CANTO CI.

LAKSHMAN’S FALL.

When Rāvanā saw his darts repelled,
With double rage his bosom swelled.
He summoned, wroth but undismayed,
A mightier charm to lend its aid.
And, fierce as fire before the blast,
A storm of missiles thick and fast,
Spear, pike and javelin, mace and brand,
Came hurtling from the giant’s hand.
But, mightier still, the arms employed
By Raghu’s son their force destroyed,
And every dart fell dulled and spent
By powers the bards of heaven had lent.
With his huge mace Vibhīshaṇ slew
The steeds that Rāvanā’s chariot drew.
Then Rāvanā hurled in deadly ire
A ponderous spear that flashed like fire
But Rāma’s arrows checked its way,
And harmless on the earth it lay,
The giant seized a mightier spear,
Which Death himself would shun with fear.
Vibhīshaṇ with the stroke had died,
But Lakshmana’s hand his bowstring plicd,
And flying arrows thick as hail
Smote fiercely on the giant’s mail.
Then Rāvaṇ turned his aim aside,
On Lakshmana looked and fiercely cried:
‘Thou, thou again my wrath hast braved,
And from his death Vibhíshaṇḍ sawed.
Now in his stead this spear receive
Whose deadly point thy heart shall cleave.'

He ceased: he hurled the mortal dart
By Maya forged with magic art.
The spear, with all his fury flung,
Swift, flickering like a serpent's tongue,
Adorned with many a tinkling bell,
Smote Lakshmaṇ, and the hero fell.
When Rāma saw, he heaved a sigh,
A tear one moment dimmed his eye.
But tender grief was soon repressed
And thoughts of vengeance filled his breast.
The air around him flashed and gleamed
As from his bow the arrows streamed;
And Lankā's lord, the foeman's dread,
O'erwhelmed with terror turned and fled.
CANTO CII.

LAKŚHMĀṆ HEALED.

But Rāma, pride of Rāghu’s race,
Gazed tenderly on Lakṣhmaṇ’s face,
And, as the sight his spirit broke,
Turned to Susheṇ and sadly spoke:
‘Where is my power and valour? how
Shall I have heart for battle now,
When dead before my weeping eyes
My brother, noblest Lakṣhmaṇ, lies?
My tears in blinding torrents flow,
My hand unnerved has dropped my bow.
The pangs of woe have blanched my cheek,
My heart is sick, my strength is weak.
Ah me, my brother! Ah, that I
By Lakṣhmaṇ’s side might sink and die:
Life, war and conquest, all are vain
If Lakṣhmaṇ lies in battle slain.
Why will those eyes my glances shun?
Hast thou no word of answer, none?
Ah, is thy noble spirit flown
And gone to other worlds alone?
Couldst thou not let thy brother seek
Those worlds with thee? O speak, O speak.
Rise up once more, my brother, rise,
Look on me with thy loving eyes.
Were not thy steps beside me still
In gloomy wood, on breezy hill?
Did not thy gentle care assuage
Canto CII. THE RAMAYAN.

Thy brother's grief and fitful rage?
Didst thou not all his troubles share,
His guide and comfort in despair?

As Ráma, vanquished, wept and sighed,
The Vánar chieftain thus replied:
Great Prince, unmanly thoughts dismiss,
Nor yield thy soul to grief like this.
In vain those burning tears are shed:
Our glory Lakshman is not dead.
Death on his brow no mark has set,
Where beauty's lustre lingers yet.
Clear is the skin, and tender hues
Of lotus flowers his palms suffuse.
O Ráma, cheer thy trembling heart:
Not thus do life and body part.

Now, Hanumán, to thee I speak:
Hie hence to tall Mahodaya's peak
Where herbs of sovereign virtue grow
Which life and health and strength bestow.
Bring thou the leaves to balm his pain,
And Lakshman shall be well again.

He ceased: the Wind-God's son obeyed;
Swift through the clouds his way he made.
He reached the hill, nor stayed to find
The wondrous herbs of healing kind,
From its broad base the mount he tore
With all the shrubs and trees it bore,
Sped through the clouds again and showed
To wise Sushen his woody load.

1 Apparently a peak of the Himalaya chain.

2 This exploit of Hanumán is related with ipordinate prolixity in the Bengal recension (Gorresio's text). Among other adventures he narrowly escapes being shot by Bharat as he passes over Nandigráma near Ayodhyá. Hanumán stays Bharat in time, and gives him an account of what has befallen Ráma and Sítá in the forest and in Lanká.
Susheśa in wonder viewed the hill,
And culled the sovereign salve of ill.
Soon as the healing herb he found,
The fragrant leaves he crushed and ground.
Then over Lākśman's face he bent,
Who, healed and strengthened by the scent
Of that blest herb divinely sweet,
Rose fresh and lusty on his feet.
CANTO CI.

INDRA'S CAR.

Then Raghu's son forgot his woe:
Again he grasped his fallen bow
And hurled at Lankā's lord amain
The tempest of his arrowy rain.
Drawn by the steeds his lords had brought,
Again the giant turned and fought,
And drove his glittering chariot nigh
As springs the Day-God through the sky.
Then, as his sounding bow he bent,
Like thunderbolts his shafts were sent,
As when dark clouds in rain time shed
Fierce torrents on a mountain's head.
High on his car the giant rode,
On foot the son of Raghu strode.
The Gods from their celestial height
Indignant saw the unequal fight.
Then he whom heavenly hosts revere,
Lord Indra, called his charioteer:
' Haste, Mātali,' he cried, 'descend;
To Raghu's son my chariot lend.
With cheering words the chief address;
And all the Gods thy deed will bless.'

He bowed; he brought the glorious car
Whose tinkling bells were heard afar;
Fair as the sun of morning, bright
With gold and pearl and lazulite.
He yoked the steeds of tawny hue
That swifter than the tempest flew.
Then down the slope of heaven he hied
And stayed the car by Ráma's side.
'Ascend, O Chief,' he humbly cried,
'The chariot which the Gods provide.
The mighty bow of Indra see,
Sent by the Gods who favour thee;
Behold this coat of glittering mail,
And spear and shafts which never fail.'

Cheered by the grace the Immortals showed
The chieftain on the chariot rode.
Then as the car-borne warriors met
The awful fight raged fiercer yet.
Each shaft that Rávaň shot became
A serpent red with kindled flame,
And round the limbs of Ráma hung
With fiery jaws and quivering tongue.
But every serpent fled dismayed
When Raghu's valiant son displayed
The weapon of the Feathered King,¹
And loosed his arrows from the string.
But Rávaň armed his bow anew,
And showers of shafts at Ráma flew,
While the fierce king in swift career
Smote with a dart the charioteer.
An arrow shot by Rávaň's hand
Laid the proud banner on the sand,
And Indra's steeds of heavenly strain
Fell by the iron tempest slain.
Oh Gods and spirits of the air
Fell terror, trembling, and despair.
The sea's white billows mounted high

¹ As Garud, the king of birds, is the mortal enemy of serpents, the weapon sacred to him is of course best calculated to destroy the serpent arrows of Rávaň.
With froth and foam to drench the sky,
The sun by lurid clouds was veiled,
The friendly lights of heaven were paled;
And, fiercely gleaming, fiery Mars
Opposed the beams of gentler stars.

Then Rāma's eyes with fury blazed
As Indra's heavenly spear he raised.
Loud rang the bells: the glistening head
Bright flashes through the region shed.
Down came the spear in swift descent:
The giant's lance was crushed and bent.
Then Rāvana's horses brave and fleet
Fell dead beneath his arrowy sleet.

Fierce on his foeman Rāma pressed,
And gored with shafts his mighty breast,
And spouting streams of crimson dyed
The weary giant's limbs and side.¹

¹ I omit Cantos CIV. and CV. in which the fight is renewed and Rāvana severely reprimands his charioteer for timidity and want of confidence in his master's prowess, and orders him to charge straight at Rāma on the next occasion.
CANTO CVI.

GLORY TO THE SUN.

There faint and bleeding fast, apart
Stood Rāvaṇ raging in his heart.
Then, moved with ruth for Rāma's sake,
Agastya came and gently spake:
'Bend, Rāma, bend thy heart and ear
The everlasting truth to hear
Which all thy hopes through life will bless
And crown thine arms with full success.
The rising sun with golden rays,
Light of the worlds, adore and praise:
The universal king, the lord
By hosts of heaven and fiends adored.
He tempers all with soft control:
He is the Gods' diviner soul;
And Gods above and fiends below
And men to him their safety owe.
He Brahmā, Vishṇu, Śiva, he
Each person of the glorious Three,
Is every God whose praise we tell,
The King of Heaven, the Lord of Hell.
Each God revered from times of old,
The Lord of War, the King of Gold:

1 The celebrated saint who on former occasions assisted Rāma with his gifts and counsel.
2 Indra
3 Yama
4 Kārtikeya.
5 Kuvera.
Mahendra, Time, and Death is he,  
The Moon, the Ruler of the Sea.  
He hears our praise in every form,—  
The Manes,\(^2\) Gods who ride the storm,\(^3\)  
The Aśvins,\(^4\) Manu,\(^5\) they who stand  
Round Indra,\(^6\) and the Śādyas\(^7\) band.  
He is the air, and life and fire,  
The universal source and sire:  
He brings the seasons at his call,  
Creator, light, and nurse of all.  
His heavenly course he joys to run,  
Maker of Day, the golden sun.  
The steeds that whirl his car are seven,\(^8\)  
The flaming steeds that flash through heaven.  
Lord of the sky, the conqueror parts  
The clouds of night with glistening darts.  
He, master of the Vedas’ lore,  
Commands the clouds’ collected store:  
He is the rivers’ surest friend;  
He bids the rains, and they descend.  
Stars, planets, constellations own  
Their monarch of the golden throne.  
Lord of twelve forms,\(^9\) to thee I bow,

\(^1\) Varuṇ.  
\(^2\) The Pitris, forefathers or spirits of the dead, are of two kinds,  
either the spirits of the father, grandfathers and great-grandfathers of  
an individual or the progenitors of mankind generally, to both of whom  
obsequial worship is paid and oblations of food are presented.  
\(^3\) The Maruts or Storm-Gods.  
\(^4\) The Heavenly Twins, the Castor and Pollux of the Hindus.  
\(^5\) The Man \textit{par excellence}, the representative man and father of the  
human race regarded also as God.  
\(^6\) The Vasus, a class of deities originally personifications of natural  
phenomena.  
\(^7\) A class of celestial beings who dwell between the earth and the sun.  
\(^8\) The seven horses are supposed to symbolize the seven days of the  
week.  
\(^9\) One for each month in the year.
Most glorious King of heaven art thou.
O Ráma, he who pays aright
Due worship to the Lord of Light
Shall never fall oppressed by ill,
But find a stay and comfort still.
Adore with all thy heart and mind
This God of Gods, to him resigned;
And thou his saving power shalt know
Victorious o'er thy giant foe.'

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1 This Canto does not appear in the Bengal recension. It comes in awkwardly and may I think be considered as an interpolation, but I paraphrase a portion of it as a relief after so much fighting and carnage, and as an interesting glimpse of the monotheistic ideas which underlie the Hindu religion. The hymn does not readily lend itself to metrical translation, and I have not attempted here to give a faithful rendering of the whole. A literal version of the text and the commentary given in the Calcutta edition will be found in the Additional Notes.

A Canto is here omitted. It contains fighting of the ordinary kind between Ráma and Rávan, and a description of sights and sounds of evil omen foreboding the destruction of the giant.
CANTO CVIII.

THE BATTLE.

He spoke, and vanished: Ráma raised
His eyes with reverence meet, and praised
The glorious Day-God full in view:
Then armed him for the fight anew.
Urged onward by his charioteer
The giant's foaming steeds came near,
And furious was the battle's din
Where each resolved to die or win.
The Rákshas host and Vánar bands
Stood with their weapons in their hands,
And watched in terror and dismay
The fortune of the awful fray.
The giant chief with rage inflamed
His darts at Ráma's pennon aimed;
But when they touched the chariot made
By heavenly hands their force was stayed.
Then Ráma's breast with fury swelled;
He strained the mighty bow he held,
And straight at Ráván's banner flew
An arrow as the string he drew—
A deadly arrow swift of flight,
Like some huge snake ablaze with light,
Whose fury none might e'er repel,—
And, split in twain, the standard fell.
At Ráma's steeds sharp arrows, hot
With flames of fire, the giant shot.
Unmoved the heavenly steeds sustained
The furious shower the warrior rained,
As though soft lotus tendrils smote
Each haughty crest and glossy coat.
Then volleyed swift by magic art,
Tree, mountain peak, and spear and dart,
Trident and pike and club and mace
Flew hurtling straight at Rāma's face.
But Rāma with his steeds and car
Escaped the storm which fell afar
Where the strange missiles, as they rushed
To earth, a thousand Vānars crushed.
CANTO CIX.

THE BATTLE.

With wondrous power and might and skill
The giant fought with Ráma still.
Each at his foe his chariot drove,
And still for death or victory strove.
The warriors' steeds together dashed,
And pole with pole re-echoing clashed.
Then Ráma launching dart on dart
Made Rávana's coursers swerve and start.
Nor was the lord of Lanká slow
To rain his arrows on the foe,
Who showed, by fiery points assailed,
No trace of pain, nor shook nor quailed.
Dense clouds of arrows Ráma shot
With that strong arm which rested not,
And spear and mace and club and brand
Fell in dire rain from Rávana's hand.
The storm of missiles fiercely cast
Stirred up the oceans with its blast,
And Serpent-Gods and fiends who dwell
Below were troubled by the swell.
The earth with hill and plain and brook
And grove and garden reeled and shook:
The very sun grew cold and pale,
And horror stilled the rising gale.
God and Gandharva, sage and saint
Cried out, with grief and terror faint:
'O may the prince of Raghu's line
Give peace to Bráhmaṇs and to kine,
And, rescuing the worlds, o'erthrow
The giant king our awful foe.'

Then to his deadly string the pride
Of Rághu's race a shaft applied.
Sharp as a serpent's venomed fang
Straight to its mark the arrow sprang,
And from the giant's body shred
With trenchant steel the monstrous head.
There might the triple world behold
That severed head adorned with gold.
But when all eyes were bent to view,
Swift in its stead another grew.
Again the shaft was pointed well:
Again the head divided fell;
But still as each to earth was cast
Another head succeeded fast.
A hundred, bright with fiery flame,
Fell low before the victor's aim,
Yet Rávana by no sign betrayed
That death was near or strength decayed.
The doubtful fight he still maintained,
And on the foe his missiles rained.
In air, on earth, on plain, on hill,
With awful might he battled still;
And through the hours of night and day
The conflict knew no pause or stay.
CANTO CX.

RĀVAN'S DEATH.

Then Mātali to Rāma cried:
'Let other arms the day decide.
Why wilt thou strive with useless toil
And see his might thy efforts foil?
Launch at the foe thy dart whose fire
Was kindled by the Almighty Sire.'
He ceased: and Raghu's son obeyed:
Upon his string the hero laid
An arrow, like a snake that hissed,
Whose fiery flight had never missed:
The arrow Saint Agastya gave
And blessed the chieftain's life to save:
That dart the Eternal Father made
The Monarch of the Gods to aid;
By Brahmā's self on him bestowed
When forth to fight Lord Indra rode.
'Twas feathered with the rushing wind;
The glowing sun and fire combined
To the keen point their splendour lent;
The shaft, ethereal element,
By Meru's hill and Mandar, pride
Of mountains, had its weight supplied.
He laid it on the twisted cord,
He turned the point at Lankā's lord.
And swift the limb-dividing dart
Pierced the huge chest and cleft the heart,
And dead he fell upon the plain.
Like Vritra by the Thunderer slain.
The Rákshas host when Rávaṇ fell
Sent forth a wild terrific yell,
Then turned and fled, all hope resigned,
Through Lanká's gates, nor looked behind.
His voice each joyous Vánar raised,
And Ráma, conquering Ráma, praised.
Soft from celestial minstrels came
The sound of music and acclaim.
Soft, fresh, and cool, a rising breeze
Brought odours from the heavenly trees,
And ravishing the sight and smell
A wondrous rain of blossoms fell:
And voices breathed round Raghu's son:
'Champion of Gods, well done, well done.'
CANTO CXI.

VIBHĪSHAṆ'S LAMENT.

Vibhishaṇ saw his brother slain,
Nor could his heart its woe contain.
O'er the dead king he sadly bent
And mourned him with a loud lament:
'O hero, bold and brave,' he cried,
'Skilled in all arms, in battle tried,
Spoiled of thy crown, with limbs outspread,
Why wilt thou press thy gory bed?
Why slumber on the earth's cold breast,
When sumptuous couches woo to rest?
Ah me, my brother over bold,
Thine is the fate my heart foretold:
But love and pride forbade to hear
The friend who blamed thy wild career.
Fallen is the sun who gave us light,
Our lordly moon is veiled in night.
Our beacon fire is dead and cold:
A hundred waves have o'er it rolled.
What could his light and fire avail
Against Lord Rāma's arrowy hail?
Woe for the giants' royal tree,
Whose stately height was fair to see.

'His buds were deeds of kingly grace,
His bloom the sons who decked his race.
With rifled bloom and mangled bough
The royal tree lies prostrate now.'
'Nay, idly mourn not,' Rāma cried,
Q
'The warrior king has nobly died,
Intrepid hero, firm through all,
So fell he as the brave should fall;
And ill beseems it chiefs like us
To weep for those who perish thus.
Be firm: thy causeless grief restrain,
And pay the dues that yet remain.'

Again Vibhishan sadly spoke:
'His was the hero arm that broke
Embattled Gods' and Indra's might,
Unconquered ere to-day in fight.
He rushed against thee, fought and fell,
As Ocean, when his waters swell,
Hurling his might against a rock,
Falls spent and shattered by the shock.
Woe for our king's untimely end,
The generous lord, the trusty friend:
Our sure defence when fear arose,
A dreaded scourge to stubborn foes.
O, let the king thy hand has slain
The honours of the dead obtain.'

Then Râma answered. 'Hatred dies
When low in dust the seaman lies.
Now triumph bids the conflict cease,
And knits us in the bonds of peace.
Let funeral rites be duly paid,
And be it mine thy toil to aid.'
CANTO CXII.

THE RÁKSHAS DAMES.

High rose the universal wail
That mourned the monarch's death, and, pale
With crushing woe, her hair unbound,
Her eyes in floods of sorrow drowned,
Forth from the inner chambers came
With trembling feet each royal dame.

Heedless of those who bade them stay
They reached the field where Rávan lay;
There falling by their husband's side,
'Ah, King! ah dearest lord!' they cried.

Like creepers shattered by the storm
They threw them on his mangled form.
One to his bleeding bosom crept
And lifted up her voice and wept.
About his feet one mourner clung,
Around his neck another hung.
One on the giant's severed head
Her pearly tears in torrents shed
Fast as the drops the summer shower
Pours down upon the lotus flower.

'Ah, he whose arm in anger reared
The King of Gods and Yama feared,
While panic struck their heavenly train,
Lies prostrate in the battle slain.
Thy haughty heart thou wouldst not bend,
Nor listen to each wiser friend.
Ah, had thè dame, as they implored,
Been yielded to her injured lord,
We had not mourned this day thy fall,
And happy had it been for all.
Then Rāma and thy friends content
In blissful peace their days had spent.
Thine injured brother had not fled,
Nor giant chiefs and Vānars bled.
Yet for these woes we will not blame
Thy fancy for the Maithil dame.
Fate, ruthless Fate, whom none may bend,
Has urged thee to thy hapless end.
CANTO CXIII.

MANDODARÍ’S LAMENT.

While thus they wept, supreme in place,
The loveliest for form and face,
Mandodarí drew near alone,
Looked on her lord and made her moan:
‘Ah Monarch, Indra feared to stand
In fight before thy conquering hand.
From thy dread spear the Immortals ran;
And art thou murdered by a man?
Ah, ’twas no child of earth, I know,
That smote thee with that mortal blow.
’Twas Death himself in Ráma’s shape
That slew thee: Death whom none escape.
Or was it he who rules the skies
Who met thee, clothed in man’s disguise?
Ah no, my lord, not Indra: he
In battle ne’er could look on thee.
One only God thy match I deem:
’Twas Vishńu’s self, the Lord Supreme,
Whose days through ceaseless time extend
And ne’er began and ne’er shall end:
He with the discus, shell, and mace,
Brought ruin on the giant race.
Girt by the Gods of heaven arrayed
Like Vánar hosts his strength to aid,
He Ráma’s shape and arms assumed
And slew the king whom Fate had doomed.
In Janasthán when Khara died
With giant legions by his side,
No mortal was the unconquered foe
In Ráma's form who struck the blow.
When Hanumán the Vánar came
And burnt thy town with hostile flame,
I counselled peace in anxious fear:
I counselled, but thou wouldst not hear.
Thy fancy for the foreign dame
Has brought thee death and endless shame.
Why should thy foolish fancy roam?
Hadst thou not wives as fair at home?
In beauty, form and grace could she,
Dear lord, surpass or rival me?
Now will the days of Śrīlé glide
In tranquil joy by Ráma's side:
And I—ah me, around me raves
A sea of woe with whelming waves.
With thee in days of old I trod
Each spot beloved by nymph and God;
I stood with thee in proud delight
On Mandar's side and Meru's height;
With thee, my lord, enchanted strayed
In Chaitraratha's lovely shade,
And viewed each fairest scene afar
Transported in thy radiant car.
But source of every joy wast thou,
And all my bliss is ended now.'

Then Ráma to Vibhíšaṇa cried:
'Whate'er the ritual bids, provide.
Obsequial honours duly pay,
And these sad mourners' grief allay.'
Vibhíšaṇa answered, wise and true,
For duty's changeless law he knew:

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1 The garden of Kuvera, the God of Riches.
Canto CXIII.  THE RAMAYAN.

‘Nay, one who scorned all sacred vows
And dared to touch another’s spouse,
Fell tyrant of the human race,
With funeral rites I may not grace.’

Him Raghu’s royal son, the best
Of those who love the law, addressed:
‘False was the rover of the night,
He loved the wrong and scorned the right.
Yet for the fallen warrior plead
The dauntless heart, the valorous deed.
Let him who ne’er had brooked defeat,
The chief whom Indra feared to meet,
The ever-conquering lord, obtain
The honours that should grace the slain.’

Vibhishan bade his friends prepare
The funeral rites with thoughtful care.
Himself the royal palace sought
Whence sacred fire was quickly brought,
With sandal wood and precious scents
And pearl and coral ornaments.
Wise Bráhmans, while the tears that flowed
Down their wan cheeks their sorrow showed,
Upon a golden litter laid
The corpse in finest robes arrayed.
Thereon were flowers and pennons hung,
And loud the monarch’s praise was sung.
Then was the golden litter raised,
While holy fire in orden blazed,
And first in place Vibhishan led
The slow procession of the dead.
Behind, their cheeks with tears bedewed,
Came sad the widowed multitude.
Where, raised, as Bráhmans ordered, stood
Piled sandal logs, and scented wood.
The body of the king was set
High on a deerskin coverlet.
Then duly to the monarch’s shade
The offerings for the dead they paid,
And southward on the eastern side
An altar formed and fire supplied.
Then on the shoulder of the dead
The oil and clotted milk were shed.
All rites were done as rules ordain:
The sacrificial goat was slain.
Next on the corpse were perfumes thrown
And many a flowery wreath was strown;
And with Vibhíśaṇ's ready aid
Rich vesture o'er the king was laid.
Then while the tears their cheeks bedewed
Parched grain upon the dead they strewn;
Last, to the wood, as rules require,
Vibhíśaṇ set the kindling fire.
Then having bathed, as texts ordain,
To Lanká went the mourning train.
Vibhíśaṇ, when his task was done,
Stood by the side of Raghu's son.
And Ráma, freed from every foe,
Unstrung at last his deadly bow,
And laid the glittering shafts aside,
And mail by Indra's love supplied.
CANTO CXIV.

VIBHÍSHAN CONSECRATED.

Joy reigned in heaven where every eye
Had seen the Lord of Lanká die.
In cars whose sheen surpassed the sun's
Triumphant rode the radiant ones;
And Rávaṇ’s death, by every tongue,
And Ráma's glorious deeds were sung.
They praised the Vánars true and brave,
The counsel wise Sugríva gave.
The deeds of Hanumán they told,
The valiant chief supremely bold,
The strong ally, the faithful friend,
And Sítá's truth which naught could bend.

To Mátali, whom Indra sent,
His head the son of Raghu bent:
And he with fiery steeds who clove
The clouds again to Swarga drove.
Round King Sugríva brave and true
His arms in rapture Ráma threw,
Looked on the host with joy and pride,
And thus to noble Lakshmana cried:

‘Now let king-making drops be shed,
Dear brother, on Vibhíshaṇ’s head
For truth and friendship nobly shown,
And make him lord of Rávaṇ’s throne.’
This longing of his heart he told:
And Lakshmana took an urn of gold
And bade the wind-fleet Vánars bring
Sea water for the giants' king.
The brimming urn was swiftly brought:
Then on a throne superbly wrought
Vibhīśaṇa sat, the giants' lord,
And o'er his brows the drops were poured.
As Rāghu's son the rite beheld
His loving heart with rapture swelled:
But tenderer thoughts within him woke,
And thus to Hanumān he spoke:

'Go to my queen: this message give:
Say Lakṣmaṇ and Sugrīva live.
The death of Lankā's monarch tell,
And bid her joy, for all is well.'
CANTO CXV.

SITĀ'S JOY.

The Vānar chieftain bowed his head,  
Within the walls of Lankā sped,  
Leave from the new-made king obtained,  
And Sītā's lovely garden gained.  
Beneath a tree the queen he found,  
Where Rākṣas warders watched around.  
Her pallid cheek, her tangled hair,  
Her raiment showed her deep despair.  
Near and more near the envoy came  
And gently hailed the weeping dame.  
She started up in sweet surprise,  
And sudden joy illumèd her eyes.  
For well the Vānar's voice she knew,  
And hope reviving sprang and grew.

'Fair Queen,' he said, 'our task is done:  
The foe is slain and Lankā won.  
Triumphant mid triumphant friends  
Kind words of greeting Rāma sends.  
'BLEst for thy sake, O spouse most true,  
My deadly foe I met and slew.  
Mine eyes are strangers yet to sleep:  
I built a bridge athwart the deep  
And crossed the sea to Lankā's shore  
To keep the mighty oath I swore.  
Now, gentle love, thy cares dispel,  
And weep no more, for all is well.  
Fear not in Rāvan's house to stay,
For good Vibhishana now bears sway,
For constant truth and friendship known:
Regard his palace as thine own.'
He greets thee thus thy heart to cheer,
And urged by love will soon be here.'

Then flushed with joy the lady's cheek,
Her eyes o'erflowed, her voice was weak;
But struggling with her sobs she broke
Her silence thus, and faintly spoke:
'So fast the flood of rapture came,
My trembling tongue no words could frame.
Ne'er have I heard in days of bliss
A tale that gave such joy as this.
More precious far than gems and gold
The message which thy lips have told.'

His reverent hands the Vânar raised
And thus the lady's answer praised:
'Sweet are the words, O Queen, which thou,
True to thy lord, hast spoken now,
Better than gems and pearls of price,
Yea, or the throne of Paradise.
But, lady, ere I leave this place,
Grant me, I pray, a single grace.
Permit me, and this vengeful hand
Shall slay thy guards, this Râkshas band,
Whose cruel insult threat and scorn
Thy gentle soul too long has borne.'

Thus, stern of mood, Hanumân cried:
Thê Maithil lady thus replied:
'Nay, be not wroth with servants: they,
When monarchs bid must needs obey,
And, vassals of their lords, fulfil
Each fancy of their sovereign will.
To mine own sins the blame impute,
For as we sow we reap the fruit.
The tyrant's will these dames obeyed
When their fierce threats my soul dismay'd.

She ceased: with admiration moved
The Vānar chief her words approved:
'Thy speech,' he cried, 'is worthy one
Whom love has linked to Raghu's son.
Now speak, O Queen, that I may know
Thy pleasure, for to him I go.'
The Vānar ceased: then Janāk's child
Made answer as she sweetly smiled:
'My first, my only wish can be,
O chief, my loving lord to see.'

Again the Vānar envoy spoke,
And with his words new rapture woke:
'Queen, ere this sun shall cease to shine
Thy Rāma's eyes shall look in thine.
Again the lord of Raghu's race
Shall turn to thee his moon-bright face.
His faithful brother shall thou see
And every friend who fought for thee,
And greet once more thy king restored
Like Śachī to her heavenly lord.'
To Raghu's son his steps he bent
And told the message that she sent.

The consort of Indra.
CANTO CXVI.

THE MEETING.

He looked upon that archer chief
Whose full eye mocked the lotus leaf,
And thus the noble Vánar spake:
‘Now meet the queen for whose dear sake
Thy mighty task was first begun,
And now the glorious fruit is won.
O'erwhelmed with woe thy lady lies,
The hot tears streaming from her eyes.
And still the queen must long and pine
Until those eyes be turned to thine.’

But Ráma stood in pensive mood,
And gathering tears his eyes bedewed.
His sad looks sought the ground: he sighed
And thus to King Vibhíśaṇ cried:
‘Let Sítá bathe and tire her head
And hither to my sight be led
In raiment sweet with precious scent,
And gay with golden ornament.’

The Rákshas king his palace sought,
And Sítá from her bower was brought.
Then Rákshas bearers tall and strong,
Selected from the menial throng,
Through Lánká’s gate the queen, arrayed
In glorious robes and gems, conveyed.
Concealed behind the silken screen,
Swift to the plain they bore the queen,
While Vánarás, close on every side,
With eager looks the litter eyed.
The warders at Víbhíśaṇa’s best
The onward rushing throng repressed,
While like the roar of ocean loud
Rose the wild murmur of the crowd.
The son of Rághu saw, and moved
With anger thus the king reproved:
‘Why vex with hasty blow and threat
The Vánars, and my rights forget?
Repress this zeal, untimely shown:
I count this people as mine own.
A woman’s guard is not her bower,
The lofty wall, the fenced tower:
Her conduct is her best defence,
And not a king’s magnificence.
At holy rites, in war and woe,
Her face unveiled a dame may show;
When at the Maiden’s Choice1 they meet,
When marriage troops parade the street
And she, my queen, who long has lain
In prison racked with care and pain,
May cease a while her face to hide,
For is not Ráma by her side?
Lay down the litter: on her feet
Let Sítá come her lord to meet,
And let the hosts of woodland race
Look near upon the lady’s face.’

Then Lákshmana and each Vánar chief
Who heard his words were filled with grief.

The lady’s gentle spirit sank,

1 The Swayamvara, Self-choice or election of a husband by a princess or daughter of a Kshatriya at a public assembly of suitors held for the purpose. For a description of the ceremony see Nala and Damayanti, an episode of the Mahábhárata translated by the late Dean Milman, and Idylls from the Sanskrit.
And from each eye in fear she shrank,
As, her sweet eyelids vailed for shame,
Slowly before her lord she came.
While rapture battled with surprise
She raised to his her wistful eyes.
Then with her doubt and fear she strove,
And from her breast all sorrow drove.
Regardless of the gathering crowd,
Bright as the moon without a cloud,
She bent her eyes, no longer dim,
In joy and trusting love on him
CANTO CXVII.

SÍTA'S DISGRACE.

He saw her trembling by his side,
And looked upon her face and cried:
'Though, at length my task is done,
And thou, the prize of war, art won.
This arm my glory has retrieved,
And all that man might do achieved;
The insulting foe in battle slain
And cleared mine honour from its stain.
This day has made my name renowned
And with success my labour crowned.
Lord of myself, the oath I swore
Is binding on my soul no more.
If from my home my queen was rent,
This arm has well avenged the theft,
And in the field has wiped away
The blot that on mine honour lay.
The bridge that spans the foaming flood,
The city red with giants' blood;
The hosts by King Sugrīva led
Who wisely counselled, fought and bled;
Vibhīsāṇ's love, our guide and stay—
All these are crowned with fruit to-day.

But, lady, 'twas not love for thee
That led mine army o'er the sea.
'Twas not for thee our blood was shed,
Or Lankā filled with giant dead.
No fond affection for my wife
Inspired me in the hour of strife.
I battled to avenge the cause
Of honour and insulted laws.
My love is fled, for on thy fame
Lies the dark blot of sin and shame;
And thou art hateful as the light
That flashes on the injured sight.
The world is all before thee: flee:
Go where thou wilt, but not with me.
How should my home receive again
A mistress soiled with deathless stain?
How should I brook the foul disgrace,
Scorned by my friends and all my race?
For Rāvan bore thee through the sky,
And fixed on thine his evil eye.
About thy waist his arms he threw,
Close to his breast his captive drew,
And kept thee, vassal of his power,
An inmate of his ladies' bower.
CANTO CXVIII.

SÍTÁ'S REPLY.

Struck down with overwhelming shame
She shrank within her trembling frame.
Each word of Ráma's like a dart
Had pierced the lady to the heart;
And from her sweet eyes unrestrained
The torrent of her sorrows rained.
Her weeping eyes at length she dried,
And thus mid choking sobs replied:

'Canst thou, a high-born prince, dismiss
A high-born dame with speech like this?
Such words befit the meanest hind,
Not princely birth and generous mind.
By all my virtuous life I swear
I am not what thy words declare.
If some are faithless, wilt thou find
No love and truth in womankind?
Doubt others if thou wilt, but own
The truth which all my life has shown.
If, when the giant seized his prey,
Within his hated arms I lay,
And felt the grasp I dreaded, blame
Fate and the robber, not thy dame.
What could a helpless woman do?
My heart was mine and still was true.
Why when Hanúmán sent by thee
Sought Lanká's town across the sea,
Couldst thou not give, O lord of men,
Thy sentence of rejection then?
Then in the presence of the chief
Death, ready death, had brought relief,
Nor had I nursed in woe and pain
This lingering life, alas in vain.
Then hadst thou shunned the fruitless strife
Nor jeopardied thy noble life,
But spared thy friends and bold allies
Their vain and weary enterprise.
Is all forgotten, all? my birth,
Named Janak's child, from fostering earth?
That day of triumph when a maid
My trembling hand in thine I laid?
My meek obedience to thy will,
My faithful love through joy and ill,
That never failed at duty's call—
O King, is all forgotten, all?'

To Laksamana then she turned and spoke,
While sobs and sighs her utterance broke:
'Sumitra's son, a pile prepare,
My refuge in my dark despair.
I will not live to bear this weight
Of shame, forlorn and desolate.
The kindled fire my woes shall end
And be my best and surest friend.'

His mournful eyes the hero raised
And wistfully on Rama gazed,
In whose stern look no ruth was seen,
No mercy for the weeping queen.
No chieftain dared to meet those eyes,
To pray, to question or advise.

The word was passed, the wood was piled,
And fain to die stood Janak's child.
She slowly paced around her lord,
The Gods with reverent act adored,
Then raising supplicant hands the dame
Prayed humbly to the Lord of Flame:
‘As this fond heart by virtue swayed
From Raghu’s son has never strayed,
So, universal witness, Fire
Protect my body on the pyre.
As Raghu’s son has idly laid
This charge on Sītā, hear and aid.’

She ceased: and fearless to the last
Within the flame’s wild fury passed.
Then rose a piercing cry from all
Dames, children, men, who saw her fall
Adorned with gems and gay attire
Beneath the fury of the fire.
CANTO CXIX.

GLORY TO VISHNU.

The shrill cry pierced through Rama's ears
And his sad eyes o'erflowed with tears,
When lo, transported through the sky
A glorious band of Gods was nigh.
Ancestral shades,¹ by men revered,
In venerable state appeared,
And he from whom all riches flow,
And Yama Lord who reigns below:
King Indra, thousand-eyed, and he
Who wields the sceptre of the sea.²
The God who shows the blazoned bull,³
And Brahma Lord most bountiful
By whose command the worlds were made:
All these on radiant cars conveyed,
Brighter than sun-beams, sought the place
Where stood the prince of Raghu's race,
And from their glittering seats the best
Of blessed Gods the chief addressed:
'Couldst thou, the Lord of all, couldst thou,
Creator of the worlds, allow
Thy queen, thy spouse to brave the fire
And give her body to the pyre?
Dost thou not yet, supremely wise,
Thy heavenly nature recognize?'

¹ The Pitris or Manes, the spirits of the dead.
² Kuvera, the God of Wealth.
³ Varuna, God of the sea.
⁴ Mahādeva or Śiva whose ensign is a bull.
They ceased: and Ráma thus began:
'I deem myself a mortal man.
Of old Ikshváku's line, I spring
From Daśaratha Kosal's king.'
He ceased: and Brahmá's self replied:
'O cast the idle thought aside.
Thou art the Lord Náráyaṇ, thou
The God to whom all creatures bow.
Thou art the saviour God who wore
Of old the semblance of a boar;
Thou he whose discus overthrows
All present, past and future foes;
Thou Brahmá, That whose days extend
Without beginning, growth or end;
The God, who bears the bow of horn,
Whom four majestic arms adorn;
Thou art the God who rules the sense
And sways with gentle influence;
Thou all-pervading Vishṇu, Lord
Who wears the ever-conquering sword;
Thou art the Guide who leads aright,
Thou Krishṇa of unequalled might.
Thy hand, O Lord, the hills and plains,
And earth with all her life sustains;
Thou wilt appear in serpent form
When sinks the earth in fire and storm.
Queen Sítá of the lovely brows
Is Lakshmí thy celestial spouse.
To free the worlds from Rávaṇ thou
Wouldst take the form thou wearest now.
Rejoice: the mighty task is done;
Rejoice, thou great and glorious one.
The tyrant slain, thy labours end:
Triumphant now to heaven ascend.
High bliss awaits the devotee
Who clings in loving faith to thee,
Who celebrates with solemn praise
The Lord of ne'er beginning days.
On earth below, in heaven above
Great joy shall crown his faith and love.
And he who loves the tale divine
Which tells each glorious deed of thine
Through life's fair course shall never know
The fierce assault of pain and woe.  

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1 The Address to Rāma, both text and commentary, will be found literally translated in the Additional Notes. A paraphrase of a portion is all that I have attempted here.
CANTO CXX.

SITÁ RESTORED.

Thus spoke the Self-existent Sire:
Then swiftly from the blazing pyre
The circling flames were backward rolled,
And, raising in his gentle hold
Alive unharmed the Maithil dame,
The Lord of Fire embodied came,
Fair as the morning was her sheen,
And gold and gems adorned the queen.
Her form in crimson robes arrayed,
Her hair was bound in glossy braid.
Her wreath was fresh and sweet of scent,
Undimmed was every ornament.
Then, standing close to Ráma’s side,
The universal witness cried:
‘From every blot and blemish free
Thy faithful queen returns to thee.
In word or deed, in look or mind
Her heart from thee has ne’er declined.
By force the giant bore away
From thy lone cot his helpless prey;
And in his bowers securely kept
She still has longed for thee and wept.
With soft temptation, bribe and threat,
He bade the dame her love forget:
But, nobly faithful to her lord,
Her soul the giant’s suit abhorred.
Receive, O King, thy queen again,
Pure, ever pure from spot and stain.'
Still stood the king in thoughtful mood
And tears of joy his eyes bedew'd.
Then to the best of Gods the best
Of warrior chiefs his mind expressed:
'Twas meet that mid the thousands here
The searching fire my queen should clear;
For long within the giant's bower
She dwelt the vassal of his power.
For else had many a slanderous tongue
Reproaches on mine honour flung,
And scorned the king who, love-impelled,
His consort from the proof withheld.
No doubt had I, but surely knew
That Janak's child was pure and true,
That, come what might, in good and ill
Her faithful heart was with me still.
I knew that Rāvan could not wrong
My queen whom virtue made so strong.
I knew his heart would sink and fail,
Nor dare her honour to assail,
As Ocean, when he raves and roars,
Fears to o'erleap his bounding shores.
Now to the worlds her truth is shown,
And Sītā is again mine own.
Thus proved before unnumbered eyes,
On her pure fame no shadow lies.
As heroes to their glory cleave,
Mine own dear spouse I ne'er will leave.'

He ceased: and clasped in fond embrace
On his dear breast she hid her face.
CANTO CXXI.

DAŚARATHA.

To him Maheśvar thus replied:
'O strong-armed hero, lotus-eyed,
Thou, best of those who love the right,
Hast nobly fought the wondrous fight.
Dispelled by thee the gloom that spread
Through trembling earth and heaven is fled.
The worlds exult in light and bliss,
And praise thy name, O chief, for this.
Now peace to Bharat's heart restore,
And bid Kausalyā weep no more.
Thy face let Queen Kaikeyī see,
Let fond Sumitrā gaze on thee.
The longing of thy friends relieve,
The kingdom of thy sires receive.
Let sons of gentle Sítā born
Ikshvákú's ancient line adorn.
Then from all care and foemen freed
Perform the offering of the steed.
In pious gifts thy wealth expend,
Then to the home of Gods ascend.
Thy sire, this glorious king, behold,
Among the blest in heaven enrolled.
He comes from where the Immortals dwell:
Salute him, for he loves thee well.'

His mandate Raghu's sons obeyed,
And to their sire obeisance made,
Where high he stood above the car
In wondrous light that shone afar,
His limbs in radiant garments dressed
Whereon no spot of dust might rest.
When on the son he loved so well
The eyes of Daśaratha fell,
He strained the hero to his breast
And thus with gentle words addressed:
'No joy to me is heavenly bliss,
For there these eyes my Rāma miss.
Enrolled on high with saint and sage,
Thy woes, dear son, my thoughts engage.
Kaikeyī's guile I ne'er forget:
Her cruel words will haunt me yet,
Which sent thee forth, my son, to roam
The forest far from me and home.
Now when I look on each dear face,
And hold you both in fond embrace,
My heart is full of joy to see
The sons I love from danger free.
Now know I what the Gods designed,
And how in Rāma's form enshrined
The might of Purushottam lay,
The tyrant of the worlds to slay.
Ah, how Kausalyā will rejoice
To hear again her darling's voice,
And, all thy weary wanderings o'er,
To gaze upon thy face once more.
Ah blest, for ever blest are they
Whose eyes shall see the glorious day
Of thy return in joy at last,
Thy term of toil and exile past.
Ayodhya's lord, begin thy reign,
And day by day new glory gain.'

He ceased: and Rāma thus replied:
Canto CXXI.  THE RAMAYANA.

"Be not this grace, O sire, denied.
Those hasty words, that curse revoke
Which from thy lips in anger broke:
"Kaikeyi, be no longer mine:
I cast thee off, both thee and thine."
O father, let no sorrow fall
On her or hers; thy curse recall."
"Yea, she shall live, if so thou wilt,"
The sire replied, "absolved from guilt."
Round Lakshman then his arms he threw,
And moved by love began anew:
"Great store of merit shall be thine,
And brightly shall thy glory shine;
Secure on earth thy brother's grace,
And high in heaven shall be thy place.
Thy glorious king obey and fear:
To him the triple world is dear.
God, saint, and sage, by Indra led,
To Râma bow the reverent head,
Nor from the Lord, the lofty-souled,
Their worship or their praise withhold."
Heart of the Gods, supreme is he,
The One who ne'er shall cease to be."

On Sita then he looked and smiled;
"List to my words" he said, "dear child.
Let not thy gentle breast retain
One lingering trace of wrath or pain.
When by the fire thy truth be proved,
By love for thee his will was moved.
The furious flame thy faith confessed
Which shrank not from the awful test:
And thou, in every heart enshrined,
Shalt live the best of womankind."

He ceased: he bade the three adieu,
And home to heaven exulting flew.
CANTO CXXII.

INDRA'S BOON.

Then Indra, he whose fiery stroke
Slew furious Páka, turned and spoke:
' A glorious day, O chief, is this,
Rich with the fruit of lasting bliss.
Well pleased are we: we love thee well:
Now speak, thy secret wishes tell.'

Thus spake the sovereign of the sky,
And this was Ráma's glad reply:
'If I have won your grace, incline
To grant this one request of mine.
Restore, O King; the Vánar dead
Whose blood for me was nobly shed.
To life and strength my friends recall,
And bring them back from Yama's hall.
When, fresh in might the warriors rise,
Prepare a feast to glad their eyes.
Let fruits of every season glow,
And streams of purest water flow.'

Thus Raghu's son, great-hearted, prayed,
And Indra thus his answer made:
'High is the boon thou seekest: none
Should win this grace but Raghu's son.
Yet, faithful to the word I spake,
I grant the prayer for thy dear sake.
The Vánars whom the giants slew
Their life and vigour shall renew.
Their strength repaired, their gashes healed
Whose torrents dyed the battle field,
The warrior hosts from death shall rise
Like sleepers when their slumber flies.’

Restored from Yama’s dark domain
The Vānār legions filled the plain,
And, round the royal chief arrayed,
With wondering hearts obeisance paid.
Each God the son of Raghu praised,
And cried as loud his voice he raised:
‘Turn, King, to fair Ayodhya speed,
And leave thy friends of Vānār breed.
Thy true devoted consort cheer
After long days of woe and fear.
Bharat, thy loyal brother, see,
A hermit now for love of thee.
The tears of Queen Kausalyā dry,
And light with joy each stepdame’s eye;
Then consecrated king of men
Make glad each faithful citizen.’

They ceased: and borne on radiant cars
Sought their bright home amid the stars.
CANTO CXXIII.

THE MAGIC CAR.

Then slept the tamer of his foes
And spent the night in calm repose.
Vibhíśaṇaḥ came when morning broke,
And hailed the royal chief, and spoke:
‘Here wait thee precious oil and scents,
And rich attire and ornaments.
The brimming urns are newly filled,
And women in their duty skilled,
With lotus-eyes, thy call attend,
Assistance at thy bath to lend.’
‘Let others,’ Ráma cried, ‘desire
These precious scents, this rich attire.
I need not such delights as these,
For faithful Bharat, ill at ease,
Watching for me is keeping now
Far far away his rigorous vow.
By Bharat’s side I long to stand,
I long to see my fatherland.
Far is Ayodhyá; long, alas,
The dreary road and hard to pass.’

‘One day,’ Vibhíśaṇaḥ cried, ‘one day
Shall bear thee o’er that length of way.
Is not the wondrous chariot mine,
Named Pushpák, wrought by hands divine,
The prize which Rávaṇa seized of old
Victorious o’er the God of Gold?
This chariot, kpt with utmost care,
Will waft thee through the fields of air,
And thou shalt light unwearied down
In fair Ayodhya's royal town.
But yet if aught that I have done
Has pleased thee well, O Raghu's son;
If still thou carest for thy friend,
Some little time in Lankā spend;
There after toil of battle rest
Within my halls an honoured guest.'
Again the son of Raghu spake:
'Thy life was perilled for my sake.
Thy counsel gave me priceless aid:
All honours have been richly paid.
Scarce can my love refuse, O best'
Of giant kind, thy last request.
But still I yearn once more to see
My home and all most dear to me;
Nor can I brook one hour's delay:
Forgive me, speed me on my way.'

He ceased: the magic car was brought,
Of yore by Viśvakarma wrought.
In sunlike sheen it flashed and blazed;
And Raghu's sons in wonder gazed.
CANTO CXXIV.

THE DEPARTURE.

The giant lord the chariot viewed,
And humbly thus his speech renewed;
'Behold, O King, the car prepared:
Now be thy further will declared.'
He ceased: and Ráma spake once more:
'These hosts who thronged to Lanká's shore
Their faith and might have nobly shown,
And set thee on the giants' throne.
Let pearls and gems and gold repay
The feats of many a desperate day,
That all may go triumphant hence
Proud of their noble recompense.'

Vibhíšhaṇ, ready at his call,
With gold and gems enriched them all.
Then Ráma clomb the glorious car
That shone like day's resplendent star.
There in his lap he held his dame
Vailing her eyes in modest shame.
Beside him Lakshman took his stand,
Whose mighty bow still armed his hand.
'O King Vibhíšhaṇ,' Ráma cried,
'O Vánar chiefs, so long allied,
My comrades till the foemen fell,
List, for I speak a long farewell.
The task, in doubt and fear begun,
With your good aid is nobly done.
Leave Lanká's shore, your steps retrace,
Canto CXXIV. THE RAMAYAN.

Brave warriors of the Vānar race.
Thou, King Sugrīva, true, through all,
To friendship's bond and duty's call,
Seek far Kishkindhá with thy train
And o'er thy realm in glory reign.
Farewell, Vibhíśhaṇ, Lanká's throne
Won by our arms is now thine own.
Thou, mighty lord, hast naught to dread
From heavenly Gods by Indra led.
My last farewell, O King, receive,
For Lanká's isle this hour I leave.'

Loud rose their cry in answer: 'We,
O Raghu's son, would go with thee.
With thee delighted would we stray
Where sweet Ayodhya's groves are gay,
Then in the joyous synod view
King-making balm thy brows bedew;
Our homage to Kausalyá pay,
And hasten on our homeward way.'

Their prayer the son of Raghu heard,
And spoke, his heart with rapture stirred:
'Sugrīva, O my faithful friend,
Vibhíśhaṇ and ye chiefs, ascend.
A joy beyond all joys the best
Will fill my overflowing breast,
If girt by you, O noble band,
I seek again my native land.'

With Vānar lords in danger tried
Sugrīva sprang to Ráma's side,
And girt by chiefs of giant kind
Vibhíśaṇ's step was close behind.
Swift through the air, as Ráma chose,
The wondrous car from earth arose,
And decked with swans and silver wings
Bore through the clouds its freight of kings.
Then Ráma, speeding through the skies,
Bent on the earth his eager eyes:
'Look, Sítá, see, divinely planned
And built by Viśvakarma's hand,
Lanká the lovely city rest
Enthroned on Mount Trikúṭa's crest.
Behold those fields, ensanguined yet,
Where Vánar hosts and giants met.
There, vainly screened by charm and spell,
The robber Rávan fought and fell.
There knelt Mandodari¹ and shed
Her tears in floods for Rávan dead,
And every dame who loved him sent
From her sad heart her wild lament.
There gleams the margin of the deep,
Where, worn with toil, we sank to sleep.
Look, love, the unconquered sea behold,
King Varuṇ's home ordained of old,
Whose boundless waters roar and swell
Rich with their store of pearl and shell.
O see, the morning sun is bright
On fair Hiraṇyanábhá's² height,
Who rose from Ocean's sheltering breast
That Hanumán might stay and rest.
There stretches, famed for evermore,
The wondrous bridge from shore to shore.
The worlds, to life's remotest day,
Due reverence to the work shall pay,
Which holier for the lapse of time
Shall give release from sin and crime.
Now thither bend, dear love, thine eyes
Where green with groves Kishkindhā lies,
The seat of King Sugríva's reign,
Where Bāli by this hand was slain. ¹
There Rishyamūka's hill behold
Bright gleaming with embedded gold.
There too my wandering foot I set,
There King Sugríva first I met,
And, where yon trees their branches wave,
My promise of assistance gave.
There, flushed with lilies, Pampā shines
With banks which greenest foliage lines,
Where melancholy steps I bent
And mourned thee with a mad lament.
There fierce Kabandha, spreading wide
His giant arms, in battle died.
Turn, Sítá, turn thine eyes and see
In Janasthán that glorious tree:
There Rávan, lord of giants, slew
Our friend Jaṭáyus brave and true,
Thy champion in the hopeless strife,
Who gave for thee his noble life.
Now, mark that glade amid the trees
Where once we lived as devotees.
See, see our leafy cot between
Those waving boughs of densest green,

¹ Here, in the North-west recension, Sítá expresses a wish that Tárā and the wives of the Vānar chiefs should be invited to accompany her to Ayodhyā. The car descends, and the Vānara matrons are added to the party. The Bengal recension ignores this palpable interruption.
Where Rāvan seized his prize and stole
My love the darling of my soul.
O, look again: beneath thee gleams
Godávari the best of streams,
Whose lucid waters sweetly glide
By lilies that adorn her side.
There dwelt Agastya, holy sage,
In plantain-sheltered hermitage.
See Śarabhanga's humble shed
Which sovereign Indra visited.
See where the gentle hermits dwell
Neath Atri's rule who loved us well;
Where once thine eyes were blest to see
His sainted dame who talked with thee.
Now rest thine eyes with new delight
On Chitrakūṭa's woody height,
See Jumna flashing in the sun
Through groves of brilliant foliage run.
Screened by the shade of spreading boughs
There Bharadvāja keeps his vows.
There Gangā, river of the skies,
Rolls the sweet wave that purifies.
There Śringāvera's towers ascend
Where Guha reigns, mine ancient friend.
I see, I see thy glittering spires,
Ayodhyā, city of my sires.
Bow down, bow down thy head, my sweet,
Our home, our long-lost home to greet.
CANTO CXXVI.

BHRAT CONSOLED.

But Ráma bade the chariot stay,
And halting in his airy way,
In Bharadvája's holy shade
His homage to the hermit paid.
'O saint,' he cried, 'I yearn to know
My dear Ayodhyá's weal and woe.
O tell me that the people thrive,
And that the queens are yet alive.'

Joy gleamed in Bharadvája's eye,
Who gently smiled and made reply:
'Thy brother, studious of thy will,
Is faithful and obedient still.
In tangled twine he coils his hair:
Thy safe return is all his care.
Before thy shoes he humbly bends,
And to thy house and realm attends.
When first these dreary years began,
When first I saw the banished man,
With Sítá, in his hermit coat,
At this sad heart compassion smote.
My breast with tender pity swelled:
I saw thee from thy home expelled,
Reft of all princely state, forlorn,
A hapless wanderer travel-worn,
Firm in thy purpose to fulfil
Thy duty and thy father's will.
But boundless is my rapture now: