With all delights his camping-place.
And they who read the stars, and well
Each lucky sign and hour could tell,
Raised carefully the tented shade
Wherein high-minded Bharat stayed.
With ample space of level ground,
With broad deep moat encompassed round;
Like Mandar in his towering pride,
With streets that ran from side to side;
Enwreathed with many a palace tall
Surrounded by its noble wall;
With roads by skilful workmen made,
Where many a glorious banner played;
With stately mansions, where the dove
Sat nestling in her cote above,
Rising aloft supremely fair
Like heavenly cars that float in air,
Each camp in beauty and in bliss
Matched Indra's own metropolis.
    As shines the heaven on some fair night,
        With moon and constellations filled,
    The prince's royal road was bright,
        Adorned by art of workmen skilled.
Ere yet the dawn had ushered in
The day should see the march begin,
Herald and bard who rightly knew
Each nice degree of honour due,
Their loud auspicious voices raised,
And royal Bharat blessed and praised.
With sticks of gold the drum they smote,
Which thundered out its deafening note,
Blew loud the sounding shell, and blent
Each high and low-toned instrument.
The mingled sound of drum and horn
Through all the air was quickly borne,
And as in Bharat's ear it rang,
Gave the sad prince another pang.

Then Bharat, starting from repose,
Stilled the glad sounds that round him rose,
'I am not king: no more mistake:'
Then to Šatrughna thus he spake:
'O see what general wrongs succeed
Sprung from Kaikeyi's evil deed!
The king my sire has died and thrown
Fresh miseries on me alone.
The royal bliss, on duty based,
Which our just high-souled father graced,
Wanders in doubt and sore distress
Like a tossed vessel rudderless.
And he who was our lordly stay
Roams in the forest far away,
Expelled by this my mother, who
To duty’s law is most untrue.’

As royal Bharat thus gave vent
To bitter grief in wild lament,
Gazing upon his face the crowd
Of pitying women wept aloud.
His lamentation scarce was o’er,
When Saint Vaśishṭha, skilled in lore
Of royal duty, dear to fame,
To join the great assembly came.
Girt by disciples ever true
Still nearer to that hall he drew,
Resplendent, heavenly to behold,
Adorned with wealth of gems and gold:
E’en so a man in duty tried
Draws near to meet his virtuous bride.
He reached his golden seat o’erlaid
With coverlet of rich brocade,
There sat, in all the Vedas read,
And called the messengers, and said:
‘Go forth, let Brāhman, Warrior, peer,
And every captain gather here:
Let all attentive hither throng:
Go, hasten: we delay too long.
Śatrughna, glorious Bharat bring,
The noble children of the king,¹
Yudhājit ² and Sumantra, all
The truthful and the virtuous call.’

He ended: soon a mighty sound
Of thickening tumult rose around,

¹The commentator says ‘Śatrughna accompanied by the other sons of the king.’

²Not Bharat’s uncle, but some councillor.
As to the hall they bent their course
With car, and elephant, and horse.
The people all with glad acclaim
Welcomed Prince Bharat as he came:
E'en as they loved their king to greet,
Or as the Gods Lord Indra meet.
The vast assembly shone as fair
   With Bharat's kingly face
As Daśaratha's self were there
   To glorify the place.
It gleamed like some unruffled lake
   Where monsters huge of mould
With many a snake their pastime take
   O'er shells, sand, gems, and gold.

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1 'Śatakratu, Lord of a hundred sacrifices, the performance of a hundred Aśvamedhas or sacrifices of a horse entitling the sacrificer to this exalted dignity.'
CANTO LXXXII.

THE DEPARTURE.

The prudent prince the assembly viewed
Thronged with its noble multitude,
Resplendent as a cloudless night
When the full moon is in his height:
While robes of every varied hue
A glory o’er the synod threw.
The priest in lore of duty skilled
Looked on the crowd the hall that filled,
And then in accents soft and grave
To Bharat thus his counsel gave:
‘The king, dear son, so good and wise,
Has gone from earth and gained the skies,
Leaving to thee, her rightful lord,
This rich wide land with foison stored.
And still has faithful Rāma stood
Firm to the duty of the good,
And kept his father’s best aright,
As the moon keeps its own dear light.
Thus sire and brother yield to thee
This realm from all annoyance free:
Rejoice thy lords: enjoy thine own:
Anointed king, ascend the throne.
Let vassal princes hasten forth
From distant lands west, south, and north,
From Kerala, 1 from every sea,
And bring ten million gems to thee.’

1 The modern Malabar.
As thus the sage Vasishtha spoke,
A storm of grief o'er Bharat broke,
And longing to be just and true,
His thoughts to duteous Rāma flew.
With sobs and sighs and broken tones,
E'en as a wounded mallard moans,
He mourned with deepest sorrow moved,
And thus the holy priest reproved:
'O, how can such as Bharat dare
The power and sway from him to tear,
Wise, and devout, and true, and chaste,
With Scripture lore and virtue grace'd?
Can one of Daśaratha's seed
Be guilty of so vile a deed?
The realm and I are Rāma's: thou
Shouldst speak the words of justice now.
For he, to claims of virtue true,
Is eldest born and noblest too:
Nahush, Dilīpa could not be
More famous in their lives than he.
As Daśaratha ruled of right,
So Rāma's is the power and right.
If I should do this sinful deed,
And forfeit hope of heavenly meed,
My guilty act would dim the shine
Of old Ikshvāku's glorious line.
Nay, as the sin my mother wrought
Is grievous to my innmost thought,
I here, my hands together laid,
Will greet him in the pathless shade.
To Rāma shall my steps be beat,
My king, of men most excellent,
Raghu's illustrious son, whose sway
Might hell, and earth, and heaven obey.'
That righteous speech, whose every word
Bore virtue's stamp, the audience heard;
On Ráma every thought was set,
And with glad tears each eye was wet.
'Then, if the power I still should lack
To bring my noble brother back,
I in the wood will dwell, and share
His banishment with Lakshmana there.
By every art persuasive I
To bring him from the wood will try,
And show him to your loving eyes,
O Bráhmans noble, good, and wise.
E'en now, the road to make and clear,
Each labourer pressed, and pioneer
Have I sent forward to precede
The army I resolve to lead.'

Thus, by fraternal love Possessed,
His firm resolve the prince expressed,
Then to Sumantra, deeply read
In holy texts, he turned and said:
'Sumantra, rise without delay,
And as I bid my words obey.
Give orders for the march with speed,
And all the army hither lead.'

The wise Sumantra, thus addressed,
Obeyed the high-souled chief's behest.
He hurried forth with joy inspired
And gave the orders he desired.
Delight each soldier's bosom filled,
And through each chief and captain thrilled,
To hear that march proclaimed, to bring
Dear Ráma back from wandering.
From house to house the tidings flew:
Each soldier's wife the order knew,
And as she listened blithe and gay
Her husband urged to speed away.
Captain and soldier soon declared
The host equipped and all prepared
With chariots matching thought for speed,
And wagons drawn by ox and steed.
When Bharat by Vaśishṭha’s side
His ready host of warriors eyed,
Thus in Sumantra’s ear he spoke:
‘My car and horses quickly yoke.’
Sumantra hastened to fulfil
With ready joy his master’s will,
And quickly with the chariot sped
Drawn by fleet horses nobly bred.
Then glorious Bharat, true, devout,
Whose genuine valour none could doubt,
Gave in fit words his order out;
For he would seek the shade
Of the great distant wood, and there
Win his dear brother with his prayer:
‘Sumantra, haste! my will declare
The host be all arrayed.
I to the wood my way will take,
To Ráma supplication make,
And for the world’s advantage sake
Will lead him home again.’
Then, ordered thus, the charioteer
Who listened with delighted ear,
Went forth and gave his orders clear
To captains of the train.
He gave the popular chiefs the word,
And with the news his friends he stirred,
And not a single man deferred
Preparing for the road.
Then Brāhman, Warrior, Merchant, thrall,
Obedient to Sumantra’s call,
Each in his house arose, and all
Yoked elephant or camel tall,
Or ass or noble steed in stall,
And full appointed showed.
CANTO LXXXIII.

THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

Then Bharat rose at early morn,
And in his noble chariot borne
Drove forward at a rapid pace
Eager to look on Ráma's face.
The priests and lords, a fair array,
In sun-bright chariots led the way.
Behind, a well appointed throng,
Nine thousand elephants streamed along.
Then sixty thousand cars, and then,
With various arms, came fighting men.
A hundred thousand archers showed
In lengthened line the steeds they rode—
A mighty host, the march to grace
Of Bharat, pride of Raghu's race.
Kaikeyí and Sumitrá came,
And good Kauśalyá, dear to fame:
By hopes of Rána's coming cheered
They in a radiant car appeared.
On fared the noble host to see
Ráma and Lakshman, wild with glee,
And still each other's ear to please,
Of Ráma spoke in words like these:
'When shall our happy eyes behold
Our hero true, and pure, and bold,
So lustrous dark, so strong of arm,
Who keeps the world from woe and harm?
The tears that now our eyeballs dim
Will vanish at the sight of him,
As the whole world's black shadows fly
When the bright sun ascends the sky.'

Conversing thus their way pursued
The city's joyous multitude,
And each in mutual rapture pressed
A friend or neighbour to his breast.
Thus every man of high renown,
And every merchant of the town,
And leading subjects, joyous went
Toward Rāma in his banishment.
And those who worked the potter's wheel,
And artists skilled in gems to deal;
And masters of the weaver's art,
And those who shaped the sword and dart;
And they who golden trinkets made,
And those who plied the fuller's trade;
And servants trained the bath to heat,
And they who dealt in incense sweet;
Physicians in their business skilled,
And those who wine and mead distilled;
And workmen deft in glass who wrought,
And those whose snares the peacock caught;
With them who bored the ear for rings,
Or sawed, or fashioned ivory things;
And those who knew to mix cement,
Or lived by sale of precious scent;
And men who washed, and men who sewed,
And thralls who mid the herds abode;
And fishers of the flood, and they
Who played and sang, and women gay;
And virtuous Brāhmans, Scripture-wise,
Of life approved in all men's eyes;
These swelled the prince's lengthened train,
Borne each in car or bullock wain.
Fair were the robes they wore upon
Their limbs where red-hued unguents shone.
These all in various modes conveyed
Their journey after Bharat made;
The soldiers' hearts with rapture glowed,
Following Bharat on his road,
Their chief whose tender love would fain
Bring his dear brother home again.
With elephant, and horse, and car,
The vast procession travelled far,
And came where Ganga's waves below
The town of Sringeri.\(^1\) flow.
There, with his friends and kinsmen nigh,
Dwelt Guha, Rama's dear ally,
Heroic guardian of the land
With dauntless heart and ready hand.
There for a while the mighty force
That followed Bharat stayed its course,
Gazing on Ganga's bosom stirred
By many a graceful water-bird.
When Bharat viewed his followers there,
And Ganga's water, blest and fair,
The prince, who lore of words possessed,
His councillors and lords addressed:
'The captains of the army call:
Proclaim this day a halt for all,
That so to-morrow, rested, we
May cross this flood that seeks the sea.
Meanwhile, descending to the shore,
The funeral stream I fain would pour
From Ganga's fair auspicious tide
To him, my father glorified.'

\(^1\) Now Sungroor, in the Allahabad district.
Thus Bharat spoke: each peer and lord
Approved his words with one accord,
And bade the weary troops repose
In separate spots where'er they chose.
There by the mighty stream that day,
Most glorious in its vast array
The prince's wearied army lay
   In various groups reclined.
There Bharat's hours of night were spent,
While every eager thought he bent
On bringing home from banishment
   His brother, great of mind.
CANTO LXXXIV.

GUHA'S ANGER.

King Guha saw the host spread o'er
The wide expanse of Gangā's shore,
With waving flag and pennon graced,
And to his followers spoke in haste:
'A mighty army meets my eyes,
That rivals Ocean's self in size:
Where'er I look my very mind
No limit to the host can find.
Sure Bharat with some evil thought
His army to our land has brought.
See, huge of form, his flag he rears,
That like an Ebony-tree appears.
He comes with bonds to take and chain,
Or triumph o'er our people slain:
And after, Ráma will he slay,—
Him whom his father drove away:
The power complete he longs to gain,
And—task too hard—usurp the reign.
So Bharat comes with wicked will
His brother Ráma's blood to spill.
But Ráma's slave and friend am I;
He is my lord and dear ally.
Keep here your watch in arms arrayed
Near Gangā's flood to lend him aid,
And let my gathered servants stand
And line with troops the river strand.
Here let the river keepers meet,
Who flesh and roots and berries eat;
A hundred fishers man each boat
Of the five hundred here afloat,
And let the youthful and the strong
Assemble in defensive throng.
But yet, if, free from guilty thought
'Gainst Rāma, he this land have sought,
The prince's happy host to-day
Across the flood shall make its way.'

He spoke: then bearing in a dish
A gift of honey, meat, and fish,
The king of the Nishādas drew
Toward Bharat for an interview.
When Bharat's noble charioteer
Observed the monarch hastening near,
He duly, skilled in courteous lore,
The tidings to his master bore:
'This aged prince who hither bends
His footsteps with a thousand friends,
Knows, firm ally of Rāma, all
That may in Daṇḍak wood befall:
Therefore, Kakutstha's son, admit.
The monarch, as is right and fit:
For doubtless he can clearly tell
Where Rāma now and Lakṣmana dwell.'

When Bharat heard Sumantra's rede,
To his fair words the prince agreed:
'Go quickly forth,' he cried, 'and bring
Before my face the aged king.'
King Guha, with his kinsmen near,
Rejoiced the summoning to hear:
He nearer drew, bowed low his head,
And thus to royal Bharat said:
'No mansions can our country boast,
And unexpected comes thy host:
But what we have I give thee all:
Rest in the lodging of thy thrall.
See, the Nishádas here have brought
The fruit and roots their hands have sought:
And we have woodland fare beside,
And store of meat both fresh and dried.
To rest their weary limbs, I pray
This night at least thy host may stay:
Then cheered with all we can bestow
To-morrow thou with it mayst go.'
CANTO LXXXV.

GUHA AND BHARAT.

Thus the Nishádas' king besought:
The prince with spirit wisdom-fraught
Replied in seemly words that blent
Deep matter with the argument:
'Thou, friend of him whom I revere,
With honours high hast met me here,
For thou alone wouldst entertain
And feed to-day so vast a train.'
In such fair words the prince replied,
Then, pointing to the path he cried:
'Which way aright will lead my feet
To Bharadvája's calm retreat;
For all this land near Gangá's streams
Pathless and hard to traverse seems?'

Thus spoke the prince: King Guha heard
Delighted every prudent word,
And gazing on that forest wide,
Raised supplicant hands, and thus replied:
'My servants, all the ground who know,
O glorious Prince, with thee shall go
With constant care thy way to guide,
And I will journey by thy side.
But this thy host so wide dispread
Wakes in my heart one doubt and dread,
Lest, threatening Ráma good and great,
Ill thoughts thy journey stimulate.'

But when King Guha, ill at ease,
Declared his fear in words like these,
As pure as is the cloudless sky
With soft voice Bharat made reply:
'Suspect me not: ne'er come the time
For me to plot so foul a crime!
He is my eldest brother, he
Is like a father dear to me.
I go to lead my brother thence
Who makes the wood his residence.
No thought but this thy heart should frame:
This simple truth my lips proclaim.'

Then with glad cheer King Guha cried,
With Bharat's answer gratified:
'Blessed art thou: on earth I see
None who may vie, O Prince, with thee,
Who canst of thy free will resign
The kingdom which unsought is thine.
For this, a name that ne'er shall die,
Thy glory through the worlds shall fly,
Who fain wouldst balm thy brother's pain
And lead the exile home again.'

As Guha thus, and Bharat, each
To other spoke in friendly speech,
The Day-God sank with glory dead,
And night o'er all the sky was spread.
Soon as King Guha's thoughtful care
Had quartered all the army there,
Well honoured, Bharat laid his head
Beside Śātrughna on a bed.
But grief for Rāma yet oppressed
High-minded Bharat's faithful breast—
Such torment little was deserved
By him who ne'er from duty swerved.
The fever raged through every vein
And burnt him with its inward pain:
So when in woods the flames leap free
The fire within consumes the tree.
From heat of burning anguish sprung
The sweat upon his body hung,
As when the sun with fervid glow
On high Himálaya melts the snow.
As, banished from the herd, a bull
Wanders alone and sorrowful,
    Thus sighing and distressed,
In misery and bitter grief,
With fevered heart that mocked relief,
Distracted in his mind, the chief
    Still mourned and found no rest.
CANTO LXXXVI.

GUHA'S SPEECH.

Guha the king, acquainted well
With all that in the wood befell,
To Bharat the unequalled told
The tale of Lakshmana mighty-souled:
'With many an earnest word I spake
To Lakshmana as he stayed awake,
And with his bow and shaft in hand
To guard his brother kept his stand:
'Now sleep a little, Lakshmana, see
This pleasant bed is strewn for thee:
Hereon thy weary body lay,
And strengthen thee with rest, I pray.
Inured to toil are men like these,
But thou hast aye been nursed in ease.
Rest, duteous-minded! I will keep
My watch while Ráma lies asleep:
For in the whole wide world is none
Dearer to me than Raghú's son.
Harbour no doubt or jealous fear:
I speak the truth with heart sincere:
For from the grace which he has shown
Will glory on my name be thrown:
Great store of merit shall I gain,
And duteous, form no wish in vain.
Let me enforced by many a row
Of followers, armed with shaft and bow,
For well-loved Ráma's weal provide
Who lies asleep by Sítá’s side.  
For through this wood I often go,  
And all its shades conceal, I know:  
And we with conquering arms can meet  
A four-fold host arrayed complete.’  
‘With words like these I spoke, designed  
To move the high-souled Bharat’s mind,  
But he upon his duty bent,  
Plied his persuasive argument:  
‘O, how can slumber close mine eyes  
When lowly couched with Sítá lies  
The royal Ráma? can I give  
My heart to joy, or even live?  
He whom no mighty demon, no,  
Nor heavenly God can overthrow,  
See, Guha, how he lies, alas,  
With Sítá couched on gathered grass.  
By varied labours, long, severe,  
By many a prayer and rite austere,  
He, Daśaratha’s cherished son,  
By Fortune stamped, from Heaven was won.  
Now as his son is forced to fly,  
The king ere long will surely die:  
Reft of his guardian hand, forlorn  
In widowed grief this land will mourn.  
E’en now perhaps, with toil o’erspent,  
The women cease their loud lament,  
And cries of woe no longer ring  
Throughout the palace of the king.  
But ah for sad Kauśalyá! how  
Fare she and mine own mother now?  
How fares the king? this night, I think,  
Some of the three in death will sink.  
With hopes upon Śatrughna set
My mother may survive as yet,
But the sad queen will die who bore
The hero, for her grief is sore.
His cherished wish that would have made
Dear Ráma king, so long delayed,
'Too late! too late!' the king will cry,
And conquered by his misery die.
When Fate has brought the mournful day
Which sees my father pass away,
How happy in their lives are they
Allowed his funeral rites to pay.
Our exile o'er, with him who ne'er
Turns from the oath his lips may swear,
May we returning safe and well
Again in fair Ayodhyá dwell.'
'Thus Bharat stood with many a sigh
Lamenting, and the night went by.
Soon as the morning light shone fair
In votive coifs both bound their hair.
And then I sent them safely o'er
And left them on the farther shore,
With Sítá then they onward passed,
Then coats of bark about them cast,
Their locks like hermits' bound,
The mighty tames of the foe,
Each with his arrows and his bow,
Went o'er the rugged ground,
Proud in their strength and undeterred
Like elephants that lead the herd,
And gazing oft around.
CANTO LXXXVII.

GUHA'S STORY.

That speech of Guha Bharat heard
With grief and tender pity stirred,
And as his ears the story drank,
Deep in his thoughtful heart it sank.
His large full eyes in anguish rolled,
His trembling limbs grew stiff and cold;
Then fell he, like a tree uptorn,
In woe too grievous to be borne.
When Guha saw the long-armed chief
Whose eye was like a lotus leaf,
With lion shoulders strong and fair,
High-mettled, prostrate in despair,—
Pale, bitterly afflicted, he
Reeled as in earthquake reels a tree.
But when Satrughna standing nigh
Saw his dear brother helpless lie,
Distraught with woe his head he bowed,
Embraced him oft and wept aloud.
Then Bharat's mothers came, forlorn
Of their dear king, with fasting worn,
And stood with weeping eyes around
The hero prostrate on the ground.
Kausalyá, by her woe oppressed,
The senseless Bharat's limbs caressed,
As a fond cow in love and fear
Caresses oft her youngling dear:
Then yielding to her woe she said,
Weeping and sore disquieted:
'What torments, O my son, are these
Of sudden pain or swift disease?
The lives of us and all the line
Depend, dear child, on only thine.
Ráma and Lakshman forced to flee,
I live by naught but seeing thee:
For as the king has past away
Thou art my only help to-day.
Hast thou, perchance, heard evil news
Of Lakshman, which thy soul subdues,
Or Ráma dwelling with his spouse—
My all is he—neath forest boughs?'

Then slowly gathering sense and strength
The weeping hero rose at length,
And words like these to Guha spake,
That bade Kauśalyá comfort take:
'Where lodged the prince that night? and where
Lakshman the brave, and Sítá fair?
Show me the couch whereon he lay,
Tell me the food he ate, I pray.'

Then Guha the Nishádas' king
Replied to Bharat's questioning:
'Of all I had I brought the best
To serve my good and honoured guest:
Food of each varied kind I chose,
And every fairest fruit that grows.
Ráma the hero truly brave
Declined the gift I humbly gave:
His Warrior part he ne'er forgot,
And what I brought accepted not:
'No gifts, my friend, may we accept:
Our law is, Give, and must be kept.'
'The high-souled chief, O Monarch, thus
With gracious words persuaded us.
Then calm and still, absorbed in thought,
He drank the water Lakshmana brought,
And then, obedient to his vows,
He fasted with his gentle spouse.
So Lakshmana too from food abstained,
And sipped the water that remained;
Then with ruled lips, devoutly staid,
The three¹ their evening worship paid.
Then Lakshmana with unwearied care
Brought heaps of sacred grass, and there
With his own hands he quickly spread,
For Râma’s rest, a pleasant bed,
And faithful Sítá’s too, where they
Reclining each by other lay.
Then Lakshmana bathed their feet, and drew
A little distance from the two.
Here stands the tree which lent them shade,
Here is the grass beneath it laid,
Where Râma and his consort spent
The night together ere they went.
Lakshmana, whose arms the foeman quell,
Watched all the night as sentinel,
And kept his great bow strung:
His hand was gloved, his arm was braced,
Two well-filled quivers at his waist,
With deadly arrows, hung.
I took my shafts and trusty bow,
And with that tamer of the foe
Stood ever wakeful near,
And with my followers, bow in hand,
Behind me ranged, a ready band,
Kept watch o’er Indra’s peer.¹

¹ Râma, Lakshmana, and Sumantra.
CANTO LXXXVIII.

THE INGUDÍ TREE.

When Bharat with each friend and peer
Had heard that tale so full and clear,
They went together to the tree
The bed which Ráma pressed to see.
Then Bharat to his mothers said:
‘Behold the high-souled hero’s bed:
These tumbled heaps of grass betray
Where he that night with Sítá lay:
Unmeet, the heir of fortune high
Thus on the cold bare earth should lie,
The monarch’s son, in counsel sage,
Of old imperial lineage.
That lion-lord whose noble bed
With finest skins of deer was spread,—
How can he now endure to press
The bare earth, cold and comfortless?
This sudden fall from bliss to grief
Appears untrue, beyond belief:
My senses are distraught: I seem
To view the fancies of a dream.
There is no deity so great,
No power in heaven can master Fate,
If Ráma, Daśaratha’s heir,
Lay on the ground and slumbered there;
And lovely Sítá, she who springs
From fair Videha’s ancient kings,
Ráma’s dear wife, by all adored,
Lay on the earth beside her lord.
Here was his couch, upon this heap
He tossed and turned in restless sleep:
On the hard soil each manly limb
Has stamped the grass with signs of him.
That night, it seems, fair Sítá spent
Arrayed in every ornament,
For here and there my eyes behold
Small particles of glittering gold.
She laid her outer garment here,
For still some silken threads appear.
How dear in her devoted eyes
Must be the bed where Ráma lies,
Where she so tender could repose
And by his side forget her woes.
Alas, unhappy, guilty me!
For whom the prince was forced to flee,
And chief of Raghu’s sons and best,
A bed like this with Sítá pressed.
Son of a royal sire whose hand
Ruled paramount o’er every land,
Could he who every joy bestows,
Whose body like the lotus shows,
The friend of all, who charms the sight,
Whose flashing eyes are darkly bright,
Leave the dear kingdom, his by right,
Unmeet for woe, the heir of bliss,
And lie upon a bed like this?
Great joy and happy fate are thine,
O Lakshman, marked with each fair sign,
Whose faithful footsteps follow still
Thy brother in his hour of ill.
And blest is Sítá, nobly good,
Who dwells with Ráma in the wood.
Ours is, alas, a doubtful fate
Of Ráma's rest and desolate.
My royal sire has gained the skies,
In woods the high-souled hero lies;
The state is wrecked and tempest-tossed,
A vessel with her rudder lost.
Yet none in secret thought has planned
With hostile might to seize the land:
Though forced in distant wilds to dwell,
The hero's arm protects it well.
Unguarded, with deserted wall,
No elephant or steed in stall,
My father's royal city shows
Her portals open to her foes,
Of bold protectors rest and bare,
Defenceless in her dark despair:
But still her foes the wish restrain,
As men from poisoned cates refrain.
I from this hour my nights will pass
Couched on the earth or gathered grass,
Eat only fruit and roots, and wear
A coat of bark, and matted hair.
I in the woods will pass, content,
For him the term of banishment;
So shall I still unbroken save
The promise which the hero gave.
While I remain for Ráma there,
Śatrughna will my exile share,
And Ráma in his home again,
With Lakshman, o'er Ayodhya reign,
For him, to rule and guard the state,
The twice-born men shall consecrate.
O, may the Gods I serve incline
To grant this earnest wish of mine!
If when I bow before his feet
And with all moving arts entreat,
He still deny my prayer,
Then with my brother will I live:
He must, he must permission give,
Roaming in forests there.
CANTO LXXXIX.

THE PASSAGE OF GANGÁ.

That night the son of Raghu lay
On Gangá's bank till break of day:
Then with the earliest light he woke
And thus to brave Šatrughna spoke:
‘Rise up, Šatrughna, from thy bed:
Why sleepest thou? the night is fled.
See how the sun who chases night
Wakes every lotus with his light.
Arise, arise, and first of all
The lord of Šringavera call,
For he his friendly aid will lend
Our army o'er the flood to send.’

Thus urged, Šatrughna answered: ‘I,
Remembering Ráma, sleepless lie.’
As thus the brothers, each to each,
The lion-mettled, ended speech,
Came Guha, the Nishádas' king,
And spoke with kindly questioning:
‘Hast thou in comfort passed,’ he cried,
‘The night upon the river side?
With thee how fares it? and are these,
Thy soldiers, healthy and at ease?’
Thus the Nishádas' lord inquired
In gentle words which love inspired,
And Bharat, Ráma's faithful slave,
‘Thus to the king his answer gave:
‘The night has sweetly passed, and we
Are highly honoured, King, by thee.
Now let thy servants boats prepare,
Our army o'er the stream to bear.'

The speech of Bharat Guha heard,
And swift to do his bidding stirred.
Within the town the monarch sped
And to his ready kinsmen said:
'Awake, each kinsman, rise, each friend!
May every joy your lives attend.
Gather each boat upon the shore
And ferry all the army o'er.'
Thus Guha spoke: nor they delayed,
But, rising quick, their lord obeyed,
And soon, from every side secured,
Five hundred boats were ready moored.
Some reared aloft the mystic sign,¹
And mighty bells were hung in line:
Of firmest build, gay flags they bore,
And sailors for the helm and ear.
One such King Guha chose, whereon,
Of fair white cloth, an awning shone,
And sweet musicians charmed the ear,—
And bade his servants urge it near.
Then Bharat swiftly sprang on board,
And then Śatrughna, famous lord,
To whom, with many a royal dame,
Kauśalyá and Sūmitrā came.
The household priest went first in place,
The elders, and the Brāhman race,
And after them the monarch's train
Of women borne in many a wain.
Then high to heaven the shouts of those

¹ The svastika, a little cross with a transverse line at each extremity.
Who fired the army's huts,\(^1\) arose,
With theirs who bathed along the shore,
Or to the boats the baggage bore.
Full freighted with that mighty force
The boats sped swiftly on their course,
By royal Guha's servants manned,
And gentle gales the banners fanned.
Some boats a crowd of dames conveyed,
In others noble coursers neighed;
Some chariots and their cattle bore,
Some precious wealth and golden store.
Across the stream each boat was rowed,
There duly disembarked its load,
And then returning on its way,
Sped here and there in merry play.
Then swimming elephants appeared
With flying pennons high upreared,
And as the drivers urged them o'er,
The look of winged mountains wore.
Some men in barges reached the strand,
Others on rafts came safe to land:
Some buoyed with pitchers crossed the tide,
And others on their arms relied.
Thus with the help the monarch gave
The army crossed pure Gangâ's wave:
Then in auspicious hour it stood
Within Prayâga's famous wood.
The prince with cheering words addressed
His weary men, and bade them rest
Where'er they chose: and he,
With priest and deacon by his side,
To Bharadvâja's dwelling hied
That best of saints to see.

\(^1\) When an army marched it was customary to burn the huts in which it had spent the night.
CANTO XC.

THE HERMITAGE.

The prince of men a league away
Saw where the hermit's dwelling lay,
Then with his lords his path pursued,
And left his warrior multitude.
On foot, as duty taught his mind,
He left his warlike gear behind:
Two robes of linen cloth he wore,
And bade Vaśishṭha walk before.
Then Bharat from his lords withdrew
When Bharadvāja came in view,
And toward the holy hermit went
Behind Vaśishṭha, reverent.
When Bharadvāja, saint austere,
Saw good Vaśishṭha drawing near,
He cried, upspringing from his seat,
'The grace-gift bring, my friend to greet.'
When Saint Vaśishṭha near him drew,
And Bharat paid the reverence due,
The glorious hermit was aware
That Daśaratha's son was there.
The grace-gift, water for their feet
He gave, and offered fruit to eat;
Then, duty-skilled, with friendly speech
In seemly order questioned each:
'How fares it in Ayodhya now
With treasury and army? how
With kith and kin and friends most dear,
With councillor, and prince, and peer?
But, for he knew the king was dead,
Of Daśaratha naught he said.
Vasishṭha and the prince in turn
Would of the hermit's welfare learn:
Of holy fires they fain would hear,
Of pupils, trees, and birds, and deer.
The glorious saint his answer made
That all was well in holy shade:
Then love of Rāma moved his breast,
And thus he questioned of his guest:
'Why art thou here, O Prince, whose hand
With kingly sway protects the land?
Declare the cause, explain the whole,
For yet some doubt disturbs my soul.
He whom Kauśalyā bare, whose might
The foemen slays, his line's delight,
He who with wife and brother sent
Afar, now roams in banishment,
Famed prince, to whom his father spake
This order for a woman's sake:
'Away! and in the forest spend
Thy life till fourteen years shall end'—
Hast thou the wish to harm him, bent
On sin against the innocent?
Wouldst thou thine elder's realm enjoy
Without a thorn that can annoy?'

'With sobbing voice and tearful eye
Thus Bharat sadly made reply:
'Ah, lost am I, if thou, O Saint,
Canst thus in thought my heart attain:
No warning charge from thee I need;
Ne'er could such crime from me proceed.
The words my guilty mother spake.'
When fondly jealous for my sake
Think not that I, to triumph moved,
Those words approve or e’er approved.
O Hermit, I have sought this place
To win the lordly hero’s grace,
To throw me at my brother’s feet
And lead him to his royal seat.
To this, my journey’s aim and end,
Thou shouldst, O Saint, thy favour lend:
Where is the lord of earth? do thou,
Most holy, say, where roams he now?’

Then, by the saint Vasishtha pressed,
And all the gathered priests beside,
To Bharat’s dutiful request
The hermit graciously replied:
‘Worthy of thee, O Prince, this deed,
True son of Raghu’s ancient seed.
I know thee reverent, well-controlled,
The glory of the good of old.
I grant thy prayer: in this pursuit
I know thy heart is resolute.
’Tis for thy sake those words I said
That wider still thy fame may spread.
I know where Ráma, duty-tried,
His brother, and his wife abide.
Where Chitrakúṭa’s heights arise
Thy brother Ráma’s dwelling lies.
Go thither with the morning’s light,
And stay with all thy lords to-night:
For I would show thee honour high,
And do not thou my wish deny.’
CANTO XCI.

BHaradvája's Feast.

Soon as he saw the prince's mind
To rest that day was well inclined,
He sought Kaikeyi's son to please
With hospitable courtesies.
Then Bharat to the saint replied:
  'Our wants are more than satisfied.
The gifts which honoured strangers greet,
  And water for our weary feet
Hast thou bestowed with friendly care,
And every choice of woodland fare.'

Then Bharadvája spoke, a smile
Playing upon his lips the while:
  'I know, dear Prince, thy friendly mind
Will any fare sufficient find,
But gladly would I entertain
And banquet all thine armed train:
Such is my earnest wish: do thou
This longing of my heart allow.
Why hast thou hither bent thy way,
And made thy troops behind thee stay?
Why unattended? couldst thou not
  With friends and army seek this spot?'

Bharat, with reverent hands raised high,
To that great hermit made reply:
  'My troops, for awe of thee, O Sage,
I brought not to thy hermitage:
  Troops of a king or monarch's son
A hermit's home should ever shun.
Behind me comes a mighty train
Wide spreading o'er the ample plain,
Where every chief and captain leads
Men, elephants, and mettled steeds.
I feared, O reverend Sage, lest these
Might harm the holy ground and trees,
Springs might be marred and cots o'erthrown,
So with the priests I came alone.'

'Bring all thy host,' the hermit cried,
And Bharat, to his joy, complied.
Then to the chapel went the sire,
Where ever burnt the sacred fire,
And first, in order due, with sips
Of water purified his lips:
To Viśvakarmá then he prayed,
His hospitable feast to aid:
'Let Viśvakarmá hear my call,
The God who forms and fashions all:
A mighty banquet I provide,
Be all my wants this day supplied.
Lord Indra at their head, the three'
Who guard the worlds I call to me:
A mighty host this day I feed,
Be now supplied my every need.
Let all the streams that eastward go,
And those whose waters westering flow,
Both on the earth and in the sky,
Flow hither and my wants supply.
Be some with ardent liquor filled,
And some with wine from flowers distilled,
While some their fresh cool streams retain
Sweet as the juice of sugar-cane.

1 Yama, Varuṇa, and Kuvera.
I call the Gods, I call the band
Of minstrels that around them stand:
I call the Háhá and Huhú,
I call the sweet Viśvávasu.
I call the heavenly wives of these
With all the bright Apsarases,
Alambushá of beauty rare,
The charmer of the tangled hair,
Ghrítáchí and Viśváchí fair,
Hemá and Bhímá sweet to view,
And lovely Nágadantá too,
And all the sweetest nymphs who stand
By Indra or by Brahmá's hand—
I summon these with all their train
And Tumburu to lead the strain.
Here let Kuvera's garden rise
Which far in Northern Kurú lies:
For leaves let cloth and gems entwine,
And let its fruit be nymphs divine.
Let Soma give the noblest food
To feed the mighty multitude,
Of every kind, for tooth and lip,
To chew, to lick, to suck, and sip.
Let wreaths, where fairest flowers abound,
Spring from the trees that bloom around.
Each sort of wine to woo the taste,
And meats of every kind be placed.'

1 A happy land in the remote north where 'the inhabitants enjoy a natural perfection attended with complete happiness obtained without exertion. There is there no vicissitude, nor decrepitude, nor death, nor fear; no distinction of virtue and vice, none of the inequalities denoted by the words best, worst, and intermediate, nor any change resulting from the succession of the four Yugas.' See Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. I. p. 492.

2 The Moon.
Thus spake the hermit self-restrained,
With proper tone by rules ordained,
On deepest meditation bent,
In holy might preëminent.
Then as with hands in reverence raised
Absorbed in thought he eastward gazed,
The deities he thus addressed
Came each in semblance manifest.
Delicious gales that cooled the frame
From Malaya and Dardar came,
That kissed those scented hills and threw
Auspicious fragrance where they blew.
Then falling fast in sweetest showers
Came from the sky immortal flowers,
And all the airy region round
With heavenly drums was made to sound.
Then breathed a soft celestial breeze,
Then danced the bright Apsarasas,
The minstrels and the Gods advanced,
And warbling lutes the soul entranced.
The earth and sky that music filled,
And through each ear it softly thrilled,
As from the heavenly quills it fell
With time and tune atempered well.
Soon as the minstrels ceased to play
And airs celestial died away,
The troops of Bharat saw amazed
What Viśvakarma's art had raised.
On every side, five leagues around,
All smooth and level lay the ground,
With fresh green grass that charmed the sight
Like sapphires bent with lazulite.
There the Wood-apple hung its load,
The Mango and the Citron glowed,
The Bel and scented Jak were there,
And Aonlā with fruitage fair.
There, brought from Northern Kuru, stood,
Rich in delights, the glorious wood,
And many a stream was seen to glide
With flowering trees along its side.
There mansions rose with four wide halls,
And elephants and chargers' stalls,
And many a house of royal state,
Triumphal arc and bannered gate
With noble doorways, sought the sky,
Like a pale cloud, a palace high,
Which far and wide rare fragrance shed,
With wreaths of white engarlanded.
Square was its shape, its halls were wide,
With many a seat and couch supplied,
Drink of all kinds, and every meat
Such as celestial Gods might eat.
Then at the bidding of the seer
Kaikeyi's strong-armed son drew near,
And passed within that fair abode
Which with the noblest jewels glowed.
Then, as Vasishṭha led the way,
The councillors, in due array,
Followed delighted and amazed
And on the glorious structure gazed.
Then Bharat, Raghu's son, drew near
The kingly throne, with prince and peer,
Whereby the chouri in the shade
Of the white canopy was laid.
Before the throne he humbly bent
And honoured Rāma, reverent,
Then in his hand the chouri bore,
And sat where sits a councillor.
His ministers and household priest
Sat by degrees from chief to least,
Then sat the captain of the host
And all the men he honoured most.
Then when the saint his order gave,
Each river with enchanted wave
Rolled milk and curds divinely sweet
Before the princely Bharat’s feet;
And dwellings fair on either side,
With gay white plaster beautified,
Their heavenly roofs were seen to lift,
The Brálman Bharadvája’s gift.
Then straight by Lord Kuvera sent,
Gay with celestial ornament
Of bright attire and jewels’ shine,
Came twenty thousand nymphs divine:
The man on whom those beauties glanced
That moment felt his soul entranced.
With them from Nandan’s blissful shades
Came twenty thousand heavenly maids.
Tumburu, Nárada, Gopa came,
And Sutanu, like radiant flame.
The kings of the Gandharva throng,
And ravished Bharat with their song.
Then spoke the saint, and swift obeyed
Alambushá, the fairest maid,
And Miśrakeśí bright to view,
Ramaṇá, Puṇḍaríká too,
And danced to him with graceful ease
The dances of Apsarases.
All chaplets that by Gods are worn,
Or Chaitraratha’s groves adorn,
Bloomed by the saint’s command arrayed
On branches in Prayága’s shade.
When at the saint’s command the breeze
Made music with the Vilva trees,
To wave in rhythmic beat began
The boughs of each Myrobolan,
And holy fig-trees wore the look
Of dancers, as their leaflets shook.
The fair Tamála, palm, and pine,
With trees that tower and plants that twine,
The sweetly varying forms displayed
Of stately dame or bending maid.
Here men the foaming winecup quaffed,
Here drank of milk full many a draught,
And tasted meats of every kind,
Well dressed, whatever pleased their mind.
Then beauteous women, seven or eight,
Stood ready by each man to wait:
Beside the stream his limbs they stripped
And in the cooling water dipped.
And then the fair ones, sparkling-eyed,
With soft hands rubbed his limbs and dried,
And sitting on the lovely bank
Held up the winecup as he drank.
Nor did the grooms’ forget to feed
Camel and mule and ox and steed,
For there were stores of roasted grain,
Of honey and of sugar-cane.
So fast the wild excitement spread
Among the warriors Bharat led,
That all the mighty army through
The groom no more his charger knew,
And he who drove might seek in vain
To tell his elephant again.
With every joy and rapture fired,
Entranced with all the heart desired,
Canto XCI.  THE RAMAYAN.

The myriads of the host that night
Revelled delirious with delight.
Urged by the damsels at their side
In wild delight the warriors cried:
‘No’er will we seek Ayodhya, no,
Nor yet to Dandak forest go;
Here will we stay: may happy fate
On Bharat and on Rama wait.’
Thus cried the army gay and free
Exulting in their lawless glee,
Both infantry and those who rode
On elephants, or steeds bestrode,
Ten thousand voices shouting, ‘This
Is heaven indeed for perfect bliss.’
With garlands decked they idly strayed,
And danced and laughed and sang and played.
At length as every soldier eyed,
With food like Amrit satisfied,
Each dainty cate and tempting meat,
No longer had he care to eat.
Thus soldier, servant, dame, and slave
Received whate’er the wish might crave,
As each in new-wrought clothes arrayed
Enjoyed the feast before him laid.
Each man was seen in white attire
Unstained by spot or speck of mire:
None was athirst or hungry there,
And none had dust upon his hair.
On every side in woody dells
Was milky food in bubbling wells,
And there were all-supplying cows
And honey dropping from the boughs.
Nor wanted lakes of flower-made drink
With piles of meat upon the brink,
Boiled, stewed, and roasted, varied cheer,
Peac'hick and jungle-fowl and deer,
There was the flesh of kid and boar,
And dainty sauce in endless store,
With juice of flowers concocted well,
And soup that charmed the taste and smell,
And pounded fruits of bitter taste,
And many a bath was ready placed.
Down by each river's shelving side
There stood great basins well supplied,
And laid therein, of dazzling sheen,
White brushes for the teeth were seen,
And many a covered box wherein
Was sandal powdered for the skin.
And mirrors bright with constant care,
And piles of new attire were there,
And store of sandals and of shoes,
Thousands of pairs, for all to choose:
Eye-unguents, combs for hair and beard,
Umbrellas fair and bows appeared.
Lakes gleamed, that lent digestive aid,¹
And some for pleasant bathing made,
With waters fair, and smooth incline
For camels, horses, mules, and kine.
There saw they barley heaped on high
The countless cattle to supply:
The golden grain shone fair and bright
As sapphires or the lazulite.
To all the gathered host it seemed
As if that magic scene they dreamed,
And wonder, as they gazed, increased
At Bharadvāja's glorious feast.

Thus in the hermit's grove they spent

¹ The poet does not tell us what these lakes contained.
That night in joy and merriment,
Blest as the Gods who take their ease
Under the shade of Nandan’s trees.
Each minstrel bade the saint adieu,
And to his blissful mansion flew,
And every stream and heavenly dame
Returned as swiftly as she came.
CANTO XCII.

BHARAT'S FAREWELL.

So Bharat with his army spent
The watches of the night content,
And gladly, with the morning's light
Drew near his host the anchorite.
When Bharadvája saw him stand
With hand in reverence joined to hand,
When fires of worship had been fed,
He looked upon the prince and said:
'O blameless son, I pray thee tell,
Did the past night content thee well?
Say if the feast my care supplied
Thy host of followers gratified.'

His hands he joined, his head he bent
And spoke in answer reverent
To the most high and radiant sage
Who issued from his hermitage:
'Well have I passed the night: thy feast
Gave joy to every man and beast;
And I, great lord, and every peer
Were satisfied with sumptuous cheer.
Thy banquet has delighted all
From highest chief to meanest thrall,
And rich attire and drink and meat
Banished the thought of toil and heat.
And now, O Hermit good and great,
A boon of thee I supplicate.
To Ráma's side my steps I bend:
Do thou with friendly eye commend.
O tell me how to guide my feet
To virtuous Ráma’s lone retreat:
Great Hermit, I entreat thee, say
How far from here and which the way.’

Thus by fraternal love inspired
The chieftain of the saint inquired:
Then thus replied the glorious seer
Of matchless might, of vows austere:
‘Ere the fourth league from here be passed,
Amid a forest wild and vast,
Stands Chitrakúta’s mountain tall,
Lovely with wood and waterfall.
North of the mountain thou wilt see
The beauteous stream Mandákiní,
Where swarm the waterfowl below,
And gay trees on the margin grow.
Then will a leafy cot between
The river and the hill be seen:
’Tis Ráma’s, and the princely pair
Of brothers live for certain there.
Hence to the south thine army lead,
And then more southward still proceed,
So shalt thou find his lone retreat,
And there the son of Raghu meet.’

Soon as the ordered march they knew,
The widows of the monarch flew,
Leaving their cars, most meet to ride,
And flocked to Bharadvája’s side.
There with the good Sumitrá Queen
Kaúšalyá, sad and worn, was seen,
Caressing, still with sorrow faint,
The feet of that illustrious saint.
Kaikeyí too, her longings crossed,
Reproached of all, her object lost,
Before the famous hermit came,
And clasped his feet, o'erwhelmed with shame.
With circling steps she humbly went
Around the saint preëminent,
And stood not far from Bharat's side
With heart oppressed, and heavy-eyed.
Then the great seer, who never broke
One holy vow, to Bharat spoke:
'Speak, Raghu's son: I fain would learn
The story of each queen in turn.'

Obedient to the high request
By Bharadvāja thus addressed,
His reverent hands together laid,
He, skilled in speech, his answer made:
'She whom, O Saint, thou seest here
A Goddess in her form appear,
Was the chief consort of the king,
Now worn with fast and sorrowing.
As Aditi in days of yore
The all-preserving Vishṇu bore,
Kauśalyā bore with happy fate
Lord Rāma of the lion's gait.
She who, transfixed with torturing pangs,
On her left arm so fondly hangs,
As when her withering leaves decay
Droops by the wood the Cassia spray,
Sumitrā, pained with woe, is she,
The consort second of the three:
Two princely sons the lady bare,
Fair as the Gods in heaven are fair.
And she, the wicked dame through whom
My brothers' lives are wrapped in gloom,
And mourning for his offspring dear,
The king has sought his heavenly sphere,—
Proud, foolish-hearted, swift to ire,
Self-fancied darling of my sire,
Kaikeyí, most ambitious queen,
Unlovely with her lovely mien,
My mother she, whose impious will
Is ever bent on deeds of ill,
In whom the root and spring I see
Of all this woe which crushes me.'

Quick breathing like a furious snake,
With tears and sobs the hero spake,
Withreddened eyes aglow with rage.
And Bharadvája, mighty sage,
Supreme in wisdom, calm and grave,
In words like these good counsel gave:
'O Bharat, hear the words I say;
On her the fault thou must not lay:
For many a blessing yet will spring
From banished Ráma's wandering.'

And Bharat, with that promise cheered,
Went circling round that saint revered,
He humbly bade farewell, and then,
Gave orders to collect his men.
Prompt at the summons thousands flew
To cars which noble coursers drew,
Bright-gleaming, glorious to behold,
Adorned with wealth of burnished gold.
Then female elephants and male,
Gold-girdled, with flags that woed the gale,
Marched with their bright bells' tinkling chime
Like clouds when ends the summer time:
Some cars were huge and some were light,
For heavy draught or rapid flight,
Of costly price, of every kind,
With clouds of infantry behind.
The dames, Kauśalyā at their head,
Were in the noblest chariots led,
And every gentle bosom beat
With hope the banished prince to meet.
The royal Bharat, glory-crowned,
With all his retinue around,
Borne in a beauteous litter rode,
Like the young moon and sun that glowed.
The army as it streamed along,
Cars, elephants, in endless throng,
Showed, marching on its southward way,
Like autumn clouds in long array.
CANTO XCIII.

CHITRAKÛTA IN SIGHT.

As through the woods its way pursued
That mighty banded multitude,
Wild elephants in terror fled
With all the startled herds they led,
And bears and deer were seen on hill,
In forest glade, by every rill.
Wide as the sea from coast to coast,
The high-souled Bharat's mighty host
Covered the earth as cloudy trains
Obscure the sky when fall the rains.
The stately elephants he led,
And countless steeds the land o'erspread,
So closely crowded that between
Their serried ranks no ground was seen.
Then when the host had travelled far,
And steeds were worn who drew the car,
The glorious Bharat thus addressed
Vaśishṭha, of his lords the best:
'The spot, methinks, we now behold
Of which the holy hermit told,
For, as his words described, I trace
Each several feature of the place:
Before us Chitrakûta shows,
Mandākinī beside us flows:
Afar umbrageous woods arise
Like darksome clouds that veil the skies.
Now tread these mountain-beasts of mine
On Chitrakúța’s fair incline.
The trees their rain of blossoms shed
On table-lands beneath them spread,
As from black clouds the floods descend
When the hot days of summer end.
Śatrughna, look, the mountain see
Where heavenly minstrels wander free,
And horses browse beneath the steep,
Countless as monsters in the deep.
Scared by my host the mountain deer
Starting with tempest speed appear
Like the long lines of cloud that fly
In autumn through the windy sky.
See, every warrior shows his head
With fragrant blooms engarlanded;
All look like southern soldiers who
Lift up their shields of azure hue.
This lonely wood beneath the hill,
That was so dark and drear and still,
Covered with men in endless streams
Now like Ayodhyā’s city seems.
The dust which countless hoofs excite
Obscures the sky and veils the light;
But see, swift winds those clouds dispel
As if they strove to please me well.
See, guided in their swift career
By many a skilful charioteer,
Those cars by fleetest coursers drawn
Race onward over glade and lawn.
Look, startled as the host comes near
The lovely peacocks fly in fear,
Gorgeous as if the fairest blooms
Of earth had glorified their plumes.
Look where the sheltering covert shows
The trooping deer, both bucks and does,
That occupy in countless herds
This mountain populous with birds.
Most lovely to my mind appears
This place which every charm endears:
Fair as the road where tread the Blest:
Here holy hermits take their rest.
Then let the army onward press
And duly search each green recess
For the two lion-lords, till we
Ráma once more and Lakshman see.'

Thus Bharat spoke: and hero bands
Of men with weapons in their hands
Entered the tangled forest: then
A spire of smoke appeared in ken.
Soon as they saw the rising smoke
To Bharat they returned and spoke:
'No fire where men are not: 'tis clear
That Raghu's sons are dwelling here.
Or if not here those heroes dwell
Whose mighty arms their foeman quell,
Still other hermits here must be
Like Ráma, true and good as he.'

His ears attentive Bharat bent
To their resistless argument,
Then to his troops the chief who broke
His foe's embattled armies spoke:
'Here let the troops in silence stay:
One step beyond they must not stray.
Come Dhruhişṭi and Sumantra, you
With me alone, the path pursue.'
Their leader's speech the warriors heard,
And from his place no soldier stirred.
And Bharat bent his eager eyes
Where curling smoke was seen to rise.
The host his order well obeyed,
And halting there in silence stayed
Watching where from the thicket's shade
They saw the smoke appear.
And joy through all the army ran,
'Soon shall we meet,' thought every man,
'The prince we hold so dear.'
CANTO XCIV.

CHITRAKUTA.

There long the son of Raghu dwelt
And love for hill and wood he felt.
Then his Videhan spouse to please-
And his own heart of woe to ease,
Like some Immortal—Indra so
Might Swarga's charms to Sachi show—
Drew her sweet eyes to each delight
Of Chitrakuta's lovely height:
'Though rest of power and kingly sway,
Though friends and home are far away,
I cannot mourn my altered lot,
Enamoured of this charming spot.
Look, darling, on this noble hill
Which sweet birds with their music fill.
Bright with a thousand metal dyes
His lofty summits cleave the skies.
See, there a silvery sheen is spread,
And there like blood the rocks are red.
There shows a streak of emerald green,
And pink and yellow glow between.
There where the higher peaks ascend,
Crystal and flowers and topaz blend,
And others flash their light afar
Like mercury or some fair star:
With such a store of metals dyed
The king of hills is glorified.
There through the wild birds' populous home
The harmless bear and tiger roam:
Hyænas range the woody slopes
With herds of deer and antelopes.
See, love, the trees that clothe his side
All lovely in their summer pride,
In richest wealth of leaves arrayed,
With flower and fruit and light and shade.
Look where the young Rose-apple glows;
What loaded boughs the Mango shows;
See, waving in the western wind
The light leaves of the Tamarind;
And mark that giant Peepul through
The feathery clump of tall bamboo. 1
Look, on the level lands above,
Delighting in successful love
In sweet enjoyment many a pair
Of heavenly minstrels revels there,
While overhanging boughs support
Their swords and mantles as they sport:
Then see that pleasant shelter where
Play the bright Daughters of the Air. 2

The mountain seems with bright cascade

1 These ten lines are a substitution for, and not a translation of the text which Carey and Marshman thus render: 'This mountain adorned with mango, 1 jamboo, 2 auma, 3 budhra, 4 piaka, 5 punosa, 6 dhoeva, 7 unkotia, 8 bhavya, 9 tinisha, 10 vilwa, 11 tundooka, 12 bumba, 13 kashmaree, 14 urista, 15 varuna, 16 mushooka, 17 tadbua, 18 vedaree, 19 amuka, 20 uipa, 21 vetro, 22 dhunwana, 23 vejaka, 24 and other trees, affording flowers, and fruits, and the most delightful shade, how charming does it appear!'

1 Mangifera Indica. 2 Eugenia Jambolifera. 3 Terminalia alata tomentosa. 4 This tree is not ascertained. 5 Chironjia Sapida. 6 Artocarpus integrifolia. 7 Grisela tomentosa. 8 Allangium hexapetalum. 9 Averrhoa carinbola. 10 Dalbergia Ojijinensis. 11 Ogle marcelos. 12 Diospyros melanoxylon. 13 Well known. 14 Gneulina Arborea. 15 Sapium Saponaria. 16 Cratova tapa. 17 Bassia latifolia. 18 Not yet ascertained. 19 Zizyphus jujuba. 20 Phyllanthus emblica. 21 Nauclea Orientalis. 22 Calamus rotang.
2 Vidyādharis, Spirits of Air, sylphs.
And sweet rill bursting from the shade,
Like some majestic elephant o'er
Whose burning head the torrents pour.
Where breathes the man who would not feel
Delicious languor o'er him steal,
As the young morning breeze that springs
From the cool cave with balmy wings,
Breathes round him laden with the scent
Of bud and blossom dew-bespren't?
If many autumns here I spent
With thee, my darling innocent,
And Lakshman, I should never know
The torture of the fires of woe,
This varied scene so charms my sight,
This mount so fills me with delight,
Where flowers in wild profusion spring,
And ripe fruits glow and sweet birds sing.
My beauteous one, a double good
Springs from my dwelling in the wood:
Loos'd is the bond my sire that tied,
And Bharat too is gratified.
My darling, dost thou feel with me
Delight from every charm we see,
Of which the mind and every sense
Feel the enchanting influence?
My fathers who have passed away.
The royal saints, were wont to say
That life in woodland shades like this
Secures a king immortal bliss.
See, round the hill at random thrown,
Huge masses lie of rugged stone
Of every shape and many a hue,
Yellow and white and red and blue.
But all is fairer still by night:
Each rock reflects a softer light,
When the whole mount from foot to crest
In robes of lambent flame is dressed;
When from a million herbs a blaze
Of their own luminous glory plays,
And clothed in fire each deep ravine,
Each pinnacle and crag is seen.
Some parts the look of mansions wear,
And others are as gardens fair,
While others seem a massive block
Of solid undivided rock.
Behold those pleasant beds o'erlaid
With lotus leaves, for lovers made,
Where mountain birch and costus throw
Cool shadows on the pair below.
See where the lovers in their play
Have cast their flowery wreaths away,
And fruit and lotus buds that crowned
Their brows lie trodden on the ground.
North Kuru's realm is fair to see,
Vasvaukasara,¹ Naliní,²
But rich in fruit and blossom still
More fair is Chitrakúta's hill.
Here shall the years appointed glide
With thee, my beauty, by my side,
And Lakshman ever near;
Here shall I live in all delight,
Make my ancestral fame more bright,
Tread in their path who walk aright,
And to my oath adhere.³

¹ A lake attached either to Amaravati the residence of Indra, or Alaká that of Kuvera.
² The Ganges of heaven.
³ A proper name.
CANTO XCV.

MANDÁKINÍ.

Then Ráma, like the lotus eyed,
Descended from the mountain side,
And to the Maithil lady showed
The lovely stream that softly flowed.
And thus Ayodhya's lord addressed
His bride, of damos the loveliest,
Child of Vidcha's king, her face
Bright with the fair moon's tender grace.

'How sweetly glides, O darling, look,
Mandákiní's delightful brook,
Adorned with islets, blossoms gay,
And sárases and swans at play!
The trees with which her banks are lined
Show flowers and fruit of every kind:
The match in radiant sheen is she
Of King Kuvera's Nalini. 1

My heart exults with pleasure new
The shelving bank and ford to view,
Where gathering herds of thirsty deer
Disturb the wave that ran so clear.
Now look, those holy hermits mark
In skins of deer and coats of bark;
With twisted coils of matted hair,
The reverend men are bathing there,
And as they lift their arms on high
The Lord of Day they glorify:

---

1 Nalini, as here, may be the name of any lake covered with lotuses.
These best of saints, my large-eyed spouse,
Are constant to their sacred vows.
The mountain dances while the trees
Bend their proud summits to the breeze,
And scatter many a flower and bud
From branches that o'erhang the flood.
There flows the stream like lucid pearl,
Round islets here the currents whirl,
And perfect saints from middle air
Are flocking to the waters there.
See, there lie flowers in many a heap
From boughs the whistling breezes sweep,
And others wafted by the gale
Down the swift current dance and sail.
Now see that pair of wild-fowl rise,
Exulting with their joyful cries:
Hark, darling, wafted from afar
How soft their pleasant voices are.
To gaze on Chitrakúṭā's hill,
To look upon this lovely rill,
To bend mine eyes on thee, dear wife,
Is sweeter than my city life.
Come, bathe we in the pleasant rill
Whose dancing waves are never still,
Stirred by those beings pure from sin,
The sanctities who bathe therein:
Come, dearest, to the stream descend,
Approach her as a darling friend,
And dip thee in the silver flood
Which lotuses and lilies stud.
Let this fair hill Ayodhyá seem,
Its silvan things her people deem,
And let these waters as they flow
Our own beloved Sarjú show.
How blest, mine own dear love, am I;
Thou, fond and true, art ever nigh,
And dutcus, faithful Lakshman stays
Beside me, and my word obeys.
Here every day I bathe me thrice,
Fruit, honey, roots for food suffice,
And ne'er my thoughts with longing stray
To distant home or royal sway.
For who this charming brook can see
Where herds of roedcer wander free,
And on the flowery-wooded brink
Apes, elephants, and lions drink,
Nor feel all sorrow fly?
Thus eloquently spoke the pride
Of Raghu's children to his bride,
And wandered happy by her side
Where Chitrakûta azure-dyed
Uprears his peaks on high.
CANTO XCVI.¹

THE MAGIC SHAFT.

Thus Ráma showed to Janak's child
The varied beauties of the wild,
The hill, the brook and each fair spot,
Then turned to seek their leafy cot.
North of the mountain Ráma found
A cavern in the sloping ground,
Charming to view, its floor was strown
With many a mass of ore and stone,
In secret shadow far retired
Where gay birds sang with joy inspired,
And trees their graceful branches swayed
With loads of blossom downward weighed.
Soon as he saw the cave which took
Each living heart and chained the look,
Thus Ráma spoke to Síta who
Gazed wondering on the silvan view:
'Does this fair cave beneath the height,
Videhan lady, charm thy sight?
Then let us resting here a while
The languor of the way beguile.
That block of stone so smooth and square
Was set for thee to rest on there,
And like a thriving Keśar tree
This flowery shrub o'ershadows thee.'
Thus Ráma spoke, and Janak's child,

¹ This canto is allowed, by Indian commentators, to be an interpolation. It cannot be the work of Vālmiki.
By nature ever soft and mild,
In tender words which love betrayed
Her answer to the hero made:
‘O pride of Raghu's children, still
My pleasure is to do thy will.
Enough for me thy wish to know:
Far hast thou wandered to and fro.’

Thus Sita spake in gentle tone,
And went obedient to the stone,
Of perfect face and faultless limb
Prepared to rest a while with him.
And Rama, as she thus replied,
Turned to his spouse again and cried:
‘Thou seest, love, this flowery shade
For silvan creatures’ pleasure made.
How the gum streams from trees and plants
Torn by the tusks of elephants!
Through all the forest clear and high
Resounds the shrill cicada's cry
Hark how the kite above us moans,
And calls her young in piteous tones;
So may my hapless mother be
Still mourning in her home for me.
There mounted on that lofty Sáli
The loud Bhringráj1 repeats his call:
How sweetly now he tunes his throat
Responsive to the Koil's note.
Or else the bird that now has sung
May be himself the Koil's young,
Linked with such winning sweetness are
The notes he pours irregular.
See, round the blooming Mango clings
That creeper with her tender rings,

---

1 A fine bird with a strong, sweet note, and great imitative powers.
So in thy love, when none is near,
Thine arms are thrown round me, my dear.

Thus in his joy he cried; and she,
Sweet speaker, on her lover’s knee,
Of faultless limb and perfect face,
Grew closer to her lord’s embrace.
Reclining in her husband’s arms,
A goddess in her wealth of charms,
She filled his loving breast anew
With mighty joy that thrilled him through.
His finger on the rock he laid,
Which veins of sanguine ore displayed,
And painted o’er his darling’s eyes
The holy sign in mineral dyes.
Bright on her brow the metal lay
Like the young sun’s first gleaming ray,
And showed her in her beauty fair
As the soft light of morning’s air.
Then from the Kesār’s laden tree
He picked fair blossoms in his glee,
And as he decked each lovely tress,
His heart o’erflowed with happiness.
So resting on that rocky seat
A while they spent in pastime sweet,
Then onward neath the shady boughs
Went Rāma with his Maithil spouse.
She roaming in the forest shade
Where every kind of creature strayed
Observed a monkey wandering near,
And clung to Rāma’s arm in fear.
The hero Rāma fondly laced
His mighty arms around her waist,
Consold his beauty in her dread,
And scared the monkey till he fled.
That holy mark of sanguine ore
That gleamed on Sita’s brow before,
Shone by that close embrace impressed
Upon the hero’s ample chest.
Then Sita, when the beast who led
The monkey troop, afar had fled,
Laughed loudly in light-hearted glee
That mark on Rama’s chest to see.
A clump of bright Aśokas fired
The forest in their bloom attired:
The restless blossoms as they gleamed
A host of threatening monkeys seemed.
Then Sita thus to Rama cried,
As longingly the flowers she eyed:
‘Pride of thy race, now let us go
Where those Aśoka blossoms grow.’
He on his darling’s pleasure bent
With his fair goddess thither went
And roamed delighted through the wood
Where blossoming Aśokas stood,
As Śiva with Queen Umai roves
Through Himavān’s majestic groves;
Bright with purpamed glow the pair
Of happy lovers sported there,
And each upon the other set
A flower-inwoven crownet.
There many a crown and chain they wove
Of blooms from that Aśoka grove,
And in their graceful sport the two
Fresh beauty o’er the mountain throw.
The lover let his love survey
Each pleasant spot that round them lay,
Then turned they to their green retreat
Where all was garnished, gay, and neat.
By brotherly affection led,
Sumitrá's son to meet them sped,
And showed the labours of the day
Done while his brother was away.
There lay ten black-deer duly slain
With arrows pure of poison stain,
Piled in a mighty heap to dry,
With many another carcass nigh.
And Lakshman's brother saw, o'erjoyed,
The work that had his hands employed,
Then to his consort thus he cried:
'Now be the general gifts supplied.'
Then Sítá, fairest beauty, placed
The food for living things to taste,
And set before the brothers meat
And honey that the pair might eat.
They ate the meal her hands supplied,
Their lips with water purified:
Then Janák's daughter sat at last
And duly made her own repast.
The other venison, to be dried,
Piled up in heaps was set aside,
And Ráma told his wife to stay
And drive the flocking crows away.
Her husband saw her much distressed
By one more bold than all the rest,
Whose wings where'er he chose could fly,
Now pierce the earth, now roam the sky.
Then Ráma laughed to see her stirred
To anger by the plaguing bird:
Proud of his love the beauteous dame
With burning rage was all aflame.
Now here, now there, again, again
She chased the crow, but all in vain,
Enraging her, so quick to strike
With beak and wing and claw alike:
Then how the proud lip quivered, how
The dark frown marked her angry brow!
When Ráma saw her cheek aglow
With passion, he rebuked the crow.
But bold in impudence the bird,
With no respect for Ráma’s word,
Fearless again at Sítá flew:
Then Ráma’s wrath to fury grew.
The hero of the mighty arm
Spoke o’er a shaft the mystic charm,
Laid the dire weapon on his bow
And launched it at the shameless crow.
The bird, empowered by Gods to spring
Through earth itself on rapid wing,
Through the three worlds in terror fled
Still followed by that arrow dread.
Where’er he flew, now here now there,
A cloud of weapons filled the air.
Back to the high-souled prince he fled
And bent at Ráma’s feet his head,
And then, as Sítá looked, began
His speech in accents of a man:
‘O pardon, and for pity’s sake
Spare, Ráma, spare my life to take!
Where’er I turn, where’er I flee,
No shelter from this shaft I see.’

The chieftain heard the crow entreat
Helpless and prostrate at his feet,
And while soft pity moved his breast,
With wisest speech the bird addressed:
‘I took the troubled Sítá’s part,
And furious anger filled my heart.”
Then on the string my arrow lay
Charmed with a spell thy life to slay.
Thou seest now my feet, to crave
Forgiveness and thy life to save.
So shall thy prayer have due respect:
The suppliant I must still protect.
But ne'er in vain this dart may flee:
Yield for thy life a part of thee.
What portion of thy body, say,
Shall this mine arrow rend away?
Thus far, O bird, thus far alone
On thee my pity may be shown.
Forfeit a part thy life to buy:
'Tis better so to live than die.'

Thus Rāma spoke: the bird of air
Pondered his speech with anxious care,
And wisely deemed it good to give
One of his eyes that he might live.
To Rāghu's son he made reply:
'O Rāma, I will yield an eye.
So let me in thy grace confide
And live hereafter single-eyed.'
Then Rāma charged the shaft, and lo,
Full in the eye it smote the crow.
And the Videhan lady gazed
Upon the ruined eye amazed.
The crow to Rāma humbly bent,
Then where his fancy led he went.
Rāma with Lakṣman by his side
With needful work was occupied.
CANTO XC VII.

LAKSHMAN'S ANGER.

Thus Rāma showed his love the rill
Whose waters ran beneath the hill,
Then resting on his mountain seat
Refreshed her with the choicest meat.
So there reposed the happy two:
Then Bharat's army nearer drew:
Rose to the skies a dusty cloud,
The sound of trampling feet was loud.
The swelling roar of marching men
Drove the roused tiger from his den,
And scared amain the serpent race
Flying to hole and hiding-place.
The herds of deer in terror fled,
The air was filled with birds o'erhead,
The bear began to leave his tree,
The monkey to the cave to flee.
Wild elephants were all amazed
As though the wood around them blazed.
The lion oped his ponderous jaw,
The buffalo looked round in awe.
The prince, who heard the deafening sound,
And saw the silvan creatures round
Fly wildly startled from their rest,
The glorious Lakshman thus addressed:
'Sumitrā's noble son most dear,
Hark, Lakshman, what a roar I hear,
The tumult of a coming crowd,
Appalling, deafening, deep, and loud!
The din that yet more fearful grows
Scares elephants and buffaloes,
Or frightened by the lions, deer
Are flying through the wood in fear.
I fain would know who seeks this place:
Comes prince or monarch for the chase?
Or does some mighty beast of prey
Frighten the silvan herds away?
'Tis hard to reach this mountain height,
Yea, e'en for birds in airy flight.
Then fain, O Lakshman, would I know
What cause disturbs the forest so.'

Lakshman in haste, the wood to view,
Climbed a high Sāl that near him grew,
The forest all around he eyed,
First gazing on the eastern side.
Then northward when his eyes he bent
He saw a mighty armament
Of elephants, and cars, and horse,
And men on foot, a mingled force,
And banners waving in the breeze,
And spoke to Rāma words like these:
'Quick, quick. my lord, put out the fire,
Let Sītā to the cave retire.
Thy coat of mail around thee throw,
Prepare thine arrows and thy bow.'

In eager haste thus Lakshman cried,
And Rāma, lion lord, replied:
'Still closer be the army scanned,
And say who leads the warlike band.'
Lakshman his answer thus returned,
As furious rage within him burned,
Exciting him like kindled fire
Canto XVII. THE RAMAYAN.

To scorch the army in his ire:
'Tis Bharat: he has made the throne
By consecrating rites his own:
To gain the whole dominion thus
He comes in arms to slaughter us.
I mark tree-high upon his car
His flagstaff of the Kovidár,¹
I see his glittering banner glance,
I see his chivalry advance:
I see his eager warriors shine
On elephants in lengthened line.
Now grasp we each the shafts and bow,
And higher up the mountain go,
Or in this place, O hero, stand
With weapons in each ready hand.
Perhaps beneath our might may fall
This leader of the standard tall,
And Bharat I this day may see
Who brought this mighty woe on thee,
Sitá, and me, who drove away
My brother from the royal sway.
Bharat our foe at length is nigh;
And by this hand shall surely die:
Brother, I see no sin at all
If Bharat by my weapon fall.
No fault is his who slays the foe
Whose hand was first to strike the blow:
With Bharat now the crime begins
Who against thee and duty sins.
The queen athirst for royal sway
Will see her darling son to-day
Fall by this hand, like some fair tree
Struck by an elephant, slain by me.

¹ Bauhinia variegata, a species of ebony.
Kaikeyi's self shall perish too
With kith and kin and retinue,
And earth by my avenging deed
Shall from this mass of sin be freed.
This day my wrath, too long restrained,
Shall fall upon the foe, unchained,
Mad as the kindled flame that speeds
Destroying through the grass and reeds.
This day mine arrows keen and fierce
The bodies of the foe shall pierce:
The woods on Chitrakūṭa's side
Shall run with torrents crimson-dyed.
The wandering beasts of prey shall feed
On heart-cleft elephant and steed,
And drag to mountain caves away
The bodies that my arrows slay.
Doubt not that Bharat and his train
Shall in this mighty wood be slain:
So shall I pay the debt my bow
And these my deadly arrows owe.
CANTO XC VIII.

LAKSHMAN CALMED.

Then Rāma nobly calm allayed
The wrath that Lakshman’s bosom swayed
‘What need have we the sword to wield,
To bend the bow or lift the shield,
If Bharat brave, and wise, and good,
Himself has sought this sheltering wood?
I swear my father’s will to do,
And if I now my brother slew
What gain in kingship should I find,
Despised and scorned by all mankind?
Believe me, o’en as I would shrink
From poisoned meat or deadly drink,
No power or treasure would I win
By fall of friend or kith or kin.
Brother, believe the words I speak:
For your dear sakes alone I seek
Duty and pleasure, wealth and gain,
A holy life, a happy reign.
If royal sway my heart desires,
My brothers’ weal the wish inspires;
Their bliss and safety is my care,
By this uplifted bow I swear.
’Twere not so hard for me to gain
This broad land girdled by the main,
But even Indra’s royal might
Should ne’er be mine in duty’s spite.
If any bliss my soul can see
Deprived of dear Śatrughna, thee,
And Bharat, may the flame destroy
With ashy gloom the selfish joy.
Far dearer than this life of mine,
Knowing the custom of our line,
His heart with fond affection fraught,
Bharat Ayodhya's town resought,
And hearing when he came that I,
With thee and Sītā, forced to fly,
With matted hair and hermit dress
Am wandering in the wilderness,
While grief his troubled senses storms,
And tender love his bosom warms,
From every thought of evil clear,
Is come to meet his brother here.
Some grievous words perchance he spoke
Kaikeyī's anger to provoke,
Then won the king, and comes to lay
Before my feet, the royal sway.
Hither, methinks, in season due
Comes Bharat for an interview,
Nor in his secret heart has he
One evil thought 'gainst thee or me.
What has he done ere now, reflect!
How failed in love or due respect
To make thee doubt his faith and lay
This evil to his charge to-day?
Thou shouldst not join with Bharat's name
So harsh a speech and idle blame.
The blows thy tongue at Bharat deals,
My sympathizing bosom feels.
How, urged by stress of any ill,
Should sons their father's life-blood spill,
Or brother slay in impious strife
A brother dearer than his life?
If thou these cruel words hast said
By strong desire of empire led,
My brother Bharat will I pray
To give to thee the kingly sway.
'Give him the realm', my speech shall be,
And Bharat will, methinks, agree.'

Thus spoke the prince whose chief delight
Was duty, and to aid the right:
And Lakshman keenly felt the blame,
And shrank within himself for shame:
And then his answer thus returned,
With downcast eye and cheek that burned:
'Brother, I ween, to see thy face
Our sire himself has sought this place.'
Thus Lakshman spoke and stood ashamed,
And Ráma saw and thus exclaimed:
'It is the strong-armed monarch: he
Is come, methinks, his sons to see,
To bid us both the forest quit
For joys for which he deems us fit:
He thinks on all our care and pain,
And now would lead us home again.
My glorious father hence will bear
Sítá who claims all tender care.
I see two coursers fleet as storms,
Of noble breed and lovely forms.
I see the beast of mountain size
Who bears the king our father wise,
The aged Victor, march this way
In front of all the armed array.
But doubt and fear within me rise,
For when I look with eager eyes
I see no white 'umbrella spread,
World-famous, o'er the royal head.
Now, Lakshman, from the tree descend,
And to my words attention lend.’

Thus spoke the pious prince: and he
Descended from the lofty tree,
And reverent hand to hand applied,
Stood humbly by his brother's side.

The host, compelled by Bharat's care,
The wood from trampling feet to spare,
Dense crowding half a league each way
Encamped around the mountain lay.
Below the tall hill's shelving side
Gleamed the bright army far and wide

Spread o'er the ample space,
By Bharat led who firmly true
In duty from his bosom threw
All pride, and near his brother drew
To win the hero's grace.
CANTO XCIX.

BHARAT'S APPROACH.

Soon as the warriors took their rest
Obeying Bharat's high behest,
Thus Bharat to Satrughna spake:
'A band of soldiers with thee take,
And with these hunters o'er and o'er
The thickets of the wood explore.
With bow, sword, arrows in their hands
Let Guha with his kindred bands
Within this grove remaining trace
The children of Kakutstha's race.
And I meanwhile on foot will through
This neighbouring wood my way pursue,
With elders and the twice-born men,
And every lord and citizen.
There is, I feel, no rest for me
Till Râma's face again I see,
Lakshman, in arms and glory great,
And Sîtá born to happy fate:
No rest, until his cheek as bright
As the fair moon rejoice my sight,
No rest until I see the eye
With which the lotus petals vie;
Till on my head those dear feet rest
With signs of royal rank impressed;
None, till my kingly brother gain
His old hereditary reign,
Till o'er his limbs and noble head
The consecrating drops be shed.
How blest is Janak's daughter, true
To every wifely duty, who
Cleaves faithful to her husband's side
Whose realm is girt by Ocean's tide!
This mountain too above the rest
E'en as the King of Hills is blest,—
Whose shades Kakutstha's scion hold
As Nandan charms the Lord of Gold.
Yea, happy is this tangled grove
Where savage beasts unnumbered rove,
Where, glory of the Warrior race,
King Ráma finds a dwelling-place.'

Thus Bharat, strong-armed hero, spake,
And walked within the pathless brake.
O'er plains where gay trees bloomed he went,
Through boughs in tangled net-work bent,
And then from Ráma's cot appeared
The banner which the flame upcared.
And Bharat joyed with every friend
To mark those smoky wreaths ascend:
'Here Ráma dwells,' he thought; 'at last
The ocean of our toil is passed.'

Then sure that Ráma's hermit cot
Was on the mountain's side,
He stayed his army on the spot,
And on with Guha hied.
CANTO C.

THE MEETING.

Then Bharat to Śatrughna showed
The spot, and eager onward strode,
First bidding Saint Vaśishṭha bring
The widowed consorts of the king.
As by fraternal love impelled
His onward course the hero held,
Sumantra followed close behind
Śatrughna with an anxious mind:
Not Bharat's self more fain could be
To look on Rāma's face than he.
As, speeding on, the spot he neared,
Amid the hermits' homes appeared
His brother's cot with leaves o'erspread,
And by its side a lowly shed.
Before the shed great heaps were left
Of gathered flowers and billets cleft,
And on the trees hung grass and bark
Rāma and Lakśmana's path to mark:
And heaps of fuel to provide
Against the cold stood ready dried.
The long-armed chief, as on he went
In glory's light preëminent,
With joyous words like these addressed
The brave Śatrughna and the rest:
'This is the place, I little doubt,
Which Bharadvāja pointed out,
Not far from where we stand must be
The woodland stream, Mandākinī.
Here on the mountain's woody side
Roam elephants in tusked pride,
And ever with a roar and cry
Each other, as they meet, defy.
And see those-smoke-wreaths thick and dark:
The presence of the flame they mark,
Which hermits in the forest strive
By every art to keep alive.
O happy me! my task is done,
And I shall look on Raghu's son,
Like some great saint, who loves to treat
His elders with all reverence meet'

Thus Bharat reached that forest rill,
Thus roamed on Chitrakūta's hill;
Then pity in his breast awoke,
And to his friends the hero spoke:
'Woe, woe upon my life and birth!
The prince of men, the lord of earth
Has sought the lonesome wood to dwell
Sequestered in a hermit's cell.
Through me, through me these sorrows fall
On him the splendid lord of all;
Through me resigning earthly bliss
He hides him in a home like this.
Now will I, by the world abhorred,
Fall at the dear feet of my lord,
And at fair Sītā's too, to win
His pardon for my heinous sin.'

As thus he sadly mourned and sighed,
The son of Daśaratha spied
A bower of leafy branches made,
Sacred and lovely in the shade,
Of fair proportions large and tall,
Well roofed with boughs of palm and Sāl,