललना हताश बसली दिशा विसरुनी

संदिग्धार्था जणूं स्मृती ही अन्यायार्जित संपती ही अपूर्त कोणी चित्रकृती ही परजिता वा कीर्ती विपिनीं

रामवर्णिता आकृति, मुद्रा बाहुभूषणें, प्रवाल-मुद्रा निःसंशय ही तीच सु-भद्रा हीच जानकी जनक नंदिनी

असेच कुंडल, वलयें असलीं ऋष्यमुकावर होतीं पडलीं रघुरायानी तीं ओळखिलीं अमृत-घटी ये यशोदायिनी magna saarakhee patee-chiNtanee

paNkamalin hee dise padmajaa khachit asaawee satee bhoomijaa kitee daaruNaa sthitee daiwajaa! apamaanit hee wanee maaninee

asun suwarNaa, shyaamal, malinaa adhomukhee hee shashaaNka-wadanaa grahaNa-kaaliNchee kaa diglalanaa hataash basalee dishaa wisarunee

sandigdhaarthaa jaNoo smRitee hee anyaayaajit sampattee hee apoorta koNee chitrakRitee hee parajitaa waa keertee wipinee

raamawarNitaa aakRiti, mudraa baahubhooShaNe, prawaal-mudraa, niHsaMshaya hee teech subhadraa heech jaanakee janaka naNdinee

asech kuNDala, walaye asalee RriShyamukaawar hotee paDalee raghuraayaaNnee tee oLakhilee amRita-ghaTee ye yashodaayinee Engrossed always in thoughts of husband.

This lotus-daughter looks mud-soiled, Certainly must be the virtuous earth-daughter How awful the goddess's situation! In dishonor, she takes to the forest.

Though golden, dark blue, soiled,
Down-faced this moon-face,
Is it the advancing darkness of the eclipse?
Sits dejected, forgetting her way.

She, like a dubious memory, She, loot unjustly acquired, She, some unfinished painting, Or vanquished fame in the forest.

Form and gestures as described by Rama, Arm ornaments, coral-sealed, Without doubt she is that glorious one, She is Janaki, joy of Janaka.

Earrings like this, rings like this Were dropped on Rishyamuk. King Raghu recognized them. Come, Amrit⁴⁷-vessel fame-bestower!

⁴⁷ The nectar of immortality: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amrita

Even after establishing certainty, Hanuman dared not suddenly go before Sita. She had never seen him before, and had no idea of Rama and Sugreev's alliance. What if she unknowingly refused to speak with him, thinking him the deceitful Ravan?

Just as he was considering this, Lanka-lord Ravana arrived with a retinue of servants and began to threaten Sita. Hissing like an angry snake queen, Sita answered,

नको करू:स वल्गना	nako karoos walganaa	Don't Vaunt
नको कर्ःस वलग्ना रावणा निशाचरा! समूर्त रामकिर्ति मी, ज्ञात हें सुरासुरां	nako karoos walganaa raawaNaa nishaacharaa! samoorta raamakirti mee, jnaat he suraasuraa	Don't vaunt, Ravana, you nightwalker! I am Rama's very fame embodied, know this, hedonist.
वंदनास योग्य मी पराविया पतिव्रता पुण्य जोड राक्षसा झणीं करून मुक्तता लाज राख नारिची वीर तूं जरी खरा	waNdanaas yogya mee paraawiyaa patiwrataa puNya joDa raakshasaa jhaNee karun muktataa laaj raakh naarichee weer tuu jari kharaa	Worthy of worship am I, devoted wife to another. Earn some merit, demon, by liberating me now! Preserve a woman's honor if you are truly a hero.
नृपति-पाप पाहतें, अनयनित्य साहतें राष्ट्र तें जगावरी नाममात्र राहतें काय आग लाविशी तुझ्या करें तुझ्या पुरा?	nRipati-paap paahate, anayanitya saahate raaShTra te jagaawaree naamamaatra raahate kaaya aag laawishee tujhyaa kare tujhyaa puraa?	Sees king-sin, suffers iniquity constantly, That nation on the earth keeps chanting the divine name What fire do you set by your hands on your city?
जिथें तिथें दिसे मला लोकनाथ राम तो शयनिं ये उशातळीं रामहस्तवाम तो चिंतनांत पूजिते त्याच मी धनुर्धरा	jithe tithe dise malaa lokanaath raam to shayani ye ushaataLee raamahastawaam to chiNtanaat pujite tyaach mee dhanurdharaa	Here and there I see that lord of men, Rama, In morning sleep comes that left-handed Rama, In rumination I worship that very archer.
योग्य एक त्यास मी, योग्य ना दुजा कुणा	yogya ek tyaas mee, yogya naa dujaa kuNaa parat dhaaD re malaa priyaasameep	I'm the one for him, not for anyone else Send me back to my love, Ravana!

परत धाड रे मला प्रियासमीप रावणा ! शरण त्यांस रक्षुनी राम देइ आसरा	raawaNaa! sharaNa tyaas rakshunee raam dei aasaraa	Rama gives refuge to those seeking asylum.
सख्य जोड त्यासवें, हो कृतार्थ जीवनीं नित्यशुद्ध जानकी राघवास अर्पुनी ना तरी मृतीच ये चालुनी तुझ्या घरा	sakhya joDa tyaasawe, ho kRitaartha jeewanee nityashuddha jaanakee raaghawaas arpunee naa taree mRiteech ye chaalunee tujhyaa gharaa	Let your life's purpose be to build friendship with him By delivering ever-pure Janaki to Raghav Else, let death come walking to your house!
इंद्रवज्रही कधीं चुकेल घाव घालितां क्षणिह आयु ना तुझे रामचंद्र कोपतां रामबाणवृष्टि ती प्रळयसी भयंकरा	indrawajrahee kadhee chukel ghaaw ghaalitaa kshaNahi aayu naa tujhe raamachandra kopataa raamabaaNawRiShTi tee praLayasee bhayaNkaraa	Indra's thunderbolt might miss delivering a blow, [but] You will age not a moment when Ramachandra rages. The rain of Rama's arrows is like a terrible deluge.
ठाकतां तुझ्यापुढें वीर युद्धकाम तो ठेवणार वंश ना असा समर्थ राम तो अधम काममूढ तूं, विचार हा करी जरा	Thaakataa tujhyaapuDhe weer yuddhakaam to ThewaNaar waMsha naa asaa samartha raama to adham kaamamooDha too, wichaar haa karee jaraa	As that hero rallies for war before you, That Rama is capable of wiping out your line. You degenerate deluded fool, think on this a bit.
बघेन रामबाण मी निडर या तुझ्या उरीं कंक पंख पाठिशीं, नामचिन्ह ज्यावरी भारमुक्त होउं दे एकदां वसुंधरा	baghen raamabaaN mee niDara yaa tujhyaa uree kaNka paNkha paaThishee, naamachinha jyaawaree bhaaramukta hou de ekadaa wasuNdharaa	Fearlessly will I see Rama's arrow in what's left of you. Heron-feathers on its back, with your name on it. For once, may Earth be unburdened.

Even a sinner like Ravana did not outlast fear when the devoted wife Sita told him furiously, "Don't vaunt, you nightwalker!" Rama and Lakshmana's unparalleled feats in the Dandaka forest were known to him. Giving Janaki another month to submit, Ravana returned from the Ashoka forest. Hanuman, sitting hidden in disguise in the rosewood tree, was convinced that this was indeed Janaki. Seeing that the surrounding monstresses were asleep, in a melodious voice, he began to sing the story of Rama. Stunned by the singing, Sita began looking through the rosewood tree. Finally, Sugreev's minister Hanuman came into her sight. Hanging from a small branch very near Sita, Hanuman dropped a ring given by Sri Rama into her hand. Then, Sita knew unbounded joy. Convinced of the certainty that Hanuman is a royal servant, she began to ask,

मज सांग अवस्था दूता,रघुनाथांची

maja saaNg awasthaa dootaa, raghunaathaaNchee

Tell Me, O Messenger, the Status of Raghunath

मुद्दिका अचुक मी ओळखिली ही त्यांची मज सांग अवस्था दूता, रघुनाथांची

हातांत धनू तें, अक्षय भाता पृष्ठीं विरहांत काय ते राघव झाले कष्टी ? कां श्यामल वलयें नयनतळीं चिंतांचीं ?

बसलेत काय ते लावुन कर कर्मातें ? विसरलेत काय ते दुःखें निजधर्मातें ? करितात अजुन ना कर्तव्यें नृपतीचीं ?

सोडिले नाहिं ना अजुन तयांनीं धीरा ? का शौर्याचाही विसर पडे त्या वीरा ? mudrikaa achuka mee oLakhilee hee tyaaNchee maja saaNg awasthaa dootaa, raghunaathaaNchee

haataat dhanu te, akshaya bhaataa pRiShTee wirahaat kaay te raaghawa jhaale kaShTee? kaa shyaamala walaye nayanataLee chiNtaachee?

basalet kaay te laawun kar karmaate? wisaralet kaay te duHkha nijadharmaate? karitaat ajun naa kartawye nRipateechee?

soDilaa naahi na ajun tayaNnee dheeraa? ka shauryaaachaahee wisara paDe tyaa

Unerring, I recognized this ring of his, Tell me, O messenger, the status of Raghunath.

That bow in hand, ever-full quiver on back, Has that Raghav become miserable from separation,

Or black curls in eye-lakes of worry?

Does he keep his hands busy with work?

Has he forgotten suffering in his own
integrity?

He performs a king's duties still, does he not?

He hasn't lost patience has he? Or has courage left that hero's memory?

साहयार्थ असति ना सैन्यें सन्मित्रांची ?	weeraa? saahyaartha asati naa sainye sanmitraaNchee?	Is there not the assistance of army friends?
इच्छिती विजय ना त्यांचा अवघे राजे ? का लोकप्रीतिला मुकले प्रियकर माझे ? विसरले थोरवी काय प्रभू यत्नांची ?	icchitee wijaya na tyaanchaa awaghe raaje? kaa lokapreetila mukale priyakar maajhe? wisarale thorawee kaay prabhoo yatnaaNchee?	Doesn't the king desire only his victory? Or has popularity silenced my lover? Has the lord forgotten the greatness of his efforts?
का मलाच विसरुन गेले माझे स्वामी ? मी दैवगतीने पिचतां परक्या धामीं का स्मृती तयांना छळिते या सीतेची ?	kaa malaach wisarun gele maajhe swamee? mee daiwagateene pichataa parakyaa dhaamee kaa smRitee tayaaNnaa ChaLite yaa seetechee?	Or has my lord forgotten even me? I by misfortune suffering in a strange place. Or does memory of this Sita torment him?
करतील स्वयें ना नाथ मुक्तता माझी ? धाडील भरत ना सैन्य, पदाती, वाजी ? कळतसे त्यांस का वार्ता रघुनगरीची ?	karateel swaye na naath muktataa maajhee? dhaaDil bharat na sainya, padaatee, waajee? kaLatase tyaas kaa waartaa raghunagareechee?	My lord will liberate me himself, won't he? Bharat will exhort army, infantry, horses? Mustn't he know tidings of the city of the Raghus?
का विपत्कालिं ये मोह तयांच्या चितीं ? पुसटली नाहिं ना सीतेवरची प्रीती ? करतील मुक्तता किंधे ते वैदेहीची ?	kaa wipatkaali ye moha tayaanchyaa chittee? pusaTalee naahee naa seetewarachee preetee? karateel muktataa kadhi te waideheechee?	Or has temptation entered his thoughts in disaster? [His] love of Sita hasn't been wiped away, has it? When will he achieve Vaidehi's liberation?
त्या स्वर्णघडीची होइन का मी साक्षी ? किंधे रामबाण का घुसेल रावणवक्षीं ? वळतील पाउलें कधीं इथें नाथांचीं ?	tyaa swarNaghaDeechee hoin kaa mee saakshee? kadhi raamabaaNa kaa ghusel raawaNawakshee? waLateel paaule kadhee ithe naathaaNchee?	Will I become witness to that golden event When Rama's arrow pierces Ravana's breast? When will my lord's steps turn here?
जोंवरी तयांचें कुशल ऐकतें कानीं तोंवरी सजिव मी असेन तैशा स्थानीं जन्मांत कधीं का होइल भेट तयांची ?	jowaree tayaaNche kushal aikate kaanee towaree sajeewa mee asen taishaa sthaanee janmaat kadhee kaa hoil bheT tayaanchee?	As long as my ears hear of his skill, So long will I be alive in that place. Will I ever meet him in this life?

"Tell me, O servant, the status of Raghunath," Hanumant communicated the answer to this request of Sita and swore to the narrative that Rama was certainly arriving to liberate her. Sita handed over one of her jewels to Hanuman, to convince Rama to recognize her. Hanuman himself was capable of taking Sita away, but Sita said categorically, "Going on the shoulders of another man is inappropriate. Rama himself must liberate me." The thoughtful and devout Hanuman was persuaded by what she said. Taking her leave, he left. On his way, it occurred to him to test this monster's strength. Thereupon he proceeded to ransack the Ashoka forest. He killed Jambumali and Ravana's son Aksha⁴⁸. He destroyed the idol of Lanka. Then, Ravana's son Indrajit bound him using the Brahmastra⁴⁹ and took him to Ravana's court. There Ravana ordered him executed. But Ravana's brother Vibhishan made an insistent case that killing a messenger was against policy. Finally, at Ravana's command, the monsters tied rags to Hanuman's tail and set it aflame. When the monstresses told this news to Sita, she invoked Agni and made the request that Hanuman should not suffer injury. Trailing his burning tail, Hanuman flew out of Ravana's court and---

पेटवी लंका हनुमंत

लीलया उड्जी गगना त पेटवी लंका हनुमंत

नगाकार घन दिसे मारुती विजेपरी तें पुच्छ मागुतीं आग वर्षवी नगरीवरती गर्जना करी महावात

या शिखराहुन त्या गेहावर कंदुकसा तो उडे कपीवर

peTawee laNkaa hanumaNta

leelayaa uDunee gaganaat peTawee laNkaa hanumaNta

nagaakaar ghana dise maarutee wijeparee te puccha maagutee aag warShawee nagareewaratee garjanaa garee mahaawaat

yaa shikharaahun tyaa gehaawara kuNdukasaa to uDe kapeewara

Hanuman Burns Lanka

Easily flying into the sky, Hanuman burns Lanka.

Maruti looks a mighty mountain, That tail behind like lightning, Spreads fire over the city, Roaring the holy name.

From this peak to that dwelling, Like a ball, that boon to monkeys flies!

⁴⁸ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Akshayakumara

⁴⁹ Variant of a supernatural weapon https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brahmastra

शिरे गवाक्षीं पुच्छ भयंकर चालला नगर चेतवीत

भड़के मंदिर, पेटे गोपुर द्वार कड़ाड़ुन वाजे भेसुर रडे, ओरडे, तों अंतःपुर प्रकाशीं बुडे वस्तुजात

जळे धडधडा ओळ घरांची राख कोसळे आकारांची चिता भडकली जणूं पुरांची राक्षसी करिती आकांत

कुणी जळाले निजल्या ठायीं जळत पळत कुणि मार्गी येई कुणि भीतीने अवाक होई ओळखी नुरल्या प्रलयांत

माय लेकरां टाकुन धावे लोक विसरले नातीं नावें उभें तेवढें पडें आडवें अचानक आला कल्पांत

खड्गे ढाली पार वितळल्या वीरवृत्ति तर सदेह जळल्या ज्वाळेमाजीं ज्वाळा मिळाल्या सघनता होय भस्मसात

वारा अग्नी, अग्नी वारा, नुरे निवारा, नाहीं थारा जळल्या वेशी, जळे पहारा नाचतो अनल मूर्तिमंत shire gawaakshee puccha bhayaNkara chaalalaa nagara chetaweet

bhaDake maNdir, peTe gopur dwaar kaDaaDun waaje bhesur raDe, oraDe, to aNtaHpur prakaashee buDe wastujaat

jaLe dhaDadhaDaa oLa gharaaNchee raakh kosaLe aakaaraaNchee chitaa bhaDakalee jaNoo puraaNchee raakshasee karitee aakaaNt

kuNee jaLaale nijalyaa Thaayee jaLat paLat kuNi magee yeii kuNi bheeteene awaak hoii oLakhee nuralyaa pralayaat

maay lekaraN Taakun dhaawe loka wisarale natee naawe ubhe tewaDhe paDe aaDawe achaanak aalaa kalpaaNt

khaDge Dhalee paar witaLalyaa weerwRitti tar sadeha jaLalyaa jwaaLemaajee jwaaLaa miLaalyaa saghanataa hoy bhasmasaat

waaraa agnee, agnee waaraa, nure niwaaraa, naahee thaaraa jaLalyaa weshee, jaLe pahaaraa naachato anala moortimaNta Terrible tail enters windows, The city becomes fomented.

Temple explodes, tower ignites. Gate clatters noisily discordant. That harem cries, screams. Materials drown in light.

Rows of houses burn thundering.
Ash collapses from [their] forms.
Balefire explodes as if for a flood.
Monstresses wail.

Some burn there in their sleep.
Some come burning, running, pleading.
Some become speechless from fear.
No recognition remains in holocaust.

Mothers run dropping children. People forgot relations, names. As many fallen flat as standing, The apocalypse came suddenly.

Swords, shields melted completely. Even heroism embodied burned. Flames combined behind flames. Incineration became concentrated.

Wind fire, fire wind,
Neither shelter nor dwelling remains,
Burnt forms, guards burn,
Fire dances incarnate.

After all Lanka was aflame, Hanuman calmly doused his tail in seawater and thereafter, came to Sri Rama again through the sky. Sri Rama recognized without doubt the gem given by Sita and with extreme joy gave Hanuman a warm embrace.

With countless monkeys, Rama and Lakshman left for the south. They all reached the shores of the ocean. Rama wondered how to make a crossing of the ocean. For three days, he meditated on the ocean and finally, frustrated, drew his weapon upon it. Fearing Rama's arrows, the ocean displayed its manifestation. Respectfully, it said to Rama, "In your army, there is a monkey named Nala. He is the son of Vishwakarma⁵⁰. Have him build a bridge. I will gladly support it on my chest."

Rama gave an order to Nala and, singing, the monkeys began building a bridge on the ocean.

सेतु बांधा रे सागरी

गिरिराजांचे देह निखळूनी गजांगशा त्या शिळा उचलुनी जलात द्या रे जवे ढकलुनी सेतुबन्धने जोडून ओढा समीप लंकापुरी

फेका झाडे, फेका डोंगर पृष्टी झेलिल त्यांना सागर ओढा प्रुथ्वी पैलतटावर वडवाग्नी तो धरील माथी सेत् शेषापरी

setu baaNdhaa re saagaree

giriraajaaNche deha nikhaLuunee gajaaNgashaa tyaa shiLaa uchalunee jalaata dyaa re jawe Dhakalunee setubandhane joDuna oDhaa sameepa laNkaapuree

phekaa jhaaDe, phekaa DoNgara pruShTee jhelila tyaaNnaa saagara oDhaa pruThWee pailataTaawara waDawaagnee to dhareela maathee setu sheShaaparee

Build a Bridge Over the Sea

Grabbing the bodies of king-hills, Lifting those elephantine boulders, Push them quickly into the water. Connecting cables, draw Lanka closer.

Throw trees, throw mountains.

The ocean will catch them on its back.

Pull the earth on the other shore.

Vadavagni⁵¹ will hold the bridge on his head like Shesha⁵².

⁵⁰ Divine architect of the gods. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vishvakarma

⁵¹ The mythical form of the fire god Agni, who lives under the ocean.

⁵² Referring to the mythical giant serpent that upholds the earth. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shesha.

रामभक्ति ये दाटुनि पोटी शततीर्थांच्या लवल्या पाठी सत्कार्याच्या पथिकासाठी श्रीरामाला असेच घेती वानर पाठीवरी

नळसा नेता सहज लाभता कोटी कोटी हात राबता प्रारंभी घे रूप सांगता पाषाणच हे पहा लीलया तरती पाण्यावरी

चरण प्रभुचे जळात शिरता सकळ नद्यांना येई तीर्थता आरंभास्तव अधिर पूर्तता शिळा होउनी जडू लागल्या, लाटा लाटांवरी

गर्जा, गर्जा हे वानरगण रघुपती राघव, पतीतपावन जय लंकारी, जानकिजीवन युद्धाआधी झडू लागु द्या स्फूर्तीच्या भेरी

सेतू नच हा क्रतु श्रमांचा विशाल हेतु श्रीरामाचा महिमा त्यांच्या शुभनामाचा थबकुनि बघति संघकार्य हे स्तब्ध दिशा चारी

> भुभुःकारुनी पिटवा डंका विजयी राघव, हरली लंका मुक्त मैथिली, कशास शंका

raamabhakti ye daaTuni poTee shatateerthaaNchyaa lawalyaa paaThee satkaaryaachyaa pathikaasaaThee shreeraamaalaa asecha ghetee waanara paaTheewaree

naLasaa netaa sahaja laabhataa koTee koTee haata raabataa praaraMbhee ghe rupa saaNgataa paaShaaNacha he pahaa leelayaa taratee paaNyaawaree

charaNa prabhuche jaLaata shirataa sakaLa nadyaaNnaa yeii teerthataa aarambhaastawa adhira puurttataa shiLaa hounee jaDoo laagalyaa, laaTaa laaTaaNwaree

garjaa, garjaa he waanaragaNa raghupatee raaghawa, pateetapaawana jaya laNkaaree, jaanakijeewana yuddhaa aadhee jhaDu laagu dyaa sphoorteechyaa bheree

setuu nacha haa kratu shramaaNchaa wishaala hetu shreeraamaachaa mahimaa tyaanchyaa shubhanaamaachaa thabakuni baghati saNghakaarya he stabdha dishaa chaaree

bhubhuHkaarunee piTawaa DaMkaa wijayee raaghava, haralee laNkaa mukta maithilee, kashaasa shankaa Let devotion to Rama swell in your gut!
The backs of a hundred holy rivers bowed
For those on the path of good works.
Just so, the monkeys take Rama on their
backs.

Easily finding a leader like Nala, With millions of hands laboring, The end shaped in the beginning. Behold! Boulders are lightly floating on the water.

As the Lord's feet entered the water,
All the rivers gained sanctity.
Ready and eager to begin,
Becoming boulders, waves built upon
waves.

Roar, roar O monkey troop!

"Lord of the Raghus, Raghav, redeemer
of the fallen!
Hail Lanka-foe, soul of Janaki!"
Before the war, let inspiring bugles
resound.

Not a bridge, this, a sacrifice of labor for Rama's great purpose,
The majesty of his holy name.
The very four directions stop short, stupefied, and stare at this collaboration.

Loudly beat the drums.
Rama triumphs, Lanka loses.
No doubt, Maithili is free.

सेतुरुप हा झोतच शिरला दुबळ्या अंधारी

seturupa haa jhotacha shiralaa dubaLyaa aNdhaaree

A blaze in the form of this bridge entered the feeble darkness.

Singing this song in high notes, the monkeys threw together a bridge twenty-three *yojanas* long on the ocean. Rama and Sugreev's billion-strong army began to cross the ocean roaring loudly. The *siddhas*⁵³, the eulogists, great sages and gods sincerely wished Sri Rama well.

Ravana dispatched his spies to Rama's army in order to gauge the strength of his forces. Those spies give Ravana an accurate assessment of the remarkable strength of Rama's troops. Not only that, from the ramparts of his white palace, Ravana surveyed that ocean of soldiers personally. He heard of the strength of each hero from his spies, but still, he called his ministers and recommended preparation for war. Ravana's younger brother Vibhishana had earlier gone to Sri Rama's party and joined them.

Insidious and lecherous, Ravana had a monster named Vidyujjiva produce an illusory head of Sri Rama. He went into the Ashoka forest. Laughing sarcastically, he said to Sita, "Sita, that Sri Rama for whom you rebuffed my insistent advances until now, that very Sri Rama has been slain. See here, my soldier named Prahasta decapitated him in his sleep and has brought his head here. The monkey army is terrified. Here is your Rama's bow, and here his bodiless head."

Seeing that head exactly like Rama's, Sita's sorrow knew no bounds. With heartrending wails, she began to say,

रघुवरा, बोलत कां नाहीं?

काय ऐकतें ? काय पाहतें ? काय अवस्था ही ? रघुवरा, बोलत कां नाहीं ? जायेआधीं मरण पतीचें. हें कैसें घडलें ?

raghuwaraa, bolat kaa naahee?

kaay aikate? kaay paahate? kaaya awasthaa hee? raghuwaraa, bolat kaa naahee?

jaaye-aadhee maraNa pateeche, he

Boon of the Raghus, Why Don't You Speak?

What do I hear? What do I see? What state is this?

Boon of the Raghus, why don't you speak?

Husband's death before I go, how did this

⁵³ See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Siddha

दैवच अंती तुटुन खड्गसे माझ्यावर पडलें पुण्यहीन का ठरल्या लोकीं कौसल्यामाई ?	kaise ghaDale? daiwach aNtee tuTun khaDgase maajhyaawar paDale puNyaheen kaa Tharalyaa lokee kausalyaamaaee?	happen? It is but fate that at the end fell on me like a broken sword. Why was mother Kausalya judged meritless in this world?
ज्योतिषांचीं ग्रहगणितें का सर्वथैव चुकलीं ? अभागिनी ही कशी अचानक सर्वस्वा मुकली ? धुळींत निजले पुरुषोत्तम का या मूढेपायीं ?	jyotiShaaNchee grahagaNite kaa sarwathaiwa chukalee? abhaaginee hee kashee achaanaka sarwaswaa mukalee? dhuLeet nijale puruShottam kaa yaa mooDhepaayee?	Why did the planetary calculations of astrologers err utterly? How did this unlucky one suddenly lose everything? Why does the foremost man lie at the feet of this fool?
ओळखितें मी कमलनेत्र हे, ओळखितें श्रवणें सरे न का ही झोंप राघवा, दीनेच्या रुदनें ? गतीहीन कां झाली सृष्टी, सुन्न दिशा दाही ?	oLakhite mee kamalanetra he, oLakhite shrawaNe sare na kaa hee jhop raaghawaa, deenechyaa rudane? gateeheen kaa jhaalee sRiShTee, sunna dishaa daahee?	I recognize these lotus eyes, recognize ears. Why don't you shake off this sleep, Raghav, at a supplicant's weeping? Why has this life stilled, all ten directions numbed?
सुवर्णधनु हें ओळखिलें पण कुठें महाबाहु ? श्यामवर्ण ती मूर्त पुन्हां मी कुठें कधीं पाहूं ? नयन जाहले रडुन कोरडे, अंगाची लाही	suwarNadhanu he oLakhile paN kuThe mahaabaahoo? shyaamawarNa tee moorta punhaa me kuThe kadhee paahoo? nayana jaahale raDun koraDe, aNgaachee laahee	I recognized this golden bow but where are the great arms? Where and when can I see that dark-colored form? Eyes became dry from weeping, body sweltered.
विवाहसमयीं शपथ दिली ती विसरलांत सदया! पुशिल्यावांचुन स्वर्गी गेला सोडुनिया जाया ऐकलेंत का ? - जनकनंदिनी आर्त तुम्हां बाही	wiwaahasamayee shapath dilee tee wisaralaat sadayaa pushilyaawaachun swargee gelaa soDuniyaa jaayaa aikalet kaa? janakanandinee aarta tumhaa baahee	You forgot the vow given lovingly in our wedding. Armored went to heaven abandoning your wife. Do you hear? Janaka's joy pining at your arm.
रघुकुलतिलका, तुम्ही भेंटला पितरांना स्वर्गी	raghukulatilakaa, tumhee bheTalaa	Ornament of the Raghu clan, you met the

परक्या हातीं सजीव उरली अर्धांगी मार्गी रघुकुलजातें शोभुन दिसली रीत तरी का ही ?

अथांग सागर जिंकुन आला कशास मजसाठीं ? काय जन्मलें कुलनाशिनि मी धरणींच्या पोटीं ? जनकें केले यज्ञ, तयांची काय सांगता ही ?

हे लंकेशा, ज्या शस्त्रानें मारविलें नाथां घाव तयाचा घाल सत्वरीं सीतेच्या माथां रामामागें तरी जाउं दे अंतीं वैदेही pitaraaNnaa swargee parakyaa haatee sajeew uralee ardhaaNgee maargee raghukulajaate shobhun disalee reet taree kaa hee?

athaaNga saagar jiNkun aalaa kashaas majasaaThee? kaaya janmale kulanashini mee dharaNeechyaa poTee? janake kele yaGya, tayaaNchee kaay saaNgataa hee?

he lankeshaa, jyaa shastraane maarawile naathaa ghaaw tayaachaa ghaal satwaree seetechyaa maathaa raamaamaage taree jaau de aNtee waidehee progenitors in heaven.

By a strange hand [your other] half remained on the course of life.

In the Raghu clan's breed, does this custom look good?

Why, for me, did you defeat the unfathomable ocean?
Why was I even born clan-destroyer in Earth's womb?
The yadña Janaka made, is this its conclusion?

O Lanka-lord, the weapon by which you killed my lord, Quickly inflict its wounds in Sita's head. At least let Vaidehi follow Rama to her end. "O boon of the Raghus, why don't you speak?" With such pining questions, in her last conversation with Sri Rama's soulless head, Sita became faint. When a monstress named Sarama told her what had actually happened, she regained her senses. Learning from Sarama that Sri Rama is still alive, she filled her eyes with life and began to await the sight of Rama.

Sri Rama, Lakshman, Sugreev and the other heroes had climbed Mt. Suvel and were surveilling the sprawl of Lanka. Vibhishana was telling them all the sights and signs. Then, Sugreev's aim centered somewhere. The ruler of Lanka, Ravana, was similarly surveying Rama's army from the edifice of his palace. Seeing him, powerhouse Sugreev suddenly jumped from Suvel and confronted Ravana. There was a fierce duel between Ravana and Sugreev. Then Ravana began to show his powers of illusion. Realizing this, Sugreev slipped from his hold and returned to Rama's side again.

There were wounds in various places on his body. Sri Rama first embraced him and then, in gentle tones, told him,

सुगरीवा, हें साहस sugreewaa, he saahasa असलें asale

सुग्रीवा, हो साहस असलो भूपतीस तुज मुळिं न शोभलें

अटीतटीचा अवघड हा क्षण मायावी तो कपटी रावण भिडलासी त्या अवचित जाउन काय घडें तें नाहीं कळलें

विचारल्याविण मला, बिभिषणा सांगितल्याविण मला, लक्ष्मणा क्णा न देतां प्सट कल्पना sugreewaa, he saahasa asale bhupatees tuja muLi na shobhale

aTeetaTeechaa awaghaD haa kshaN maayaawee to kapaTee raawaN bhiDalaasee tyaa awachit jaaun kaay ghaDe te naahee kaLale

wichaaralyaawiNa malaa, wibhiShaNaa saaNgitalyaawiNa malaa, lakshmaNaa kuNaa na detaa pusaTa kalpanaa

O Sugreev, This Kind of Venture

O Sugreev, this kind of venture, Didn't look good to your king at all.

This fierce, difficult time,
That guileful magician Ravana,
[You] improperly went and confronted.
I don't know what happened.

Without asking me, Vibishana, Without telling me, Lakshman, Without giving anyone an inkling of an idea, उड़डणा तव धाडस धजलें

ज्ञात मला तव अपार शक्ति माझ्यावरची अलोट भक्ति तरीहि नव्हतें योग्य संप्रति अनपेक्षित हें कांहीं घडले

द्वंद्वे जर तुज वधणें रावण वृथा जमविलीं सैन्यें आपण कशास यूथप वा वानरगण ट्यर्थच का हे ऋक्ष मिळविले ?

काय सांगुं तुज, शत्रुदमना नृप नोळखती रणीं भावना नंतर विक्रम, प्रथम योजना अविचारें जय क्णा लाभले ?

तू पौलस्त्यासवें झुंजता क्षीण क्षण जर एकच येता सन्मित्राते राघव मुकता तव सैनिक मग असते खचले

काय लाभतें या द्वंद्वानें ? फुगता रावण लव विजयानें लढते राक्षस उन्मादानें वानर असते परतच फिरले

दशकंठचि मग विजयी होता मैथिलीस मग कुठुन मुक्तता ? व्यर्थच ठरती वचनें शपथा कुणी राक्षसां असतें वधिलें ? uDDaNaa tawa dhaaDasa dhajale

jnyaat malaa tawa apaar shakti maajhyaawarachee aloT bhakti tareehi nawhate yogya saMprati anapekshit he kaahi ghaDale

dwandwe jar tuja wadhaNe raawaNa wRithaa jamawilee sainye aapaNa kashaas yoothap waa waanaragaNa wyarthacha kaa he RRiksha miLawile?

kaay saaNgu tuja, shatrudamanaa nRipa noLakhatee raNee bhaawanaa naNtar wikram, prathama yojanaa awichaare jaya kuNaa laabhale?

too paulastyaasawe jhuNjataa ksheeN kshaNa jar ekacha yeta sanmitraate raghaawa mukataa tawa sainik mag asate khachale

kaay laabhate yaa dwandwaane? phugataa raawaNa lawa wijayaane laDhate raakshasa unmaadaane waanar asate paratach phirale

dashakaNThachi mag wijayee hotaa maithilees mag kuThun muktataa? wyarthach Tharatee wachane shapathaa kuNee raakshase asate wadhile? You dared a flying venture.

Your unparalleled strength is known to me,
Your unwavering devotion to me.
Still not appropriate at this time,
This was something that happened unexpectedly.

If you were going to slay Ravana in a duel,
Needlessly we joined armies,
For what the multitude or horde of monkeys?
Did we gather these bears pointlessly?

What can I say of you, foe-subduer?

A king does not recognize feelings on the battlefield!

Later heroism, first strategy.

Whoever earned victory thoughtlessly?

While you were contending with the scion of Pulastya⁵⁴,

If even one weak moment had arrived,

Raghav having lost a friend, Your soldiers then would have broken down

What is gained by this duel?
Ravana would puff a bit from victory.
The monsters would have battled maniacally.
The monkeys would just have turned around.

Then, upon Ten-Throat's victory, Then whence escape for Maithili? Vows and swears would end up useless. Who would have slain the monsters?

⁵⁴ Ravana's paternal grandfather. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ravana#Birth

जा सत्वर जा, जमवी सेना करी रणज्ञा, सुयोग्य रचना आप्त-सैन्यासह वधूं रावणा व्यर्थ न दवडी शौर्य आपुलें

jaa satwar jaa, jamawee sena karee raNajnyaa, suyogya rachanaa aapta-sainyaasaha wadhoo raawaNaa wyartha na dawaDee shaurya aapule Go, quickly, go, gather the army!
Make an excellent battlefield strategem!
Let's slay Ravana with our allies and army!
Let not our heroism go to waste!

So did the ethical Ramachandra lecture Sugreev, lord of Kishkindha. Then, they all descended from the mountain peak.

Observing a suitable time indicated by the science of phonology, he gave the command to commence the war. Roaring like the rising-tide ocean, the monkey army began to swarm toward Lanka. Resonating with that enormous sound, all Lanka began to tremble along with fortresses, mountains, gates, and forests. Just as the battle was about to erupt, Sri Rama remembered politics and said to Angada:

शेवटचा करि विचार फिरुन एकदां

shewaTachaa kari wichaar phirun ekadaa

Turn and Consider Once and For All

जा, झणि जा, रावणास सांग एकदा शेवटचा करि विचार फिरुन एकदां

नगरद्वारिं राम उभा सिंधु लंघुनी रणरागीं वानरगण जाय रंगुनी शरण येइ राघवास सोडुनी मदा ja, jhaNi jaa, raawaNaas saaNg ekadaa shewaTachaa kari wichaar phirun ekadaa

nagaradwaari raam ubhaa siNdhu laNghunee raNaraagee waanaragaNa jaaya raNgunee sharaNa yei raghawaas soDunee madaa Go, quickly go, tell Ravana once: Turn and consider once and for all

At the city gate stands Rama, having crossed the Sindhu.

The horde of warmongering monkeys are enraptured.

Release the woman and come to Rama in submission.

वरलाभें ब्रम्हयाच्या विसरुनी बला पाप्या, तूं पीडिलेंस अखिल पृथ्विला छळिसी तूं देव, नाग, अप्सरा सदा

उतरविण्या गर्व तुझा ठाकला उभा शौर्याचा सूर्य राम, सैन्य ही प्रभा जाळिल तव वंश, सर्व राज्य-संपदा waralaabhe bramhaachyaa wisarunee balaa paapyaa, too peeDiles akhil pRithwilaa chhaLisee too dew, naag, apsaraa sadaa

utarawiNyaa garwa tujhaa Thaakalaa ubhaa shauryaachaa soorya raam, sainya hee prabhaa

jaaLil tawa waMsha, sarwa raajya-saMpadaa

Forgetting that your strength is Brahma's boon, Sinner, you tormented the whole earth, You tortured gods, snakes, and all heavenly nymphs.

Lowlife, your pride stands!
Rama is the sun of heroism, the army his radiance.

He'll burn your line, your kingdom and wealth!

शंखनाद ऐक, देख धरणिकंप ते तुजसाठीं राक्षसकुल आज संपते अजुन तरी सोड तृषा तव घृणास्पदा

अंती तरि सोड मूढ वृत्ती आपुली परतुन दे राघवास देवि मैथिली शरणागत होइ त्यास, टाळ आपदा

स्थिर राही समरीं रे समय जाणुनी जातिल तुज रामबाण स्वर्गि घेउनी वाट उरे हीच एक तुजसि मोक्षदा

नातिर बल मायावी दाव संगरीं ज्यायोगें हरिली तूं रामसहचरी वज्राप्रति भिडव बाण, मेरुसी गदा

नामहि तव भूमीवर कठिण राहणें आपणिली रामकृपा सूज विभिषणें लंकेच्या भूषवील तोच नृपपदां shaNkhanaad aik, dekh dharaNikaMpa te tujasaaThee raakshasakula aaj sampate ajuna taree soDa tRiShaa tawa ghRiNaaspadaa

aNtee tari soDa mooDha wRittee aapulee paratun de raaghawaas dewi maithilee sharaNagat hoi tyaas, TaaL aapadaa

sthir raahee samaree re samaya jaaNunee jaatil tuja raamabaaN swargee gheunee waaT ure heech ek tujasee mokshadaa

naatari bala maayaawee daawa saNgaree jyaayoge harilee too raamasahacharee wajraaprati bhiDawa baaNa, merusee gadaa

naamahi tawa bhoomeewara kaThiNa raahaNe aapaNilee raamakRipaa sujnya wibheeShaNe laNkechyaa bhooShaweel toch nRipapadaa Hear the conch sound, see the earth quake! The monster race ends today for you! Still, leave your ambition, pitiful one!

At least at the end, abandon your stubborn nature.

Give back in return Raghav's goddess Maithili. Supplicate him, avoid disaster.

Stay still in battle considering the occasion. Rama's arrows will go taking you to heaven. This is the one and only path to your liberation.

Otherwise strength [will become] illusory in the forest fire of battle

At the moment you lose Rama's tolerance.

Hold close thunderbolt along with arrow, sheath mace.

Even your name will remain on the earth with difficulty.

Wise Vibhishana has retained Rama's mercy. He is the one who shall adorn Lanka's monarchy. Vali's son Angada went to Ravana and gave this message as-is. Hearing those sharp words, Ravana's anger knew no limits. He commanded his viziers, "Seize this foolish monkey and kill him." Accordingly, several monsters threw ropes around Angada's body, which adhered like snakes. That mighty monkey flew to Ravana's palace tower, dragging them, and all of those monsters struck the earth below.

By the weight of Angada, Ravana's palace sank like the Himalayas had sunk when struck by Indra's thunderbolt. Towers were cleft. Drowning in rage, Ravana commanded his entire army to march out. Kush and Lav described the subsequent chapter of the story:

नभा भे दुनी नाद चालल nabhaa bhedunee naad chaalale

The Sound Sundered the Sky

नभा भे दुनी नाद चालले शंख दुंदुर्भींचे अनुपमेय हो सुरूं युद्ध हें रामरावणांचे

nabhaa bhedunee naad chaalale shaNkha dundubheeche anupameya ho suroo yuddha he raamaraawaNaache The sound of conches and clarions sundered the sky.

So began the incomparable Rama-Ravana war.

सशंख राक्षसगण तो दिसला कष्णघनांवर बलाकमला मुखांतुनी शत गर्जे चपला रणांगणांवर कोसळलें तों पाउस बाणांचे sashaNkha raakshasagaNa to disalaa kaShNaghanaawar balaakamalaa mukhaatunee shata garje chapalaa raNaaNgaNaawar kosaLale to paaus baaNaaNche

With conch that horde of monsters was seen.

नाचत थय थय खिंकाळति हय गजगर्जित करि नादसमन्वय भीषणता ती जणूं नादमय त्या नादांतच मिळले पदरव प्लवग-राक्षसांचे

naachat thaya thaya khiNkaaLati hay gajagarjita kari naadasamanwaya bheeShaNataa tee jaNoo naadamaya tyaa naadaatach miLale padarawa plawaga-raakshasaanche From mouths a hundred roars slipped. That rain of arrows fell on the battlefield.

Dancing thump thump, horses screech.

Elephants roar in unison,
As if terror were full of sound.

Into that sound merged the footfalls of monkeys and monsters.

दंत दाबुनी निज अधरांवर वानरताडण करिती निशाचर नभांत उडती सदेह वानर शस्त्र म्हणुन ते घाव घालिती वृक्ष-पर्वतांचे

"जय दाशरथी, जय तारासुत" प्रहार करिती वानर गर्जत झेलित शस्त्रां अथवा हाणित भरास आलें द्वंद्व जणूं कीं महासागरांचे

गदा, शूळ वा लागुन शक्ति राक्षस वानर घेती मुक्ति रणांत पडती अपुल्या रक्तीं 'जय लंकाधिप' घोष घुमविती अरी वानरांचे

द्वीप कोसळे, पडला घोडा वर बाणांचा सडा वांकडा 'हाणा मारा, ठोका तोडा' संहारार्थी अर्थ धावती सर्व भाषितांचे

रणांत मरतां आनंदानें मांसकर्दमीं फुलतीं वदनें तींहि तुडविली जातीं चरणें रणभूमीवर ओहळ स्टले लाल शोणिताचे

> कलेवरावर पडे कलेवर ऋक्ष, निशाचर, नकळे वानर मरणांह्नही शौर्य भयंकर

danta daabunee nij adharaawar waanarataaDaNa karitee nishaachara nabhaat uDatee sadeha waanar shastra mhaNun te ghaaw ghaalitee wRiksha-parwataache

"jai daasharathee, jai taaraasuta" prahaar karitee waanara garjat jhelit shastraa athawaa haaNit bharaas aale dwaNdwa jaNoo kee mahaasaagaraache

gadaa, shooL waa laagun shakti raakshas waanar ghetee muktee raNaat paDatee apulyaa raktee "jaya lankaadhip" ghoSh ghumawitee aree waanaraaNche

dweep kosaLe, paDalaa ghoDaa war baaNaaNchaa saDaa waakaDaa 'haaNaa maaraa, Thokaa toDaa' saNhaaraarthee artha dhaawatee sarwa bhaaShitaaNche

raNaat marataa aanandaane maasakardamee phulatee wadane teehee tuDawilee jaatee charaNe raNabhoomeewar ohaLa suTale laal shoNitaache

kalewaraawar paDe kalewar RRiksha, nishaachara, nakaLe waanar maraNaahunahee shaurya bhayaNkar kaik yojane uDunee jaatee bhaag Pressing teeth on own lips,
Nightwalkers punish monkeys.
Monkeys fly bodily into the sky.
They inflict the wounds of trees and mountains as weapons.

"Victory to the son of Dasharatha, victory to the husband of Tara"

Monkeys lunge while roaring.

Catch weapons, otherwise strike.

The tide of battle rises like that of the ocean.

Mace, spike, or force of strength Give liberation to monsters, monkeys. Fall on the field in their blood. Monkeys' foes roar "Victory to Lanka's head"

Elephant collapses, horse falls, Above, a crooked sprinkling of arrows. 'Strike hit, thump break' The meaning of all speech flees to annihilation.

Dying happily in battle, In the muck of flesh, faces flower. They, too, are trampled underfoot. On the battlefield a trickle flows of red blood.

Body falls on body:
Bear, nightwalker, monkey unknown.
Heroism more terrible than dying.
Parts of organs are thrown many *yojanas*.

कैक योजनें उड्नी जाती भाग अवयवांचे

awayawaache

चक्रें, चरणें, हस्त, लांगुलें शुंडा, ग्रीवा, शिरें, पाउलें पडलें तें शतखण्डित झालें प्रलयकाळसें अंग थरारे धरणी-गगनाचें

द्वंद्व तरी हो कुठें कुणाचें काळमुखांतुन कोणी वांचे कुठे कुणाचें कबंध नाचे धुमाळींत त्या कोणा नुरलें भानच कोणाचें chakre, charaNe, hasta, laaNgule shuNDaa, greewaa, shire, paaule paDale te shatakhaNdit jhaale pralayakaaLase anga tharaare dharaNee-gaganaache

dwaNdwa taree ho kuThe kuNache kaaLamukhaatun koNee waache kuThe kuNache kabaNdha nache dhumaaLeet tyaa koNee nurale bhaanacha koNaache Wheels, feet, hands, tails,
Trunks, necks, veins, paws,
Became a hundred pieces where they fell,
As if the body of the earth and sky trembled in
the apocalypse.

Some duel somewhere.
Some are rescued from the jaws of time.
Somewhere someone's headless body dances.
In that fog none remained aware of the other.

In the ghastly haze of this war, Sri Rama killed Ravana's charioteer. The chariot crashed. The crown and parasol were tossed aside. A rain of arrows rendered him shabby. Seeing that he was defenseless, Sri Rama generously said, "Ravana, go back. You are fatigued. Return tomorrow." In a sullen state. Rayana went back and then ordered the monsters to awaken his younger brother Kumbhakarna. That mighty Kumbhakarna would sleep for up to eight months. To rouse him, the monsters made a tumult of kettledrums, tabors, and pots around his ears. Kumbhakarna was of such a terrible form that even if an elephant trod over his body, he would barely feel his hairs move. Kumbhakarna awoke. Ravana told him the news of his defeat and, complaining extremely pitifully, made a request for his help. Kumbhakarna laughed,

लंकेवर काळ कठिण आज पातला

laNkewara kaaLa kaThiNa aaja paatalaa

Hard Times Have Befallen Lanka Today

योगय समयि जागविले बा धवा, yogya samayi jaagawile baaNdhawaa, malaa लंकेवर काळ कठिण आज पातला

पाप्याप्रति आत्मघात दष्कत्म्यां नरकपात अटळीचे जो नियतीनें नियम योजिला

तव मानसिं दर्प-गर्व विषमय तव आय सर्व बोधशब्द कधिं न मध्र त्जसिं

विभिषणकत सत्यकथन अप्रिय परि पथ्य वचन झिडकारुन एक आप्त तुंच हरविला

> मंदोदरि विनवी नित हित गमलें त्जसि अहित

laNkewara kaaLa kaThiNa aaja paatalaa

paapyaaprati aatmaghaat duShkartmyaa narakapaat aTaLachi jo niyateene niyam yojilaa

tawa maanasi darpa-garwa wiShamaya tawa aayu sarwa bodhashabda kadhi na madhura tujasi laagalaa

wibhiShaNakRit satya kathan apriya pari pathya wachana jhiDakaarun ek aapt tooch harawilaa

> mandodari winawee nit hit gamale tujasi ahit

Brother, you woke me at a suitable time. Hard times have befallen Lanka today.

Suicide for a sinner. Hell-descent for an evil-doer: That inescapable rule set by certainty.

In your heart, arrogance, pride. Your whole life toxic. A wise word never was sweet to you.

Vibhishan's way is telling the truth, Digesting even unpleasant news. With scorn it is you who lost a relation.

Mandodari supplicates daily. Advantage loitering with you is disadvantage. भाव तिचा पायतळीं व्यर्थ त्डविला

पाहुनिया देश समय पडताळुन न्याय, अनय कार्याप्रति हात कधीं तूं न घातला

मनिं आला तो निर्णय ना विचार वा विनिमय सचिव कुणी पारखुनी तूं न पाहिला

प्रिय तितकें ऐकलेंस अप्रिय तें त्यागिलेंस यांत घात तूंच तुझा पूर्ण साधिला

उपदेशा हा न समय लंकेशा, होइ अभय कर्तव्या कुंभकर्ण नाहिं विसरला

बोलवि मज बंधुभाव रणिं त्याचा बघ प्रभाव रिप्रक्तें भिजविन मी आज पृथ्वीला

> सहज वध्य मजिस इंद्र कोण क्षुद्र रामचंद्र! प्राशिन मी क्षीरसिंधु, गिळिन अग्निला

वचन हाच विजय मान करि सौख्यें मद्यपान स्कंधीं मी सर्व तुझा भार घेतला bhaaw tichaa paayataLee wyartha tuDawilaa

paahuniyaa desh samaya paDataaLun nyaay, anaya kaaryaaprati haat kadhee tuu na ghaatalaa

mani aalaa to nirNaya naa wichaar waa winimaya sachiwa kuNee paarakhunee too na paahilaa

priya titake aikales apriya te tyaagiles yaat ghaat tooch tujhaa poorNa saadhilaa

upadeshaa haa na samaya laNkeshaa, hoi abhaya kartawyaa kumbhakarNa naahi wisaralaa

bolawi maja baNdhubhaaw raNi tyaachaa bagh prabhaaw ripurakte bhijawin mee aaj pRithweelaa

sahaj wadhya majasi Indra, koNa kshudra raamachandra praashin mee ksheerasindhoo, giLin agnilaa

wachana haach wijay maan kari saukhye madyapaan skaNdhee mee sarwa tujhaa bhaar ghetalaa Her value trampled needlessly underfoot.

Overseeing the nation's occasional Justice by trial, for other Work you never dirtied your hand.

Whatever decision comes to mind...

No thought or negotiation...

Not one minister did you ever investigate.

You heard what you liked, Eschewed what you didn't like. In this you fully laid out your own destruction.

This is not the time for a sermon.

Lanka-lord, become fearless.

Kumbhakarna has not forgotten duty.

Call my brotherhood.

See its ascendance on the field.
I'll drench the earth in enemy blood!

Indra having been defeated easily by me, Who is insignificant Ramachandra? I'll drink the ocean of milk, swallow Agni!

Consider this promise victory!

Have a drink at ease.

On my shoulders I've taken your entire weight.

These thoughts of Kumbhakarna were true. He performed incomparable feats. Tribes and tribes of monkeys he ate and finished, killed many powerful monkeys. Made a hero like Sugreev faint. Lakshman could not finish him. But finally Sri Rama broke his limbs with a shower of arrows. Blew his head, huge like a mountain, into space. Ravana's sons, Indrajit and others, awful dynamos, were killed. Ravana, crazy with rage, came entirely alone to confront Rama. Both heroes rained countless types of arrows and countless weapons upon each other. For some time, it felt as if, Rama and Ravana being still, the armaments were making tumultuous battle. The seven seas stirred. Even the demons and serpents making residence in the netherworld became distressed. The earth began to move. The sun dimmed. The flow of the wind ceased. Launching a snake-like arrow, Sri Rama blew off Ravana's head. But what a wonder! Another head like that head formed in its place. Thus, Rama shot a hundred identical heads. Ravana showed no sign of ending. Anxious, Sri Rama said to his charioteer (The god Indra had given his charioteer to Sri Rama for assistance in the war.)

आज का निष्फळ होती aaj kaa niShphaLa hotee बाण baaN

आज का निष्फळ होती बाण ? पुण्य सरें कीं सरलें माझ्या बाहूंमधलें त्राण ?

शरवर्षावामाजीं दारुण पुन्हां तरारे तरुसा रावण रामासन्मुख कसे वांचती रामरिपूचे प्राण ?

> चमत्कार हा मुळिं ना उमजे शीर्ष तोडिता दुसरें उपजें रावणांग कीं असे कुणी ही सजिव शिरांची खाण ?

aaj kaa niShphaLa hotee baaN? puNya sare kee sarale majhyaa baahuNmadhale traaN?

sharawarShaawaamaajee daaruN punhaa taraare tarusaa raawaNa raamaasanmukha kase waachatee raamaripooche praaN?

chamatkaar haa muLi naa umaje sheerSha toDitaa dusare upaje raawaNaaNga kee ase kuNee hee sajiwa shiraaNchee khaaN?

Why Today are Arrows Impotent?

Why today are arrows impotent?
Has virtue run out, or the stamina from my arms?

Following a ferocious arrow shower, Ravana again buds like a plant! How is Rama's enemy's soul saved in Rama's face?

This miracle cannot be understood:
Head severed, another produced!
Is it Ravana's body or some mine of living heads?

शत शिर्षे जरि अशीं तोडिलीं नभीं उडविलीं, पदीं तुडविलीं पुन्हां रथावर उभाच रावण, नवें पुन्हां अवसान

इंद्रसारथे, वीर मातली सांग गूढता मला यांतली माझ्याहुन मज असहय झाला विद्येचा अपमान

वधिला खर मी, वधिला दूषण वधिला मारिच, विराध भीषण हेच बाण ते केला ज्यांनी वाली क्षणिं निष्प्राण

ज्यांच्या धार्के हटला सागर भयादराचे केवळ आगर त्या भात्यांतच विजयि शरांची आज पडे कां वाण ?

सचैल रुधिरें न्हाला रावण सिंहापरी तरि बोले गर्जुन मलाहि ठरला अवध्य का तनुधारी अभिमान ?

सचिंत असतिल देव, अप्सरा सुचेल तप का कुणा मुनिवरा ? व्यर्थच झालें काय म्हणूं हें अवधें शरसंधान ? shata shirShe jari ashee toDilee nabhee uDawilee, padee tuDawilee punhaa rathaawar ubhaach raawaNa, nawe punhaa awasaan

> iNdrasaarathe, weer maatalee saaNg guDhataa malaa yaatalee maajhyaahun maja asahya jhaalaa widyechaa apamaan

wadhilaa khara mee, wadhilaa dooShaN wadhilaa maarich, wiraadh bheeShaN hech baaN te kelaa jyaaNnee waalee kshaNi niShpraaN

jyaaNchyaa dhaake haTalaa saagar bhayaadaraache kewaLa aagar tyaa bhaatyaatach wijayi sharaaNchee aaja paDe kaa waaN?

sachail rudhire nhaalaa raawaNa siNhaaparee tari bole garjuna malaahi Tharalaa awadhya kaa tanudhaaree abhimaan?

sachiNta asatil dew, apsaraa suchel tap kaa kuNaa muniwaraa? wyarthach jhaale kaay mhaNoo he awaghe sharasaNdhaan? Even if a hundred heads severed so, Blown skyward, trodden underfoot, Again Ravana stands in chariot, again a new extension!

Charioteer of Indra, potency grew arrogant,
Tell me the secret in this.
My knowledge was insulted more
unbearably than I.

I slew Khara, slew Dooshana, Slew Marich, fierce Viradha, These are the very arrows that rendered Vali lifeless in a second!

Under their threat, the ocean relented.

A very mine of fear-respect,
In that quiver of victorious arrows why today is there dearth?

Clothed, Ravana bathed in blood. He at least speaks with a roar, lion-like. Is the grip of pride invulnerable even to me?

The gods and nymphs must be worried.
Will any monk think of an austerity?
Must I admit that all this setting of arrows
was useless?

Having heard this exclamation from as able a hero as Sri Rama, Indra's charioteer Matali laughed a little and said, "Lord, why do you speak as if without understanding? To slay him, try the Pitamahastra. The time of Ravana's death, ordained by the gods, draws near."

These words of Matali triggered a memory in Sri Rama, and he nocked the radiant arrow given by rishi Agasti. Drawing the bowstring to his ear, he released that arrow in the direction of the majestic Ravana. That arrow, inexorable and as sure as death, penetrated Ravana's breastplate. It rent Ravana's heart into hundreds of pieces. As the arrow thrust, bow and arrow fell from the hands of that dying Ravana. That radiant monster-king collapsed on the ground. The monster army fled wherever exits could be found. The monkeys destroyed them. All the monkeys began to dance happily, saying, "Ravana is dead, Rama has won!" Out of the heavens, faint kettledrums began to sound. A shower of flowers began to fall from heaven upon Rama's chariot. The victory-songs of nymphs and Gandharvas began to fall upon the ears:

भूवरी रावणवध झाला

bhoowaree raawanawadha jhaalaa

Ravana was Slain Upon the Earth

देवहो, बघा रामलीला भूवरी रावणवध झाला

दाहि दिशांचीं मुखें उजळलीं कंपरहित ती अवनी झाली रविप्रभेतें स्थिरता आली पातली महदभाग्यवेला

'साधु साधु' वच वदती मुनिवर छेडुं लागले वाद्यें किन्नर प्रमोद उसळे भूलोकावर सुरांचा महारिपू मेला

रणीं जयांचे चाले नर्तन नृपासहित हे विजयी कपिगण dewaho, baghaa raamaleelaa bhoowaree raawanawadha jhaalaa

daahee dishaaNchee mukhe ujaLalee kaMparahit tee awanee jhaalee rawiprabhetee sthirataa aalee paatalee mahadbhaagyawelaa

'saadhu saadhu' wacha wadati muniwar chheDu laagale waadye kinnar pramod usaLe bhoolokaawar suraaNchaa mahaaripu melaa

raNee jayaache chaale nartana nRipaasahit he wijayee kapigaNa

O gods, behold the play of Rama! Ravana was slain upon the earth.

The faces of all ten directions lit up!
That earth became restful.
Solar radiance stilled.
A time of great fortune befell!

Monks are chanting 'saadhu saadhu'.
Celestial musicians begin bellowing instruments!
Delight springs up over the sphere of existence!
A great foe of humanity has died!

On the field, victory dances ensue, These victorious monkeys and their king! श्रीरामांचे करिती पूजन वाह्नी फुलें, पर्णमाला

'जय जय' बोला उच्चरवाने कल्पतरूंचीं फेका सुमनें फेका रत्नें, मणीभूषणें जयश्री लाभे सत्याला

श्याम राम हा धर्मपरायण हा चक्रायुध श्रीनारायण जगदोत्पादक त्रिभुवनजीवन मानवी रामरूप ल्याला

हा उत्पत्ति-स्थिति-लयकारक पद्मनाभ हा त्रिभुवनतारक शरण्य एकच खलसंहारक आसरा हाच ब्रहमगोलां

वत्सलांछना धरुनी वक्षीं संतसज्जनां हा नित रक्षी हा सत्याच्या सदैव पक्षीं जाणतो हाच एक याला

हा श्री विष्णू, कमला सीता स्वयें जाणता असुन, नेणता युद्ध करी हें जगताकरितां दाखवी अत्ल रामलीला shreeraamaache karitee poojana waahunee phule, parNamaalaa

'jaya jaya' bolaa uccarawaane kalpatarooNcee phekaa sumane phekaa ratne, maNeebhooShaNe jayashree laabhe satyaalaa

shyaam raam haa dharmaparaayaNa haa chakraayudha sreenaaraayaNa jagadotpaadaka tribhuwanajeewaana maanawee raamaroop lyaalaa

haa utpatti-sthiti-layakaaraka padmanaabha haa tribhuwanataaraka sharaNya ekacha khalasaMhaaraka aasaraa haach brahmagolaa

watsalaaNchhanaa dharunee wakshee saNtasajjanaa haa nita rakshee Haa satyaachyaa sadaiwa pakshee jaaNato haach eka yaalaa

haa sree wiShNoo, kamalaa seetaa swaye jaaNataa asun, neNataa yuddha karee he jagataakaritaa daakhawee atul raamaleelaa They worship Sri Rama Casting flowers and leaf-garlands.

Say 'Victory victory' aloud!
Throw flower buds from the wishing-tree!
Throw gemstones, jewels!
Truth has gained the flush of victory.

Dark Rama, he is devoted to righteousness!
He the chakra-wielding Sri Narayana,
Maker of the world, the three modes of existence,
Having taken Rama's form among mortals!

He is the maker of birth, life, death,
Lotus-navel he, savior of the three modes of
existence!
He is the only refuge for all creation!

Holding to his chest with affection,
Saints and honorable people he always protects!
He is ever on truth's side!
Who understands is one with him!

He is Sri Vishnu, Sita is Lakshmi, Being enlightened, against ignorance They war for the world's sake! Showing the incomparable play of Rama! Rama ordered Vibhishana to conduct Ravana's last rites. Rama said, "Enmity ends at death. What is done is done. Therefore, conduct his last rites. He was as much mine as he is yours." There was a flood of grief in Ravana's harem. Rama removed his war garb, and assumed his peacetime clothing.

He commanded Hanuman, "O monkey general, convey to Janaki the news of our victory."

Extreme joy left Sita speechless when she heard the news as told by Maruti. She said only, "I wish for an audience with my gracious husband."

Hanuman relayed Sita's situation to Rama, whose eyes welled. He commanded Vibhishana, "Bring Sita to me immediately."

Sita came before Rama. Husband and wife saw each other's faces. King of kings Ramachandra, in peaceful tones, said to Janakanandinee,

लीनते, चारुते, सीते

किती यत्ने मी पुन्हा पाहिली तूते लीनते. चारुते सीते

संपले भयानक युद्ध दंडिला पुरा अपराध मावळला आता क्रोध मी केले जे, उचित नृपते होते लीनते, चारुते सीते

घेतली रानी मी प्राण नाशिला रिपु, अपमान उंचावे फिरुनी मान तदा भाग्याने वानर ठरले जेते

leenate, chaarute, seete

kitee yatne mee punhaa paahilee tuute leenate, chaarute, seete

saMpale bhayaanaka yuddha daNDilaa puraa aparaadha maawaLalaa aataa krodha mee kele je, uchita nrupate hote leenate, chaarute, seete

ghetalee raanee mee praaNa naashilaa ripu, apamaana uNchaawe phirunee maana tadaa bhaagyaane waanara Tharale jete

Modest, Beautiful Sita

After such ordeals I see you again, Modest, beautiful Sita.

The dreadful war is over.
The crime was thoroughly punished.
The wrath has now subsided.
What I did was properly kingly.
Modest, beautiful Sita.

I took lives on the battlefield, Destroyed the enemy, the insult. I can hold up my head high again. With your luck the monkeys proved लीनते, चारुते सीते

शब्दांची झाली पूर्ती निष्कलंक झाली कीर्ति पाहिली प्रियेची मूर्ति मी शौर्याने वाकविले दैवाते लीनते, चारुते सीते

तुजसाठी सागर तरला तो कृतार्थ वानर झाला सुग्रीव यशःश्रील्याला सुरललनाही गाती मंगल गीते लीनते, चारुते सीते

हे तुझ्यामूळे गे झाले तुजसाठी नाही केले मी कलंक माझे धुतले गतलौकिक गे लाभे रघुवंशाते लीनते, चारुते सीते

जो रुग्णाइत नेत्रांचा दीपोत्सव त्याते कैचा मनि संशय अपघाताचा मी विश्वासू केवि तुझ्यावर कान्ते लीनते, चारुते सीते

तो रावण कामी कपटी तु वसलिस त्याच्या निकटी नयनान्सहा पापी भृकुटी मज वदवेना स्पष्ट याहुनी भलते लीनते, चारुते सीते leenate, chaarute, seete

shabdaaNchee jhaalee poortee niShkalanka jhaalee keerti paahilee priyechee murti mee shauryaane waakawile daiwaate leenate, chaarute, seete

tujasaaThee saagara taralaa to krutaartha waanara jhaalaa sugreewa yashaHshreelyaalaa suralalanaahee gaatee mangala geete leenate, chaarute, seete

he tujhyaamuLe ge jhaale tujasaaThee naahee kele mee kalanka maajhe dhutale gatalaukika ge laabhe raghuwaMshaate leenate, chaarute, seete

jo rugNaaita netraancha deepotsawa tyaate kaichaa mani saMshaya apaghaataachaa mee wishwaasoo kewi tujhyaawara kaante leenate, chaarute, seete

to raawaNa kaamee kapaTee
tu wasalisa tyaachyaa nikaTee
nayanaaNsaha paapee bhrukuTee
maja wadawenaa spaShTa yaahunee
bhalate
leenate, chaarute, seete

champions.

Modest, beautiful Sita.

Promises were fulfilled.
Reputations became spotless.
I saw my beloved's image.
I, by bravery, humbled destiny.
Modest, beautiful Sita.

For you who swam across the ocean,
That monkey was gratified:
Sugreev wore a wealth of success.
Even goddesses sing joyous songs.
Modest, beautiful Sita.

This happened because of you.
It was not done for you.
I washed all my blames.
Restored the lost reputation of the Raghu dynasty.
Modest, beautiful Sita.

For one with biased eyes, What is a festival of lights? Suspecting betrayal in my heart, How can I trust in you, my wife? Modest, beautiful Sita.

That Ravan, lustful, vicious...
You dwelt in his vicinity.
His brows as sinful as his eyes...
I cannot speak more explicitly than this.
Modest, beautiful Sita.

मी केले निजकार्यासी दशदिषा मोकळ्या तुजसी नच माग अनुजा मजसी सखी, सुरले ते दोघांमधले नाते लीनते, चारुते सीते

mee kele nijakaaryaasee dashadishaa mokaLyaa tujasee nacha maaga anuGYaa majasee sakhee, sarale te doghaaNmadhale naate leenate, chaarute, seete

I did my duty. The ten directions are open to you. Ask not for my permission. My friend, the relationship between us is no more. Modest, beautiful Sita.

In what state must these words of Sri Rama have put that chaste Janaki? A flood of tears began to flow from both her eyes. Upon the feet of Rama she swore to her purity several times, but the rigidly dutiful Rama remained unmoved.

Finally, that incomparable goddess Sita said to Lakshman, "Prepare a balefire for me. Leaving my body is the only way left."

Vibhishana, Lakshman along with everyone else were pained by the catastrophic event. But no one was able to change Sri Rama's mind.

The balefire was prepared. Walking around Sri Rama, Sita entered the blaze like flame meeting fire. The words of pain, "Hai! Hai!" erupted from everyone. However, after a short time, flying over the fire, the embodied Agni appeared holding Sita.

The actual Agni said to Sri Rama, "Rama, she is blameless. Receive again this sinless devoted wife. This is my command to you."

लोकसाक्ष शुद्धी झाली

लोकसाक्ष शुद्धी झाली सती जानकीची स्वामिनी निरंतर माझी, स्ता ही क्षमेची

ज्ञात काय नव्हतें मजसी हिचें शुद्ध शील ? लोककोप उपजवितो का परि लोकपाल लोकमान्यता ही शक्ती लोकनायकांची

ihaalee

lokasaaksha shuddhee jhaalee satee jaanakeechee swaaminee nirantara majhee, sutaa hee kshamechee

inyaat kaay nawhate majasee hiche shuddha sheel? lokakopa upajawito kaa pari lokapaal? lokamaanyataa hee shaktee lokanaayakaaNchee

lokasaaksha shuddhee With the World as Witness, Janaki was Purified

With the world as witness, in the fire Janaki was purified My lady is ever mine, this is a thread of forgiveness.

Did I not know her pure quality? Yet, does a lord provoke popular ire? People's respect is the strength of the people's leader.

अयोध्येत जर मी नेतों अशी जानकीतें विषयलुब्ध मजसी म्हणते लोक, लोकनेते गमावून बसतो माझ्या प्रीत मी प्रजेची	ayodhyet jar mee neto ashee jaanakeete wiShayalubdha majasee mhaNate lok, lokanete gamaawoon basato maajhyaa preet me prajechee	If I take Janaki into Ayodhya so, People will call me slave to lust. I'll be left with my love having lost the people's respect.
प्रजा रंजवीतों सौख्यें तोच एक राजा हेंच तत्व मजसी सांगे राजधर्म माझा प्रजा हीच कोटी रूपें मला ईश्वराचीं	prajaa raNjaweeto saukhye toch ek raajaa hech tatwa majasee saaNge raajadharma maajhaa prajaa heech koTee roope malaa eeshwaraachee	He who entertains the population in happiness is the one king. My political discipline tells me this very principle. To me, the population is lord in a million forms.
प्राणही प्रसंगी देणे प्रजासुखासाठी हीच ठाम श्रद्धा माझ्या वसे नित्य पोटीं मिठी सोडवूं मी धजलों म्हणुन मैथिलीची	praaNahee prasaNgee deNe prajaasukhaasaaThee heech Thaam shraddha maajhyaa wase nitya poTee miThee soDawoo mee dhajalo mhaNun maithileechee	To give even my life, if necessary, for the happiness of the population: This firm faith ever sits in my gut. That is why I dared to release Maithili's embrace.
वियोगिनी सीता रडतां धीर आवरेना कसे ओलवूं मी डोळे ? उभी सर्व सेना पापण्यांत गोठविली मी नदी आसवांची	wiyoginee seetaa raDataa dheer aawarenaa kase olawoo mee DoLe? ubhee sarwa senaa paapaNyaat goThawilee mee nadee aasawaaNchee	Couldn't control resolution seeing the separated Sita weep. How to wet my eyes? The entire army standing I restrained in my lashes a river of tears.
राम एक हृदयीं आहे सखी जानकीच्या जानकीविना ना नारी मनीं राघवाच्या शपथ पुन्हां घेतों देवा, तुझ्या पाउलांची	raam ek hRidayee aahe sakhee jaanakeechyaa jaanakeewinaa naa naaree manee raaghawaachyaa shapatha punhaa gheto dewaa, tujhyaa paaulaaNchee	Rama is the one love in Janaki's heart. In Raghav's heart no woman but Janaki. Again I swear, O god, on your feet.
विषयलोभ होता जरि त्या वीर रावणातें	wiShayaLobha hotaa jari tyaa weer	Though lust was in that hero Ravana,

अनुल्लंघ्य सीमा असती क्षुब्ध सागरातें स्पर्शिलीं तयें ना गात्रें हिच्या साउलीचीं	raawaNaate anullaNghya seemaa asatee kshubdha saagaraate sparshilee taye naa gaatre hichyaa saauleechee	The turbulent sea has an inviolable limit. He touched not [even] the edges of her shadow.
अग्निदेव, आज्ञा अपुली सर्वथैव मान्य गृहस्वामिनीच्या दिव्यें राम आज धन्य लोकमाय लाधै फिरुनी प्रजा अयोध्येची	agnidewa, ajnyaa apulee sarwathaiwa maanya gRihaswamineechyaa diwye raam aaj dhanya lokamaaya laadhe phirunee prajaa ayodhyechee	God Agni, your command is accepted in all ways. Rama is today blessed by the divinity of his house's lady. In return, the population of Ayodhya gains a mother.

Rama having received Janaki again, there was great happiness in Rama's army. Sri Rama ordered the great soul Vibhishana, "To those heroes who fought on my behalf, bestow jewels to their satisfaction. Enjoy your reign over Lanka in peace."

Sri Rama yearned to be reunited with Bharat. Vibhishana had the Pushpak aircraft brought for Rama's use. The victor of the three worlds, Rama, along with Sita, departed for Ayodhya. The Pushpak aircraft flew into the sky. The entire army also departed, crying, "Victory! Victory!"

Sri Rama was showing Sita the southern regions from the aircraft when they reached the ashram of the rishi Sri Bharadwaj for a brief rest. On that day, their 14-year exile was completed.

Bharat was reigning over Ayodhya, living outside the city as an ascetic. Sri Rama informed him of the news of his arrival through Hanuman. Bharat's joy could not fit even in the sky. Shatrughna had all of Ayodhya decorated. Wearing regal clothes and jewels, all Ayodhya gathered for a sight of Sri Rama. The Pushpak aircraft descended. As soon as they saw Sri Rama with Sita, they all cried joyfully, "Victory to Sita's husband Rama!" Bharat moved forward to hold Rama's feet, and restored his sandals to his feet. Eyes shining with tears of joy, he said, "Take your reign back now."

Rama embraced Bharat. Both Rama and Sita bowed to all the mothers. The joy of that meeting was absolutely indescribable. A thousand eyes paid respects to Sri Rama. A thousand voices began to hail him:

त्रिवार जयजयकार, रामा

triwaar jayajayakaar, raamaa

Three Hails, Rama

त्रिवार जयजयकार, रामा, त्रिवार जयजयकार triwaar jayajayakaar, raamaa, triwaar jayajayakaar puShpak yaanaatuni utarale

Three hails, Rama, three hails!
Out of the Pushpak craft has descended the actual comfort of heaven!

प्ष्पक यानांत्नी उतरलें स्वर्गसौख्य साकार

तुला चिंतिते सुदीर्घ आयु पुण्यसलीला सरिता सरयु पुलकित पृथ्वी, पुलकित वायु आज अहल्येपुरी जाहला नगरीचा उद्धार

शिवचापासम विरह भंगला स्वयंवरासम समय रंगला अधिर अयोध्यापुरी मंगला सानंदाश्रू तुला अर्पिते दृढ प्रीतीचे हार

तव दृष्टीच्या पावन स्पर्ष आज मांडिला उत्सव हर्षे मनें विसरलीं चौदा वर्षे स्सज्ज आहे तव सिंहासन, करी प्रभो स्वीकार

तुझ्या मस्तकी जलें शिंपतां सप्त नद्यांना मिळो तीर्थता अभिषिक्ता तुज जाणिव देतां मुनिवचनांचा पुन्हां होउं दे अर्थासह उच्चार

पितृकामना पुरी होउं दे रामराज्य या पुरीं येउं दे तें कौसल्या माय पाहुं दे राज्ञीसह तूं परंपरेनें भोग तुझा अधिकार

प्रजाजनीं जें रचिलें स्वप्नीं

swargasaukhya saakaar

tulaa chintite sudeergha aayu puNyasaleelaa saritaa sarayu pulakita pRithwee, pulakita waayu aaj ahalyepuree jaahalaa nagareechaa uddhaar

shiwachaapaasama wiraha bhaNgalaa swayaMwaraasama samaya raNgalaa adhir ayodhyaapuree maNgalaa saanaNdaashroo tulaa arpite dRuDha preeteeche haar

tawa dRiShTeechyaa paawana sparShe aaj maaNDilaa utsawa harShe mane wisaralee chaudaa warShe susajja aahe tawa siNhaasana, karee prabho sweekaar

tujhyaa mastakee jale shimpatee sapta nadyaaNnaa miLo teerthataa abhiShiktaa tuja jaaNeew detaa muniwachanaaNchaa punhaa hou de arthaasaha ucchaar

pitrukaamanaa puree hou de raamaraajya yaa puree yeu de te kausalyaa maay paahu de raajnyeesaha too paraMparene bhog tujhaa adhikaar

prajaajanee je rachile swapnee

Hope for you a good long life
The Sarayu flowing in virtuous play,
The thrilled earth, the thrilled wind.
Today the town is elevated, fulfilling
Ahalya!

Separation was broken like Shiva's bow! The season burgeoned like choice of groom!

The eager town of Ayodhya asks
With joyful tears to offer you garlands of love.

In the holy glance of your sight,
Today is organized a celebration of joy!
Hearts forgot fourteen years.
Your throne is prepared! Lord, receive it!

Spraying waters upon your head,
May seven rivers earn purity!
Building awareness of your coronation,
Let utterance of monk vows happen
again with meaning!

Let the father's wish be fulfilled!
Let Rama's reign come to this town!
Let mother Kausalya see that!
With your queen, enjoy authority in
traditional fashion!

What the population imagined in dreams,

मूर्त दिसे तें स्वप्न लोचनीं राजा राघव, सीता राजी चतुर्वेदसे लोक पूजिती रघुकुलदीपक चार

रामराज्य या असतां भूवर कलंक केवल चंद्रकलेवर कज्जल-रेखित स्त्रीनयनांवर विचारांतलें सत्य आणतिल अयोध्येंत आचार

समयिं वर्षतिल मेघ धरेवर सत्यशालिनी धरा निरंतर सेवारत जन, स्वधर्मतत्पर "शांतिः शांतिः" मूनी वांच्छिती, ती घेवो आकार moorta dise te swapna lochanee raajaa raaghawa, seetaa raajnyee chaturwedase loka poojitee raghukuladeepaka chaar

raamaraajya yaa asataa bhoowar kalaNka kewala chandrakalewara kajjala-rekhit streenayanaawar wichaaraatale satya aaNatila ayodhyet aachaar

samayi warShatil megh dharewar satyashaalinee dharaa niraNtar sewaarat jana, swadharmatatpara "shaaNtiH shaaNtiH" munee waaNcchitee, tee ghewo aakaar That dream, manifest, is seen by eyes!
King Raghav, Sita queen!
People worship the four lights of the
Raghu clan like the four Vedas!

If Rama reigns on the earth,
A very blot on the moon's arc
Is a line of verdigris on a woman's eye.
Conduct in Ayodhya shall express truth
of thought.

Clouds will shower the earth seasonally!

Hold ever to the truth,

Serving the people, showing integrity!

Monks chant, "Peace peace." Let that
take form.

The citizens of Ayodhya took Rama to his palace. At an appropriate time, Rama and Sita were crowned king and queen. The reign of Rama commenced.

Rama honored Sugreeva, Angadha, and the entire monkey army. Indeed, he adopted Sugreeva as his younger brother, and asked him to return to Kishkindha. He showered Vibhishana with honors, and requested that he return to Lanka. While this parting ceremony was in progress, Hanuman came before Rama. Holding tightly to Rama's feet, he said with great emotion,

प्रभो, मज एकच वर द्यावा

प्रभो, मज एकच वर द्यावा या चरणांच्या ठायी माझा निश्चल भाव रहावा

किंध न चळावे चंचल हे मन श्रीरामा, या चरणांपासुन जोवरि भूवर रामकथानक तोवर जन्म असावा

रामकथा नित वदने गावी रामकथा या श्रवणी यावी श्रीरामा, मज श्रीरामाविण दुसरा छंद नसावा

पावन अपुले चरित्र वीरा सांगु देत मज देव अप्सरा श्रवणार्थी प्रभु, अमरपणा या दीनासी यावा

prabho, maja ekacha wara dyaawaa

prabho, maja ekacha wara dyaawaa yaa charaNaNchyaa Thayee maajhaa nischala bhaawa rahaawaa

kadhi na chaLaawe chaNchala he mana shreeraamaa, yaa charaNaaNpaasun jowari bhoowara raamakathaanaka towara janma asaawaa

raamakathaa nita wadane gaawee raamakathaa yaa shrawaNee yaawee shreeraamaa, maja shreeraamaawiNa dusara ChaNda nasaawaa

paawana apule charitra weeraa saaNgu deta maja dewa apsaraa shrawaNaarthee prabhu, amarapaNaa yaa deenaasee yaawaa

Lord, Grant Me a Single Boon

Lord, grant me a single boon. Let my faith remain unmoving at these feet.

Let this flighty mind never wander,
O Rama, away from these feet.
Let me live as long as Rama's story is on
earth.

May Rama's story be always sung by my mouth.

May Rama's story come to these ears. O Rama, may I have no occupation but Rama.

Hero, your history sanctifies. Let gods and heavenly nymphs tell it to me.

To hear it, lord, let this immortality come to this supplicant.

मेघासम मी अखण्ड प्राशिन असेल तेथुन श्रीरामायण मेघापरि मी शतधारिंनी करीन वर्षावा

रामकथेचे चिंतन गायन ते रामाचे अमूर्त दर्शन इच्छामात्रे या दासाते रघुकुलदीप दिसावा

जोवरि हे जग, जोवरि भाषण तोवरि नूतन नित रामायण सप्तस्वरांनी रामकथेचा स्वाद मला द्यावा

असंख्य वदने, असंख्य भाषा, सकलांची मज एकच आशा श्रीरामाचा चरित्र गौरव त्यानी सांगावा

सूक्ष्म सूक्ष्मतम देह धरुनी फिरेन अवनी, फिरेन गगनी स्थली स्थली पण रामकथेचा लाभ मला व्हावा meghaasama mee akhaNDa praashina asela tethuna shreeraamaayaNa meghaapari mee shatadhaariMnee kareena warShaawaa

raamakatheche chiNtana gaayana te raamaache amoorta darshana icChaamaatre yaa daasaate raghukuladeepa disaawaa

jowari he jaga, jowari bhaaShaNa towari nutana nita raamaayaNa saptaswaraaMnee raamakathechaa swaada malaa dyaawaa

asaNkhya wadane, asaNkhya bhaaShaa, sakalaaNchee maja ekacha aashaa shreeraamaachaa charitra gaurawa tyaanee saaNgaawaa

sookShma sookShmatama deha dharunee phirena awanee, phirena gaganee sthalee sthalee paNa raamakathechaa laabha malaa whaawaa Like a cloud, I will drink the complete Chronicle of Rama from wherever it is. Like a cloud, I will make a hundred-stream shower.

Meditation upon and singing of Rama's story:

That is Rama's unmanifest presence. By mere wish, let this servant see the light of the Raghu lineage.

While this world, while utterance exists, The chronicle of Rama is always new. May the seven notes give me the taste of Rama's story.

Countless mouths, countless languages, From all I have but one expectation: The honorable story of Rama should be told by them.

Taking subtler and subtler bodies, I shall roam the earth, roam the skies. Let me, though, receive the tale of Rama in every place. Sri Rama granted Hanuman a boon according to his wishes. Rama's story and Hanuman both became immortal. But the story of Sri Rama's play wasn't over yet, was it?

Heaven began to inhabit the earth from the beginning of Sri Rama's reign. Nothing but joy remained on the earth.

Sri Rama gave happiness to Janaki, too, who was like a goddess. Once, Sri Rama and Janaki were sitting in the Ashoka forest. This Ashoka forest of Sri Rama was a natural treasure like Kubera's Chaitraratha⁵⁵. Seeing Janaki's pale limbs and fatiqued movements, Sri Rama asked, smiling, "Janaki, is there something you want?"

Janaki was struck by the leading question. Smiling dully, that selfless princess said to Sri Rama,

डोहाळे पुरवा

DohaaLe purawaa रघ्क्लितिलका, माझे raghukulatilakaa, maajhe

Satisfy my Cravings, Ornament of the Raghu Clan

ओठा त था बूनी सशब्द आशा लाजे डोहाळे पुरवा रघुकुलतिलका, माझे

oThat thaaMbunee sashabda aashaa laaie DohaaLe purawaa raghukulatilakaa, maajhe Hope shies, words stopping at lips. Satisfy my cravings, ornament of the Raghu clan.

मज उगा वाटतें वनीं विहारा जावें पांखरांसारखे मुक्त स्वरांनीं गावें कानांत बांसरी वंशवनांतिल वाजे

maja ugaa waaTate wanee wihaaraa jaawe paakharaaNsaarakhe mukta swaraaNnee gaawe kaanaat baasaree waMshawanaatil waaje

I feel like frolicking in the forest for no reason, Singing free notes like butterflies, Flute sounds in ears in the clan's forest.

वाटतें धरावें कुशींत पाडस भोळें मज आवडतीं ते विशाल निर्मळ

waaTate dharaawe kusheet paaDas bhoLe maja aawaDatee te wishaal nirmaLa DoLe

Feel like holding an innocent fawn in my arms, I like its huge clear eyes,

⁵⁵ The garden of a demigod of wealth. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kubera

डोळे चुंबीन त्यास मी, भरविन चारा चोजें	chuMbeen tyaas mee, bharawin chaaraa choje	I will kiss it, feed it fodder dotingly
वल्कलें भिजावीं जळांत माझीं सारीं घागरी कटिवर, करांत घ्यावी झारी मस्तकीं असावें दुजा घटाचें ओझें	walkale bhijaawee jaLaat maajhee saaree ghaagaree kaTiwar, karaat ghyaawee jhaaree mastakee asaawe dujaa ghaTaache ojhe	All my tree-bark garments should be drenched in water. Pot on my hip, should take a watering can in my hands, On my head should be the burden of another water vessel.
वाटतें खणावें, कंदमुळें काढावीं तीं हलक्या हातें लीलेनें सोलावीं चाखून बघावें अमृतान्न तें ताजें	waaTate khaNaawe, kaNdamuLe kaaDhaawee tee halakyaa haate leelene solawee chaakhun baghawe amrutaanna te taaje	Feel like digging, removing root vegetables, Peeling them playfully with light hands, Try tasting that fresh nectar.
सांजेस बसावें आम्रतरूच्या खालीं गळतील सुगंधित जधीं मंजिरी भालीं करतील गर्जना दुरुन वनाचे राजे	saaNjes basaawe aamrataruchyaa khaalee gaLateel sugaNdhit jadhee maNjiree bhaalee karateel garjanaa durun wanaache raaje	In the evening to sit under a mango tree, When fragrant flowers droop to the moon, Kings of the forest will roar from afar.
घेऊन धनुतें, बांधुन भाता पाठीं वाटतें फिरावें वनात मृगयेसाठीं पाडीत फिरावें दिसेल श्वापद जें जें	gheun dhanute, baaNdhun bhaataa paaThee waaTate phiraawe wanaat mRigayesaaThee paaDeet phiraawe disel shwaapad je je	Taking bow, tying quiver to back, Feel like roving the forest for the hunt, Rove dropping any beasts that are seen.
वाटतें प्रभातीं बसुनी वेदीपाशीं वेदांत करावा प्रकांड अध्वर्यूशी लालिमा मुखावर यावा पावकतेजें	waaTate prabhaatee basunee wedeepaashee wedaat karaawaa prakaaND adhwaryooshee laalimaa mukhaawar yaawaa paawakateje	Feel like sitting in the morning by the altar, To make an enormous Vedic sacrifice. Redness should come to the face in the firelight.
कां हंसतां ऐसें मला खुळीला देवा ? एवढा तरी हा हट्ट गर्डे पुरवावा	kaa hasataa aise malaa khuLeelaa dewaa? ewaDhaa taree haa haTTa gaDe purawaawaa	O lord, why do you laugh at silly me? At least this much willfulness should be satisfied

का विनोद ऐसा प्रिया, अवेळीं साजे kaa winod aisaa priyaa, aweLee saaje?

in an emergency. Why make fun so, dear, inopportune to companionship?

Sita told Rama her cravings. Rama respected her wishes with humor. He said, "I will fulfill your wishes sooner than soon."

On the day following this pleasant exchange between husband and wife, a spy named Bhadra told Rama, "Your highness, the entire population thanks you for your great works of building the bridge and killing Ravana, but..."

He hesitated to continue.

"But what? Tell the truth, the whole truth, without fear."

Bhadra replied, "One thing the people do not understand is why Rama took back, as his wife, Sita, who lived with Ravana. They also do not understand how you can be happy, loving her?"

Guardian of the people, Rama was dejected. He ordered Lakshman, "O Lakshman, take Janaki near Valmiki's ashram and leave her there."

Lakshman took Janaki into the woodlands. Sita thought her cravings were being fulfilled. When Lakshman sternly told her what was happening, her sorrow overflowed without bound. She sobbed to Lakshman,

मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाऊ कुठे

maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jauu kuThe

Tell Me Lakshman, Where to Go

मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

पतिचरण पुन्हा मी पाहू कुठे?

कठोर झाली जेथे करुणा गिळी तमिस्त्रा जेथे अरुणा पावक जिंके जेथे वरुणा जे शाश्वत त्याचा देठ तुटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

व्यर्थ शिणविले माता जनका मी नच जाय, नव्हे कन्यका निकषच मानी कासे कनका सिद्धीच तपाला आज विटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

अग्नी ठरला असत्यवक्ता नास्तिक ठरवी देवच भक्ता पतिव्रता मी तरी परित्यक्ता चरणिंच्या धरेसी कंप सुटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

प्राण तनुतुन उड्र पाहती अवयव का मग भार वाहती? बाहतसे मज श्रीभागिरथी अडखळे अंतिचा विपळ कुठे? मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

सरले जीवन, सरली सीता पुनर्जात मी आता माता जगेन रघुकुल-दीपाकरिता फल धरी रूप हे स्मन मिटे paticharaNa punhaa mee paahuu kuThe?

kaThora jhaalee jethe karuNaa giLee tamistraa jethe aruNaa paawaka jiNke jethe waruNaa je shaashwata tyachaa deTha tuTe maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

wyartha shiNawile maataa janakaa mee nacha jaaya, nawhe kanyakaa nikaShacha maanee kaase kanakaa siddheecha tapaalaa aaja wiTe maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

agnee Tharalaa asatyawaktaa naastika Tharawee dewacha bhaktaa patiwrataa mee tari parityaktaa charaNiNchyaa dharesee kaMpa suTe maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

praaNa tanutuna uDuu paahatee awayawa kaa maga bhaara waahatee? baahatase maja shreebhaagirathee aDakhaLe aNtichaa wipaLa kuThe? maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

sarale jeewana, saralee seetaa punarjaata mee aataa maataa jagena raghukula-deepaakaritaa phala dharee rupa he sumana miTe Where can I see my husband's feet again?

Where compassion has become calloused,
Where darkness has swallowed the morning sun,
Where fire has won over Varuna⁵⁶,
The stem of the everlasting is broken.
Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

In vain did I make mother and Janaka toil,
I am neither wife nor daughter,
Touchstone assays gold worthless,
Attainment is fed up of struggle today.
Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

Agni proved a false witness. God judged a devotee atheist. Faithful wife, I am yet abandoned. Earth underfoot releases a tremor. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

Soul looks to fly out of body, Why are limbs bearing the burden? Blessed Bhagirathi carries me. Where is the final moment stuck? Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

Life is over, Seeta is over, Reborn am I as a mother. I will live for the light of the Raghu race. This flower closes, transforming into fruit.

⁵⁶ The ocean god. See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Varuna

मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ क्ठे?

वनात विजनी मरुभूमीवर वाढवीन मी हा वंशाकुर सुखात नांदे राजा रघुवर जानकी जनातुन आज उठे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

जाई देवरा पुरा मागुती शिरसे माझे स्वर मज रुपती पती न राघव केवळ नृपती बोलता पुन्हा ही जीभ थटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?

इथुन वंदिते मी मातांना प्रणाम पोचित रघुनाथांना आशिर्वच तुज घे जाताना आणखी ओठी ना शब्द फुटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे? maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

wanaata wijanee marubhoomeewara waaDhaweena mee haa waMshaakura sukhaata naaNde raajaa raghuwara jaanakee janaatuna aaja uThe maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

jaaee dewaraa puraa maagutee shirase maajhe swara maja rupatee patee na raaghawa kewaLa nrupatee bolataa punhaa hee jeebha thaTe maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?

ithuna waNdite mee maataaNnaa praNaama pochawi raghunaathaaNnaa aashirwacha tuja ghe jaataanaa aaNakhee oThee naa shabda phuTe maja saaNga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe? Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

In a forest lonely, on barren land,
I will raise the progeny of the dynasty.
May the king, the greatest of the Raghus,
live happily,

While Janaki is banished from people. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

Go back to town, O brother-in-law, My own words pierce my skull. Not a husband, Raghav is solely a king. Saying it again, this tongue knots⁵⁷. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

I bow before the mothers from here. Convey obeisance to the lord of the Raghus.

Take my blessings before leaving. Further words spring not from lips. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?

⁵⁷ Referring to the previous line in which the same word is used for husband, *patee*, as well as king, *nru-patee*.

Leaving this question unanswered, the son of Sumitra left the pregnant Sita on the other side of the Ganga, and returned with difficulty. Rama tended to his royal duties. Sita entered the service of the great soul, Valmiki, who cared for her like a daughter. Soon, she gave birth to twin sons. To protect them from the influence of evil spirits, Valmiki circled the boys' bodies with enchanted *lav* and *kush* grass. Thus, they began to be called Lav and Kush. Under Valmiki's guidance, they grew out of childhood and began to look like men. They were twelve years of age.

Rama, lord of Ayodhya, was ruling responsibly. He decided to begin the foremost sacrifice, the Rajasuya⁵⁸. For that ceremony, a thousand kings, monks, and citizens gathered in Ayodhya. Valmiki had also arrived with his pupils, the young heroes, Lav and Kush. All-seeing Valmiki commanded Lav and Kush.

गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

रघुराजाच्या नगरी जाउन गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

मुनिजन-पूनित सदनांमधुनी नराधिपांच्या निवासस्थानी उपमार्गातुन, राजपथातुनि मुक्त दरवळो तुमचे गायन गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

रसाळ मूले, फले सेवुनी रसाळता घ्या स्वरात भरुनी अचुक घेत जा स्वरां मिळवुनी लय-तालांचे पाळा बन्धन गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

gaa baLaaMno shree raamaayaNa

raghuraajaachyaa nagaree jaauna gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

munijana-poonita sadanaaNmadhunee naraadhipaaNchyaa niwaasasthaanee upamaargaatuna, raajapathaatuni mukta darawaLo tumache gaayana gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

rasaaLa mule, phale sewunee rasaaLataa ghyaa swaraata bharunee achuka gheta jaa swaraaN miLawunee laya-taalaaNche paaLaa bandhana gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

Sing, Lads, the Chronicle of Rama

Traveling to the city of king Raghu, Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

Through sage-blessed houses,
On the estates of nobility,
Freely diffuse byways and highways
With your song.
Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

Savoring juicy roots and fruits,
Fill voices with sweetness.
Orchestrate the notes exactly.
Observe the strictures of rhythm and beat.
Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

⁵⁸ See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rajasuya

नगरि लाभता लोकमान्यता जाइल वार्ता श्रीरघुनाथां उत्सुक होउन श्रवणकरिता करवितील ते तुम्हा निमंत्रण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

सर्गक्रम घ्या पुरता ध्यानी भाव उमटु दया स्पष्ट गायनी थोडे थोडे गात प्रतिदिनी पूर्ण कथेचे साधा चित्रण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

नका सांगु रे नाव ग्राम वा स्वतःस माझे शिष्यच म्हणवा स्वरात ठेवा हास्य गोडवा योग्य तेवढे बोला भाषण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

स्वये ऐकता नृप शत्रुंजय संयत असु द्या मुद्रा अभिनय काव्य नव्हे, हा अमृतसंचय आदरील त्या रघुकुलभूषण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

नच स्वीकरा धना कांचन नको दान रे, नको दक्षिणा काय धनाचे मूल्य मुनिजनां अवघ्या आशा श्रीरामार्पण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण nagari laabhataa lokamaanyataa jaaila waartaa shreeraghunaathaaM utsuka houna shrawaNakaritaa karawiteela te tumhaa nimaNtraN gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

sargakrama ghyaa purataa dhyaanee bhaawa umaTu dyaa spaShTa gaayanee thoDe thoDe gaata pratidinee puurNa katheche saadhaa chitraNa gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

nakaa saaNgu re naawa graama waa swataHs maajhe shiShyacha mhaNawaa swaraata Thewaa haasya goDawaa yogya tewaDhe bolaa bhaaShaNa gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

swaye aikataa nrupa shatruMjaya saMyata asu dyaa mudraa abhinaya kaawya nawhe, haa amrutasaNchaya aadareela tyaa raghukulabhooShaNa gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa

nacha sweekaraa dhanaa kaaNchana nako daana re, nako dakShiNaa kaaya dhanaache moolya munijanaaM awaghyaa aashaa shreeraamaarpaNa gaa baaLaaNno shree raamaayaNa Gaining celebrity in the city.

News will travel to the lord of the Raghus.

Eager will he be for a listening.

He will cause an invitation to be made.

Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

Complete each stanza in order, single-mindedly.

Let the song clearly illuminate the sentiments.

Singing little by little, each day,

Execute the composition of the complete

story.
Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

Tell not name nor origin.
Identify yourselves only as my pupils.
Keep smiling sweetness in your voices.
Utter only appropriate speech.
Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

When the king, victor over foes, himself is listening,

Keep composed your facial expressions. Not just poetry, this bounty of nectar of immortality

Will honor the jewel of the Raghu dynasty. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

Accept not money nor gold, No donation nor remunerations. What value of wealth to ascetics? All hopes are in dedication to Rama. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

About the Author

Gajanan Digambar Madgulkar (October 1, 1919 – December 14, 1977) was a prominent poet, lyricist, writer and actor. These popular poems were excerpted and transcribed from his original collection of 56.

Transcriptions and Marathi introductions are from *Geet Ramayan* by G. D. Madgulkar, 9th edition, published by the Government of India

Download

Visit http://bit.ly/GeetRamayana or scan



Transliteration

Transliteration allows people unfamiliar with Devanagari script to find the translation for songs while they are performed.

Transliteration has been done using the ITRANS scheme. The strict rules of this scheme produces results that are unconventional, but represent the original script without ambiguity.

Online Resources

Google Docs: http://docs.google.com

Google Transliterate: http://google.com/transliterate

Online version of *A dictionary, Marathi* and English by James Thomas Molesworth:

http://dsal.uchicago.edu/dictionaries/mol esworth/

Translators

Mr. Govind Deshmukh

Mr. Bhushan Naniwadekar

Mr. Satish Palshikar

Mrs. Maneesha S. Pandit

Dr. Sudhakar M. Pandit

Mr. Subhash Phatak

Mrs. Alaka Sarangdhar

Mr. Sanjay Vankudre

Editors

Mr. Milind S. Pandit (mspandit@yahoo.com)
Mrs. Sanjyot M. Pandit

Last revision: 20 December 2021, 6:22 AM



This work is licensed under a <u>Creative</u> <u>Commons Attribution-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported</u> <u>License</u>.