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गीतावली

Rāma Gītāvalī

Complete bilingual reading edition

Gosvāmi Tulsīdāsa

330 canonical units with a fresh English translation

About this edition

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RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Bālakāṇḍa

Bālakāṇḍa Song 1: The Auspicious Hour of Rāma's Birth

आजु सुदिन सुभ घरी सुहाई।
रूप-सील-गुन-धाम राम नृप-भवन प्रगट भए आई॥ १ ॥
अति पुनीत मधुमास, लगन-ग्रह-बार-जोग-समुदाई।
हरषवन्त चर-अचर, भूमिसुर-तनरुह पुलक जनाई॥ २ ॥
बरषहिं बिबुध-निकर कुसुमावलि, नभ दुंदुभी बजाई।
कौसल्यादि मातु मन हरषित, यह सुख बरनि न जाई॥ ३ ॥
सुनि दसरथ सुत-जनम लिये सब गुरुजन बिप्र बोलाई।
बेद-बिहित करि क्रिया परम सुचि, आनंद उर न समाई॥ ४ ॥
सदन बेद-धुनि करत मधुर मुनि, बहु बिधि बाज बधाई।
पुरबासिन्ह प्रिय-नाथ-हेतु निज-निज संपदा लुटाई॥ ५ ॥
मनि-तोरन, बहु केतुपताकनि, पुरी रुचिर करि छाई।
मागध-सूत द्वार बंदीजन जहँ तहँ करत बड़ाई॥ ६ ॥
सहज सिंगार किये बनिता चलीं मंगल बिपुल बनाई।
गावहिं देहिं असीस मुदित, चिर जिवौ तनय सुखदाई॥ ७ ॥
बीथिन्ह कुंकुम-कीच, अरगजा अगर अबीर उड़ाई।
नाचहिं पुर-नर-नारि प्रेम भरि देहदसा बिसराई॥ ८ ॥
अमित धेनु-गज-तुरग-बसन-मनि, जातरूप अधिकाई।
देत भूप अनुरूप जाहि जोड़, सकल सिद्धि गृह आई॥ ९ ॥
सुखी भए सुर-संत-भूमिसुर, खलगन-मन मलिनाई।
सबै सुमन बिकसत रबि निकसत, कुमुद-बिपिन बिलखाई॥ १० ॥
जो सुखसिंधु-सकृत-सीकर तें सिव-बिरंचि-प्रभुताई।
सोइ सुख अवध उमंगि रह्यो दस दिसि, कौन जतन कहाँ गाई॥ ११ ॥
जे रघुबीर-चरन-चिंतक, तिन्हकी गति प्रगट दिखाई।
अबिरल अमल अनूप भगति दृढ़ तुलसिदास तब पाई॥ १२ ॥

Today is a blessed day, a lovely and auspicious hour.

Rāma, the abode of beauty, character, and virtue, has appeared in the king's palace. (1)

The holy spring month, ascendant, planets, weekday, and conjunction are all supremely pure.

All that moves and does not move rejoices; the hairs rising on the Brahmins' bodies proclaim their thrill. (2)

Hosts of gods beat celestial drums and shower garlands of flowers.

The hearts of Kausalyā and the other mothers rejoice; this happiness cannot be described. (3)

Hearing that a son was born, Daśaratha summoned all the elders, teachers, and Brahmins.

With perfect purity he performed the rites prescribed by the Veda; joy would not fit within his heart. (4)

In the palace the sages sweetly sound the Veda, and many kinds of congratulatory music play.

For their beloved lord, the people of the city lavish away their own wealth. (5)

Jeweled festoons and countless banners and flags cover the lovely city.

At the gates, Māgadhas, Sūtas, and court bards proclaim praise everywhere. (6)

Women in their natural finery come bearing abundant auspicious offerings.

They sing and joyfully bless the child: "May this giver of happiness live long!" (7)

The lanes are a mire of saffron; fragrant powder, aloe, and colored dust fly.

The city's men and women dance, so full of love that they forget the state of their bodies. (8)

The king gives countless cows, elephants, horses, garments, jewels, and heaps of gold, giving each person whatever befits them; every accomplishment has come home. (9)

Gods, saints, and Brahmins are happy, while the hearts of the wicked grow dark—as every flower opens when the sun rises, but the water-lily grove pines. (10)

A single drop from that ocean of bliss gave Śiva and Brahmā their sovereignty;

that same bliss now surges through all ten directions of Ayodhyā—by what means could it be sung? (11)

The destiny of those who contemplate Raghubīra's feet is here made manifest.

Then Tulsīdāsa obtained firm devotion—unceasing, stainless, and beyond compare. (12)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 2: Friend, Hear the Birth-Song

सहेली सुनु सोहिलो रे!

सोहिलो, सोहिलो, सोहिलो, सोहिलो सब जग आज।

पूत सपूत कौसिला जायो, अचल भयो कुल-राज॥ १ ॥

चैत चारु नौमी तिथि सितपख, मध्य-गगन-गत भानु।

नखत जोग ग्रह लगन भले दिन मंगल-मोद-निधान॥ २ ॥

ब्योम, पवन, पावक, जल, थल, दिसि दसहु सुमंगल-मूल।

सुर दुंदुभी बजावहिं, गावहिं, हरषहिं, बरषहिं फूल॥ ३ ॥

भूपति-सदन सोहिलो सुनि बाजें गहगहे निसान।

जहँ-तहँ सजहिं कलस धुज चामर तोरन केतु बितान॥ ४ ॥

सींचि सुगंध रचें चौकें गृह-आँगन गली-बजार।

दल फल फूल दूब दधि रोचन, घर-घर मंगलचार॥ ५ ॥

सुनि सानंद उठे दसस्यंदन सकल समाज समेत।

लिये बोलि गुर-सचिव-भूमिसुर, प्रमुदित चले निकेत॥ ६ ॥

जातकरम करि, पूजि पितर-सुर, दिये महिदेवन दान।

तेहि औसर सुत तीनि प्रगट भए मंगल, मुद, कल्याण॥ ७ ॥

आनंद महँ आनंद अवध, आनंद बधावन होइ।

उपमा कहाँ चारि फलकी, मोहिं भलो न कहै कबि कोइ॥ ८ ॥

सजि आरती बिचित्र थार कर जूथ-जूथ बरनारि।

गावत चलीं बधावन लै लै निज-निज कुल अनुहारि॥ ९ ॥

असही दुसही मरहु मनहि मन, बैरिन बड़हु बिषाद।

नृपसुत चारि चारु चिरजीवहु संकर-गौरि-प्रसाद॥ १० ॥

लै लै ढोव प्रजा प्रमुदित चले भाँति-भाँति भरि भार।

करहिं गान करि आन रायकी, नाचहिं राजदुवार॥ ११ ॥

गज, रथ, बाजि, बाहिनी, बाहन सबनि सँवारे साज।

जनु रतिपति ऋतुपति कोसलपुर बिहरत सहित समाज॥ १२ ॥

घंटा-घंटी, पखाउज-आउज, झाँझ, बेनु डफ-तार।

नूपुर धुनि, मंजीर मनोहर, कर कंकन-झनकार॥ १३ ॥
 नृत्य करहिं नट-नटी, नारि-नर अपने-अपने रंग।
 मनहुँ मदन-रति बिबिध बेष धरि नटत सुदेस सुढंग॥ १४ ॥
 उघटहिं छंद-प्रबंध, गीत-पद, राग-तान-बंधान।
 सुनि किंनर गंधरब सराहत, बिथके हैं बिबुध-बिमान॥ १५ ॥
 कुंकुम-अगर-अरगजा छिरकहिं, भरहिं गुलाल-अबीर।
 नभ प्रसून झरि, पुरी कोलाहल, भइ मन भावति भीर॥ १६ ॥
 बड़ी बयस बिधि भयो दाहिनो सुर-गुर-आसिरबाद।
 दसरथ-सुकृत-सुधासागर सब उमगे हैं तजि मरजाद॥ १७ ॥
 ब्राह्मण बेद, बंदि बिरदावलि, जय-धुनि, मंगल-गान।
 निकसत पैठत लोग परसपर बोलत लगि लगि कान॥ १८ ॥
 बारहिं मुकुता-रतन राजमहिषी पुर-सुमुखि समान।
 बगरे नगर निछावरि मनिगन जनु जुवारि-जव-धान॥ १९ ॥
 कीन्हि बेदबिधि लोकरीति नृप, मंदिर परम हुलास।
 कौसल्या, कैकयी, सुमित्रा, रहस-बिबस रनिवास॥ २० ॥
 रानिन दिए बसन-मनि-भूषन, राजा सहन-भँडार।
 मागध-सूत-भाट-नट-जाचक जहँ तहँ करहिं कबार॥ २१ ॥
 बिप्रबधू सनमानि सुआसिनि, जन-पुरजन पहिराइ।
 सनमाने अवनीस, असीसत ईस-रमेस मनाइ॥ २२ ॥
 अष्टसिद्धि, नवनिद्धि, भूति सब भूपति भवन कमाहिं।
 समउ-समाज राज दसरथको लोकप सकल सिहाहिं॥ २३ ॥
 को कहि सके अवधबासिनको प्रेम-प्रमोद-उछाह।
 सारद सेस-गनेस-गिरीसहिं अगम, निगम न अवगाह॥ २४ ॥
 सिव-बिरंचि-मुनि-सिद्ध प्रसंसत, बड़े भूप के भाग।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु सोहिलो गावत उमगि-उमगि अनुराग॥ २५ ॥

Friend, listen to the birth-song!

Birth-song, birth-song—today the whole world sings the birth-song.

Kausalyā has borne a worthy son; her dynasty and kingdom stand secure. (1)

It is the lovely bright ninth of Caitra, with the sun at mid-heaven.
 Star, conjunction, planet, and ascendant are favorable; the day is a treasury of auspicious joy. (2)
 Sky, wind, fire, water, earth, and all ten directions have become sources of blessing.
 The gods beat drums, sing, rejoice, and shower flowers. (3)
 Hearing the birth-song at the king's house, deep kettledrums resound.
 Everywhere they arrange vessels, flags, fly-whisks, arches, banners, and canopies. (4)
 They sprinkle scented water and draw sacred designs through homes, courtyards, lanes, and markets.
 Leaves, fruits, flowers, sacred grass, curd, and red pigment fill every home's auspicious rites. (5)
 Hearing the news, Daśaratha rises joyfully with his entire court.
 Summoning his guru, ministers, and Brahmins, he proceeds delightedly to the residence. (6)
 He performs the birth rite, worships ancestors and gods, and gives gifts to the Brahmins.
 At that moment three more sons appear—auspiciousness, delight, and welfare embodied. (7)
 Joy within joy fills Ayodhyā; congratulations resound in joy.
 How could I compare the four with life's four fruits? No poet would call me discerning. (8)
 Groups of noble women prepare wondrous trays for the lamp offering.
 Each bearing her lineage's customary congratulations, they go singing. (9)
 May ill-wishers and enemies die inwardly; may the grief of foes increase.
 May the four lovely princes live long by Śaṅkara and Gaurī's grace. (10)
 Delighted citizens advance with burden after burden of varied gifts.
 They sing in the king's honor and dance at the royal gate. (11)
 Elephants, chariots, horses, troops, and every conveyance are splendidly arrayed.
 It is as though Love and Spring roam Kosalapura with their whole retinue. (12)
 Bells and gongs, drums and instruments, cymbals, flute, tambour, and strings resound;
 anklets ring, hand-cymbals charm, and bracelets chime. (13)
 Actors and actresses, women and men, dance each in their own delight.
 It seems Love and Rati have assumed many forms and dance beautifully in a lovely land. (14)
 Meters, compositions, songs, verses, modes, and patterns of melody unfold.
 Hearing them, Kinnaras and Gandharvas praise, while the gods' aerial cars stand arrested. (15)
 They scatter saffron, aloe, and fragrant powder and fill the air with red and colored dust.
 Flowers stream from the sky; the city rings, crowded with a heart-delighting throng. (16)
 In the king's old age, destiny has turned favorable through the blessings of gods and guru.
 All the nectar-oceans of Daśaratha's merit have overflowed their bounds. (17)
 Brahmins sound the Veda; bards recite lineages, victory cries, and auspicious songs.
 People entering and leaving press ear to ear in order to speak. (18)
 Royal queens and the city's fair women alike cast pearls and gems in offering.
 Jewels lie scattered through the city like millet, barley, and rice. (19)
 The king performs both Vedic ordinance and customary rite; the palace overflows with delight.

Kausalyā, Kaikeyī, Sumitrā, and the whole women's palace are helpless with joy. (20)
The queens give garments, gems, and ornaments; the king opens the outer treasury.
Māgadhas, Sūtas, bards, performers, and petitioners bustle everywhere. (21)
He honors Brahmin women and married daughters, and clothes his dependents and townspeople.
Honored by the king, they invoke Śiva and Viṣṇu and give their blessings. (22)
The eight powers, nine treasures, and every magnificence labor in the king's palace.
All the guardians of the worlds envy Daśaratha's hour and assembly. (23)
Who could describe the love, delight, and exhilaration of Ayodhyā's people?
It is beyond Śārādā, Śeṣa, Gaṇeśa, and Girīśa; the Veda cannot sound its depth. (24)
Śiva, Brahmā, sages, and perfected beings praise the king's vast good fortune.
Tulsīdāsa, surging again and again with love, sings the Lord's birth-song. (25)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 3: Supreme Auspiciousness in Kosalapura

आजु महामंगल कोसलपुर सुनि नृपके सुत चारि भए।
 सदन-सदन सोहिलो सोहावनो, नभ अरु नगर-निसान हए॥ १ ॥
 सजि-सजि जान अमर-किंनर-मुनि जानि समय-सम गान ठए।
 नाचहिं नभ अपसरा मुदित मन, पुनि-पुनि बरषहिं सुमन-चए॥ २ ॥
 अति सुख बेगि बोलि गुरु भूसुर भूपति भीतर भवन गए।
 जातकरम करि कनक, बसन, मनि भूषित सुरभि-समूह दए॥ ३ ॥
 दल-फल-फूल, दूब-दधि-रोचन, जुबतिन्ह भरि-भरि थार लए।
 गावत चलीं भीर भइ बीथिन्ह, बंदिन्ह बाँकुरे बिरद बए॥ ४ ॥
 कनक-कलस, चामर-पताक-धुज, जहँ तहँ बंदनवार नए।
 भरहिं अबीर, अरगजा छिरकहिं, सकल लोक एक रंग रए॥ ५ ॥
 उमगि चल्थौ आनंद लोक तिहुँ, देत सबनि मंदिर रितए।
 तुलसिदास पुनि भरेइ देखियत, रामकृपा चितवनि चितए॥ ६ ॥

Today supreme auspiciousness fills Kosalapura: news has come that the king has four sons.
 In every house a lovely birth-song resounds; drums sound in the sky and through the city. (1)
 Gods, Kinnaras, and sages ready their conveyances; knowing the occasion, singers begin music
 suited to the hour.

Apsarases dance joyfully in the sky and shower clusters of flowers again and again. (2)
 Overjoyed, the king quickly summons his guru and the Brahmins, then enters the inner palace.
 He performs the birth rite and gives gold, garments, jewels, and herds of ornamented cows. (3)
 Young women take trays filled with leaves, fruits, flowers, sacred grass, curd, and auspicious
 pigment.

They go singing; the lanes grow crowded, while eloquent bards recite the glory of the royal line. (4)
 Golden vessels, fly-whisks, banners, flags, and fresh festoons appear everywhere.
 They scatter colored powder and sprinkle fragrant paste, until all the people are dyed in one hue.
 (5)

Joy surges through the three worlds; by giving, everyone empties out the stores of home.
 Tulsīdāsa says: at a glance of Rāma's grace, those stores appear full once more. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 4: Creation Steeped in Celebration

गावैं बिबुध बिमल बर बानी।

भुवन-कोटि-कल्यान-कंद जो, जायो पूत कौसिला रानी॥ १ ॥

मास, पाख, तिथि, बार, नखत, ग्रह, जोग, लगन सुभ ठानी।

जल-थल-गगन प्रसन्न साधु-मन, दस दिसि हिय हुलसानी॥ २ ॥

बरषत सुमन, बधाव नगर-नभ, हरष न जात बखानी।

ज्यों हुलास रनिवास नरेसहि, त्यों जनपद रजधानी॥ ३ ॥

अमर, नाग, मुनि, मनुज सपरिजन बिगतबिषाद-गलानी।

मिलेहि माँझ रावन रजनीचर लंक संक अकुलानी॥ ४ ॥

देव-पितर, गुरु-बिप्र पूजि नृप दिये दान रुचि जानी।

मुनि-बनिता, पुरनारि, सुआसिनि सहस भाँति सनमानी॥ ५ ॥

पाइ अघाइ असीसत निकसत जाचक-जन भए दानी।

“यों प्रसन्न कैकयी सुमित्रहि होउ महेस-भवानी”॥ ६ ॥

दिन दूसरे भूप-भामिनि दोउ भई सुमंगल-खानी।

भयो सोहिलो सोहिले मो जनु सृष्टि सोहिले-सानी॥ ७ ॥

गावत-नाचत, मो मन भावत, सुख सों अवध अधिकानी।

देत-लेत, पहिरत-पहिरावत प्रजा प्रमोद-अघानी॥ ८ ॥

गान-निसान-कुलाहल-कौतुक देखत दुनी सिहानी।

हरि-बिरंचि-हर-पुर सोभा कुलि कोसलपुरी लोभानी॥ ९ ॥

आनंद-अवनि, राजरानी सब माँगहु कोखि जुड़ानी।

आसिष दै दै सराहहिं सादर उमा-रमा-ब्रह्मानी॥ १० ॥

बिभव-बिलास-बाढ़ि दसरथकी देखि न जिनहिं सोहानी।

कीरति, कुसल, भूति, जय, ऋधि-सिधि तिन्हपर सबै कोहानी॥ ११ ॥

छठी-बारहों लोक-बेद-बिधि करि सुबिधान बिधानी।

राम-लषन-रिपुदवन-भरत धरे नाम ललित गुर ग्यानी॥ १२ ॥

सुकृत-सुमन तिल-मोद बासि बिधि जतन-जंत्र भरि घानी।

सुख-सनेह सब दिये दसरथहि खरि खलेल थिर-थानी॥ १३ ॥
अनुदिन उदय-उछाह, उमग जग, घर-घर अवध कहानी।
तुलसी राम-जनम-जस गावत सो समाज उर आनी॥ १४ ॥

The gods sing in pure and excellent voices:

“The son born to Queen Kausalyā is the root of blessing for millions of worlds.” (1)

Month, fortnight, date, weekday, star, planet, conjunction, and ascendant have all turned auspicious.

Water, earth, sky, and the saints' hearts are glad; all ten directions thrill within. (2)

Flowers rain down; congratulations fill city and sky; the joy cannot be told.

The countryside and capital exult just as the king and women's palace do. (3)

Gods, Nāgas, sages, humans, and their households are freed from sorrow and weariness.

At the very same time Rāvaṇa, the night-rovers, and Laṅkā grow anxious with foreboding. (4)

The king worships gods, ancestors, guru, and Brahmins and gives each a gift suited to their wish.

He honors sages' wives, women of the city, and married women in a thousand ways. (5)

Filled to satisfaction, petitioners depart as donors themselves, blessing him:

“May Maheśa and Bhavānī show the same favor to Kaikeyī and Sumitrā.” (6)

On the following day those two royal women also become mines of every blessing.

A birth-song rises within the birth-song, as though creation itself were steeped in celebration. (7)

They sing and dance—a sight pleasing to my heart—and Ayodhyā grows richer in happiness.

Giving and receiving, dressing and adorning one another, the people are satiated with delight. (8)

Seeing the wonder and tumult of songs and drums, the world looks on with longing.

All the beauty of Viṣṇu's, Brahmā's, and Śiva's cities covets Kosalapura. (9)

The royal women dwell on the earth of bliss, their marriage-lines and wombs fulfilled.

Umā, Lakṣmī, and Brahmānī bless them repeatedly and respectfully praise their fortune. (10)

Whoever did not rejoice to see Daśaratha's wealth and splendor increase—

fame, welfare, majesty, victory, prosperity, and powers all grew angry with them. (11)

Following worldly and Vedic rule, the learned guru duly performs the sixth- and twelfth-day rites.

He gives the lovely names Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, Śatrughna, and Bharata. (12)

Fate perfumes the sesame of joy with flowers of merit and presses it carefully in the mill.

All the oil of happiness and affection goes to Daśaratha; the dry cake and dregs remain for the guardians of the quarters. (13)

Day by day the rising celebration grows; the world surges, and every house tells Ayodhyā's story.

Holding that company in his heart, Tulsī sings the glory of Rāma's birth. (14)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 5: Rāma's Sixth-Night Vigil

घर-घर अवध बधावने मंगल-साज-समाज।
 सगुन सोहावने मुदित-मन कर सब निज-निज काज॥
 निज काज सजत सँवारि पुर-नर-नारि रचना अनगनी।
 गृह, अजिर, अटनि, बजार, बीथिन्ह चारु चौकैं बिधि घनी॥
 चामर, पताक, वितान, तोरन, कलस, दीपावलि बनी।
 सुख-सुकृत-सोभामय पुरी बिधि सुमति जननी जनु जनी॥ १ ॥
 चैत चतुरदसि चाँदनी, अमल उदित निसिराज।
 उडुगन अवलि प्रकासहीं, उमगत आनंद आज॥
 आनंद उमगत आजु, बिबुध बिमान बिपुल बनाइकै।
 गावत, बजावत, नटत, हरषत, सुमन बरषत आइकै॥
 नर निरखि नभ, सुर पेखि पुरछबि परसपर सचु पाइकै।
 रघुराज-साज सराहि लोचन-लाहु लेत अघाइकै॥ २ ॥
 जागिय राम छठी सजनि रजनी रुचिर निहारि।
 मंगल-मोद-मढ़ी मुरति नृपके बालक चारि॥
 मूरति मनोहर चारि बिरचि बिरंचि परमारथमई।
 अनुरूप भूपति जानि पूजन-जोग बिधि संकर दर्ई॥
 तिन्हकी छठी मंजुलमठी, जग सरस जिन्हकी सरसई।
 किए नींद-भामिनि जागरन, अभिरामिनी जामिनि भई॥ ३ ॥
 सेवक सजग भए समय-साधन सचिव सुजान।
 मुनिबर सिखये लौकिकौ बैदिक बिबिध बिधान॥
 बैदिक बिधान अनेक लौकिक आचरत सुनि जानिकै।
 बलिदान-पूजा मूलिकामनि साधि राखी आनिकै॥
 जे देव-देवी सेइयत हित लागि चित सनमानिकै।
 ते जंत्र-मंत्र सिखाइ राखत सबनिसों पहिचानिकै॥ ४ ॥
 सकल सुआसिनि, गुरजन, पुरजन, पाहुन लोग।
 बिबुध-बिलासिनि, सुर-मुनि, जाचक, जो जेहि जोग॥

जेहि जोग जे तेहि भाँति ते पहिराइ परिपूरन किये।
 जय कहत, देत असीस, तुलसीदास ज्यों हुलसत हिये॥
 ज्यों आजु कालिहु परहुँ जागन होहिंगे, नेवते दिये।
 ते धन्य पुन्य-पयोधि जे तेहि समै सुख-जीवन जिये॥ ५ ॥
 भूपति-भाग बली सुर-बर नाग सराहि सिहाहिं।
 तिय-बरबेष अली रमा सिधि अनिमादि कमाहिं॥
 अनिमादि, सारद, सैलनंदिनि बाल लालहि पालहीं।
 भरि जनम जे पाए न, ते परितोष उमा-रमा लहीं॥
 निज लोक बिसरे लोकपति, घरकी न चरचा चालहीं।
 तुलसी तपत तिहु ताप जग, जनु प्रभुछठी-छाया लहीं॥ ६ ॥

In every house of Ayodhyā are congratulations and arrays of auspicious things.
 Lovely omens appear, and everyone gladly attends to their own task.
 Men and women of the city arrange their work and create uncounted designs.
 Homes, courtyards, upper rooms, markets, and lanes are densely filled with lovely sacred patterns.
 Fly-whisks, flags, canopies, arches, vessels, and rows of lamps are arranged.
 It is as though the good wisdom of Fate, acting as mother, has borne this city made of happiness,
 merit, and beauty. (1)
 It is the moonlit fourteenth of Caitra; the spotless lord of night has risen.
 Lines of stars shine, and today joy surges upward.
 Today joy surges: gods prepare countless aerial cars
 and arrive singing, playing, dancing, rejoicing, and showering flowers.
 Humans gaze at the sky and gods behold the city's beauty, each finding delight in the other.
 Praising King Daśaratha's splendor, they feast their eyes to satisfaction. (2)
 Stay awake, friend—it is Rāma's sixth night; behold how lovely the night is.
 The king's four sons are figures encrusted with auspiciousness and delight.
 Brahmā fashioned four lovely, transcendent forms;
 knowing the king was fit, Brahmā and Śaṅkara gave him these forms worthy of worship.
 The sixth-night rite of those whose sweetness makes the world sweet is held in the lovely palace.
 Even Lady Sleep keeps vigil, and the night becomes enchanting. (3)
 Servants remain alert, and wise ministers carefully observe the proper hour.
 The great sage has taught them many worldly and Vedic ordinances.
 Knowing what they have heard, they perform the many Vedic and customary rites.
 They have brought and prepared offerings, worship materials, herbs, and gems.

The gods and goddesses whom they serve with heartfelt honor for their welfare
 make themselves known to all and teach the protective diagrams and mantras. (4)
 All married women, elders, townspeople, guests,
 heavenly beauties, gods, sages, and petitioners—each according to their station—
 are fully satisfied with garments and gifts suited to them.
 They cry victory and give blessings, their hearts exulting like Tulsīdāsa's.
 Invitations are issued: “As today, so tomorrow and the next day the vigil will continue.”
 Blessed are those oceans of merit who lived a joyful life at that time. (5)
 Mighty gods and noble Nāgas praise the king's fortune and look on with longing.
 Lakṣmī and the powers beginning with Aṇimā labor as attendants in women's finest dress.
 Aṇimā and the other powers, Śāradā, and the Mountain's Daughter tend the dear child.
 Umā and Lakṣmī now receive the fulfillment they had not obtained throughout their lives.
 The guardians of the worlds forget their own realms; no one speaks of home.
 Tulsī says: the world, scorched by the three afflictions, seems to have found the shade of the Lord's
 sixth-night rite. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 6: The Naming of the Four Brothers

बाजत अवध गहागहे अनंद-बधाए।
 नामकरन रघुबरनिके नृप सुदिन सोधाए॥ १ ॥
 पाय रजायसु रायको ऋषिराज बोलाए।
 सिष्य-सचिव-सेवक-सखा सादर सिर नाए॥ २ ॥
 साधु सुमति समरथ सबै सानंद सिखाए।
 जल, दल, फल, मनि-मूलिका, कुलि काज लिखाए॥ ३ ॥
 गनप-गौरि-हर पूजिकै गोवृन्द हुहाए।
 घर-घर मुद मंगल महा गुन-गान सुहाए॥ ४ ॥
 तुरत मुदित जहँ तहँ चले मनके भए भाए।
 सुरपति-सासनु घन मनो मारुत मिलि धाए॥ ५ ॥
 गृह, आँगन, चौहट, गली, बाजार बनाए।
 कलस, चवर, तोरन, धुजा, सुवितान तनाए॥ ६ ॥
 चित्र चारु चौकैं रची, लिखि नाम जनाए।
 भरि-भरि सरवर-बापिका अरगजा सनाए॥ ७ ॥
 नर-नारिह पल चारिमैं सब साज सजाए।
 दसरथ-पुर छबि आपनी सुरनगर लजाए॥ ८ ॥
 बिबुध बिमान बनाइकै आनंदित आए।
 हरषि सुमन बरसन लगे, गए धन जनु पाए॥ ९ ॥
 बरे बिप्र चहुँ बेदके, रबिकुल-गुर ग्यानी।
 आपु बसिष्ठ अथरबणी, महिमा जग जानी॥ १० ॥
 लोक-रीति बिधि बेदकी करि कह्यो सुबानी—
 “सिसु-समेत बेगि बोलिए कौसल्या रानी”॥ ११ ॥
 सुनत सुआसिनि लै चली गावत बड़भागीं।
 उमा-रमा, सारद-सची लखि सुति अनुरागी॥ १२ ॥
 निज-निज रुचि बेष बिरचिकै हिलि-मिलि संग लागीं।

तेहि अवसर तिहु लोकको सुदसा जनु जागीं॥ १३ ॥
 चारु चौक बैठत भई भूप-भामिनी सोहैं।
 गोद मोद-मूरति लिए, सुकृती जन जोहैं॥ १४ ॥
 सुख-सुखमा, कौतुक कला देखि-सुनि मुनि मोहैं।
 सो समाज कहैं बरनिकैं, ऐसे कबि को हैं?॥ १५ ॥
 लगे पढ़न रच्छा-ऋचा ऋषिराज बिराजे।
 गगन सुमन-झरि, जय-जय, बहु बाजन बाजे॥ १६ ॥
 भए अमंगल लंकमें, संक-संकट गाजे।
 भुवन चारिदसके बड़े दुख-दारिद भाजे॥ १७ ॥
 बाल बिलोकि अथरबणी हँसि हरहि जनायो।
 सुभको सुभ, मोद मोदको, “राम” नाम सुनायो॥ १८ ॥
 आलबाल कल कौसिला, दल बरन सोहायो।
 कंद सकल आनन्दको जनु अंकुर आयो॥ १९ ॥
 जोहि, जानि, जपि जोरिकैं करपुट सिर राखे।
 “जय जय जय करुनानिधे!” सादर सुर भाषे॥ २० ॥
 “सत्यसंघ! साँचे सदा जे आखर आखे।
 प्रनतपाल! पाए सही, जे फल अभिलाषे”॥ २१ ॥
 भूमिदेव देव देखिकैं नरदेव सुखारी।
 बोलि सचिव सेवक सखा पटधारि भँडारी॥ २२ ॥
 “देहु जाहि जोड़ चाहिए सनमानि सँभारी।”
 लगे देन हिय हरषिकैं हेरि-हेरि हँकारी॥ २३ ॥
 राम-निछावरि लेनको हठि होत भिखारी।
 बहुरि देत तेहि देखिए मानहुँ धनधारी॥ २४ ॥
 भरत लषन रिपुदवनहुँ धरे नाम बिचारी।
 फलदायक फल चारिके दसरथ-सुत चारी॥ २५ ॥
 भए भूप-बालकनिके नाम निरूपम नीके।
 सबै सोच-संकट मिटे तबतें पुर-तीके॥ २६ ॥
 सुफल मनोरथ बिधि किए सब बिधि सबहीके।
 अब होइहै गाए सुने सबके तुलसीके॥ २७ ॥

Deep, joyful music of celebration resounds in Ayodhyā.
For the naming of the Raghus' princes, the king has an auspicious day determined. (1)
Receiving the king's command, the sovereign sage summons them.
Disciples, ministers, servants, and friends respectfully bow their heads. (2)
Gladly he instructs all the virtuous, wise, and capable people.
He has them list water, leaves, fruits, gems, herbs, and everything required. (3)
They worship Gaṇeśa, Gaurī, and Hara and have the herds of cows milked.
In every home rise great joyful rites and lovely songs of virtue. (4)
At once, delighted that their heart's wish is being fulfilled, people set out everywhere.
They seem like clouds racing together with the wind at the Lord of Gods' command. (5)
They adorn houses, courtyards, thresholds, lanes, and markets.
They raise vessels, fly-whisks, arches, flags, and beautiful canopies. (6)
They draw lovely colored ritual squares and mark the names upon them.
They fill ponds and tanks and scent them with fragrant powder. (7)
Within four moments the men and women arrange everything.
Daśaratha's city puts the city of the gods to shame with its beauty. (8)
The gods prepare their aerial cars and arrive in delight.
Joyfully they begin showering flowers, like people who have recovered lost treasure. (9)
Four Brahmins, one from each Veda, are chosen, along with the learned guru of the Solar line.
Vasiṣṭha himself is the Atharvan; his greatness is known throughout the world. (10)
Performing the worldly custom and the Vedic ordinance, he says in a gracious voice:
“Quickly summon Queen Kausalyā with the child.” (11)
Hearing this, fortunate married women bring her, singing as they go.
Umā, Lakṣmī, Śārādā, and Śacī see the child and grow loving. (12)
Fashioning disguises to their several tastes, they mingle and join the company.
At that moment it seems the good fortune of all three worlds awakens. (13)
The king's queen sits within the lovely ritual square, shining,
the embodiment of joy in her lap, while the meritorious gaze upon him. (14)
Seeing and hearing the beauty of happiness and the art of that wonder, even the sage is enchanted.
What poet exists who could describe that assembly? (15)
The sovereign sage takes his seat and begins reciting protective Vedic verses.
Flowers stream from the sky, victory cries ring out, and many instruments sound. (16)
Evil omens arise in Laṅkā; foreboding and calamity thunder there.
The great sorrows and poverty of the fourteen worlds flee away. (17)
Seeing the child, the Atharvan smiles and makes him known to Hara.
He announces the name “Rāma,” blessing of blessings and delight of delights. (18)
Lovely Kausalyā is the basin around the tree, and the child's complexion is the lovely leaf;

it is as though a shoot has sprung from the root of all bliss. (19)
 Seeing and recognizing him, the gods repeat the name, join their palms, and bow their heads.
 “Victory, victory, victory, treasury of compassion!” they reverently say. (20)
 “O keeper of truth, the syllables you utter are always true.
 O protector of the surrendered, we have indeed received the fruits we desired.” (21)
 Seeing the Brahmins delighted, the king himself becomes joyful.
 He summons ministers, servants, friends, wardrobe-keepers, and treasurers. (22)
 “Honor each person carefully and give whatever each requires.”
 With glad hearts they begin calling people forward one by one and giving. (23)
 One who stubbornly becomes a beggar to receive an offering made over Rāma
 is soon seen giving it away again, as though a wealthy lord. (24)
 After reflection he also gives the names Bharata, Lakṣmaṇa, and Śatrughna.
 Daśaratha's four sons are the bestowers of the four fruits of life. (25)
 The royal children's names are incomparable and beautiful.
 From that moment every care and crisis leaves the capital. (26)
 Fate fulfills everyone's desires, in every way and by every means.
 Now, Tulsī says, the same will happen for all who sing and hear these names. (27)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 7: Kausalyā Cradles Rāma

सुभग सेज सोभित कौसिल्या रुचिर राम-सिसु गोद लिये।
बार-बार बिधुबदन बिलोकति लोचन चारु चकोर किये॥ १ ॥
कबहुँ पौढ़ि पयपान करावति, कबहुँ राखति लाइ हिये।
बालकेलि गावति हलरावति, पुलकति प्रेम-पियूष पिये॥ २ ॥
बिधि-महेस, मुनि-सुर सिहात सब, देखत अंबुद ओट दिये।
तुलसिदास ऐसो सुख रघुपति पै काहू तो पायो न बिये॥ ३ ॥

Kausalyā shines upon a lovely bed with the beautiful child Rāma in her lap.
Again and again she gazes on his moon-face, turning her lovely eyes into cakora birds. (1)
At times she reclines and nurses him; at times she holds him against her heart.
Singing of his childhood play, she rocks him and thrills as she drinks the nectar of love. (2)
Brahmā, Maheśa, sages, and gods all look on longingly from behind the clouds.
Tulsīdāsa says: no one else has obtained such joy from Raghupati. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 8: When Will You Four Grow Up?

हैहौ लाल कबहिं बड़े बलि मैया।

राम लखन भावते भरत-रिपुदवन चारु चाच्यो भैया॥ १ ॥

बाल बिभूषन बसन मनोहर अंगनि बिरचि बनैहों।

सोभा निरखि, निछावरि करि, उर लाइ बारने जैहों॥ २ ॥

छगन-मगन अँगना खेलिहौ मिलि, ठुमुकु-ठुमुकु कब धैहौ।

कलबल बचन तोतरे मंजुल कहि “माँ” मोहिं बुलैहौ॥ ३ ॥

पुरजन-सचिव, राउ-रानी सब, सेवक-सखा-सहेली।

लैहैं लोचन लाहु सुफल लखि ललित मनोरथ-बेली॥ ४ ॥

जा सुखकी लालसा लटू सिव, सुक-सनकादि उदासी।

तुलसी तेहि सुखसिंधु कौसिला मगन, पै प्रेम-पियासी॥ ५ ॥

When, dear sons, will you grow up? Mother offers herself for you.

Beloved Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, Bharata and Śatrughna—when will all four lovely brothers grow? (1)

I will fashion childhood ornaments and clothes and array them upon your lovely limbs.

Beholding that beauty, I will make offerings, clasp you to my heart, and give myself away. (2)

When will you little ones play absorbed together in the courtyard and run with toddling steps?

When will you call me “Mother” in charming, lisping baby words? (3)

Townspeople and ministers, king and queens, servants, friends, and companions

will feast their eyes when they see the lovely vine of their longing bear fruit. (4)

Śiva, Śuka, Sanaka, and other renunciants are spellbound by yearning for this joy.

Tulsī says: Kausalyā is immersed in that ocean of joy, yet remains thirsty for love. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 9: When Will You Walk, Four Brothers?

पगनि कब चलिहौ चारौ भैया?

प्रेम-पुलकि, उर लाइ सुवन सब, कहति सुमित्रा मैया॥ १ ॥

सुंदर तनु सिसु-बसन-बिभूषन नखसिख निरखि निकैया।

दलि तृन, प्रान निछावरि करि करि लैहैं मातु बलैया॥ २ ॥

किलकनि, नटनि, चलनि, चितवनि, भजि मिलनि मनोहर तैया।

मनि-खंभनि-प्रतिबिंब झलक, छबि छलकिहै भरि अँगनैया॥ ३ ॥

बालबिनोद, मोद मंजुल बिधु, लीला ललित जुन्हैया।

भूपति पुन्य-पयोधि उमंग, घर-घर आनंद-बधैया॥ ४ ॥

है हैं सकल सुकृत-सुख-भाजन, लोचन-लाहु लुटैया।

अनायास पाइहैं जनमफल तोतरें बचन सुनैया॥ ५ ॥

भरत, राम, रिपुदवन, लषनके चरित-सरित अन्हवैया।

तुलसी तबके-से अजहुं जानिबे रघुबर-नगर-बसैया॥ ६ ॥

When will you four brothers walk upon your feet?

Thrilling with love and clasping every son to her heart, Mother Sumitrā asks. (1)

Seeing your lovely bodies, childhood clothes and ornaments, and beauty from head to foot, the mothers will break blades of grass to ward off harm, offer their very lives, and bless you again and again. (2)

Your cooing, dancing, walking, glancing, and running to meet them will be enchanting; your reflections will flash in jeweled pillars, and beauty will overflow the courtyard. (3)

The joy of childhood play is a lovely moon, and its charming sport is moonlight.

The ocean of the king's merit will surge, and every home will ring with joyful congratulations. (4)

All who feast their eyes will become vessels of merit and happiness.

Those who hear your lisping words will effortlessly gain the fruit of birth. (5)

Those who bathe in the river of the deeds of Bharata, Rāma, Śatrughna, and Lakṣmaṇa should still today be counted, Tulsī says, as residents of Raghubīra's city in that age. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 10: The Four Children Adorned

चुपरि उबटि अन्हवाइकै नयन आँजे,
 चिर रुचि तिलक गोरोचनको कियो है।
 भ्रूपर अनूप मसिबिंदु, बारे बारे बार
 बिलसत सीसपर, हेरि हरै हियो है॥ १ ॥
 मोदभरी गोद लिये लालति सुमित्रा देखि
 देव कहैं, सबको सुकृत उपवियो है।
 मातु, पितु, प्रिय, परिजन, पुरजन धन्य,
 पुन्यपुंज पेखि पेखि प्रेमरस पियो है॥ २ ॥
 लोहित ललित लघु चरन-कमल चारु,
 चाल चाहि सो छबि सुकबि जिय जियो है।
 बालकेलि बातबस झलकि झलमलत
 सोभाकी दीयटि मानो रूप-दीप दियो है॥ ३ ॥
 राम-सिसु सानुज चरित चारु गाइ-सुनि
 सुजनन सादर जनम-लाहु लियो है।
 तुलसी बिहाइ दसरथ दसचारिपुर
 ऐसे सुख जोग बिधि बिरच्यो न बियो है॥ ४ ॥

After oiling, rubbing, and bathing them, they line the children's eyes and lovingly make a long tilak of yellow gorocanā.

An incomparable dot of kohl rests above each brow; tiny locks shine upon their heads, stealing the heart of whoever looks. (1)

Seeing Sumitrā hold and fondle them in a lap filled with delight, the gods say, “Everyone's merit has borne fruit.”

Blessed are mother, father, loved ones, household, and townspeople, who gaze upon this mass of merit and drink the nectar of love. (2)

Their small, lovely, crimson lotus-feet are beautiful;

fine poets' hearts live by longing for the beauty of their gait.

Tossed by the breeze of childhood play, the child flickers and gleams—

a lamp of form set upon beauty's lampstand. (3)

By reverently singing and hearing the lovely deeds of the child Rāma and his brothers,
good people have gained the profit of human birth.

Tulsī says: apart from Daśaratha, in all fourteen worlds

Fate fashioned no other union with happiness such as this. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 11: The Four Children in Loving Arms

राम-सिसु गोद महामोद भरे दसरथ,
 कौसिलाहु ललकि लषनलाल लये हैं।
 भरत सुमित्रा लये, कैकयी सत्रुसमन,
 तन प्रेम-पुलक मगन मन भये हैं॥ १ ॥
 मेढ़ी लटकन मनि-कनक-रचित, बाल-
 भूषन बनाइ आछे अंग अंग ठये हैं।
 चाहि चुचुकारि चूमि लालत लावत उर
 तैसे फल पावत जैसे सुबीज बये हैं॥ २ ॥
 घन-ओट बिबुध बिलोकि बरषत फूल
 अनुकूल बचन कहत नेह नये हैं।
 ऐसे पितु, मातु, पूत, त्रिय, परिजन बिधि
 जानियत आयु भरि येई निरमये हैं॥ ३ ॥
 “अजर अमर होहु”, “करौ हरिहर छोहु”
 जरठ जट्टेरिन्ह आसिरबाद दये हैं।
 तुलसी सराहैं भाग तिन्हके, जिन्हके हिये
 डिंभ-राम-रूप-अनुराग रंग रये हैं॥ ४ ॥

Daśaratha, filled with supreme delight, holds the child Rāma in his lap;
 Kausalyā eagerly takes dear Lakṣmaṇa.
 Sumitrā takes Bharata and Kaikeyī the foe-subduer;
 their bodies thrill with love and their minds are immersed in joy. (1)
 Gem-and-gold pendants hang from the children's little braids;
 fine childhood ornaments have been made and set upon every limb.
 Gazing, cooing, kissing, fondling, and drawing them to the heart,
 they reap fruits exactly like the excellent seeds they sowed. (2)
 From behind the clouds the gods look on and shower flowers,
 speaking favorable words with ever-new affection.

It seems that throughout his lifetime Fate fashioned no parents, sons, wives,
or household other than these. (3)

“Be ageless and deathless”; “May Hari and Hara show you favor”—
so the elderly men and women give their blessings.

Tulsī praises the fortune of those whose hearts
remain dyed in love for the form of Rāma as a little child. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 12: Kausalyā Fears the Evil Eye

“आजु अनरसे हैं भोरके, पय पियत न नीके।
 रहत न बैठे, ठाढ़े, पालने झुलावत हू, रोवत राम मेरो—
 सो सोच सबहीके॥ १ ॥

देव, पितर, ग्रह पूजिये, तुला तौलिये घीके।
 तदपि कबहुँ कबहुँक सखी ऐसेहि अरत जब
 परत दृष्टि दुष्ट तीके॥ २ ॥

बेगि बोलि कुलगुर, छुऔ माथे हाथ अमीके।
 सुनत आइ ऋषि कुस हरे नरसिंह मंत्र पढ़े, जो
 सुमिरत भय भीके॥ ३ ॥

जासु नाम सरबस सदासिव-पारबतीके।
 ताहि झरावति कौसिला, यह रीति प्रीतिकी हिय
 हुलसति तुलसीके॥ ४ ॥

“Since morning today he has been listless and will not drink milk properly.
 He will not stay seated, standing, or even rocking in the cradle; my Rāma keeps crying—
 and everyone is worried. (1)

We worship gods, ancestors, and planets and weigh out his weight in clarified butter.
 Even so, friend, sometimes a child frets exactly like this
 when the sharp eye of an evil woman falls upon him. (2)

Quickly summon the family guru; let his nectar-filled hand touch the child's brow.”
 Hearing this, the sage comes, sweeps him with sacred grass, and recites the Narasimha mantra—
 a mantra whose remembrance makes fear itself afraid. (3)

He whose name is everything to Sadāśiva and Pārvatī—
 Kausalyā has that very one exorcised. Seeing this custom of love,
 Tulsī's heart exults. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 13: Rāma Laughs at the Guru's Touch

माथे हाथ ऋषि जब दियो राम किलकन लागे।
 महिमा समुझि, लीला बिलोकि गुरु सजल नयन, तनु पुलक,
 रोम रोम जागे॥ १ ॥

लिये गोद, धाए गोदतें, मोद मुनि मन अनुरागे।
 निरखि मातु हरषी हिये आली-ओट कहति मृदु बचन
 प्रेमके-से पागे॥ २ ॥

तुम्ह सुरतरु रघुबंसके, देत अभिमत माँगे।
 मेरे बिसेषि गति रावरी, तुलसी प्रसाद जाके सकल
 अमंगल भागे॥ ३ ॥

When the sage places his hand upon Rāma's brow, Rāma begins to coo.

Understanding his greatness and beholding his play, the guru's eyes fill with tears, his body thrills, and every hair awakens. (1)

He takes Rāma into his lap, but Rāma runs out of it; delight fills the sage's loving mind.

Seeing this, the mother rejoices within and, sheltered behind a companion, speaks gentle words as though steeped in love. (2)

“You are the wish-granting tree of the Raghu line, giving whatever desired thing is asked.

My refuge is especially in you.” Tulsī says: by his grace, every evil omen fled. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 14: The Children Sleep in Peace

अमिय-विलोकनि करि कृपा मुनिबर जब जोए।
तबतें राम अरु भरत, लषन, रिपुदवन, सुमुख सखि, सकल
सुवन सुख सोए॥ १ ॥
सुमित्रा लाय हिये फनि मनि ज्यों गोए।
तुलसी नेवछावरि करति मातु अतिप्रेम-मगन-मन,
सजल सुलोचन कोए॥ २ ॥

When the great sage shows grace and looks upon them with a nectar-filled gaze,
from that moment, fair-faced friend, Rāma, Bharata, Lakṣmaṇa, Śatrughna—all
the children sleep in peace. (1)

Sumitrā draws them to her heart as a serpent conceals its jewel.

Tulsī says: the mother, her mind immersed in deepest love, makes offerings over them,
the corners of her lovely eyes wet with tears. (2)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 15: Auspicious Rites and Renewed Celebration

मातु सकल, कुल-गुर-बधू, प्रिय सखी सुहाई।
सादर सब मंगल किए, महि-मनि-महेस पर
सबनि सुधेनु दुहाई॥ १ ॥
बोली भूप भूसुर लिये अति बिनय बड़ाई।
पूजि पायँ, सनमानि, दान दिये, लहि असीस, सुनि
बरषें सुमन सुरसाई॥ २ ॥
घर-घर पुर बाजन लगीं आनंद-बधाई।
सुख-सनेह तेहि समयको तुलसी जानै जाको चोर्यो
है चित चहुँ भाई॥ ३ ॥

All the mothers, the family guru's wife, and lovely dear companions
reverently perform every auspicious rite; for Maheśa, jewel of the earth,
they have fine cows milked. (1)

The king summons the Brahmins and receives them with the highest humility and honor.
He worships their feet, honors them, gives gifts, and gains their blessings; hearing this,
the Lord of Gods showers flowers. (2)

In every house of the city, instruments begin sounding joyful congratulations.
Only one whose heart the four brothers have stolen, Tulsī says, can know
the happiness and affection of that hour. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 16: The Guru Foretells Rāma's Glory

या सिसुके गुन नाम-बड़ाई।
 को कहि सकै, सुनहु नरपति, श्रीपति समान प्रभुताई॥ १ ॥
 जद्यपि बुधि, बय, रूप, सील, गुन समै चारु चाच्यो भाई।
 तदपि लोक-लोचन-चकोर-ससि राम भगत-सुखदाई॥ २ ॥
 सुर, नर, मुनि करि अभय, दनुज हति, हरहि धरनि गरुआई।
 कीरति बिमल बिस्व-अघमोचनि रहिहि सकल जग छाई॥ ३ ॥
 याके चरन-सरोज कपट तजि जे भजिहैं मन लाई।
 ते कुल जुगल सहित तरिहैं भव, यह न कछू अधिकाई॥ ४ ॥
 सुनि गुरबचन पुलक तन दंपति, हरष न हृदय समाई।
 तुलसिदास अवलोकि मातु-मुख प्रभु मनमें मुसुकाई॥ ५ ॥

Who can tell this child's virtues, name, and greatness?

Listen, O king: his sovereignty equals that of the Lord of Lakṣmī. (1)

Though all four lovely brothers are equal in understanding, age, beauty, character, and virtue, Rāma, giver of joy to devotees, is the moon for the cakora birds of all the world's eyes. (2)

Granting safety to gods, humans, and sages, he will slay demons and remove the earth's heavy burden.

His stainless fame, which releases the world's sins, will spread across the entire world. (3)

Those who abandon deceit and worship his lotus-feet with focused minds will cross existence together with both their family lines—this is no great feat for him. (4)

Hearing the guru's words, the royal couple's bodies thrill, and joy will not fit within their hearts.

Tulsīdāsa says: looking at his mother's face, the Lord smiles inwardly. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 17: The Elder Astrologer Reads Their Destiny

अवध आजु आगमी एकु आयो।
 करतल निरखि कहत सब गुनगन, बहुतन्ह परिचौ पायो॥ १ ॥
 बूढ़ो बड़ो प्रमानिक ब्राह्मन संकर नाम सुहायो।
 सँग सिसुसिष्य, सुनत कौसल्या भीतर भवन बुलायो॥ २ ॥
 पायँ पखारि, पूजि दियो आसन, असन बसन पहिरायो।
 मेले चरन चारु चान्यो सुत, माथे हाथ दिवायो॥ ३ ॥
 नखसिख बाल बिलोकि बिप्रतनु पुलक, नयन जल छायो।
 लै लै गोद कमल-कर निरखत, उर प्रमोद न अमायो॥ ४ ॥
 जनम प्रसंग कह्यो, कौसिक मिस सीय-स्वयंबर गायो।
 राम, भरत, रिपुदवन, लखनको जय सुख सुजस सुनायो॥ ५ ॥
 तुलसिदास रनिवास रहसबस, भयो सबको मन भायो।
 सनमान्यो महिदेव, असीसत सानंद सदन सिधायो॥ ६ ॥

Today a knower of sacred lore has come to Ayodhyā.

By looking at a palm he tells every virtue; many have found his words proven. (1)

He is an aged, highly trustworthy Brahmin with the lovely name Śaṅkara.

Hearing that child-disciples accompany him, Kausalyā summons him inside the palace. (2)

They wash and worship his feet, give him a seat and food, and clothe him.

They place all four lovely sons at his feet and have his hand laid upon their heads. (3)

Looking at the children from head to foot, the Brahmin's body thrills and tears cover his eyes.

Taking each into his lap and examining their lotus-hands, he cannot contain his heart's joy. (4)

He recounts the circumstances of their birth and sings of Sītā's svayaṃvara under the pretext of Kauśika's mission.

He tells the future victory, happiness, and fair fame of Rāma, Bharata, Śatrughna, and Lakṣmaṇa. (5)

Tulsidāsa says: the women's palace is overcome with delight, for his words please every heart.

They honor the Brahmin, and he blesses them and joyfully returns home. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 18: A Cradle-Song and Garland of Poetry

पौढ़िये लालन, पालने हौं झुलावौं।

कर पद मुख चखकमल लसत लखि लोचन-भँवर भुलावौं॥ १ ॥

बाल-बिनोद-मोद-मंजुलमनि किलकनि-खानि खुलावौं।

तेइ अनुराग ताग गुहिबे कहँ मति मृगनयनि बुलावौं॥ २ ॥

तुलसी भनित भली भामिनि उर सो पहिराइ फुलावौं।

चारु चरित रघुबर तेरे तेहि मिलि गाइ चरन चितु लावौं॥ ३ ॥

Lie down, dear child; I will rock you in the cradle.

Seeing the shining lotuses of your hands, feet, face, and eyes, I will let my bee-like eyes lose themselves. (1)

For the lovely jewel that is the joy of your childhood play, I will open the mine of your cooing.

To string those jewels upon the thread of love, I will summon doe-eyed Understanding. (2)

Tulsī says: I will delight to place that necklace upon the breast of the lovely woman, Poetry.

Joining her, O Raghubara, I will sing your beautiful deeds and fix my mind upon your feet. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 19: Sumitrā's Lullaby

सोझये लाल लाडिले रघुराई।
 मगन मोद लिये गोद सुमित्रा बार बार बलि जाई॥ १ ॥
 हँसे हँसत, अनरसे अनरसत प्रतिबिंबनि ज्यों झाँई।
 तुम सबके जीवनके जीवन, सकल सुमंगलदाई॥ २ ॥
 मूल मूल सुरबीथि-बेलि, तम-तोम सुदल अधिकाई।
 नखत-सुमन, नभ-बिटप बौँडि मानो छपा छिटकि छबि छाई॥ ३ ॥
 हौ जँभात, अलसात, तात! तेरी बानि जानि मैं पाई।
 गाइ गाइ हलराइ बोलिहौं सुख नींदरी सुहाई॥ ४ ॥
 बछरु, छबीलो छगनमगन मेरे, कहति मल्हाइ मल्हाई।
 सानुज हिय हुलसति तुलसीके प्रभुकी ललित लरिकाई॥ ५ ॥

Sleep, dear child, beloved lord of the Raghus.

Holding him in her lap and immersed in joy, Sumitrā offers herself again and again. (1)

When we laugh, you laugh; when we grow listless, you grow listless, like a reflection matching its form.

You are the life of everyone's life, giver of every blessing. (2)

The Mūla constellation is the root, the heavenly path a vine, and the mass of darkness its abundant leaves.

The stars are flowers spread across the tree of sky, as though night scatters her splendor everywhere. (3)

You are yawning and growing drowsy, dear one; I have come to know your way.

Singing and gently rocking you, I will call lovely, peaceful Sleep. (4)

“My calf, my beautiful little one, absorbed in play,” she says, fondling him again and again.

The lovely childhood of the Lord with his younger brothers still makes Tulsī's heart surge. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 20: Sleep, Four Lovely Brothers

ललन लोने लेरुआ, बलि मैया।

सुख सोइए नींद-बेरिया भई, चारु-चरित चाच्यो भैया॥ १ ॥

कहति मल्हाइ लाइ उर छिन-छिन, “छगन छबीले छोटे छैया।

मोद-कंद कुल कुमुद-चंद्र मेरे रामचंद्र रघुरैया”॥ २ ॥

रघुबर बालकेलि संतनकी सुभग सुभद सुरगैया।

तुलसी दुहि पीवत सुख जीवत पय सप्रेम घनी घैया॥ ३ ॥

Lovely child, beautiful little calf—Mother offers herself for you.

Sleep peacefully; the hour of sleep has come, all four brothers of lovely deeds. (1)

Holding them to her heart and fondling them moment by moment, she says, “My little, beautiful children,

roots of delight, moons to the lily-bed of our line—my Rāmacandra, lord of the Raghus.” (2)

Raghubara's childhood play is the saints' lovely and auspicious wish-granting cow.

Tulsī milks her, drinks the milk of love from its thick stream, and lives happily. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 21: Blissful Sleep Comes to the Four Brothers

सुखनींद कहति आलि आइहौं।

राम, लखन, रिपुदवन, भरत सिसु करि सब सुमुख सोआइहौं॥ १ ॥

रोवनि, धोवनि, अनखानि, अनरसनि, डिठि-मुठि निठुर नसाइहौं।

हँसनि, खेलनि, किलकनि, आनंदनि भूपति-भवन बसाइहौं॥ २ ॥

गोद बिनोद-मोदमय मूरति हरषि हरषि हलराइहौं।

तनु तिल तिल करि, बारि रामपर, लेहौं रोग बलाइहौं॥ ३ ॥

रानी-राउ सहित सुत परिजन निरखि नयन-फल पाइहौं।

चारु चरित रघुबंस-तिलकके तहँ तुलसी मिलि गाइहौं॥ ४ ॥

Blissful Sleep says, “Friend, I shall come.

I shall delight the child Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, the foe-subduer Śatrughna, and Bharata, and lull them all to sleep.” (1)

I shall banish harshly all crying and wailing, anger and fretfulness, the evil eye and every baleful charm.

I shall establish laughter, play, delighted cooing, and joy in the king's palace. (2)

I shall gladly rock in my lap those embodiments of play and delight.

Offering my body bit by bit to Rāma, I shall take upon myself his illnesses and afflictions. (3)

Beholding queen and king together with their sons and household, I shall gain the fruit of my eyes.

There, Tulsī says, I shall join them in singing the lovely deeds of the crest-jewel of Raghu's line. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 22: The Sixteen-Phase Moon of Rāma's Childhood

कनक-रतनमय पालनो रच्यो मनहुँ मार-सुतहार।
बिबिध खेलौना, किंकिनी, लागे मंजुल मुकुताहार॥
रघुकुल-मंडन राम लला॥ १ ॥

जननि उबटि, अन्हवाइकै, मनिभूषन सजि लिये गोद।
पौढ़ाए पटु पालने, सिसु निरखि मगन मन मोद॥
दसरथनंदन राम लला॥ २ ॥

मदन, मोरकै चंदकी झलकनि, निदरति तनु जोति।
नील कमल, मनि, जलदकी उपमा कहे लघु मति होति॥
मातु-सुकृत-फल राम लला॥ ३ ॥

लघु, लघु लोहित ललित हैं पद, पानि, अधर एक रंग।
को कबि जो छबि कहि सकै नखसिख सुंदर सब अंग॥
परिजन-रंजन राम लला॥ ४ ॥

पग नूपुर कटि किंकिनी, कर-कंजनि पहुँची मंजु।
हिय हरि नख अद्भुत बन्यो मानो मनसिज मनि-गन-गंजु॥
पुरजन-सिरमनि राम लला॥ ५ ॥

लोयन नील सरोजसे, भ्रूपर मसिबिंदु बिराज।
जनु बिधु-मुख-छबि-अमियको रच्छक राखै रसराज॥
सोभासागर राम लला॥ ६ ॥

गभुआरी अलकावली लसै, लटकन ललित ललाट।
जनु उडुगन बिधु मिलनको चले तम बिदारि करि बाट॥
सहज सोहावनो राम लला॥ ७ ॥

देखि खेलौना किलकहीं, पद पानि बिलोचन लोल।
बिचित्र बिहंग अलि-जलज ज्यों सुखमा-सर करत कलोल॥
भगत-कलपतरु राम लला॥ ८ ॥

बाल-बोल बिनु अरथके सुनि देत पदारथ चारि।

जनु इन्ह बचनन्हितें भए सुरतरु तापस त्रिपुरारि॥
 नाम-कामधुक राम लला॥ ९ ॥
 सखी सुमित्रा वारहीं मनि भूषन बसन बिभाग।
 मधुर झुलाइ मल्हावहीं गावैं उमँगि उमँगि अनुराग॥
 हैं जग-मंगल राम लला॥ १० ॥
 मोती जायो सीपमें अरु अदिति जन्यो जग-भानु।
 रघुपति जायो कौसिला गुन-मंगल-रूप-निधान॥
 भुवन-बिभूषन राम लला॥ ११ ॥
 राम प्रगट जबतें भए गए सकल अमंगल-मूल।
 मीत मुदित, हित उदित हैं, नित बैरिनके चित सूल॥
 भव-भय-भंजन राम लला॥ १२ ॥
 अनुज-सखा-सिसु संग लै खेलन जैहैं चौगान।
 लंका खरभर परैगी, सुरपुर बाजिहैं निसान॥
 रिपुगन-गंजन राम लला॥ १३ ॥
 राम अहेरे चलहिंगे जब गज रथ बाजि सँवारि।
 दसकंधर उर धुकधुकी अब जनि धावैं धनु-धारि॥
 अरि-करि-केहरि राम लला॥ १४ ॥
 गीत सुमित्रा सखिन्हकै सुनि सुनि सुर मुनि अनुकूल।
 दै असीस जय जय कहैं हरषैं बरषैं फूल॥
 सुर-सुखदायक राम लला॥ १५ ॥
 बालचरितमय चंद्रमा यह सोरह-कला-निधान।
 चित-चकोर तुलसी कियो कर प्रेम-अमिय-रसपान॥
 तुलसीको जीवन राम लला॥ १६ ॥

A cradle of gold and jewels has been fashioned, as though by Love, the master craftsman;
 various toys, little bells, and lovely pearl garlands are fastened to it—

Rāma the darling child, adornment of Raghu's line. (1)

His mother anoints and bathes him, decks him with jeweled ornaments, and takes him in her lap.
 She lays him in the handsome cradle; gazing on the child, her mind is absorbed in delight—

Rāma the darling child, Daśaratha's son. (2)

The radiance of his body puts to shame Love and the shimmer of the moonlike eye in a peacock's plume.

To compare it with a blue lotus, sapphire, or rain cloud would only reveal a meager mind—
Rāma the darling child, fruit of his mother's merit. (3)

Tiny, tiny, lovely, and red—his feet, hands, and lips are all one color.

What poet could tell that beauty, every limb lovely from nail to crown?

Rāma the darling child, delight of his family. (4)

Anklets on his feet, little bells at his waist, lovely bracelets upon his lotus-hands;

and upon his breast an astonishing tiger-claw charm, like a treasury of Love's jewels—

Rāma the darling child, crest-jewel of the townspeople. (5)

His eyes are like blue lotuses, and a black dot shines above his brow,

as though the king of aesthetic delight had stationed a guard over the nectar of his moon-face's beauty—

Rāma the darling child, ocean of splendor. (6)

His infant curls shine, and a lovely pendant hangs upon his forehead,

as though the stars, cleaving darkness to make a road, had set out to meet the moon—

Rāma the darling child, lovely by nature. (7)

Seeing the toys, he crows; his feet, hands, and eyes dance restlessly,

like variegated birds, bees, and lotuses sporting in a lake of beauty—

Rāma the darling child, wish-granting tree of devotees. (8)

When heard, his infant utterances, though without meaning, bestow all four aims of life.

It is as though the celestial wish-tree and Tripurāri became ascetics through fear of those words—

Rāma the darling child, whose name is the wish-granting cow. (9)

His companions and Sumitrā offer up jewels, ornaments, and portions of cloth.

Sweetly rocking and fondling him, they sing, surging again and again with love—

Rāma the darling child, auspiciousness of the world. (10)

A pearl was born from an oyster, and Aditi gave birth to the sun of the world;

Kausalyā gave birth to Raghu's lord, the treasury of virtue, auspiciousness, and beauty—

Rāma the darling child, adornment of the worlds. (11)

Since Rāma appeared, every root of ill omen has vanished.

Friends rejoice, well-wishers flourish, and each day he is a thorn in his enemies' hearts—

Rāma the darling child, breaker of the fear of becoming. (12)

When he goes to the playing field with his younger brothers and child-friends to play ball,

Lañkā will be thrown into turmoil and drums will sound in the city of the gods—

Rāma the darling child, crusher of enemy hosts. (13)

When Rāma sets out to hunt, arrayed with elephants, chariots, and horses,

ten-headed Rāvaṇa's heart will pound: "May the bow-bearer not come charging now!"—

Rāma the darling child, lion against the elephant of the foe. (14)

Hearing again and again the songs of Sumitrā and her companions, gods and sages grow gracious.
Giving blessings and crying “Victory! Victory!” they rejoice and shower flowers—
Rāma the darling child, giver of joy to the gods. (15)
This moon made of childhood deeds is the repository of all sixteen phases.
Tulsī has made his heart the cakora bird and given it the nectar of love to drink—
Rāma the darling child, Tulsī's very life. (16)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 23: Kausalyā Rocks the Lord of Raghu

पालने रघुपति झुलावै।

लै लै नाम सप्रेम सरस स्वर कौसल्या कल कीरति गावै॥ १ ॥

केकिकंठ दुति स्यामबरन बपु, बाल-बिभूषन बिरचि बनाए।

अलकैं कुटिल, ललित लटकनभ्रू, नील नलिन दोउ नयन सुहाए॥ २ ॥

सिसु-सुभाय सोहत जब कर गहि बदन निकट पदपल्लव लाए।

मनहुँ सुभग जुग भुजग जलज भरि लेत सुधा ससि सों सचु पाए॥ ३ ॥

उपर अनूप बिलोकि खेलौना किलकत पुनि-पुनि पानि पसारत।

मनहुँ उभय अंभोज अरुन सों बिधु-भय बिनय करत अति आरत॥ ४ ॥

तुलसिदास बहु बास बिबस अलि गुंजत, सुछबि न जाति बखानी।

मनहुँ सकल श्रुति ऋचा मधुप है बिसद सुजस बरनत बर बानी॥ ५ ॥

She rocks the Lord of Raghu in the cradle.

Taking his names again and again, Kausalyā sings his lovely glory in a sweet, loving voice. (1)

His dark body gleams with the luster of a peacock's throat, adorned with carefully arranged ornaments for a child.

His locks curl; a lovely pendant rests at the brow; his two eyes shine like blue lotuses. (2)

How lovely his infant nature appears when his hands grasp his tender feet and bring them near his mouth—

as though a beautiful pair of serpents, filling themselves with lotuses, truly gained nectar from the moon. (3)

Seeing the incomparable toy above, he crows and stretches out his hands again and again—

as though two lotuses, sorely afraid of the moon, were pleading with the red sun. (4)

Tulsīdāsa says: overwhelmed by the rich fragrance, bees hum; that exquisite beauty cannot be told

—
as though all the Vedic verses had become honeybees and were proclaiming his stainless fame in noble speech. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 24: Rāma Shines in the Cradle

झूलत राम पालने सोहैं। भूरि-भाग जननीजन जोहैं॥ १ ॥
 तन मृदु मंजुल मेचकताई। झलकति बाल बिभूषन झाँई॥ २ ॥
 अधर-पानि-पद लोहित लोने। सर-सिंगार-भव सारस सोने॥ ३ ॥
 किलकत निरखि बिलोल खेलौना। मनहुँ बिनोद लरत छबि छौना॥ ४ ॥
 रंजित-अंजन कंज-बिलोचन। भ्राजत भाल तिलक गोरोचन॥ ५ ॥
 लस मसिबिंदु बदन-बिधु नीको। चितवत चितचकोर तुलसीको॥ ६ ॥

Rāma shines as he swings in the cradle; the greatly blessed mothers gaze upon him. (1)

His body bears a tender, lovely darkness, through which the gleam of his childhood ornaments shimmers. (2)

His lips, hands, and feet are charmingly red—golden lotuses born in the lake of love's delight. (3)

Seeing the toy sway, he crows, as though the little children of Beauty were playfully tussling. (4)

His lotus-eyes are colored with collyrium; a mark of yellow gorocanā shines upon his brow. (5)

A lovely black dot gleams upon the moon of his face; Tulsī's heart, the cakora bird, gazes at it. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 25: The Supreme as a Crawling Child

राजत सिसुरूप राम सकल गुन-निकाय-धाम,
 कौतुकी कृपालु ब्रह्म जानु-पानि-चारी।
 नीलकंज-जलदपुंज-मरकतमनि-सरिस स्याम,
 काम कोटि सोभा अंग अंग उपर बारी॥ १ ॥
 हाटक-मनि-रतन-खचित रचित इंद्र-मंदिराभ,
 इंदिरानिवास सदन बिधि रच्यो सँवारी।
 बिहरत नृप-अजिर अनुज सहित बालकेलि-कुसल,
 नील-जलज-लोचन हरि मोचन भय भारी॥ २ ॥
 अरुन चरन अंकुस-धुज-कंज-कुलिस-चिन्ह रुचिर,
 भ्राजत अति नूपुर बर मधुर मुखरकारी।
 किंकिनी बिचित्र जाल, कंबुकंठ ललित माल,
 उर बिसाल केहरि-नख, कंकन करधारी॥ ३ ॥
 चारु चिबुक नासिका कपोल, भाल तिलक, भ्रुकुटि,
 श्रवन अधर सुंदर, द्विज-छबि अनूप न्यारी।
 मनहुँ अरुन कंज-कोस मंजुल जुगपाँति प्रसव,
 कुंदकली जुगल जुगल परम सुभ्रवारी॥ ४ ॥
 चिक्कन चिकुरावली मनो षडंगि-मंडली,
 बनी, बिसेषि गुंजत जनु बालक किलकारी।
 इकटक प्रतिबिंब निरखि पुलकत हरि हरषि हरषि,
 लै उछंग जननी रसभंग जिय बिचारी॥ ५ ॥
 जाकहँ सनकादि संभु नारदादि सुक मुनींद्र,
 करत बिबिध जोग काम क्रोध लोभ जारी।
 दसरथ गृह सोइ उदार, भंजन संसार-भार,
 लीला अवतार तुलसिदास-त्रासहारी॥ ६ ॥

Rāma shines in an infant's form, the abode of every host of virtues—
 the playful, compassionate Absolute, moving upon knees and hands.
 Dark as a blue lotus, a mass of rain clouds, or an emerald gem,
 on each and every limb the beauty of ten million Loves is offered up. (1)

In a dwelling studded with gold, gems, and jewels, fashioned in the likeness of Indra's palace—
 a home for Lakṣmī that the Creator has carefully adorned—
 the Lord, adept in childhood play, sports with his younger brothers in the king's courtyard;
 his eyes are blue lotuses, and he releases us from crushing fear. (2)

His red feet bear lovely signs of goad, banner, lotus, and thunderbolt;
 fine anklets shine there, ringing with a sweet voice.
 A wondrous net of little bells, lovely garlands on his conch-like neck,
 a tiger-claw charm on his broad breast, and bracelets upon his hands. (3)

His lovely chin, nose, cheeks, brow-mark, brows,
 ears, and lips are beautiful; the splendor of his teeth is incomparably distinct—
 as though within the red lotus-cup there had sprung two lovely rows,
 pairs upon pairs of jasmine buds, supremely shining white. (4)

His glossy curls seem a company of six-footed bees,
 beautifully formed, and the child's crowing sounds like their special hum.
 Fixedly gazing at his reflection, Hari thrills and rejoices again and again;
 his mother, fearing in her heart that the delight might be broken, lifts him into her lap. (5)

For his sake Sanaka and the other sages, Śambhu, Nārada and the other seers, and sage-lords such
 as Śuka
 practice many disciplines of yoga, having burned away desire, anger, and greed.
 That same generous Lord is in Daśaratha's house, breaking the burden of the world—
 an incarnation of play who removes Tulsīdāsa's fear. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 26: Rāma Crawls through the Courtyard

आँगन फिरत घुटुरुवनि धाए।

नील-जलद तनु-स्याम राम-सिसु जननि निरखि मुख निकट बोलाए॥ १ ॥

बंधूक सुमन अरुन पद-पंकज अंकुस प्रमुख चिन्ह बनि आए।

नूपुर जनु मुनिबर-कलहंसनि रचे नीड़ दै बाँह बसाए॥ २ ॥

कटिमेखल, बर हार ग्रीव-दर, रुचिर बाँह भूषन पहिराए।

उर श्रीवत्स मनोहर हरिनख हेम मध्य मनिगन बहु लाए॥ ३ ॥

सुभग चिबुक, द्विज, अधर, नासिका, श्रवन, कपोल मोहि अति भाए।

भ्रू सुंदर करुनारस-पूरन, लोचन मनहुँ जुगल जलजाए॥ ४ ॥

भाल बिसाल ललित लटकन बर, बालदसाके चिकुर सोहाए।

मनु दोउ गुर सनि कुज आगे करि ससिहि मिलन तमके गन आए॥ ५ ॥

उपमा एक अभूत भई तब जब जननी पट पीत ओढ़ाए।

नील जलदपर उडुगन निरखत तजि सुभाव मनो तड़ित छपाए॥ ६ ॥

अंग-अंगपर मार-निकर मिलि छबि समूह लै-लै जनु छाए।

तुलसिदास रघुनाथ रूप-गुन तौ कहां जो बिधि होहि बनाए॥ ७ ॥

He roams the courtyard, darting about on his knees.

Seeing the face of child Rāma, whose dark body is a blue rain cloud, his mother calls him near. (1)

His lotus-feet are red as bandhūka blossoms, marked with the goad and other chief signs.

His anklets seem nests fashioned for the royal swans of sages, whom he has sheltered within his arms. (2)

A girdle at his waist, a fine necklace at the hollow of his conch-like neck, lovely ornaments upon his arms;

on his breast are Śrīvatsa and a charming tiger-claw charm, its gold center set with many gems. (3)

His lovely chin, teeth, lips, nose, ears, and cheeks delight me greatly.

His beautiful brows brim with the nectar of compassion; his eyes seem a pair of lotuses. (4)

Fine pendants shine upon his broad brow, and the curls of childhood look lovely.

It is as though hosts of darkness, sending the two gurus, Saturn, and Mars ahead, had come to

meet the moon. (5)

One unprecedented comparison arose when his mother wrapped him in yellow cloth:
seeing stars upon a dark-blue cloud, lightning seems to have abandoned her nature and hidden
there. (6)

Upon every limb, hosts of Love seem to gather and spread out, each bearing masses of beauty.
Tulsidāsa says: Raghunātha's form and virtues could be described only if the Creator had made
them. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 27: Who Can Describe Raghubara's Childhood Beauty?

रघुबर बाल छबि कहाँ बरनि।
 सकल सुखकी सीँव, कोटि-मनोज-सोभाहरनि॥ १ ॥
 बसी मानहुँ चरन-कमलनि अरुनता तजि तरनि।
 रुचिर नूपुर किंकिनी मन हरति रुनझुनु करनि॥ २ ॥
 मंजु मेचक मृदुल तनु अनुहरति भूषन भरनि।
 जनु सुभग सिंगार सिसु तरु फन्यो है अदभुत फरनि॥ ३ ॥
 भुजनि भुजग, सरोज नयननि, बदन बिधु जित्यो लरनि।
 रहे कुहरनि सलिल, नभ, उपमा अपर दुरि डरनि॥ ४ ॥
 लसत कर-प्रतिबिम्ब मनि-आँगन घुटुरुवनि चरनि।
 जनु जलज-संपुट सुछबि भरि-भरि धरति उर धरनि॥ ५ ॥
 पुन्यफल अनुभवति सुतहि बिलोकि दसरथ-घरनि।
 बसति तुलसी-हृदय प्रभु-किलकनि ललित लरखरनि॥ ६ ॥

Where can Raghubara's childhood beauty be described?

It is the utmost boundary of every joy and steals the splendor of ten million Loves. (1)

Redness seems to have abandoned the sun and settled in his lotus-feet.

His lovely anklets and little bells steal the mind as they softly chime. (2)

The profusion of ornaments accords with his lovely, tender, dark body,
 as though the beautiful sapling of infant love had borne astonishing fruit. (3)

In beauty's contest his arms defeated serpents, his eyes the lotuses, and his face the moon.

Those rivals remain in caves, water, and sky, while every other comparison flees far away in fear.

(4)

As he moves on his knees in the jeweled courtyard, the reflections of his hands shine—
 as though Earth were filling lotus-cups again and again with exquisite beauty and holding them to
 her heart. (5)

Daśaratha's queen experiences the fruit of her merit as she gazes upon her son.

In Tulsī's heart abide the Lord's lovely crowing and unsteady toddling. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 28: Look upon the Four Raghubaras

नेकु बिलोकि धौं रघुबरनि।
 चारु फल त्रिपुरारि तोको दिये कर नृप-घरनि॥ १ ॥
 बाल भूषन बसन, तन सुंदर रुचिर रजभरनि।
 परसपर खेलनि अजिर, उठि चलनि, गिरि गिरि परनि॥ २ ॥
 झुकनि, झाँकनि, छाँह सों किलकनि, नटनि हठि लरनि।
 तोतरी बोलनि, बिलोकनि, मोहनी मनहरनि॥ ३ ॥
 सखि-बचन सुनि कौसिला लखि सुढर पासे ढरनि।
 लेति भरि भरि अंक सैतति पैत जनु दुहु करनि॥ ४ ॥
 चरित निरखत बुध तुलसी ओट दै जलधरनि।
 चहत सुर सुरपति भयो सुरपति भये चहै तरनि॥ ५ ॥

Just look for a moment upon these Raghubaras,
 O queen: Tripurāri has placed all four lovely fruits in your hands. (1)
 See their childhood ornaments and clothes, their beautiful bodies charmingly covered with dust;
 their playing together in the courtyard, rising to walk, then falling down again and again. (2)
 Their bending and peeping, crowing at their shadows, dancing, and stubbornly quarreling;
 their lisping speech and their enchanting, mind-stealing glances. (3)
 Hearing her companion's words, Kausalyā sees that the dice have fallen well for her.
 She fills her lap with him again and again, gathering him with both hands like a gambler collecting
 his winnings. (4)
 Tulsī says: the wise gods behold this deed from behind the cover of clouds.
 The gods wish to become the thousand-eyed Indra, while Indra wishes to become the thousand-
 rayed sun. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 29: Daśaratha's Great Fortune

भूमितल भूपके बड़े भाग।

राम लखन रिपुदमन भरत सिसु निरखत अति अनुराग॥ १ ॥

बालबिभूषन लसत पायँ मृदु मंजुल अंग-बिभाग।

दसरथ-सुकृत मनोहर बिरवनि रूप-करह जनु लाग॥ २ ॥

राजमराल बिराजत बिहरत जे हर-हृदय-तड़ाग।

ते नृप-अजिर जानु कर धावत धरन चटक चल काग॥ ३ ॥

सिद्ध सिंहात, सराहत मुनिगन, कहँ सुर किंनर नाग।

“है बरु बिहंग बिलोकिय बालक बसि पुर उपबन बाग”॥ ४ ॥

परिजन सहित राय रानिन्ह कियो मज्जन प्रेम-प्रयाग।

तुलसी फल ताके चान्यो मनि मरकत पंकजराग॥ ५ ॥

Great indeed is the king's fortune upon this earth:

with deepest love he gazes upon the children Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, the foe-subduer Śatrughna, and Bharata. (1)

Childhood ornaments shine upon their feet and over every tender, lovely part of their limbs, as though buds of beauty had appeared upon the charming saplings of Daśaratha's merit. (2)

The royal swan who dwells and sports in the lake of Hara's heart now races upon knees and hands through the king's courtyard, trying to catch a darting crow. (3)

The siddhas rejoice, the hosts of sages offer praise, and gods, kinnaras, and nāgas say:

“Better to be birds, dwelling in the city, groves, and gardens, so that we might behold these children.” (4)

The king and queens, together with their household, have bathed in the Prayāga of love.

Tulsī says: these four, shining like emerald and ruby gems, are the fruits of that sacred bath. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 30: The Four Brothers Play in the Courtyard

छँगन मँगन अँगना खेलत चारु चाच्यो भाई।
 सानुज भरत लाल लषन राम लोने लोने
 लरिका लखि मुदित मातु समुदाई॥ १ ॥
 बाल बसन भूषन धरे, नख-सिख छबि छाई।
 नील पीत मनसिज-सरसिज मंजुल
 मालनि मानो है देहनितें दुति पाई॥ २ ॥
 ठुमुक ठुमुक पग धरनि, नटनि, लरखरनि सुहाई।
 भजनि, मिलनि, रूठनि, तूठनि, किलकनि,
 अवलोकनि, बोलनि बरनि न जाई॥ ३ ॥
 जननि सकल चहुँ ओर आलबाल मनि-अँगनाई।
 दसरथ-सुकृत बिबुध-बिरवा बिलसत
 बिलोकि जनु बिधि बर बारि बनाई॥ ४ ॥
 हरि बिरंचि हर हेरि राम प्रेम-परबसताई।
 सुख-समाज रघुराजके बरनत
 बिसुद्ध मन सुरनि सुमन झरि लाई॥ ५ ॥
 सुमिरत श्रीरघुबरनिकी लीला लरिकाई।
 तुलसिदास अनुराग अवध आनंद
 अनुभवत तब को सो अजहुँ अघाई॥ ६ ॥

The four lovely brothers play merrily in the courtyard.
 Bharata with Śatrughna, dear Lakṣmaṇa, and Rāma—
 seeing the charming boys, the company of mothers rejoices. (1)
 They wear childhood clothes and ornaments; beauty covers them from nail to crown.
 The lovely garlands of Love's blue and yellow lotuses
 seem to have gained their radiance from the boys' own bodies. (2)
 Step by little step they set down their feet; their dancing and charming staggering,

running away and meeting, sulking and making peace, crowing,
looking and speaking—none of it can be described. (3)

All the mothers surround them on every side, like jeweled garden-beds in the courtyard.

Seeing the celestial saplings of Daśaratha's merit flourish,

it is as though the Creator has fashioned an excellent surrounding wall. (4)

Hari, Brahmā, and Hara behold how Rāma has come under love's sway.

As the gods of purified mind describe the blessed company of Raghu's king,
they bring down a shower of celestial flowers. (5)

Remembering Śrī Raghubara's childhood play,

Tulsīdāsa asks: who among those who then tasted the loving joy of Ayodhyā
has even now had his fill? (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 31: The Fountain of Joy Plays in the Courtyard

आँगन खेलत आनंदकंद। रघुकुल-कुमुद-सुखद चारु चंद॥ १ ॥
 सानुज भरत लषन संग सोहैं। सिसु-भूषन भूषित मन मोहैं।
 तन दुति मोरचंद जिमि झलकैं। मनहुँ उमगि अँग-अँग छबि छलकैं॥ २ ॥
 कटि किंकिनि पग पैजनि बाजैं। पंकज पानि पहुँचिआँ राजैं।
 कठुला कंठ बघनहा नीके। नयन-सरोज-मयन-सरसीके॥ ३ ॥
 लटकन लसत ललाट लदूरीं। दमकति है द्वै दँतुरियाँ रूरीं।
 मुनि-मन हरत मंजु मसि बुंदा। ललित बदन बलि बाल मुकुंदा॥ ४ ॥
 कुलही चित्र बिचित्र झँगूलीं। निरखत मातु मुदित मन फूलीं।
 गहि मनिखंभ डिंभ डगि डोलत। कल बल बचन तोतरे बोलत॥ ५ ॥
 किलकत, झुकि झाँकत प्रतिबिंबनि। देत परम सुख पितु अरु अंबनि।
 सुमिरत सुखमा हिय हुलसी है। गावत प्रेम पुलकि तुलसी है॥ ६ ॥

The fountain of joy plays in the courtyard, the lovely moon that delights the lily-bed of Raghu's line. (1)

Bharata with Śatrughna and Lakṣmaṇa shine beside him; adorned with childhood ornaments, they captivate the mind.

Their bodies gleam like the moons upon peacock feathers, as though beauty surged and spilled from every limb. (2)

Little bells ring at their waists and anklets at their feet; bracelets shine upon their lotus-hands. Necklaces at their throats and tiger-claw charms look lovely; their lotus-eyes spring from the lake of Love. (3)

Pendants and small curls shine upon their foreheads; two lovely little teeth gleam at a time. A charming dot of collyrium steals sages' minds—blessed be the lovely face of the child Mukunda! (4)

Brightly patterned caps and wondrous little tunics—beholding them, the mother's delighted heart blossoms.

Grasping a jeweled pillar, the child sways unsteadily and speaks sweet, indistinct, lisping words.

(5)

He crows, bends, and peeps at his reflections, giving supreme joy to father and mother.

At the mere memory of that beauty the heart exults, and Tulsī sings, thrilled with love. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 32: Kausalyā Teaches Her Darling to Walk

ललित सुतहि लालति सचु पाये।

कौसल्या कल कनक अजिर महँ सिखवति चलन अँगुरियाँ लाये॥ १ ॥

कटि किंकिनी, पैजनी पायनि बाजति रुनझुन मधुर रेंगाये।

पहुँची करनि, कंठ कठुला बन्यो केहरि नख मनि-जरित जराये॥ २ ॥

पीत पुनीत बिचित्र झँगुलिया सोहति स्याम सरीर सोहाये।

दँतियाँ द्वै-द्वै मनोहर मुख छबि, अरुन अधर चित लेत चोराये॥ ३ ॥

चिबुक कपोल नासिका सुंदर, भाल तिलक मसिबिंदु बनाये।

राजत नयन मंजु अंजनजुत खंजन कंज मीन मद नाये॥ ४ ॥

लटकन चारु भ्रुकुटिया टेढ़ी, मेढ़ी सुभग सुदेस सुभाये।

किलकि किलकि नाचत चुटकी सुनि, डरपति जननि पानि छुटकाये॥ ५ ॥

गिरि घुटुरुवनि टेकि उठि अनुजनि तोतरि बोलत पूष देखाये।

बाल-केलि अवलोकि मातु सब मुदित मगन आनंद न अमाये॥ ६ ॥

देखत नभ घन-ओट चरित मुनि जोग समाधि गिरति बिसराये।

तुलसिदास जे रसिक न यहि रस ते नर जड़ जीवत जग जाये॥ ७ ॥

Having truly gained her lovely son, she fondles him.

In her beautiful golden courtyard Kausalyā holds out her fingers and teaches him to walk. (1)

As he moves slowly, the little bells at his waist and anklets on his feet ring sweetly.

Bracelets on his hands, a necklace at his throat, and a tiger-claw charm set and studded with gems look beautiful. (2)

A pure and wondrous yellow tunic shines upon his beautiful dark body.

Two little teeth at a time grace his lovely face, while his red lips steal the heart. (3)

His chin, cheeks, and nose are lovely; a forehead-mark and dot of collyrium adorn his brow.

His beautiful, collyrium-darkened eyes shine, humbling the pride of wagtail, lotus, and fish. (4)

A lovely pendant, arched brows, and a beautifully braided lock sit becomingly in their places.

Hearing his mother snap her fingers, he crows and dances; when he lets go of her hand, she grows afraid. (5)

When he falls, he braces himself on his knees and rises; shown a sweet cake, he calls his younger brothers in lisping speech.

Beholding this childhood play, all the mothers are delighted and absorbed; their joy cannot fit within them. (6)

From behind the clouds in the sky, sages watch these deeds, forgetting yoga, samādhī, and detachment.

Tulsīdāsa says: those who do not savor this rasa are dull people whose lives pass uselessly in the world. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 33: Tiny Feet and Lisping Words

छोटी छोटी गोड़ियाँ अँगुरियाँ छबीलीं छोटी,
 नख-जोति मोती मानो कमल-दलनिपर।
 ललित आँगन खेलैं, ठुमुकु ठुमुकु चलें,
 झँझुनु झँझुनु पाँय पैजनी मृदु मुखर॥ १ ॥
 किंकिनी कलित कटि हाटक जटित मनि,
 मंजु कर-कंजनि पहुँचियाँ रुचिरतर।
 पियरी झीनी झँगुली साँवरे सरीर खुली,
 बालक दामिनि ओढ़ी मानो बारे बारिधर॥ २ ॥
 उर बघनहा, कंठ कठुला, झँडूले केश,
 मेढ़ी लटकन मसिबिंदु मुनि-मन-हर।
 अंजन-रंजित नैन, चित चोरै चितवनि,
 मुख-सोभापर वारैं अमित असमसर॥ ३ ॥
 चुटकी बजावती नचावती कौसल्या माता,
 बालकेलि गावती मल्हावती सुप्रेम-भर।
 किलकि किलकि हँसैं, द्वै-द्वै दँतुरियाँ लसैं,
 तुलसीके मन बसैं तोतरे बचन बर॥ ४ ॥

Tiny little feet with tiny, lovely toes;
 the light of their nails seems pearls upon lotus-petals.
 He plays in the lovely courtyard and walks step by little step;
 the anklets upon his feet ring softly, jhanjhun, jhanjhun. (1)
 A gem-studded golden girdle of bells adorns his waist,
 and lovely bracelets shine upon his lotus-hands.
 A fine yellow tunic lies open upon his dark body,
 as though a little rain cloud had wrapped itself in infant lightning. (2)
 A tiger-claw charm upon his breast, a necklace at his throat, tousled curls,
 a braided lock, pendant, and mind-stealing dot of collyrium.
 His collyrium-darkened eyes and glance steal the heart;

upon the beauty of his face I would offer countless peerless Loves. (3)
Mother Kausalyā snaps her fingers and makes him dance;
filled with pure love, she sings his childhood play and fondles him.
He crows and laughs, two little teeth at a time shining;
his lovely lisping words dwell in Tulsī's heart. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 34: Behold the Incomparable Child Rāma

सादर सुमुखि बिलोकि राम-सिसुरूप, अनूप भूप लिये कनियाँ।
 सुंदर स्याम सरोज बरन तनु, नखसिख सुभग सकल सुखदनियाँ॥ १ ॥
 अरुन चरन नखजोति जगमगति, रुनझुनु करति पाँय पैजनियाँ।
 कनक-रतन-मनि जटित रटति कटि किंकिनि कलित पीतपट-तनियाँ॥ २ ॥
 पहुँची करनि, पदिक हरिनख उर, कठुला कंठ, मंजु गजमनियाँ।
 रुचिर चिबुक, रद, अधर मनोहर, ललित नासिका लसति नथुनियाँ॥ ३ ॥
 बिकट भ्रुकुटि, सुखमानिधि आनन, कल कपोल, काननि नगफनियाँ।
 भाल तिलक मसिबिंदु विराजत, सोहति सीस लाल चौतनियाँ॥ ४ ॥
 मनमोहनी तोतरी बोलनि, मुनि-मन-हरनि हँसनि किलकनियाँ।
 बाल सुभाय बिलोल विलोचन, चोरति चितहि चारु चितवनियाँ॥ ५ ॥
 सुनि कुलबधू झरोखनि झाँकति रामचन्द्र-छबि चंदबदनियाँ।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु देखि मगन भई प्रेमबिबस कछु सुधि न अपनियाँ॥ ६ ॥

Fair-faced friend, behold with reverence the incomparable child-form of Rāma whom the king holds in his arms.

His lovely dark body has the hue of a blue lotus; beautiful from nail to crown, he bestows every joy.

(1)

The light of his nails glitters upon his red feet, while anklets ring jhanjhun at them.

At his waist a gold girdle studded with gems and jewels resounds, and yellow cloth adorns his body. (2)

Bracelets on his hands; a pendant and tiger-claw charm on his breast; a necklace at his throat and lovely elephant-pearls.

His chin and teeth are charming, his lips delightful, and a nose-ring shines upon his lovely nose.

(3)

His brows are bold, his face a treasury of beauty, his cheeks tender; serpent-hood earrings grace his ears.

A forehead-mark and dot of collyrium shine upon his brow, and a red four-cornered cap adorns his head. (4)

His enchanting lisp, his laughter and crowing steal the sages' minds.

His eyes wander with a child's nature, and his lovely glances steal the heart. (5)

Hearing this, moon-faced women of the household peer through the lattice windows at Rāmacandra's beauty.

Tulsīdāsa says: seeing the Lord, they become absorbed and, overcome by love, retain no awareness of themselves. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 35: Eyes Beautiful by Nature

सोहत सहज सुहाये नैन।

खंजन मीन कमल सकुचत तब जब उपमा चाहत कबि दैन॥ १ ॥

सुंदर सब अंगनि सिसु-भूषन राजत जनु सोभा आये लैन।

बड़ो लाभ, लालची लोभबस रहि गयो लखि सुखमा बहु मैन॥ २ ॥

भोर भूप लिये गोद मोद भरे, निरखत बदन, सुनत कल बैन।

बालक-रूप अनूप राम-छवि निवसति तुलसिदास-उर-ऐन॥ ३ ॥

His naturally lovely eyes shine.

Wagtail, fish, and lotus shrink away whenever a poet wishes to offer them as comparisons. (1)

Childhood ornaments shine upon all his beautiful limbs, as though Love had come to borrow beauty.

Seeing the abundant loveliness as a great profit, greedy Love is overcome by desire and remains there. (2)

At dawn the king, filled with delight, takes him in his lap, gazes at his face, and listens to his sweet speech.

The incomparable beauty of Rāma in a child's form dwells in the very home of Tulsīdāsa's heart. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 36: Awake, Raghunandana

भोर भयो जागहु, रघुनंदन! गत-व्यलीक भगतनि उर-चंदन॥ १ ॥
 ससि करहीन, छीन दुति तारे। तमचुर मुखर, सुनहु मेरे प्यारे॥ २ ॥
 बिकसित कंज, कुमुद बिलखाने। लै पराग रस मधुप उड़ाने॥ ३ ॥
 अनुज सखा सब बोलनि आये। बंदिन्ह अति पुनीत गुन गाये॥ ४ ॥
 मनभावतो कलेऊ कीजै। तुलसिदास कहूँ जूँठनि दीजै॥ ५ ॥

Dawn has come—awake, Raghunandana, sandalwood for the hearts of devotees free from deceit.

(1)

The moon has lost its rays, the stars their brilliance; listen, my darling, the roosters call. (2)

The lotuses have opened and the water-lilies grieve; the bees fly off bearing pollen and nectar. (3)

All your younger brothers and friends have come to call you; the bards sing your supremely holy virtues. (4)

Take the breakfast that pleases you, and give Tulsīdāsa a little of what remains from your plate. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 37: Morning at Rāma's Door

प्रात भयो तात, बलि मातु बिधु-बदनपर
 मदन वारों कोटि, उठो प्रान-प्यारे!
 सूत-मागध-बंदि बदत बिरुदावली,
 द्वारा सिसु अनुज प्रियतम तिहारे॥ १ ॥
 कोक गतसोक अवलोकि ससि छीनछबि,
 अरुनमय गगन राजत रुचि तारे।
 मनहुँ रबि बाल मृगराज तमनिकर-करि
 दलित, अति ललित मनिगन बिथारे॥ २ ॥
 सुनहु तमचुर मुखर, कीर कलहंस पिक
 केकि रव कलित, बोलत बिहँग बारे।
 मनहुँ मुनिबृन्द रघुबंसमनि! रावरे
 गुनत गुन आश्रमनि सपरिवारे॥ ३ ॥
 सरनि बिकसित कंजपुंज मकरन्दवर,
 मंजुतर मधुर मधुकर गुँजारे।
 मनहुँ प्रभुजनम सुनि चैन अमरावती,
 इन्दिरानन्द-मन्दिर सँवारे॥ ४ ॥
 प्रेम-संमिलित बर बचन-रचना अकनि
 राम राजीव-लोचन उघारे।
 दास तुलसी मुदित, जननि करै आरती,
 सहज सुन्दर अजिर पाँव धारे॥ ५ ॥

Morning has come, child; Mother offers herself upon your moon-face
 and would offer ten million Loves—rise, beloved of my life!
 Heralds, genealogists, and bards recite your praises;
 at the door stand your younger brothers and dearest child-friends. (1)
 Seeing the moon's beauty fade, the cakravāka birds are freed from sorrow;
 stars of lovely light shine in the reddening sky.

It is as though the young lion of the sun crushed the elephant-host of darkness
and scattered its exceedingly lovely pearls. (2)

Listen: roosters call, and parrots, royal swans, cuckoos,
peacocks, and young birds fill the air with song.

O jewel of Raghu's line, it is as though companies of sages, together with their families,
were meditating upon your virtues in their hermitages. (3)

Clusters of lotuses open upon the lakes, and for their excellent nectar
the bees make their loveliest, sweetest hum.

It is as though, hearing of the Lord's birth, Amarāvati celebrates
and Lakṣmī has adorned her mansions of joy. (4)

Hearing this fine composition of words suffused with love,
Rāma opens his lotus-eyes.

Servant Tulsī rejoices; his mother performs the āraṭi
as the naturally beautiful Lord sets foot in the courtyard. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 38: Awake, Treasury of Compassion

जागिये कृपानिधान जानराय रामचंद्र
जननी कहै बार-बार भोर भयो प्यारे।
राजिवलोचन बिसाल, प्रीति-बापिका मराल,
ललित कमल-बदन ऊपर मदन कोटि बारे॥ १ ॥
अरुन उदित, बिगत सरबरी, ससांक किरनहीन,
दीन दीपजोति, मलिन, दुति समूह तारे।
मनहुँ ग्यानघन-प्रकास, बीते सब भव-बिलास
आस-त्रास तिमिर तोष तरनि-तेज जारे॥ २ ॥
बोलत खगनिकर मुखर मधुर करि प्रतीति सुनहु
श्रवन, प्रानजीवन धन, मेरे तुम बारे।
मनहुँ बेद-बन्दी-मुनिबृन्द-सूत-मागधादि
बिरुद बदत “जय जय जय जयति कैटभारे”॥ ३ ॥
बिकसित कमलावली, चले प्रपुंज चञ्चरीक,
गुंजत कल कोमल धुनि त्यागि कंज न्यारे।
जनु बिराग पाइ सकल सोक-कूप-गुह बिहाइ
भृत्य प्रेममत्त फिरत गुनत गुन तिहारे॥ ४ ॥
सुनत बचन प्रिय रसाल जागे अतिसय दयाल
भागे जंजाल बिपुल, दुख-कदंब दारे।
तुलसिदास अति आनंद देखिकै मुखारबिन्द,
छूटे भ्रमफंद परम मंद द्वंद भारे॥ ५ ॥

Awake, treasury of compassion, wise lord Rāmacandra—
Mother says again and again, “Dawn has come, my darling.”
Your great lotus-eyes are swans upon the stepwell of love;
upon your lovely lotus-face ten million Loves are offered. (1)
The red sun has risen and night has passed; the moon has lost its rays,

the lamp-flame is feeble, and the clustered stars' radiance is dim.

It is as though dense light of knowledge had dawned and all the diversions of becoming had ended,
while the sun of contentment burned the darkness of hope and fear. (2)

The companies of birds call sweetly and loudly—listen with trust,
my child, wealth and life of my breath.

It is as though the Veda, bards, hosts of sages, heralds, and genealogists
were proclaiming your praise: “Victory, victory, all victory to the foe of Kaiṭabha!” (3)

Rows of lotuses open and throngs of bees depart,
humming lovely, tender notes as they leave their lotuses behind.

It is as though, gaining detachment and abandoning all the well-like homes of sorrow,
your love-intoxicated servants wandered about meditating upon your virtues. (4)

Hearing these beloved, nectar-sweet words, the supremely compassionate Lord awakes;
vast entanglements flee and masses of suffering are torn apart.

Tulsīdāsa, seeing his lotus-face, is filled with joy;
the snares of delusion fall away and the heavy opposites grow utterly faint. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 39: Rāma Sets Out for the Hunt

बोलत अवनिप-कुमार ठाढ़े नृपभवन-द्वार,
 रूप-सील-गुन उदार जागहु मेरे प्यारे।
 बिलखित कुमुदनि, चकोर, चक्रवाक हरष भोर,
 करत सोर तमचुर खग, गुंजत अलि न्यारे॥ १ ॥
 रुचिर मधुर भोजन करि, भूषन सजि सकल अंग,
 संग अनुज बालक सब बिबिध बिधि सँवारे।
 करतल गहि ललित चाप भंजन रिपु-निकर-दाप,
 कटितट पटपीत, तून सायक अनियारे॥ २ ॥
 उपबन मृगया-बिहार-कारन गवने कृपाल,
 जननी मुख निरखि पुन्यपुँज निज बिचारे।
 तुलसिदास संग लीजै, जानि दीन अभय कीजै
 दीजै मति बिमल गावै चरित बर तिहारे॥ ३ ॥

The princes standing at the palace gate call out:

“Generous in beauty, character, and virtue, awake, my darling!

The water-lilies and cakora birds grieve, while cakravākas rejoice at dawn;
 roosters and other birds make a clamor, and bees hum apart.” (1)

Having eaten delicious, sweet food and adorned every limb with ornaments,
 he takes with him his younger brothers and the other children, all arrayed in many ways.

In his hand he grasps a lovely bow that breaks the pride of enemy hosts;
 yellow cloth is at his waist and a quiver holds sharp arrows. (2)

The compassionate Lord goes to the grove to enjoy the hunt;
 gazing upon his face, his mother reflects upon the abundance of her merit.

Tulsīdāsa says: take me with you; knowing me helpless, grant me fearlessness.

Give me a stainless mind that may sing your excellent deeds. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 40: Come Out to Play, Fountain of Joy

खेलन चलिये आनंदकंद।

सखा प्रिय नृपद्वार ठाढ़े बिपुल बालक-बूंद॥ १ ॥

तृषित तुम्हरे दरस कारन चतुर चातक-दास।

बपुष-बारिद बरषि छबि-जल हरहु लोचन-प्यास॥ २ ॥

बंधु-बचन बिनीत सुनि उठे मनहुँ केहरि-बाल।

ललित लघु सर-चाप कर, उर-नयन-बाहु बिसाल॥ ३ ॥

चलत पद प्रतिबिंब राजत अजिर सुखमा-पुंज।

प्रेमबस प्रति चरन महि मानो देति आसन कंज॥ ४ ॥

निरखि परम बिचित्र सोभा चकित चितवहिं मात।

हरष-बिबस न जात कहि, “निज भवन बिहरहु, तात”॥ ५ ॥

देखि तुलसीदास प्रभु-छबि रहे सब पल रोकि।

थकित निकर चकोर मानहुँ सरद इंदु बिलोकि॥ ६ ॥

Come out to play, fountain of joy!

Your beloved friends, a great company of children, stand at the royal gate. (1)

Your clever servant-cakora birds thirst for the sight of you.

From the cloud of your body rain the water of beauty and quench our eyes' thirst. (2)

Hearing his brothers' humble words, he rises like a lion cub.

A lovely little bow and arrows are in his hands; his breast, eyes, and arms are broad. (3)

As he walks, the reflections of his feet shine in the courtyard, a mass of loveliness.

Overcome by love, Earth seems to offer a lotus-seat at every step. (4)

Beholding his supremely wondrous beauty, the astonished mothers gaze;

overcome by joy, they cannot even say, “Child, play here in your own home.” (5)

Tulsīdāsa says: seeing the Lord's beauty, everyone holds back the blinking of the eyes,

as though a company of cakora birds, beholding the autumn moon, had grown still. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 41: Rāma Roams the Streets of Ayodhyā

बिहरत अवध-बीथिन राम।

संग अनुज अनेक सिसु, नव-नील-नीरद स्याम॥ १ ॥

तरुन अरुन-सरोज-पद बनी कनकमय पदत्रान।

पीत-पट कटि तून बर, कर ललित लघु धनु-बान॥ २ ॥

लोचननिको लहत फल छबि निरखि पुर-नर-नारि।

बसत तुलसीदास उर अवधेसके सुत चारि॥ ३ ॥

Rāma roams the streets of Ayodhyā,

dark as a fresh blue rain cloud, with his younger brothers and many children. (1)

Golden shoes adorn his young, red lotus-feet.

Yellow cloth and a fine quiver are at his waist; lovely little bow and arrows are in his hands. (2)

Gazing upon his beauty, the men and women of the city gain the fruit of their eyes.

The four sons of Ayodhyā's lord dwell in Tulsīdāsa's heart. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 42: The Four Lovely Brothers

जैसे राम ललित तैसे लोने लषन लालु।

तैसेई भरत सील-सुखमा-सनेह-निधि, तैसेई सुभग सँग सत्रुसालु॥ १ ॥

धरे धनु-सर कर, कसे कटि तरकसी, पीरे पट ओढ़े चले चारु चालु।

अंग-अंग भूषन जरायके जगमगत, हरत जनके जीको तिमिरजालु॥ २ ॥

खेलत चौहट घाट बीथी बाटिकनि प्रभु सिव सुप्रेम-मानस-मरालु।

सोभा-दान दै दै सनमानत जाचकजन करत लोक-लोचन निहालु॥ ३ ॥

रावन-दुरित-दुख दलैं सुर कहैं आजु “अवध सकल सुखको सुकालु।”

तुलसी सराहैं सिद्ध सुकृत कौसल्याजूके, भूरि भाग-भाजन भुवालु॥ ४ ॥

As lovely as Rāma is, so charming is dear Lakṣmaṇa;

so too Bharata, treasury of character, beauty, and affection, and with them the handsome Śatrughna. (1)

Bows and arrows in hand, quivers fastened at their waists, they walk gracefully wrapped in yellow cloth.

Jeweled ornaments glitter upon every limb, dispelling the net of darkness from devotees' hearts. (2)

The Lord, royal swan upon the lake of Śiva's pure love, plays at crossroads, ghats, lanes, and gardens.

Giving beauty as alms, he honors his supplicants again and again and makes the world's eyes rejoice. (3)

The gods say, “Today Ayodhyā enjoys a golden age of every happiness; now let the sin and suffering called Rāvaṇa be destroyed.”

Tulsī says: even the siddhas praise Kausalyā's merit, and the king is a vessel of abundant fortune. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 43: At Play in Ayodhyā's Lanes

ललित-ललित लघु-लघु धनु-सर कर,
 तैसी तरकसी कटि कसे, पट पियरे।
 ललित पनही पाँय पैजनी-किंकिनि-धुनि,
 सुनि सुख लहै मनु, रहै नित नियरे॥ १ ॥
 पहुँची अंगद चारु, हृदय पदिक हारु,
 कुंडल-तिलक-छबि गड़ी कबि जियरे।
 सिरसि टिपारो लाल, नीरज-नयन बिसाल,
 सुंदर बदन, ठाढ़े सुरतरु सियरे॥ २ ॥
 सुभग सकल अंग, अनुज बालक संग,
 देखि नर-नारि रहैं ज्यों कुरंग दियरे।
 खेलत अवध-खोरि, गोली भौरा चक डोरि,
 मूरति मधुर बसै तुलसीके हियरे॥ ३ ॥

Lovely little bows and tiny arrows are in his hands;
 a matching quiver is fastened at his waist, and his cloth is yellow.
 Lovely shoes are on his feet; hearing the music of anklets and little bells,
 the mind finds joy and remains forever near him. (1)
 Lovely bracelets and armlets, a pendant and garland upon his breast;
 the beauty of earrings and forehead-mark is engraved in the poet's heart.
 A red cap upon his head, great lotus-eyes, and a beautiful face—
 he stands beneath the wish-granting tree. (2)
 Lovely in every limb, with younger brothers and children beside him,
 he leaves men and women gazing like deer at a lamp.
 Playing ball, top, hoop, and string in Ayodhyā's lanes,
 may that sweet form dwell in Tulsī's heart. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 44: Little Bow, Little Shoes

छोटिए धनुहियाँ, पनहियाँ पगनि छोटी,
 छोटिए कछौटी कटि, छोटिए तरकसी।
 लसत झंगूली झीनी, दामिनिकी छबि छीनी,
 सुंदर बदन, सिर पगिया जरकसी॥ १ ॥
 बय-अनुहरत बिभूषन बिचित्र अंग,
 जोहे जिय आवति सनेह की सरक सी।
 मूरतिकी सूरति कही न परै तुलसी पै,
 जानै सोई जाके उर कसकै करक सी॥ २ ॥

A tiny bow in his hand, little shoes upon his feet,
 a little loincloth at his waist and a tiny quiver.
 A fine tunic shines, stealing lightning's splendor;
 his face is beautiful, and a gold-worked turban rests upon his head. (1)
 Wondrous ornaments suited to his age adorn his limbs;
 whoever beholds them feels a wave of affection enter the heart.
 Tulsī cannot tell the beauty of that form;
 only one in whose heart it aches like a pang can know it. (2)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 45: The Brothers Play Polo

राम-लषन इक ओर, भरत-रिपुदवन लाल इक ओर भये।
 सरजुतीर सम सुखद भूमि-थल, गनि-गनि गोइयाँ बाँटि लये॥ १ ॥
 कंदुक-केलि-कुसल हय चढ़ि-चढ़ि, मन कसि-कसि ठेंकि-ठेंकि खये।
 कर-कमलनि बिचित्र चौगानैं, खेलन लगे खेल रिझये॥ २ ॥
 ब्योम बिमाननि बिबुध बिलोकत खेलक पेखक छाँह छये।
 सहित समाज सराहि दसरथहि बरषत निज तरु-कुसुम-चये॥ ३ ॥
 एक लै बढ़त एक फेरत, सब प्रेम-प्रमोद-बिनोद-मये।
 एक कहत भइ हार रामजूको, एक कहत भइया भरत जये॥ ४ ॥
 प्रभु बकसत गज बाजि, बसन-मनि, जय धुनि गगन निसान हये।
 पाइ सखा-सेवक जाचक भरि जनम न दुसरे द्वार गये॥ ५ ॥
 नभ-पुर परति निछावरि जहे तहँ, सुर-सिद्धनि बरदान दये।
 भूरि-भाग अनुराग उमगि जे गावत-सुनत चरित नित ये॥ ६ ॥
 हारे हरष होत हिय भरतहि, जिते सकुच सिर नयन नये।
 तुलसी सुमिरि सुभाव-सील सुकृती तेइ जे एहि रंग रए॥ ७ ॥

Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa take one side; dear Bharata and the foe-subduer Śatrughna take the other.
 On the pleasant, level ground beside the Sarayū they count out and divide their teammates. (1)
 Mounting horses trained for the ball-game, tightening their belts and bracing themselves,
 the delighted players begin a marvelous game of polo with their lotus-hands. (2)
 From aerial chariots in the sky the gods watch, casting shade upon players and spectators.
 Praising Daśaratha and his company, they shower clusters of flowers from their celestial trees. (3)
 One side carries the ball forward and the other turns them back; all are immersed in love, delight,
 and play.
 Some say, “Rāma has lost,” while others say, “Brother Bharata has won.” (4)
 The Lord awards elephants, horses, clothes, and gems; victory cries and drums resound from the
 sky.
 Receiving gifts, friends, servants, and supplicants never go to another's door for the rest of their
 lives. (5)
 Offerings rain here and there from the sky upon the city, while gods and siddhas bestow blessings.

Abundantly fortunate are those who, surging with love, always sing and hear these deeds. (6)

Bharata's heart rejoices when he loses; when he wins, he lowers head and eyes in modesty.

Tulsī says: remembering this nature and character, blessed are those dyed in this very color. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 46: The Players Return to the Palace

खेलि खेल सुखेलनिहारे।

उतरि उतरिं, चुचुकारि तुरंगनि, सादर जाइ जोहारे॥ १ ॥

बंधु-सखा-सेवक सराहि, सनमानि सनेह संभारे।

दिये बसन-गज-बाजि साजि सुभ साज सुभाँति सँवारे॥ २ ॥

मुदित नयन-फल पाइ, गाइ गुन सुर सानंद सिधारे।

सहित समाज राजमंदिर कहँ राम राउ पगु धारे॥ ३ ॥

भूप-भवन घर-घर घमंड कल्यान कोलाहल भारे।

निरखि हरषि आरती-निछावरि करत सरीर बिसारे॥ ४ ॥

नित नए मंगल-मोद अवध सब, सब बिधि लोग सुखारे।

तुलसी तिन्ह सम तेउ जिन्हके प्रभुतें प्रभु-चरित पियारे॥ ५ ॥

Having played the game, the delighted players

dismount one by one, fondle their horses, and respectfully go to salute him. (1)

Praising and honoring brothers, friends, and servants, the Lord receives them with affection.

He gives clothes, elephants, and horses, handsomely adorned with fine trappings. (2)

Rejoicing and gaining the fruit of their eyes, the gods sing his virtues and gladly return to their realms.

Rāma, the royal lord, sets foot toward the palace together with his company. (3)

At the royal palace and in every house swells a tremendous tumult of auspicious joy.

Beholding him, they rejoice and, forgetting their bodies, perform āratī and make offerings. (4)

Each day Ayodhyā knows fresh auspiciousness and delight; its people prosper in every way.

Tulsī says: equal to them are those to whom the Lord's deeds are dearer even than the Lord. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 47: Viśvāmitra Sets Out for Ayodhyā

चहत महामुनि जाग जयो।

नीच निसाचर देत दुसह दुख, कृस तनु ताप तयो॥ १ ॥

सापे पाप, नये निदरत खल, तब यह मंत्र ठयो।

बिप्र-साधु-सुर-धेनु-धरनि-हित हरि अवतार लयो॥ २ ॥

सुमिरत श्रीसारंगपानि छनमें सब सोच गयो।

चले मुदित कौसिक कोसलपुर, सगुननि साथ दयो॥ ३ ॥

करत मनोरथ जात पुलकि, प्रगटत आनंद नयो।

तुलसी प्रभु-अनुराग उमगि मग मंगल मूल भयो॥ ४ ॥

The great sage longs for his sacrifice to succeed.

Base night-roamers inflict unbearable pain; scorched by distress, his body has grown thin. (1)

If he curses them, he incurs sin; if he yields, the villains scorn him. Then this resolve takes shape:

“For the welfare of brahmins, holy people, gods, cows, and Earth, Hari has taken incarnation.” (2)

The moment he remembers Śrī Śārṅgapāṇi, all his sorrow departs.

Gladly Kauśika sets out for the city of Kosala, and auspicious signs accompany him. (3)

He travels fashioning hopes; as his body thrills, ever-new joy appears.

Tulsī says: surging with loving attachment to the Lord, the road becomes the very root of auspiciousness. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 48: Today I Shall Gain the Fruit of All Merit

आजु सकल सुकृत फलु पाइहौं।

सुखकी सींव, अवधि आनंदकी अवध बिलोकि हौं पाइहौं॥ १ ॥

सुतनि सहित दसरथहि देखिहौं, प्रेम पुलकि उर लाइहौं।

रामचंद्र-मुखचंद्र-सुधा-छबि नयन-चकोरनि प्याइहौं॥ २ ॥

सादर समाचार नृप बुझिहैं, हौं सब कथा सुनाइहौं।

तुलसी है कृतकृत्य आश्रमहिं राम लषन लै आइहौं॥ ३ ॥

Today I shall gain the fruit of every meritorious deed.

I shall behold Ayodhyā, the boundary of happiness and the utmost limit of joy. (1)

I shall see Daśaratha with his sons and, thrilling with love, embrace him to my heart.

I shall give the cakora birds of my eyes the nectar-beauty of Rāmacandra's moon-face to drink. (2)

The king will respectfully ask my news, and I shall tell him the whole story.

Tulsī says: fulfilled, I shall bring Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa back to my hermitage. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 49: Daśaratha Welcomes the Sage

देखि मुनि! रावरे पद आज।

भयो प्रथम गनतीमें अबतें हौं जहँ लौं साधु समाज॥ १ ॥

चरन बंदि, कर जोरि निहोरत, “कहिय कृपा करि काज।

मेरे कछु न अदेय राम बिनु, देह-गेह सब राज”॥ २ ॥

भली कही भूपति त्रिभुवनमें को सुकृती-सिरताज?।

तुलसि राम-जनमहितें जनियत सकल सुकृत को साज॥ ३ ॥

Sage, seeing your feet today,

from this moment I have become first in rank among the entire company of holy people. (1)

Bowing at his feet, joining his hands, and entreating him, the king says, “In your grace, tell me your purpose.

Except for Rāma, nothing of mine is ungivable—body, home, and entire kingdom.” (2)

“Well spoken, king. In the three worlds, who else is the crown of the meritorious?

Tulsī says: the whole array of merit is known by the very fact of Rāma's birth.” (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 50: Give Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa

राजन! राम-लषन जो दीजै।
जस रावरो, लाभ ढोटनिहूँ, मुनि सनाथ सब कीजै॥ १ ॥
डरपत हौ साचे सनेह-बस सुत-प्रभाव बिनु जाने।
बूझिय बामदेव अरु कुलगुरु, तुम पुनि परम सयाने॥ २ ॥
रिपु रन दलि, मख राखि, कुसल अति अलप दिननि घर ऐटहैं।
तुलसिदास रघुबंसतिलककी कबिकुल कीरति गैहैं॥ ३ ॥

King, if you will give Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa,
yours will be the fame, the boys will gain greatly, and all the sages will have a protector. (1)
You are afraid from genuine affection because you do not know your sons' power.
Ask Vāmadeva and your family guru; besides, you yourself are supremely wise. (2)
Crushing their foes in battle and guarding the sacrifice, they will return home safely in very few
days.
Tulsīdāsa says: generations of poets will sing the fame of these crest-jewels of Raghu's line. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 51: Daśaratha Entrusts His Sons to the Sage

रहे ठगिसे नृपति सुनि मुनिबरके बयन।

कहि न सकत कछु राम-प्रेमबस, पुलक गात, भरे नीर नयन॥ १ ॥

गुरु बसिष्ठ समुझाय कह्यो तब हिय हरषाने, जाने सेष-सयन।

सौंपे सुत गहि पानि, पाँय परि, भूसुर उर चले उमँगि चयन॥ २ ॥

तुलसी प्रभु जोहत पोहत चित, सोहत मोहत कोटि मयन।

मधु-माधव-मूरति दोउ संग मानो दिनमनि गवन कियो उतर अयन॥ ३ ॥

Hearing the great sage's words, the king remains as though robbed of his senses.

Overcome by love for Rāma, he can say nothing; his body thrills and his eyes fill with tears. (1)

Then guru Vasiṣṭha explains; his heart rejoices, knowing Rāma as the Lord who reclines upon Śeṣa.

Taking his sons by the hand, he falls at the brahmin's feet and entrusts them to him; delight surges through the sage's heart. (2)

Tulsī says: the Lord binds the heart the instant one beholds him; he shines and enchants ten million Loves.

The two seem the embodied months of Madhu and Mādhava accompanying the sun upon its northward course. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 52: The Two Brothers Journey with the Sage

ऋषि सँग हरषि चले दोउ भाई।
 पितु-पद बंदि सीस लियो आयसु, सुनि सिष आसिष पाई॥ १ ॥
 नील पीत पाथोज बरन बपु, बय किसोर बनि आई।
 सर धनु-पानि, पीत पट कटितट, कसे निखंग बनाई॥ २ ॥
 कलित कंठ मनि-माल, कलेवर चंदन खौरि सुहाई।
 सुंदर बदन, सरोरुह-लोचन, मुखछबि बरनि न जाई॥ ३ ॥
 पल्लव, पंख, सुमन सिर सोहत क्यों कहाँ बेष-लुनाई?।
 मनु मूरति धरि उभय भाग भइ त्रिभुवन सुंदरताई॥ ४ ॥
 पैठत सरनि, सिलनि चढ़ि चितवत, खग-मृग-बन रुचिराई।
 सादर सभय सप्रेम पुलकि मुनि पुनि-पुनि लेत बुलाई॥ ५ ॥
 एक तीर तकि हती ताड़का, बिद्या बिप्र पढ़ाई।
 राख्यो जग्य जीति रजनीचर, भइ जग-बिदित बड़ाई॥ ६ ॥
 चरन-कमल-रज-परस अहल्या, निज पति-लोक पठाई।
 तुलसिदास प्रभुके बूझे मुनि सुरसरि कथा सुनाई॥ ७ ॥

The two brothers gladly set out with the sage.

Bowing at their father's feet, they place his command upon their heads; hearing his instruction, they receive his blessing. (1)

Their bodies have the hues of blue and yellow lotuses, and adolescence has arrived.

Bows and arrows are in their hands; yellow cloth is at their waists, with quivers firmly fastened. (2)

Gemmed garlands adorn their throats, and streaks of sandalwood grace their bodies.

Their faces are beautiful, their eyes lotuses; the beauty of their countenances cannot be told. (3)

Fresh leaves, feathers, and flowers shine upon their heads—how could the loveliness of their attire be spoken?

It is as though the beauty of the three worlds took form and divided itself into two. (4)

They enter lakes, climb rocks, and gaze upon the beauty of birds, deer, and forest.

Respectful, fearful, loving, and thrilled, the sage calls them back again and again. (5)

The brahmin teaches them the science of weapons; taking aim, Rāma kills Tāḍakā with a single arrow.

Defeating the night-roamers, he guards the sacrifice, and his greatness becomes renowned throughout the world. (6)

By the touch of dust from his lotus-feet, he sends Ahalyā to her husband's realm.

Tulsīdāsa says: when the Lord asks, the sage tells the story of the celestial river. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 53: The Two Princes with the Sage

दोउ राजसुवन राजत मुनिके संग।

नखसिख लोने, लोने बदन, लोने लोने लोयन,

दामिनि-बारिद-बरबरन अंग॥ १ ॥

सिरनि सिखा सुहाइ, उपबीत पीत पट, धनु-सर कर, कसे कटि निखंग।

मानो मख-रुज निसिचर हरिबेको सुत पावकके साथ पठये पतंग॥ २ ॥

करत छाँह घन, बरषैं सुमन सुर, छबि बरनत अतुलित अनंग।

तुलसी प्रभु बिलोकि मग, लोग, खग-मृग प्रेम मगन रंगे रूप-रंग॥ ३ ॥

The two royal sons shine in the sage's company.

Lovely from nail to crown, lovely of face, lovely, lovely of eye,
their limbs bear the splendid hues of lightning and rain cloud. (1)

Topknots shine upon their heads; sacred threads and yellow cloth adorn them; bows and arrows
are in hand, quivers fastened at the waist.

It is as though the sun sent his sons with Fire to destroy the night-roamers who afflict the sacrifice.
(2)

Clouds cast shade and gods shower flowers, declaring their beauty beyond comparison with Love.
Tulsī says: beholding the Lord along the road, people, birds, and deer become absorbed in love,
dyed in the color of his form. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 54: The Heroes Journey with the Sage

मुनिके संग बिराजत बीर!

काकपच्छ धर, कर कोदंड-सर, सुभग पीतपट कटि तूनीर॥ १ ॥

बदन इंद्रु, अंभोरुह लोचन, स्याम गौर सोभा-सदन सरीर।

पुलकत ऋषि अवलोकि अमित छबि, उर न समाति प्रेमको भीर॥ २ ॥

खेलत, चलत, करत मग कौतुक, बिलंबत सरित-सरोबर-तीर।

तोरत लता, सुमन, सरसीरुह, पियत सुधासम सीतल नीर॥ ३ ॥

बैठत बिमल सिलनि बिटपनि तर, पुनि पुनि बरनत छाह समीर।

देखत नटत केकि, कल गावत मधुप, मराल, कोकिला, कीर॥ ४ ॥

नयननिको फल लेत निरखि खग, मृग, सुरभी, ब्रजबधू, अहीर।

तुलसी प्रभुहि देत सब आसन निज निज मन मृदु कमल कुटीर॥ ५ ॥

The heroes shine in the sage's company!

Wearing side-locks, bows and arrows in hand, lovely yellow cloth at their waists and quivers beside it. (1)

Their faces are moons, their eyes lotuses; their dark and fair bodies are abodes of splendor.

Beholding their boundless beauty, the sage thrills, and the throng of love will not fit within his heart. (2)

They play and walk, making wonders along the road, lingering upon the banks of rivers and lakes.

They pluck vines, flowers, and lotuses and drink cool water like nectar. (3)

They sit upon spotless rocks beneath trees and praise again and again the shade and breeze.

Seeing them, peacocks dance, while bees, royal swans, cuckoos, and parrots sing sweetly. (4)

Gazing upon them, birds, deer, cows, cowherd women, and cowherds gain the fruit of their eyes.

Tulsī says: all offer the Lord a seat in the tender lotus-cottage of their own minds. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 55: The Road with Viśvāmitra

सोहत मग मुनि सँग दोउ भाई।

तरुन तमाल चारु चंपक-छवि कवि-सुभाय कहि जाई॥ १ ॥

भूषन बसन अनुहरत अँगनि, उमगति सुन्दरताई।

बदन मनोज सरोज लोचननि रही है लुभाइ लुनाई॥ २ ॥

अंसनि धनु, सर कर-कमलनि, कटि कसे हैं निखंग बनाई।

सकल भुवन सोभा सरबस लघु लागति निरखि निकाई॥ ३ ॥

महि मृदु पथ, घन छाँह, सुमन सुर बरष, पवन सुखदाई।

जल-थल-रुह फल, फूल, सलिल सब करत प्रेम पहुनाई॥ ४ ॥

सकुच समीत बिनीत साथ गुरु बोलनि-चलनि सुहाई।

खग-मृग-चित्र बिलोकत बिच-बिच, लसति ललित लरिकाई॥ ५ ॥

बिद्या दई जानि बिद्यानिधि, बिद्यहु लही बड़ाई।

खेल दली ताडुका, देखि ऋषि देत असीस अघाई॥ ६ ॥

बूझत प्रभु सुरसरि-प्रसंग कहि निज कुल कथा सुनाई।

गाधिसुवन-सनेह-सुख-संपति उर-आश्रम न समाई॥ ७ ॥

बनबासी बटु, जती, जोगि-जन साधु-सिद्ध-समुदाई।

पूजत पेखि प्रीति पुलकत तनु नयन लाभ लुटि पाई॥ ८ ॥

मख राख्यो खलदल दलि भुजबल, बाजत बिबुध बधाई।

नित पथ-चरित-सहित तुलसी-चित बसत लखन रघुराई॥ ९ ॥

The two brothers shine upon the road with the sage.

A poet naturally compares them to a young tamāla and a lovely champak tree. (1)

Their clothes and ornaments accord with their limbs, from which beauty surges.

The charm of Love seems lodged in their faces and the loveliness of lotuses, captivated, in their eyes. (2)

Bows are upon their shoulders, arrows in their lotus-hands, and quivers well fastened at their waists.

Beholding their beauty, the entire treasure of splendor in all the worlds seems small. (3)

Earth gives a tender road, clouds give shade, gods shower flowers, and the breeze gives delight.

Fruits, flowers, and water born on land and in water all lovingly offer hospitality. (4)
With their guru, their modest, reverent, humble speaking and walking look beautiful.
Whenever they behold strange birds and deer, their lovely childhood playfulness shines. (5)
Knowing him as the treasury of knowledge, the guru nevertheless gives him sacred sciences, and
those sciences gain greatness thereby.
He slays Tāḍakā in play; seeing it, the sage pours out blessings to his heart's content. (6)
When the Lord asks about the celestial river, the sage tells its story together with the history of his
own line.
The wealth of Gādhī's son's affection and joy will not fit within the hermitage of his heart. (7)
Forest-dwelling students, renunciants, yogis, companies of saints and siddhas
behold him, thrill with love, plunder the gain of their eyes, and worship him. (8)
By the strength of his arms he crushes the wicked host and guards the sacrifice; congratulations
resound among the gods.
Tulsī's heart is forever inhabited by Raghurāya and Lakṣmaṇa together with the deeds of their
journey. (9)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 56: The Lovely Royal Sons

मंजुल मंगलमय नृप-ढोटा।

मुनि, मुनितिय, मुनिसिसु बिलोकि कहैं मधुर मनोहर जोटा॥ १ ॥

नाम-रूप-अनुरूप बेष बय, राम लखन लाल लोने।

इन्हतैं लही है मानो घन-दामिनि दुति मनसिज, मरकत, सोने॥ २ ॥

चरनसरोज, पीतपट, कटितट, तून-तीर-धनुधारी।

केहरिकंध काम-करि-करवर बिपुल ब्याहु, बल भारी॥ ३ ॥

दूषन-रहित समय सम भूषन पाइ सुअंगनि सोहैं।

नव-राजीव-नयन, पूरन बिधु-बदन मदन मन मोहैं॥ ४ ॥

सिरनि सिखंड, सुमन-दल-मंडन बाल सुभाय बनाये।

केलि-अंक तनु-रेनु-पंक जनु प्रगटत चरित चोराये॥ ५ ॥

मख राखिबे लागि दसरथ सों मागि आश्रमहि आने।

प्रेम पूजि पाहुने प्रानप्रिय गाधिसुवन सनमाने॥ ६ ॥

साधन-फल साधक सिद्धनिके, लोचन-फल सबहीके।

सकल सुकृत-फल, मातु-पिताके, जीवन-धन तुलसीके॥ ७ ॥

Lovely and auspicious are the royal sons.

Seeing them, sages, sages' wives, and young disciples call them a sweet and captivating pair. (1)

Their dress and age accord with their names and forms—Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, charming boys.

It seems that cloud and lightning, Love, emerald, and gold have gained their radiance from them.

(2)

They have lotus feet, yellow cloth at the waist, quivers, arrows, and bows.

Their shoulders are leonine, their splendid arms like the trunks of Love's elephants; their strength is vast and weighty. (3)

Flawless ornaments suited to the occasion adorn their lovely limbs.

Their eyes are fresh lotuses, their faces full moons; they captivate even the mind of Love. (4)

Peacock feathers and flower petals have been made into childish ornaments for their heads.

Marks of play, the dust and mud upon their bodies, seem to reveal deeds they had tried to conceal.

(5)

To guard the sacrifice, he asked Daśaratha for them and brought them to the hermitage.

Gādhi's son lovingly worships and honors the guests who are dearer than life. (6)

They are the fruit of the disciplines of practitioners and perfected ones, and the fruit attained by every eye.

They are the fruit of all the merit of their mother and father, and the treasure of Tulsī's life. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 57: Ahalyā Delivered

रामपद-पदुम-पराग परी।

ऋषितिय तुरत त्यागि पाहन-तनु छबिमय देह धरी॥ १ ॥

प्रबल पाप पति-साप दुसह दव दारुन जरनि जरी।

कृपासुधा सिचि बिबुध-बेलि ज्यों फिरि सुख-फरनि फरी॥ २ ॥

निगम-अगम मूरति महेस-मति-जुबति बराय बरी।

सोइ मूरति भइ जानि नयनपथ इकटकतें न टरी॥ ३ ॥

बरनति हृदय सरूप, सील गुन प्रेम-प्रमोद-भरी।

तुलसिदास अस केहि आरतकी आरति प्रभु न हरी?॥ ४ ॥

The pollen of Rāma's lotus feet fell upon her.

At once the sage's wife cast off her body of stone and assumed a form filled with beauty. (1)

Scorched in the terrible burning of the unbearable wildfire of her husband's curse, brought on by grievous sin,

she was watered with the nectar of grace and, like a celestial vine, again bore the fruit of happiness.

(2)

This form, inaccessible even to the Vedas, was the one the maiden of Śiva's mind chose after rejecting all other suitors.

Knowing that very form had come within the path of her eyes, she did not turn away from her fixed gaze. (3)

Filled with love and delight, her heart describes his form, character, and virtues.

Tulsīdāsa asks: whose distress has such a Lord not removed? (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 58: The Glory of the Foot-Dust

परत पद-पंकज ऋषि-रवनी।

भई है प्रगट अति दिव्य देह धरि मानो त्रिभुवन-छबि-छवनी॥ १ ॥

देखि बड़ो आचरज, पुलकि तनु कहति मुदित मुनि-भवनी।

जो चलिहैं रघुनाथ पयादेहि, सिला न रहिहि अवनी॥ २ ॥

परसि जो पाँय पुनीत सुरसरी सोहै तीनि-गवनी।

तुलसिदास तेहि चरन-रेनुकी महिमा कहै मति कवनी॥ ३ ॥

As his lotus foot falls upon the sage's wife,

she appears in a supremely divine body, as though she were the dwelling of all the beauty of the three worlds. (1)

Seeing this great wonder, the sages' wives thrill and joyfully say,

‘If Raghunātha goes on walking, not one stone will remain upon the earth!’ (2)

The holy celestial river, which touched those feet, shines as she travels her three courses.

Tulsīdāsa asks: what mind could tell the glory of the dust of those feet? (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 59: Ahalyā's Great Good Fortune

भूरिभाग-भाजनु भई।

रूपरासि अवलोकि बंधु दोउ प्रेम-सुरंग रई॥ १ ॥

कहा कहैं, केहि भाँति सराहैं, नहि करतूति नई।

बिनु कारन करुनाकर रघुबर केहि-केहि गति न दई?॥ २ ॥

करि बहु बिनय, राखि उर मूरति मंगल-मोदमई।

तुलसी है बिसोक पति-लोकहि प्रभुगुन गनत गई॥ ३ ॥

She became the vessel of immense good fortune.

Beholding the two brothers, that treasury of beauty, she was dyed through with the color of love.

(1)

What can she say, and how can she praise him? This deed is nothing new.

To whom has Raghubara, the causelessly compassionate one, not granted a blessed destiny? (2)

After making many humble entreaties, she placed his auspicious, joy-filled form within her heart.

Tulsī says: freed from sorrow, she departed for her husband's world, recounting the Lord's virtues.

(3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 60: Guardians of Kauśika's Sacrifice

कौसिकके मखके रखवारे।

नाम राम अरु लखन ललित अति, दसरथ-राज-दुलारे॥ १ ॥

मेचक पीत कमल कोमल कल काकपच्छ-धर बारे।

सोभा सकल सकेलि मदन-बिधि सुकर सरोज सँवारे॥ २ ॥

सहस समूह सुबाहु सरिस खल समर सूर भट भारे।

केलि-तून-धनु-बान-पानि रन निदरि निसाचर मारे॥ ३ ॥

ऋषितिय तारि स्वयंबर पेखन जनकनगर पगु धारे।

मग नर-नारि निहारत सादर, कहैं बड़ भाग हमारे॥ ४ ॥

तुलसी सुनत एक-एकनि सो चलत बिलोकनिहारे।

मूकनि बचन-लाहु, मानो अंधनि लहे हैं बिलोचन-तारे॥ ५ ॥

They are the guardians of Kauśika's sacrifice.

Their names are Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, exceedingly lovely and the cherished sons of King Daśaratha. (1)

Dark and golden, tender as lotuses, these beautiful boys wear side-locks.

The creator Love gathered up all beauty and adorned them with his own lotus hands. (2)

Thousands of wicked men like Subāhu—mighty warriors and heavy champions in battle—they treated with contempt and slew like night-roamers in war, playfully bearing quiver, bow, and arrows in hand. (3)

Having delivered the sage's wife, they set foot toward Janaka's city to behold the svayamvara.

Men and women along the road gaze reverently and say, 'Great indeed is our good fortune.' (4)

Tulsī says that, hearing the news from one another, spectators set out to behold them.

It is as though the mute have gained the gift of speech and the blind have received the stars of sight. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 61: Janaka Welcomes Kauśika

आये सुनि कौसिक जनक हरषाने हैं।
 बोलि गुर भूसुर, समाज सों मिलन चले,
 जानि बड़े भाग अनुराग अकुलाने हैं॥ १ ॥
 नाइ सीस पगनि, असीस पाइ प्रमुदित,
 पाँबड़े अरघ देत आदर सों आने हैं।
 असन, बसन, बासके सुपास सब बिधि,
 पूजि प्रिय पाहुने, सुभाय सनमाने हैं॥ २ ॥
 बिनय बड़ाई ऋषि-राजऊ परसपर
 करत पुलकि प्रेम आनंद अघाने हैं।
 देखे राम-लखन निमेषै बिथकित भई
 प्रानहु ते प्यारे लागे बिनु पहिचाने हैं॥ ३ ॥
 ब्रह्मानंद हृदय, दरस-सुख लोयननि
 अनभये उभय, सरस राम जाने हैं।
 तुलसी बिदेहकी सनेहकी दसा सुमिरि,
 मेरे मन माने राउ निपट सयाने हैं॥ ४ ॥

Hearing that Kauśika had arrived, Janaka rejoiced.
 He summoned his guru and the Brahmins and went with his court to meet him;
 knowing his great good fortune, he was overwhelmed with love. (1)
 He bowed his head at the sage's feet, received his blessing in delight,
 and welcomed him respectfully with ceremonial cloths and an offering of water.
 Providing food, clothing, and every comfort of lodging,
 he worshiped and honored his dear guest with unaffected grace. (2)
 The sage and king exchanged humility and praise,
 thrilling with love and drinking their fill of joy.
 When he saw Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, his blinking stopped;
 without even knowing them, they seemed dearer to him than life. (3)
 In his heart he experienced the bliss of Brahman and in his eyes the joy of seeing;

having tasted both, he found Rāma the sweeter.
Remembering the state of Videha's love, Tulsī says,
my mind judges that king to have been utterly wise. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 62: The Princes Enter Janakpur

कोसलरायके कुअँरोटा।

राजत रुचिर जनक-पुर पैठत स्याम गौर नीके जोटा॥ १ ॥

चौतनि सिरनि, कनककली काननि, कटि पट पीत सोहाये।

उर मनि-माल, बिसाल बिलोचन, सीय-स्वयंबर आये॥ २ ॥

बरनि न जात, मनहिं मन भावत, सुभग अबहिं बय थोरी।

भई हैं मगन बिधुबदन बिलोकत बनिता चतुर चकोरी॥ ३ ॥

कहँ सिवचाप, लरिकवनि बूझत, निहँसि चितै तिरछौहैं।

तुलसी गलिन भीर, दरसन लगि लोग अटनि आरोहैं॥ ४ ॥

The young princes of the king of Kosala—

the lovely dark and fair pair shine beautifully as they enter Janakpur. (1)

Caps are upon their heads, golden buds at their ears, and yellow cloth shines at their waists.

Gemmed necklaces rest on their breasts, their eyes are wide; they have come to Sītā's svayamvara.

(2)

They cannot be described; inwardly they delight the mind, lovely and still so young.

The city's clever women, like cakora birds, are absorbed in gazing upon their moonlike faces. (3)

‘Where is Śiva's bow?’ they ask the boys, smiling and glancing sideways.

Tulsī says: the lanes are crowded, and people climb the upper stories to see them. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 63: The Sons of Ayodhyā's Lord

ये अवधेसके सुत दोऊ।

चढ़ि मंदिरनि बिलोकत सादर जनकनगर सब कोऊ॥ १ ॥

स्याम गौर सुंदर किसोर तनु, तून-बान-धनुधारी।

कटि पट पीत, कंठ मुकुतामनि, भुज बिसाल, बल भारी॥ २ ॥

मुख मयंक, सरसीरुह लोचन, तिलक भाल, टेढ़ी भौहें।

कल कुंडल, चौतनी चारु अति, चलत मत्त-गज-गौहें॥ ३ ॥

बिस्वामित्र हेतु पठये नृप, इनहि ताडुका मारी।

मख राख्यो रिपु जीति, जान जग, मग मुनिबधू उधारी॥ ४ ॥

प्रिय पाहुने जानि नर-नारिन नयननि अयन दये।

तुलसिदास प्रभु देखि लोग सब जनक समान भये॥ ५ ॥

These are the two sons of Ayodhyā's lord.

Everyone in Janaka's city climbs the buildings and gazes reverently. (1)

Their youthful bodies are lovely, dark and fair, and they bear quivers, arrows, and bows.

Yellow cloth is at their waists, pearls and gems at their throats; their arms are broad and their strength immense. (2)

Their faces are moons, their eyes lotuses; tilaks grace their brows and their eyebrows curve.

Fine earrings and lovely caps adorn them, and they walk with the gait of intoxicated elephants. (3)

The king sent them for Viśvāmitra's sake; it was they who slew Tāḍakā.

They guarded the sacrifice by defeating the foe, and the world knows they delivered the sage's wife upon the road. (4)

Knowing them as dear guests, the men and women gave them dwellings within their eyes.

Tulsīdāsa says: seeing the Lord, all the people became like Janaka—bodiless in rapture. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 64: Janaka Asks Whose Sons They Are

बूझत जनक 'नाथ, ढोटा दोउ काके हैं'?
 तरुन तमाल चारु चंपक-बरन तनु
 कौन बड़े भागीके सुकृत परिपाके हैं॥ १ ॥
 सुखके निधान पाये, हियके पिधान लाये,
 ठगके-से लाडू खाये, प्रेम-मधु छाके हैं।
 स्वारथ-रहित परमारथी कहावत हैं,
 भे सनेह-बिबस बिदेहता बिबाके हैं॥ २ ॥
 सील-सुधाके अगार, सुषमाके पारावार,
 पावत न पैरि पार पैरि पैरि थाके हैं।
 लोचन ललकि लागे, मन अति अनुरागे,
 एक रसरूप चित सकल सभाके हैं॥ ३ ॥
 जिय जिय जोरत सगाई राम लखनसों
 आपने आपने भाय जैसे भाय जाके हैं।
 प्रीतिको, प्रतीतिको, सुमिरिबेको, सेइबेको,
 सरनको समरथ तुलसिहु ताके हैं॥ ४ ॥

Janaka asks, 'Lord, whose are these two sons?'

Their bodies have the colors of a young tamāla and a lovely champak;
 whose greatly fortunate person's merits have ripened into them? (1)

Having found the treasures of happiness, he brought them within his heart and shut them in.

Like one who has eaten a trickster's sweetmeats, he is sated with the honey-wine of love.

Though he is called selfless and devoted to the supreme good,

overcome by affection, he has sold away his state of being Videha. (2)

They are abodes of the nectar of virtue and boundless oceans of beauty.

He swims and swims until weary, yet cannot reach their farther shore.

Eyes cling to them longingly, minds become deeply enamored,

and the consciousness of the entire court becomes a single essence of delight. (3)

Each heart privately forms a bond with Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa
according to whatever relationship each person cherishes.
He is worthy of love, trust, remembrance, and service,
and mighty to grant refuge; Tulsī too looks toward him. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 65: Who Are These Two?

ए कौन कहाँतें आए?

नील-पीत पाथोज-बरन, मन-हरन, सुभाय सुहाए॥ १ ॥

मुनि सुत किधौं भूप-बालक, किधौं ब्रह्म-जीव जग जाए।

रूप जलधिके रतन, सुछबि-तिय-लोचन ललित ललाए॥ २ ॥

किधौं रबि-सुवन, मदन-ऋतुपति, किधौं हरि-हर बेष बनाए।

किधौं आपने सुकृत-सुरतरुके सुफल रावरेहि पाए॥ ३ ॥

भए बिदेह बिदेह नेहबस देहदसा बिसराए।

पुलक गात, न समात हरष हिय, सलिल सुलोचन छाए॥ ४ ॥

जनक-बचन मृदु मंजु मधु-भरे भगति कोसिकहि भाए।

तुलसी अति आनंद उमगि उर राम लषन गुन गाए॥ ५ ॥

Who are these two, and from where have they come?

Dark and golden as blue and yellow lotuses, they steal the mind and are lovely by nature. (1)

Are they sages' sons or princes, or have Brahman and the individual soul been born into the world?

Are they jewels from the ocean of beauty, or the lovely, playful eyes of the beautiful lady Splendor?

(2)

Are they sons of the Sun, Love and the lord of Spring, or Hari and Hara in assumed disguises?

Or have you received the fine fruits of your own wish-granting tree of merit? (3)

Videha became bodiless: overcome by affection, he forgot the condition of his body.

His body thrilled, joy overflowed his heart, and tears covered his lovely eyes. (4)

Janaka's soft, charming, honey-filled words of devotion pleased Kauśika.

Tulsī says: immense joy surged in his heart, and he sang the virtues of Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 66: Kauśika Tells Their Story

कौसिक कृपालूको पुलकित तनु भौ।
 उमगत अनुराग, सभाके सराहे भाग,
 देखि दसा जनककी कहिबेको मनु भौ॥ १ ॥
 प्रीतिके न पातकी, दियेह साप पाप बड़ो,
 मख-मिस मेरो तब अवध-गवनु भौ।
 प्रानहूते प्यारे सुत मागे दिये दसरथ,
 सत्यसिंधु सोच सहे, सूनो सो भवनु भौ॥ २ ॥
 काकसिखा सिर, कर केलि-तून-धनु-सर,
 बालक-बिनोद जातुधाननिसों रनु भौ।
 बूझत बिदेह अनुराग-आचरज-बस,
 ऋषिराज जाग भयो, महाराज अनु भौ॥ ३ ॥
 भूमिदेव, नरदेव, सचिव परसपर
 कहत, हमहिं सुरतरु सिवधनु भौ।
 सुनत राजाको रीति उपजी प्रतीति-प्रीति,
 भाग तुलसीके, भले साहेबको जनु भौ॥ ४ ॥

Even merciful Kauśika's body thrilled.

Love surged within him, and he praised the assembly's good fortune;
 seeing Janaka's state, he wished to speak. (1)

'Sinners are unworthy of love, yet to curse them would be a great sin;
 therefore, under the pretext of the sacrifice, I went to Ayodhyā.

I asked for sons dearer to Daśaratha than life, and he gave them;
 that ocean of truth endured anguish, and his palace became desolate. (2)

Side-locks were upon their heads and play-quivers, bows, and arrows in their hands;
 their battle with the demons was mere childhood sport.'

Overcome by love and wonder, Videha asked,

'Sage-king, was the sacrifice completed?'—'Great king, see for yourself.' (3)

Brahmins, king, and ministers said to one another,

‘For us Śiva's bow has become a wish-granting tree.’

Hearing of the king's conduct, faith and love arose in Tulsī too:

fortunate is he to have become the servant of such a good Lord. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 67: Daśaratha's Four Noble Sons

चार्यो भले बेटा देव दसरथ रायके।
 जैसे राम-लषन, भरत-रिपुहन तैसे,
 सील-सोभा-सागर, प्रभाकर प्रभायके॥ १ ॥
 ताड़का सँहारि मख राखे, नीके पाले ब्रत,
 कोटि-कोटि भट किये एक एक घायके।
 एक बान बेगही उड़ाने जातुधान-जात,
 सूखि गये गात हैं, पतौआ भये बायके॥ २ ॥
 सिलाछोर छुवत अहल्या भई दिव्यदेह,
 गुन पेखे पारसके पंकरुह पायके।
 रामके प्रसाद गुर गौतम खसम भये,
 रावरेहु सतानंद पूत भये मायके॥ ३ ॥
 प्रेम-परिहास-पोष बचन परसपर
 कहत सुनत सुख सब ही सुभायके।
 तुलसी सराहैं भाग कौसिक जनकजूके,
 बिधिके सुढर होत सुढर सुदायके॥ ४ ॥

All four sons of King Daśaratha are noble.
 As Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa are, so too are Bharata and Śatrughna—
 oceans of virtue and beauty, suns of radiant power. (1)
 They slew Tāḍakā, guarded the sacrifice, and fulfilled the vow well,
 laying low millions of warriors with a single blow apiece.
 The force of one arrow sent whole races of demons flying;
 their bodies withered, becoming leaves upon the wind. (2)
 At the touch of the stone's edge, Ahalyā assumed a divine body;
 the philosopher's-stone virtue was seen in those lotus feet.
 By Rāma's grace, Guru Gautama again became a husband,
 and your Śatānanda again became his mother's son. (3)
 Speaking and hearing words nourished by love and playful humor,

everyone naturally found joy.

Tulsī says Kauśika praises Janaka's fortune:

when Fate is favorable, even a good throw yields still better dice. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 68: The Two Sons of Daśaratha

ये दोऊ दसरथके बारे।

नाम राम घनस्याम, लखन लघु, नखसिख अँग उजियारे॥ १ ॥

निज हित लागि माँगि आने में धरमसेतु-रखवारे।

धीर, बीर बिरुदैत, बाँकुरे, महाबाहु, बल भारे॥ २ ॥

एक तीर तकि हती ताड़का, किये सुर-साधु सुखारे।

जग्य राखि, जग साखि, तोषि ऋषि, निदरि निसाचर मारे॥ ३ ॥

मुनितिय तारि स्वयंबर पेखन आये सुनि बचन तिहारे।

एउ देखिहैं पिनाकु नेकु, जेहि नृपति लाज-ज्वर जारे॥ ४ ॥

सुनि, सानंद सराहि सपरिजन, बारहि बार निहारे।

पूजि सप्रेम, प्रसंसि कौसिकहि भूपति सदन सिधारे॥ ५ ॥

सोचत सत्य-सनेह-बिबस निसि, नृपहि गनत गये तारे।

पठये बोलि भोर, गुरके संग रंगभूमि पगु धारे॥ ६ ॥

नगर-लोग सुधि पाइ मुदित, सबही सब काज बिसारे।

मनहु मघा-जल उमगि उदधि-रुख चले नदी-नद-नारे॥ ७ ॥

ए किसोर, धनु घोर बहुत, बिलखात बिलोकनिहारे।

टरयो न चाप तिन्हते, जिन्ह सुभटनि कौतुक कुधर उखारे॥ ८ ॥

ए जाने बिनु जनक जानियत करि पन भूप हँकारे।

नतरु सुधासागर परिहरि कत कूप खनावत खारे॥ ९ ॥

सुखमा सील-सनेह सानि मनो रूप बिरंचि सँवारे।

रोम-रोमपर सोम-काम सत कोटि बारि फेरि डारे॥ १० ॥

कोउ कहै, तेज-प्रताप-पुंज चितये नहि जात, भिया रे!

छुअत सरासन-सलभ जरैगो ए दिनकर-बंस-दिया रे॥ ११ ॥

एक कहै, कछु होउ, सुफल भये जीवन-जनम हमारे।

अवलोके भरि नयन आजु तुलसीके प्रानपियारे॥ १२ ॥

These two are the sons of Daśaratha.

One is Rāma, dark as a raincloud; the younger is Lakṣmaṇa, whose limbs shine from head to foot.

(1)

For my own purpose I asked for and brought these guardians of the bridge of righteousness.

They are steadfast, heroic and renowned, dashing, mighty-armed, and immense in strength. (2)

With a single arrow they struck down Tāḍakā and brought happiness to gods and saints.

They guarded the sacrifice—the world is witness—delighted the sage, and scornfully slew the night-roamers. (3)

After delivering the sage's wife, they have come to see the svayaṃvara upon hearing your words.

They too will have a look at Pināka, which has burned kings in the fever of shame. (4)

Hearing this, Janaka joyfully praised them with his family and gazed again and again.

He worshiped them with love, commended Kauśika, and then departed for his palace. (5)

Overcome at night by true love, he worried and counted the stars.

At dawn he sent a summons, and with their guru they set foot in the arena. (6)

The townspeople received the news in delight and everyone forgot every task.

It was as though Maghā's rains had swollen rivers, streams, and channels, all flowing toward the sea. (7)

'These two are youths and the bow is terribly strong,' the onlookers grieved.

It had not budged for warriors who, in sport, uprooted mountains. (8)

'Janaka must have made the vow and summoned kings without knowing them; otherwise, who would forsake an ocean of nectar to dig brackish wells?' (9)

It seems that Brahmā shaped their forms after whetting beauty, virtue, and affection together.

Upon every pore he circled and cast away a hundred crores of moons and Loves. (10)

Someone says, 'Brother, they are masses of brilliance and majesty, too dazzling to behold!

At their touch the bow-moth will burn before these lamps of the solar line.' (11)

Another says, 'Whatever may happen, our lives and births have borne fruit:

today our eyes have gazed their fill upon the beloved of Tulsī's life.' (12)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 69: Janaka's Wakeful Night

जनक बिलोकि बार-बार रघुबरको।
 मुनिपद सीस नाय, आयसु-असीस पाय,
 एई बातें कहत गवन कियो घरको॥ १ ॥
 नींद न परति राति, प्रेम-पन एक भाँति,
 सोचत, सकोचत बिरंचि-हरि-हरको।
 तुम्हते सुगम सब देव! देखिबेको अब
 जस हंस किए जोगवत जुग परको॥ २ ॥
 ल्याए संग कौसिक, सुनाए कहि गुनगन,
 आए देखि दिनकर कुल-दिनकरको।
 तुलसी तेऊ सनेहको सुभाउ बाउ मानो
 चलदलको सो पात करै चित चरको॥ ३ ॥

Janaka gazes again and again upon Raghubara.
 Bowing his head at the sage's feet and receiving permission and blessing,
 he departed for home speaking only of these things. (1)
 Sleep did not come at night: his love and his vow pulled equally,
 and in worry he put Brahmā, Hari, and Hara themselves in a quandary.
 'Through you, O gods, all is easy; now let me see,' he prayed,
 making his fame a swan and carefully guarding both its wings. (2)
 Kauśika brought the brothers with him and proclaimed their many virtues.
 Seeing the sun of the solar dynasty arrive,
 Tulsī says the natural wind of affection
 made Janaka's heart tremble like a leaf upon a moving branch. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 70: Talk of the Arena

रंग-भूमि भोरे ही जाइकै।

राम-लषन लखि लोग लूटिहैं लोचन-लाभ अघाइकै॥ १ ॥

भूप-भवन, घर घर, पुर बाहर, इहै चरचा रही छाइकै।

मगन मनोरथ-मोद नारि-नर, प्रेम-बिबस उठैं गाइकै॥ २ ॥

सोचत बिधि-गति समुझि, परसपर कहत बचन बिलखाइकै।

कुँवर किसोर, कठोर सरासन, असमंजस भयो आइकै॥ ३ ॥

सुकृत सँभारि, मनाइ पितर-सुर, सीस ईसपद नाइकै।

रघुबर-करधनु-भंग चहत सब अपनो सो हितु चितु लाइकै॥ ४ ॥

लेत फिरत कनसुई सगुन सुभ, बूझत गनक बोलाइकै।

सुनि अनुकूल, मुदित मन मानहु धरत धीरजहि धाइकै॥ ५ ॥

कौसिक-कथा एक एकनिसों कहत प्रभाउ जनाइकै।

सीय-राम संजोग जानियत, रच्यो बिरंचि बनाइकै॥ ६ ॥

एक सराहि सुबाहु-मथन बर बाहू, उछाह बड़ाइकै।

सानुज राज-समाज बिराजिहैं राम पिनाक चढ़ाइकै॥ ७ ॥

बड़ी सभा बड़ो लाभ, बड़ो जस, बड़ी बड़ाई पाइकै।

को सोहिहै, और को लायक रघुनायकहि बिहाइकै?॥ ८ ॥

गवनिहैं गँवहिं गवाँइ गरब गृह नृपकुल बलहि लजाइकै।

भलीभाँति साहब तुलसीके चलिहैं ब्याहि बजाइकै॥ ९ ॥

At daybreak they will go to the arena.

Seeing Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, the people will plunder the profit of their eyes to their hearts' content. (1)

In the king's palace, in every house, within and outside the city, this one discussion has spread.

Men and women, immersed in the joy of fulfilled desires, rise and sing under love's sway. (2)

Reflecting anxiously upon Fate's course, they speak grieving words to one another:

'The princes are young, the bow is hard—what a dilemma has arisen!' (3)

Remembering their merit, entreating ancestors and gods, and bowing their heads at the Lord's feet,

everyone longs for the bow to break in Raghubara's hand, taking it as a personal good. (4)
Women go about taking omens with the kanasuī, while men summon astrologers to ask the signs.
Hearing favorable answers, their delighted minds seem to run and take hold of courage. (5)
They tell Kauśika's story from one person to another, making his power known.
One can see that Brahmā has deliberately fashioned the union of Sītā and Rāma. (6)
One person praises the excellent arms that crushed Subāhu and raises everyone's enthusiasm:
'Rāma will string Pināka and sit in the royal assembly with his younger brother.' (7)
In this great assembly, who else will shine, or who else is worthy
to gain such reward, fame, and honor by wedding Sītā to Raghunāyaka? (8)
The royal houses will go home, losing their pride and ashamed of their strength.
Tulsī's Lord will marry in full splendor and depart to the sound of music. (9)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 71: The Meeting in the Flower Garden

भोर फूल बीनबेको गये फुलवाई हैं।
 सीसनि टिपारे, उपबीत, पीत पट कटि,
 दोना बाम करनि सलोने भे सवाई हैं॥ १ ॥
 रूपके अगार, भूपके कुमार, सुकुमार,
 गुरके प्रानअधार संग सेवकाई हैं।
 नीच ज्यों टहल करें, राखें रुख अनुसरें,
 कौसिक-से कोही बस किये दुहुँ भाई हैं॥ २ ॥
 सखिनसहित तेहि औसर बिधिके सँजोग
 गिरिजाजू पूजिबेको जानकीजू आई हैं।
 निरखि लषन-राम जाने ऋतुपति-काम,
 मोहि मानो मदन मोहनी मूढ़ नाई हैं॥ ३ ॥
 राघौजू-श्रीजानकी-लोचन मिलिबेको मोद
 कहिबेको जोगु न, मैं बातें-सी बनाई हैं।
 स्वामी, सीय, सखिन्ह, लषन तुलसीको तैसो
 तैसो मन भयो जाकी जैसिये सगाई हैं॥ ४ ॥

At dawn they went into the flower garden to gather flowers.
 Caps were upon their heads, sacred threads upon them, and yellow cloth at their waists;
 leaf-cups in their left hands made the charming pair lovelier still. (1)
 Abodes of beauty, royal princes, tender youths,
 they are their guru's very life and attend him in service.
 They wait upon him like lowly servants and follow his slightest inclination;
 the two brothers have brought even irascible Kauśika under their sway. (2)
 At that same moment, by Fate's conjunction, Jānakī arrived with her friends
 to worship noble Girijā.
 Seeing Lakṣmaṇa and Rāma, she took them for Spring and Love;
 struck with wonder, it was as though Love had cast an enchantment upon her head. (3)

The joy when Rāghava's and Śrī Jānakī's eyes met
is not fit for telling; I have merely fashioned a few words.
The Lord, Sītā, her friends, Lakṣmaṇa, and Tulsī—
each one's mind became what accorded with that one's relationship. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 72: Sītā Worships Pārvatī

पूजि पारबती भले भाय पाँय परिके।
 सजल सुलोचन, सिथिल तनु पुलकित,
 आवै न बचन, मन रह्यो प्रेम भरिकै॥ १ ॥
 अंतरजामिनि भवभामिनि स्वामिनिसों हों,
 कही चाहों बात, मातु अंत तौ हों लरिकै।
 मूरति कृपालु मंजु माल दै बोलत भई,
 पूजो मन कामना भावतो बरु बरिकै॥ २ ॥
 राम कामतरु पाइ, बेलि ज्यों बौंड़ी बनाइ,
 माँग-कोषि तोषि-पोषि, फैलि-फूलि-फरिकै।
 रहौगी, कहौगी तब, साँची कही अंबा सिय,
 गहे पाँय द्वै, उठाय, माथे हाथ धरिकै॥ ३ ॥
 मुदित असीस सुनि, सीस नाइ पुनि पुनि,
 बिदा भई देवीसों जननि डर डरिकै।
 हरषीं सहेली, भयो भावतो, गावतीं गीत,
 गवनी भवन तुलसीस-हियो हरिकै॥ ४ ॥

Sītā worshiped Pārvatī with deep feeling, falling at her feet.
 Her lovely eyes filled with tears, her body slackened and thrilled;
 no words came, and her mind remained filled with love. (1)
 ‘I wish to tell my heart to you, the indwelling knower, Bhava's queen and sovereign lady.
 Mother, after all, I am only a girl.’
 The compassionate image gave her a lovely garland and said,
 ‘Fulfill your heart's desire by choosing the groom you cherish.’ (2)
 ‘Having found the wish-granting tree that is Rāma, embrace him as a vine;
 satisfied and sustained in marriage and motherhood, you will spread, flower, and bear fruit.
 Then, Sītā, you will say that Mother spoke truly.’
 Sītā grasped both her feet, and the Goddess placed a hand upon her head and raised her. (3)
 Delighted by the blessing, Sītā bowed her head again and again,

then took leave of the Goddess, anxiously mindful of her mother.
Her friends rejoiced that what she desired had come to pass; singing songs,
they went to the palace, stealing the heart of Tulsī's Lord. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 73: The Princes in the Arena

रंगभूमि आए, दसरथके किसोर हैं।
 पेखनो सो पेखन चले हैं पुर-नर-नारि,
 बारे-बूढ़े, अंध-पंगु करत निहोर हैं॥ १ ॥
 नील पीत नीरज कनक मरकत घन
 दामिनी-बरन तनु रूपके निचोर हैं।
 सहज सलोने, राम-लषन ललित नाम,
 जैसे सुने तैसेई कुँवर सिरमौर हैं॥ २ ॥
 चरन-सरोज, चारु जंघा जानु ऊरु कटि,
 कंधर बिसाल, बाहु बड़े बरजोर हैं।
 नीकेकै निषंग कसे, करकमलनि लसै
 बान-बिसिषासन मनोहर कठोर हैं॥ ३ ॥
 काननि कनकफूल, उपबीत अनुकूल,
 पियरे दुकूल बिलसत आछे छोर हैं।
 राजिव नयन, बिधुबदन टिपारे सिर,
 नख-सिख अंगनि ठगौरी ठौर ठौर हैं॥ ४ ॥
 सभा-सरवर लोक-कोक-नद-कोकगन
 प्रमुदित मन देखि दिनमनि भोर हैं।
 अबुध असैले मन-मैले महिपाल भये,
 कछुक उलूक कछु कुमुद चकोर हैं॥ ५ ॥
 भाईसों कहत बात, कौसिकहि सकुचात,
 बोल घन घोर-से बोलत थोर-थोर हैं।
 सनमुख सबहि, बिलोकत सबहि नीके,
 कृपासों हेरत हँसि तुलसीकी ओर हैं॥ ६ ॥

Daśaratha's young sons have come into the arena.
The city's men and women set out to see the sight;
children and elders, the blind and the lame, all plead to be taken along. (1)
Their bodies bear the colors of blue and yellow lotuses, gold and emerald, cloud and lightning;
they are the distilled essence of beauty.
Lovely by nature, with the charming names Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa,
they are just as one had heard: the crowns of all princes. (2)
Their feet are lotuses; their shanks, knees, thighs, and waists are beautiful;
their shoulders are broad and their powerful arms very strong.
Fine quivers are fastened upon them, and in their lotus hands shine
arrows and bows, lovely and formidable. (3)
Golden flowers are at their ears, fitting sacred threads upon them,
and yellow silks with handsome hems shine on their bodies.
Their eyes are lotuses, their faces moons, caps are upon their heads;
from nail to crown, enchantment lies upon every limb at every place. (4)
The assembly is a lake, and its people are lotuses, cakravākas, rivers, and waterbirds,
delighted at seeing the sun rise at dawn.
The ignorant, resentful kings have grown foul in mind—
some are owls, some night-lotuses, and some cakora birds. (5)
He speaks with his brother, yet is modest before Kauśika;
his few words sound deep as a dark cloud.
He faces everyone and looks graciously upon all;
smiling, he casts a merciful glance toward Tulsī too. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 74: These Are Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa

एई राम-लषन जे मुनि-सँग आये हैं।
 चौतनी-चोलना काछे, सखि! सोहें आगे-पाछे,
 आछेहुते आछे, आछे आछे भाय भाये हैं॥ १ ॥
 साँवरे गोरे सरीर, महाबाहु महाबीर,
 कटि तून तीर धरे, धनुष सुहाये हैं।
 देखत कोमल, कल, अतुल बिपुल बल,
 कौसिक कोदंड-कला कलित सिखाये हैं॥ २ ॥
 इन्हहीं ताड़का मारी, गौतमकी तिय तारी,
 भारी भारी भूरि भट रन बिचलाये हैं।
 ऋषि मख रखवारे, दसरथके दुलारे,
 रंगभूमि पगु धारे, जनक बुलाये हैं॥ ३ ॥
 इन्हके बिमल गुन गनत पुलकि तनु
 सतानंद-कौसिक नरेसहि सुनाये हैं।
 प्रभु पद मन दिये, सो समाज चित किये
 हुलसि हुलसि हिये तुलसिहुँ गाये हैं॥ ४ ॥

These are Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, who came with the sage.
 Friend, wearing caps and tunics, they shine as they walk one before the other—
 better than the best, and pleasing to every good disposition. (1)
 Their bodies are dark and fair, their arms mighty, and they are great heroes;
 quivers and arrows rest at their waists, and bows adorn them.
 They look tender and lovely, yet possess matchless, immense strength;
 Kauśika has taught them the art of the bow with consummate skill. (2)
 It was they who slew Tāḍakā and delivered Gautama's wife,
 and who shook many a massive warrior in battle.
 Guardians of the sage's sacrifice and cherished sons of Daśaratha,
 they have set foot in the arena at Janaka's summons. (3)

With thrilling bodies, Śatānanda and Kauśika
recounted their stainless virtues to the king.

Tulsī too fixed his mind upon the Lord's feet, held that assembly in his heart,
and sang of them with a heart that surged and surged with joy. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 75: Women Go to See the Brothers

सीय स्वयंबरु, माई दोउ भाई आए देखन।
 सुनत चलीं प्रमदा प्रमुदित मन,
 प्रेम पुलकि तनु मनहुँ मदन मंजुल पेखन॥ १ ॥
 निरखि मनोहरताई सुख पाई कहैं एक-एक सों,
 'भूरिभाग हम धन्य, आलि! ए दिन, एखन'।
 तुलसी सहज सनेह सुरंग सब
 सो समाज चित-चित्रसार लागी लेखन॥ २ ॥

'Mother, the two brothers have come to see Sītā's svayaṃvara.'
 Hearing this, the women set out with delighted hearts,
 their bodies thrilling with love as though going to behold lovely Love himself. (1)
 Gazing upon their beauty and finding joy, they said to one another,
 'Friend, greatly fortunate and blessed are we on this day, at this very moment.'
 Tulsī says that, with the beautiful dye of spontaneous affection,
 they all began to paint that assembly within the picture-gallery of the heart. (2)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 76: Janakpur Becomes Bodiless

राम-लषन जब दृष्टि परे, री।

अवलोकत सब लोग जनकपुर मानो बिधि बिबिध बिदेह करे, री॥ १ ॥

धनुषजग्य कमनीय अवनि-तल कौतुकही भए आय खरे, री।

छबि-सुरसभा मनहु मनसिजके कलित कलपतरु रूप फरे, री॥ २ ॥

सकल काम बरषत मुख निरखत, करषत, चित हित हरष भरे, री।

तुलसी सबै सराहत भूपहि भलै पैत पासे सुढर ढरे, री॥ ३ ॥

Friend, when Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa came into view,

all the people of Janakpur who beheld them seemed to have been made many Videhas—bodiless ones—by Fate. (1)

They came and stood as if in mere sport upon the lovely ground of the bow-sacrifice.

It seemed that from the divine assembly of beauty, two lovely wish-granting trees of Love had borne the fruit of form. (2)

The sight of their faces rains down every desire, draws the heart, and fills it with love and joy.

Tulsī says everyone praises the king: his wager was good and his dice fell well. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 77: Look Closely, Fair-Faced Friend

नेकु, सुमुखि, चित लाइ चितौ, री।

राजकुँवर-मूरति रचिबेकी रुचि सुबिरंचि श्रम कियो है कितौ, री॥ १ ॥

नख-सिख-सुंदरता अवलोकत कह्यो न परत सुख होत जितौ, री।

साँवर रूप-सुधा भरिबे कहँ नयन-कमल कल कलस रितौ, री॥ २ ॥

मेरे जान इन्हें बोलिबे कारन चतुर जनक ठयो ठाट इतौ, री।

तुलसी प्रभु भंजिहें संभु-धनु, भूरिभाग सिय मातु-पितौ, री॥ ३ ॥

Fair-faced friend, look closely and give them your full attention.

How much labor did excellent Brahmā expend, delighting to fashion the princes' forms? (1)

The joy of beholding their beauty from nail to crown cannot be told.

Empty the lovely pitchers of your lotus eyes so they may be filled with the nectar of their dark beauty. (2)

In my judgment, clever Janaka arranged this entire display only to call them here.

Tulsī says the Lord will break Śiva's bow; greatly fortunate are Sītā's mother and father. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 78: Since They Beheld the Brothers

जबतें राम-लषन चितए, री।

रहे इकटक नर-नारि जनकपुर, लागत पलक कलप बितए, री॥ १ ॥

प्रेम-बिबस माँगत महेस सों, देखत ही रहिये नित ए, री।

कै ए सदा बसहु इन्ह नयनन्हि, कै ए नयन जाहु जित ए, री॥ २ ॥

कोउ समुझाइ कहै किन भूपहि, बड़े भाग आए इत ए, री।

कुलिस-कठोर कहाँ संकर-धनु, मृदुमूरति किसोर कित ए, री॥ ३ ॥

बिरचत इन्हहिं बिरेचि भुवन सब सुंदरता खोजत रित ए, री।

तुलसिदास ते धन्य जनम जन, मन-क्रम-बच जिन्हके हित ए, री॥ ४ ॥

Friend, ever since they beheld Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa,
the men and women of Janakpur have remained fixed in their gaze; a blink seems to take an aeon.

(1)

Overcome by love, they ask Maheśa only that they may keep seeing these two forever:

‘Either let them always dwell within these eyes, or let these eyes go wherever they go.’ (2)

‘Why does no one advise the king? They have come here through immense good fortune.

How far apart are Śaṅkara's thunderbolt-hard bow and these tender youthful forms!’ (3)

While fashioning them, Brahmā searched for beauty and emptied all the worlds.

Tulsīdāsa says blessed are the births of those to whom they are dear in mind, deed, and speech. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 79: Janaka Has Done Well

सुनु, सरिन्नि! भूपति भलोई कियो, री।

जेहि प्रसाद अवधेस-कुँवर दोउ नगर-लोग अवलोकि जियो, री॥ १ ॥

मानि प्रतीति कहे मेरे तैं कत सँदेह-बस करति हियो, री।

तौलों है यह संभु सरासन, श्रीरघुबर जौलों न लियो, री॥ २ ॥

जेहि बिरंचि रचि सीय सँवारी, औ रामहि ऐसो रूप दियो, री।

तुलसिदास तेहि चतुर बिधाता निजकर यह संजोग सियो, री॥ ३ ॥

Listen, good-hearted friend: the king has done very well.

By his grace the people of the city behold Ayodhyā's two princes and live. (1)

Trust what I tell you—why let your heart remain in doubt?

Śiva's bow exists only until Śrī Raghubara takes it up. (2)

The Brahmā who fashioned and adorned Sītā and gave Rāma such a form—

Tulsīdāsa says that clever Creator has sewn this union together with his own hand. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 80: Śiva Favors King Janaka

अनुकूल नृपहि सूलपानि हैं।
 नीलकंठ कारुन्यसिंधु हर दीनबन्धु दिनदानि हैं॥ १ ॥
 जो पहिले ही पिनाक जनक कहूँ गये सौँपि जिय जानि हैं।
 बहुरि त्रिलोचन लोचनके फल सबहि सुलभ किये आनि हैं॥ २ ॥
 सुनियत भव-भाव ते राम हैं, सिय भावती-भवानि हैं।
 परखत प्रीति-प्रतीति, पयज-पनु रहे काज ठटु ठानि हैं॥ ३ ॥
 भये बिलोकि बिदेह नेहबस बालक बिनु पहिचानि हैं।
 होत हरे होने बिरवनि दल सुमति कहति अनुमानि हैं॥ ४ ॥
 देखियत भूप भोर-के-से उडुगन, गरत गरीब गलानि हैं।
 तेज-प्रताप बढ़त कुँवरनको, जदपि सँकोची बानि हैं॥ ५ ॥
 बय किसोर, बरजोर, बाहुबल-मेरु मेलि गुन तानिहैं।
 अवसि राम राजीव-बिलोचन संभु-सरासन भानिहैं॥ ६ ॥
 देखिहैं ब्याह-उछाह नारि-नर, सकल सुमंगल-खानि हैं।
 भूरिभाग तुलसी तेऊ, जे सुनिहैं, गाइहैं, बखानिहैं॥ ७ ॥

Śūlapāṇi is favorable to the king.

Blue-throated Hara is an ocean of compassion, friend of the lowly, and ever giving. (1)

Knowing every heart, he had already entrusted Pināka to Janaka.

Now the three-eyed Lord has brought these princes and made the fruit of sight available to all. (2)

It is said that Rāma is dear to Bhava, and Sītā is cherished by Bhavānī.

They are testing love and faith, steadfastness and vow, and have arranged the affair so that it lingers. (3)

Simply seeing the boys, without recognizing them, Videha came under affection's sway.

Wise understanding infers that the leaves of trees destined to flourish are green. (4)

The kings look like stars at dawn, fading away in wretched shame.

The princes' brilliance and majesty keep growing, though their manner is modest. (5)

They are young in years yet immensely strong; setting the bow upon the Meru of their arm-strength, they will string it.

Lotus-eyed Rāma will certainly break Śambhu's bow. (6)

Men and women will behold the wedding celebration, a treasury of every auspicious blessing.

Tulsī says greatly fortunate too are those who will hear, sing, and recount it. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 81: Look Well upon Rāma, Sunayanā

रामहि नीके कै निरखि, सुनैनी!

मनसहुँ अगम समुझि, यह अवसरु कत सकुचति, पिकबैनी॥ १ ॥

बड़े भाग मख-भूमि प्रगट भई सीय सुमंगल-ऐनी।

जा कारन लोचन-गोचर भइ मूरति सब सुखदैनी॥ २ ॥

कुलगुर-तियके मधुर बचन सुनि जनक-जुबति मति-पैनी।

तुलसी सिथिल देह-सुधि-बुधि करि सहज सनेह-बिषैनी॥ ३ ॥

Sunayanā, look well upon Rāma!

Know him to be beyond even the mind; why be shy at such a moment, cuckoo-voiced lady? (1)

Through great good fortune Sitā, the dwelling of every auspicious blessing, appeared upon the sacrificial ground.

Because of her, this all-delighting form has come within the range of our eyes. (2)

Hearing the sweet words of the family guru's wife, Janaka's sharp-minded queen

let awareness of her body grow faint, Tulsī says, steeped in the poison of spontaneous affection. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 82: A Groom Worthy of Sītā

मिलो बरु सुंदर सुंदरि सीतहि लायकु
 साँवरो सुभग, शोभाहूँको परम सिंगारु।
 मनहूँको मन मोहै, उपमाको को है?
 सोहै सुखमासागर संग अनुज राजकुमारु॥ १ ॥

ललित सकल अंग, तनु धरे कै अनंग,
 नैननिको फल कैधौं, सियको सुकृत-सारु।
 सरद-सुधा-सदन-छविहि निंदै बदन,
 अरुन आयत नवनलिन-लोचन चारु॥ २ ॥

जनक-मनकी रीति जानि बिरहित प्रीति,
 ऐसी औ मूरति देखे रह्यो पहिलो विचारु।
 तुलसी नृपहि ऐसो कहि न बुझावै कोउ,
 ‘पन औँ कँअर दोउ प्रेमकी तुला धौं तारु’॥ ३ ॥

May lovely Sītā obtain this handsome groom worthy of her—
 dark, charming, and the supreme ornament of beauty itself.
 He enchants even the mind of the mind; who could serve as his comparison?
 Beside him shines his younger brother, a prince who is an ocean of splendor. (1)
 Every limb is lovely: is he Love embodied,
 the fruit of the eyes, or the concentrated essence of Sītā's merit?
 His face shames the radiance of autumn's nectar-filled moon,
 and his broad reddish eyes are beautiful as fresh lotus petals. (2)
 If, even after seeing such a captivating form, Janaka's first resolve remains,
 one must know his heart's way to be devoid of love.
 Tulsī asks why no one counsels the king by saying,
 ‘Place your vow and the prince upon the two pans of love's balance.’ (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 83: Behold the Two Princes

देखि देखि री! दोउ राजसुवन।
गौर स्याम सलोने लोने लोने, लोयननि,
जिन्हकी सोभा तें सोहै सकल भुवन॥ १ ॥
इन्हहीं ताड़का मारी, मग मुनि-तिय तारी,
ऋषिमख राख्यो, रन दले हैं दुवन।
तुलसी प्रभुको अब जनकनगर-नभ,
सुजस-बिमल-बिधु चहत उवन॥ २ ॥

Look, friend, look upon the two royal sons!
Fair and dark, lovely and ever more lovely to the eyes,
their beauty makes all the worlds beautiful. (1)
It was they who slew Tāḍakā, delivered the sage's wife upon the road,
guarded the sage's sacrifice, and crushed the wicked in battle.
Tulsī says the spotless moon of the Lord's fair fame
now seeks to rise in the sky of Janaka's city. (2)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 84: The Kings Assemble in the Arena

राजा रंगभूमि आज बैठे जाइ जाइकै।
 आपने आपने थल, आपने आपने साज,
 आपनी आपनी बर बानिक बनाइकै॥ १ ॥
 कौसिक सहित राम-लषन ललित नाम,
 लरिका ललाम लोने पठए बुलाइकै।
 दरसलालसा-बस लोग चले भाय भले,
 बिकसित-मुख निकसत धाइ धाइ कै॥ २ ॥
 सानुज सानंद हिये आगे है जनक लिये,
 रचना रुचिर सब सादर देखाइकै।
 दिये दिव्य आसन सुपास सावकास अति,
 आछे आछे बीछे बीछे बिछौना बिछाइकै॥ ३ ॥
 भूपतिकिसोर दुहुँ ओर, बीच मुनिराउ
 देखिबेको दाउँ, देखो देखिबो बिहाइकै।
 उदय-सैल सोहैं सुंदर कुँवर, जोहैं,
 मानौ भानु भोर भूरि किरनि छिपाइकै॥ ४ ॥
 कौतुक कोलाहल निसान-गान पुर, नभ
 बरषत सुमन बिमान रहे छाइकै।
 हित-अनहित, रत-बिरत बिलोकि बाल,
 प्रेम-मोद-मगन जनम-फल पाइकै॥ ५ ॥
 राजाकी रजाइ पाइ सचिव-सहेली धाइ,
 सतानंद ल्याए सिय सिबिका चढ़ाइकै।
 रूप-दीपिका निहारि मृग-मृगी नर-नारि,
 बिथके बिलोचन-निमेषै बिसराइकै॥ ६ ॥
 हानि, लाहु, अनख, उछाहु, बाहुबल कहि
 बंदि बोले बिरद अकस उपजाइकै।

दीप दीपके महीप आए सुनि पैज पन,
 कीजै पुरुषारथको अवसर भौ आइकै॥ ७ ॥
 आनाकानी, कंठ-हँसी, मुँहा-चाही होन लगी,
 देखि दसा कहत बिदेह बिलखाइकै।
 घरनि सिधारिए, सुधारिए आगिलो काज,
 पूजि पूजि धनु कीजै बिजय बजाइकै॥ ८ ॥
 जनक-बचन छुए बिरवा लजारु के से
 बीर रहे सकल सकुचि सिर नाइकै।
 तुलसी लषन माखे, रोषे, राखे रामरुख
 भाषे मृदु परुष सुभायन रिसाइकै॥ ९ ॥

Today the kings went and seated themselves in the arena,
 each in his own place, with his own equipage,
 each arrayed in his finest fashion. (1)
 Janaka sent for Kauśika and the charmingly named Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa,
 those lovely boys who are the crowns of youth.
 Longing for their sight, the people set out in good feeling,
 running from their houses with blossoming faces. (2)
 Joyful at heart, Janaka came forward with his younger brother and received them,
 respectfully showing them the entire splendid arrangement.
 He gave them divine seats with abundant room and comfort,
 spreading fine coverings layer upon layer. (3)
 The young princes sat on either side and the sage-king between them—
 an opportunity to behold them; look, forsaking every other sight.
 The lovely princes shine upon the mountain of sunrise,
 as though the morning sun had risen concealing its multitude of rays. (4)
 Festive uproar, drums, and singing fill the city, while the sky
 is covered with divine chariots raining flowers.
 Friend and foe, attached and detached, behold the boys
 and, gaining the fruit of birth, become immersed in love and joy. (5)
 Receiving the king's command, ministers and companions hastened away,
 and Śatānanda brought Sītā seated in a palanquin.
 Gazing at that lamp of beauty, men and women stood startled like deer and does,
 their eyes forgetting even to blink. (6)

Proclaiming loss and gain, pride and enthusiasm, and the strength of arms,
the heralds recited praises and stirred rivalry:

‘Kings from island after island have come upon hearing the firm vow;
perform your valor—the occasion has now arrived.’ (7)

Evasion, muffled laughter, and whispering began among them.

Seeing their state, Videha spoke in grief:

‘Return to your homes and attend to your next affairs;
worship the bow again and again, and sound the victory music.’ (8)

Touched by Janaka's words, all the heroes became like sensitive plants,
remaining bowed in shame.

Tulsī says Lakṣmaṇa bristled in anger, but, watching Rāma's disposition,
he spoke words both gentle and hard, indignant according to his nature. (9)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 85: Lakṣmaṇa Answers Janaka

भूपति बिदेह कही नीकियै जो भई है।
 बड़े ही समाज आजु राजनिकी लाज-पति
 हाँकि आँक एक ही पिनाक छीनि लई है॥ १ ॥
 मेरो अनुचित न कहत लरिकाई-बस,
 पन परमिति और भाँति सुनि गई है।
 नतरु प्रभु-प्रताप उतरु चढ़ाय चाप
 देतो पै देखाइ बल, फल, पापमई है॥ २ ॥
 भूमिके हरैया उखरैया भूमिधरनिके,
 बिधि निरचे प्रभाउ जाको जग जई है।
 बिहँसि हिये हरषि हटके लषन राम,
 सोहत सकोच सील नेह नारि नई है॥ ३ ॥
 सहमी सभा सकल, जनक भए बिकल,
 राम लखि कौसिक असीस-आग्या दर्ई है।
 तुलसी सुभाय गुरुपाँ लागि रघुराज
 ऋषिराजकी रजाइ माथे मानि लई है॥ ४ ॥

King Videha has spoken well of what has occurred.
 In this immense assembly today, Pināka alone has challenged
 and stripped the kings of all honor and prestige. (1)
 Do not take as improper what I say under the impulse of youth;
 I had heard the condition of the vow in another way.
 Otherwise, through my Lord's majesty I would string the bow and give an answer,
 displaying my strength—but the fruit would be sinful. (2)
 Fate has fashioned this bow's power to conquer the world,
 together with those who seize the earth and those who uproot mountains.
 Rāma laughed inwardly in delight and checked Lakṣmaṇa;
 in modesty, virtue, and affection he looked like a newly wedded bride. (3)
 The whole assembly grew fearful and Janaka became distraught.

Looking toward Rāma, Kauśika gave his blessing and command.
Tulsī says Raghurāja naturally fell at his guru's feet
and accepted the sage-king's command upon his head. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 86: Janaka Voices His Concern

सोचत जनक पोच पेच परि गई है।
 जोरि कर कमल निहोरि कहैं कौंसिकसों,
 'आयसु भौ रामको सो मेरे दुचितई है॥ १ ॥
 बान, जातु-धानपति, भूप दीप सातहूके,
 लोकप बिलोकत पिनाक भूमि लई है।
 जोतिलिंग कथा सुनि जाको अंत पाये बिनु
 आए बिधि हरि हारि सोई हाल भई है॥ २ ॥
 आपुही बिचारिए, निहारिए सभाकी गति,
 बेद-मरजाद मानों हेतुबाद हई है।
 इन्हके जितौहैं मन सोभा अधिकानी तन,
 मुखनको सुखमा सुखद सरसई है॥ ३ ॥
 रावरो भरोसो बल, कैं हैं कोउ कियो छल,
 कैंधों कुलको प्रभाव, कैंधों लरिकई है?
 कन्या, कल कीरति, बिजय बिस्वकी बटोरि
 कैंधों करतार इन्हहींको निर्मई है॥ ४ ॥
 पनको न मोह, न बिसेष चिंता सीताहूकी,
 लुनिहैं पै सोई सोई जोई जेहि बई है।
 रहैं रघुनाथकी निकाई नीकी नीके नाथ,
 हाथ सों तिहारे करतूति जाकी नई है॥ ५ ॥
 कहि 'साधु साधु' गाधि-सुवन सराहे राउ,
 'महाराज! जानि जिय ठीक भली दर्ई है'।
 हरषे लखन, हरषाने बिलखाने लोग,
 तुलसी मुदित जाको राजा राम जई है॥ ६ ॥

Janaka thought, 'A cruel predicament has overtaken me.'
 Joining his lotus hands, he entreated Kauśika:
 'Your command to Rāma leaves me divided in mind. (1)
 Before Bāṇa, the lord of the rākṣasas, the kings of all seven continents,
 and the guardians of the worlds, Pināka held fast to the earth.
 As Brahmā and Hari returned defeated, unable to find the end
 in the tale of the column of light, so has it happened here. (2)
 Consider it yourself; look at the assembly's condition:
 it is as though disputation has destroyed the Veda's bounds.
 Yet these boys' gladness only heightens their bodily splendor,
 and the beauty of their faces is sweet and joy-giving. (3)
 Is their strength confidence in you, or are they gods in disguise?
 Is it their lineage's power, or merely their boyhood?
 Has the Maker gathered my daughter, spotless fame, and world-wide victory
 and fashioned them precisely for these two? (4)
 I am not attached to my vow, nor especially anxious for Sītā:
 each person will reap only what he himself has sown.
 Good Lord, let Raghunātha's lovely excellence remain lovely—
 the deed, ever new, rests in your hands.' (5)
 Saying, 'Well spoken! Well spoken!' Gādhi's son praised the king:
 'Great king, you have judged truly and chosen very well.'
 Lakṣmaṇa rejoiced; the grieving people grew joyful;
 and Tulsī too is glad, whose victorious king is Rāma. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 87: Kauśika Praises Janaka

सुजन सराहैं जो जनक बात कही है।
 रामहि सोहानी जानि, मुनिमनमानी सुनि,
 नीच महीपावली दहन बिनु दही है॥ १ ॥
 कहैं गाधिनंदन मुदित रघुनंदनसों,
 नृपगति अगह, गिरा न जाति गही है।
 देखे-सुने भूपति अनेक झूठे झूठे नाम,
 साँचे तिरहुतिनाथ, साखि देति मही है॥ २ ॥
 रागउ बिराग, भोग जोग जोगवत मन,
 जोगी जागबलिक प्रसाद सिद्धि लही है।
 ताते न तरनितें न सीरे सुधाकरहू तें,
 सहज समाधि निरुपाधि निरबही है॥ ३ ॥
 ऐसेउ अगाध बोध रावरे सनेह-बस,
 बिकल बिलोकति, दुचितई सही है।
 कामधेनु-कृपा हुलसानी तुलसीस उर,
 पन-सिसु हेरि, मरजाद बाँधी रही है॥ ४ ॥

Good people praise the words Janaka spoke.
 Knowing them pleasing to Rāma and hearing that they pleased the sage,
 the line of base kings burned without any fire. (1)
 Gādhī's son joyfully said to Raghunandana:
 'The king's state is unfathomable; speech cannot grasp it.
 Many kings have been seen and heard of, but their names are all false;
 the lord of Tirhut alone is true, and the earth bears witness. (2)
 Even in attachment he is detached; amid enjoyment his mind is yoked to yoga.
 By the grace of the yogi Yājñavalkya he has gained perfection.
 He is neither heated by the sun nor cooled even by the moon,
 but sustains natural samādhi, free of every limiting condition. (3)
 Though possessed of such unfathomable knowledge, love for you

makes him appear distressed, as if he had endured divided thought.’
The wish-cow of compassion surged within Tulsī's Lord's heart;
seeing the vow's young calf, it remained tethered by propriety. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 88: Rāma Extols Janaka

ऋषिराज राजा आजु जनक समान को?
 आपु यहि भाँति प्रीति सहित सराहित,
 रागी औ बिरागी बड़भागी ऐसो आन को? ॥ १ ॥
 भूमि-भोग करत अनुभवत जोग-सुख
 मुनि-मन-अगम अलख गति जान को?
 गुर-हर-पद-नेहु, गेह बसि भौ बिदेह,
 अगुन-सगुन-प्रभु-भजन-सयान को? ॥ २ ॥
 कहनि रहनि एक, बिरति बिबेक नीति,
 बेद-बुध-संमत पथीन निरबानको?
 गाँठि बिनु गुनकी कठिन जड़-चेतनकी,
 छोरी अनायास, साधु सोधक अपान को ॥ ३ ॥
 सुनि रघुबीरकी बचन-रचनाकी रीति,
 भयो मिथिलेस मानो दीपक बिहानको।
 मिट्यो महामोह जीको, छूट्यो पोच सोच सीको,
 जान्यो अवतार भयो पुरुष पुरानको ॥ ४ ॥
 सभा, नृप, गुर, नर-नारि पुर, नभ सुर,
 सब चितवत मुख करुनानिधानको।
 एकै एक कहत प्रगट एक प्रेम-बस,
 तुलसीस तोरिये सरासन ईसानको ॥ ५ ॥

Sage-king, what king today is Janaka's equal?
 You yourself praise him in this loving way—
 what other greatly blessed man is at once attached and detached? (1)
 While enjoying the earth he experiences the bliss of yoga.
 Who can know his unseen course, beyond even sages' minds?
 He loves the feet of guru and Hara; dwelling at home, he became bodiless.
 Who is as skilled in worshipping the Lord as both attributeless and endowed with attributes? (2)

His speech and conduct are one; in detachment, discernment, and polity
he travels the Veda-wise-approved path to liberation.

The hard knot of inert matter and consciousness, tied without any cord,
he opened effortlessly—what other holy man so searches his own self? (3)

Hearing the manner of Raghubīra's carefully shaped words,
the lord of Mithilā became like a lamp at dawn.

His heart's great delusion vanished; his mean anxiety over Sītā fell away;
he knew that the Primeval Person had taken birth. (4)

The assembly, the king, the guru, the city's men and women, and the gods in heaven
all gazed upon the face of compassion's treasury.

Each openly said to the other, driven by a single love:

‘Tulsī's Lord, break Īśāna's bow!’ (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 89: The Kings Fail and Lakṣmaṇa Rises

सुनो भैया भूप सकल दै कान।
 बज्ररेख गजदसन जनक-पन बेद-बिदित, जग जान॥ १ ॥
 घोर कठोर पुरारि-सरासन, नाम प्रसिद्ध पिनाकु।
 जो दसकंठ दियो बाँवों, जेहि हर-गिरि कियो है मनाकु॥ २ ॥
 भूमि-भाल भ्राजत, न चलत सो, ज्यों बिरंचिको आँकु।
 धनु तोरै सोई बरै जानकी, राउ होइ कि राँकु॥ ३ ॥
 सुनि आमरषि उठे अवनीपति, लगैं बचन जनु तीर।
 टरै न चाप, करैं अपनी सी महा महा बलधीर॥ ४ ॥
 नमित-सीस सोचहिं सलज्ज सब श्रीहत भए सरीर।
 बोले जनक बिलोकि सीय तन दुखित सरोष अधीर॥ ५ ॥
 सप्त दीप नव खंड भूमिके भूपतिबृन्द जुरे।
 बड़ो लाभ कन्या-कीरतिको, जहँ-तहँ महिप मुरे॥ ६ ॥
 डग्यौ न धनु, जनु बीर-बिगत महि, किधौं कहूँ सुभट दुरे।
 रोषे लखन बिकट भृकुटी करि, भुज अरु अधर फुरे॥ ७ ॥
 सुनहु भानुकुल-कमल-भानु! जो तव अनुसासन पावौं।
 का बापुरो पिनाकु, मेलि गुन मंदर मेरु नवावौं॥ ८ ॥
 देखौं निज किंकरको कौतुक, क्यों कोदंड चढ़ावौं।
 लै धावौं, भंजौं मृनाल, ज्यों, तौ प्रभु-अनुग कहावौं॥ ९ ॥
 हरषे पुर-नर-नारि, सचिव, नृप कुँवर कहे बर बैन।
 मृदु मुसुकाइ राम बरज्यो प्रिय बंधु नयनकी सैन॥ १० ॥
 कौसिक कह्यो, उठहु रघुनंदन, जगबंदन, बलऐन।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु चले मृगपति ज्यों निज भगतनि सुखदै॥ ११ ॥

Listen, brothers—all you kings, give ear!
 Janaka's vow is a thunderbolt-line and an elephant's tusk:
 the Vedas proclaim it, and the world knows it. (1)
 Terrible and hard is the Foe of Tripura's bow, famed by the name Pināka.
 It humbled ten-headed Rāvaṇa, who had made Hara's mountain seem trifling. (2)
 It shines upon the earth's brow and does not move, like Brahmā's written decree.
 King or pauper, whoever breaks the bow shall wed Jānakī. (3)
 Hearing this, the earth's lords rose in wrath; the words struck them like arrows.
 The greatest champions did all they could, yet the bow did not budge. (4)
 Ashamed, all bowed their heads in thought, their bodies stripped of splendor.
 Looking toward Sītā, Janaka spoke—grieved, angry, and distraught. (5)
 The kings of the earth's seven continents and nine regions have assembled.
 The great prize of maiden and fame was here, yet the rulers turned away everywhere. (6)
 The bow did not stir—as though the earth lacked heroes, or its warriors hid somewhere.
 Lakṣmaṇa blazed in anger, twisting his fierce brows; his arms and lips quivered. (7)
 'Hear me, sun of the solar clan's lotus! If I receive your command,
 what is poor Pināka? I would string Mandara and Meru and make them bow. (8)
 See the sport of your servant and how I string the bow!
 I shall seize it, run, and snap it like a lotus stalk—then may I be called your follower. (9)
 The city's men and women, ministers, and kings rejoiced: 'The prince has spoken nobly!'
 With a gentle smile Rāma checked his dear brother by a signal of his eyes. (10)
 Kauśika said, 'Rise, Raghunandana, adored by the world, abode of strength.'
 Tulsīdāsa says the Lord strode like a lion to bring his devotees joy. (11)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 90: Rāma Breaks Śiva's Bow

जबहिं सब नृपति निरास भए।
 गुरुपद-कमल बंदि रघुपति तब चाप-समीप गए॥ १ ॥
 स्याम-तामरस-दाम-बरन वपु, उर-भुज-नयन बिसाल।
 पीत बसन कटि, कलित कंठ सुंदर सिंधुर-मनिमाल॥ २ ॥
 कल कुंडल, पल्लव प्रसून सिर चारु चौतनी लाल।
 कोटि-मदन-छबि-सदन बदन-बिधु, तिलक मनोहर भाल॥ ३ ॥
 रूप अनूप बिलोकत सादर पुरजन राजसमाज।
 लषन कह्यो थिर होहु धरनिधरु, धरनि, धरनिधर आज॥ ४ ॥
 कमठ, कोल, दिग-दंति सकल अँग सजग करहु प्रभु-काज।
 चहत चपरि सिव-चाप चढ़ावन दसरथको जुबराज॥ ५ ॥
 गहि करतल, मुनि-पुलक सहित, कौतुकहि, उठाइ लियो।
 नृपगन-मुखनि समेत नमित करिं सजि सुख सबहि जियो॥ ६ ॥
 आकरष्यो सिय-मन समेत हरि, हरष्यो जनक-हियो।
 भंज्यो भृगुपति-गरब सहित, तिहुँ लोक-बिमोह कियो॥ ७ ॥
 भयो कठिन कोदंड-कोलाहल प्रलय-पयोद समान।
 चौंके सिव, बिरंचि, दिसिनायक, रहे मूँदि कर कान॥ ८ ॥
 सावधान है चढ़े बिमाननि चले बजाइ निसान।
 उमगि चलयौ आनंद नगर, नभ जयधुनि, मंगलगान॥ ९ ॥
 बिप्र-बचन सुनि सुखी सुआसिनि चलीं जानकिहि ल्याइ।
 कुँवर निरखि, जयमाल मेलि उर कुँवरि रही सकुचाइ॥ १० ॥
 बरषहिं सुमन, असीसहिं सुर-मुनि, प्रेम न हृदय समाइ।
 सीय-रामकी सुंदरतापर तुलसिदास बलि जाइ॥ ११ ॥

As soon as all the kings had lost hope,

Raghupati bowed to his guru's lotus feet and went near the bow. (1)

His body was dark as a garland of blue lotuses; his chest, arms, and eyes were broad.

A yellow cloth girded his waist, and a lovely necklace of elephant pearls adorned his graceful throat. (2)

Fine earrings shone; leaves and blossoms crowned his head with a charming red cap. His moon-face housed the beauty of ten million Cupids, and a lovely tilaka graced his brow. (3)

The townspeople and royal assembly reverently beheld his matchless form.

Lakṣmaṇa said, 'Śeṣa, Earth, and mountains—stand firm today! (4)

Tortoise, Boar, and all elephants of the quarters, brace every limb for the Lord's work.

Daśaratha's crown prince intends to string Śiva's bow in a flash.' (5)

Taking it in his palm, while the sages thrilled, Rāma lifted it in play.

He bent the bow together with the kings' faces and filled every heart with joy. (6)

Hari drew it along with Sītā's heart, and Janaka's heart rejoiced.

He broke it together with Bhṛgupati's pride and dispelled the three worlds' delusion. (7)

The bow's tremendous crash was like a cloudburst at cosmic dissolution.

Śiva, Brahmā, and the guardians of the quarters started and stopped their ears. (8)

Regaining their senses, they boarded their aerial cars and went beating drums.

Joy surged through the city; heaven rang with cries of victory and auspicious song. (9)

At the Brahmins' word, happy married women went and brought Jānakī.

Seeing the prince, the princess placed the victory-garland upon his breast and stood shyly. (10)

The gods and sages showered flowers and blessings, unable to contain their love.

Tulsīdāsa gives himself for the beauty of Sītā and Rāma. (11)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 91: The Princes Captivate Janakapur

जब दोउ दसरथ-कुँवर बिलोके।

जनक नगर नर-नारि मुदित मन निरखि नयन पल रोके॥ १ ॥

बय किसोर, घन-तड़ित-बरन तनु नखसिख अंग लोभारे।

दै चित, कै हित, लै सब छबि-बित बिधि निज हाथ सँवारे॥ २ ॥

संकट नृपहि, सोच अति सीतहि, भूप सकुचि सिर नाए।

उठे राम रघुकुल-कुल-केहरि, गुर-अनुसासन पाए॥ ३ ॥

कौतुक ही कोदंड खंडि प्रभु, जय अरु जानकि पाई।

तुलसिदास कीरति रघुपतिकी मुनिन्ह तिहूँ पुर गाई॥ ४ ॥

When they beheld Daśaratha's two princes,

Janakapur's men and women gazed with joyful hearts and held back their blinking eyes. (1)

They were youthful; their bodies had the colors of cloud and lightning, every limb lovely from nail to crown.

The Maker took all the world's treasure of beauty and fashioned them with his own hands, giving his heart and love. (2)

The king was in distress, Sītā deeply anxious, and the rulers bowed their heads in shame.

Then Rāma, lion of Raghu's lineage, rose upon receiving his guru's command. (3)

In mere sport the Lord broke the bow and won both victory and Jānakī.

Tulsīdāsa says the sages sang Raghupati's glory throughout the three worlds. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 92: The Bow Bends Before Rāma

मुनि-पदरेनु रघुनाथ माथे धरी है।
 रामरुख निरखि लषनकी रजाइ पाइ,
 धरा धरा-धरनि सुसावधान करी है॥ १ ॥
 सुमिरि गनेस-गुर, गौरि-हर भूमिसुर,
 सोचत सकोचत सकोची बानि धरी है।
 दीनबंधु, कृपासिंधु साहसिक, सीलसिंधु,
 सभाको सकोच कुलहूकी लाज परी है॥ २ ॥
 पेखि पुरुषारथ, परखि पन, पेम, नेम,
 सिय-हियको बिसेषि बड़ी खरभरी है।
 दाहिनो दियो पिनाकु, सहमि भयो मनाकु,
 महाब्याल बिकल बिलोकि जनु जरी है॥ ३ ॥
 सुर हरषत, बरषत फूल बार बार,
 सिद्ध-मुनि कहत, सगुन, सुभ घरी है।
 राम बाहु-बिटप बिसाल बौंड़ी देखियत,
 जनक-मनोरथ कलपबेलि फरी है॥ ४ ॥
 लख्यो न चढ़ावत, न तानत, न तोरत हू,
 घोर धुनि सुनि सिवकी समाधि टरी है।
 प्रभुके चरित चारु तुलसी सुनत सुख,
 एक ही सुलाभ सबहीकी हानि हरी है॥ ५ ॥

Raghunātha placed the dust of the sage's feet upon his head.
 Seeing Rāma's intent and receiving Lakṣmaṇa's command,
 the Earth made her supporting powers fully alert. (1)
 Remembering Gaṇeśa, her guru, Gaurī, Hara, and the Brahmins,
 Sītā worried and grew shy, assuming her naturally modest manner:
 'Friend of the lowly, ocean of compassion, courageous one, ocean of virtue—
 I feel the assembly's constraint, and my lineage's honor is at stake.' (2)

Seeing the kings' valor, and weighing vow, love, and rule—
and especially the great turmoil in Sītā's heart—
Rāma circled Pināka to the right; it shrank away in fear,
like a great serpent convulsing at the sight of a potent herb. (3)
The gods rejoiced and showered flowers again and again.
Siddhas and sages said, 'The omens are good; this is an auspicious hour.'
Upon the broad, beautiful tree of Rāma's arm,
Janaka's wish-creeper appeared to have borne fruit. (4)
No one saw him stringing, drawing, or even breaking it,
yet its terrible sound disrupted Śiva's samādhi.
Tulsī says hearing the Lord's lovely deeds brings joy:
this single splendid gain removed everyone's losses. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 93: Pināka Breaks at the Lord's Touch

राम कामरिपु-चाप चढ़ायो।

मुनिहि पुलक, आनंद नगर, नभ निरखि निसान बजायो॥ १ ॥

जेहि पिनाक बिनु नाक किए नृप, सबहि बिषाद बढ़ायो।

सोइ प्रभु कर परसत टूट्यो, जनु हुतो पुरारि पढ़ायो॥ २ ॥

पहिराई जयमाल जानकी, जुबतिन्ह मंगल गायो।

तुलसी सुमन बरषि हरषे सुर, सुजस तिहूँ पुर छायो॥ ३ ॥

Rāma strung the bow of Love's enemy.

The sage thrilled, joy filled the city, and heaven, beholding, sounded its drums. (1)

That Pināka which had left the king noseless in disgrace and deepened everyone's grief broke at the touch of the Lord's hand, as though Tripurārī had instructed it to do so. (2)

Jānakī placed the victory-garland upon him, and the young women sang auspicious songs.

Tulsī says the gods rejoiced and showered flowers; the Lord's fair fame filled all three worlds. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 94: Joy Fills Earth and Heaven

जनक मुदित मन टूटत पिनाकके।
 बाजे हैं बधावने, सुहावने मंगल-गान,
 भयो सुख एकरस रानी राजा राँकके॥ १ ॥
 दुंदुभी बजाइ, गाइ हरषि बरषि फूल,
 सुरगन नाचें नाच नायकहू नाकके।
 तुलसी महीस देखे दिन रजनीस जैसे,
 सूने परे सून-से मनो मिटाए आँकके॥ २ ॥

Janaka's heart rejoiced when Pināka broke.
 Congratulatory instruments sounded and lovely auspicious songs arose;
 queen, king, and pauper shared one undivided joy. (1)
 Beating celestial drums, singing gladly, and showering flowers,
 the hosts of gods danced, together with heaven's lord of dance.
 Tulsī says the earthly kings looked like the moon by day—
 left blank and worthless, like zeros whose preceding digit has been erased. (2)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 95: Lakṣmaṇa Defies the Angry Kings

लाज तोरि, साजि साज राजा राढ़ रोषे हैं।
 कहा भौ चढ़ाए चाप, ब्याह हूँ बड़े खाए,
 बोलें, खोलें सेल, असि चमकत चोखे हैं॥ १ ॥

जानि पुरजन त्रसे, धीर दै लषन हूँसे,
 बल इनको पिनाक नीके नापे-जोखे हैं।
 कुलहि लजावैं बाल, बालिस बजावैं गाल,
 कैंधौं कूर कालबस, तमकि त्रिदोषे हैं॥ २ ॥

कुँवर चढ़ाई भौहैं, अब को बिलोकै सोहै,
 जहँ तहँ भे अचेत, खेतके-से धोखे हैं।
 देखे नर-नारि कहैं, साग खाइ जाए माइ,
 बाहु पीन पाँवरनि पीना खाइ पोखे हैं॥ ३ ॥

प्रमुदित-मन लोक-कोक-नद कोकगन,
 रामके प्रताप-रबि सोच-सर सोखे हैं।
 तबके देखैया तोषे, तबके लोगनि भले,
 अबके सुनैया साधु तुलसिहु तोषे हैं॥ ४ ॥

Casting off shame and arming for battle, the quarrelsome kings raged:

‘What if he has strung the bow? The wedding will occur only after much hard swallowing!’

They shouted, unsheathed their spears, and flashed their keen swords. (1)

Learning this, the townspeople were frightened; Lakṣmaṇa reassured them and laughed:

‘Pināka has already measured and weighed their strength very well.

These boys disgrace their clans; the fools merely beat their cheeks—

or else, cruel and in Death's power, they flare up in delirium.’ (2)

The prince raised his brows—who now could bear to face him?

Everywhere they fell senseless, like scarecrows in a field.

Seeing them, the men and women said, ‘Their mothers must have borne them after eating greens, and these wretches' thick arms were fattened by eating oilcake.’ (3)

The world-lotus and the flocks of cakravāka birds rejoiced,
while the sun of Rāma's majesty dried up the lake of sorrow.
The good people who saw those events were content then;
the holy who hear them now—and Tulsī too—are content. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 96: Jānakī Takes the Victory-Garland

जयमाल जानकी जलजकर लई है।
 सुमन सुमंगल सगुनको बनाइ मंजु,
 मानहु मदनमाली आपु निरमई है॥ १ ॥
 राज-रुख लखि गुर भूसुर सुआसिनिन्ह,
 समय-समाजको ठवनि भली ठई है।
 चली गान करत, निसान बाजे गहगहे,
 लहलहे लोयन सनेह सरसई है॥ २ ॥
 हन्ति देव दुंदुभी हरषि बरषत फूल,
 सफल मनोरथ भौ, सुख-सुचितई है।
 पुरजन-परिजन, रानी-राउ प्रमुदित,
 मनसा अनूप राम-रूप-रंग रई है॥ ३ ॥
 सतानंद-सिष सुनि पाँय परि पहिराई,
 माल सिय पिय-हिय, सोहत सो भई है।
 मानसतें निकसि बिसाल सुतमालपर,
 मानहुँ मरालपाँति बैठी बनि गई है॥ ४ ॥
 हितनिके लाहकी, उछाहकी, बिनोद-मोद,
 सोभाकी अवधि नहि अब अधिकई है।
 याते बिपरीत अनहितनकी जानि लीबी
 गति, कहैं प्रगट, खुनिस खासी खई है॥ ५ ॥
 निज निज बेदकी सप्रेम जोग-छेम-मई,
 मुदित असीस बिप्र बिदुषनि दई है।
 छबि तेहि कालकी कृपालु सीतादूलहकी
 हुलसति हिये तुलसीके नित नई है॥ ६ ॥

Jānakī took the victory-garland in her lotus hand.
Its flowers were auspicious and its beautiful cord an omen of good—
as though Love himself, the gardener, had fashioned it. (1)
Reading the king's intent, the guru, Brahmins, and married women
arranged the occasion and assembly in fitting beauty.
The companions went singing while the drums resounded;
their eager eyes brimmed with the sweetness of affection. (2)
The gods beat celestial drums, rejoicing as they showered flowers.
Their wish was fulfilled, bringing happiness and peace.
Townsppeople, kin, queen, and king were delighted,
their minds dyed in the matchless color of Rāma's form. (3)
Hearing Śatānanda's instruction, Sītā bowed at the feet and placed
the garland upon her beloved's breast, where it shone so beautifully—
as though a line of swans had flown from Lake Mānasa
and settled upon a broad, handsome tamāla tree. (4)
For the Lord's friends no greater limit exists to gain, enthusiasm,
playful delight, festivity, or splendor.
Know the enemies' fate to be its opposite: plainly,
rage and consuming envy have swallowed them whole. (5)
Learned Brahmins joyfully gave loving blessings
for the preservation and increase taught in their respective Vedas.
The gracious bridegroom of Sītā's beauty at that moment
ever rises new and exultant within Tulsī's heart. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 97: Friend, Reap the Reward of Your Eyes

लेहु री! लोचननिको लाहु।
 कुँवर सुंदर साँवरो, सखि सुमुखि! सादर चाहु॥ १ ॥
 खंडि हर-कोदंड ठाढ़े, जानु-लंबित-बाहु।
 रुचिर उर जयमाल राजति, देत सुख सब काहु॥ २ ॥
 चितै चित-हित-सहित नख-सिख अंग-अंग निबाहु।
 सुकृत निज, सियराम-रूप, बिरंचि-मतिहि सराहु॥ ३ ॥
 मुदित मन बरबदन-सोभा उदित अधिक उछाहु।
 मनहु दूरि कलंक करि ससि समर सूद्यो राहु॥ ४ ॥
 नयन सुखमा-अयन हरत सरोज-सुंदरताहु।
 बसत तुलसीदास-उरपुर जानकीकौ नाहु॥ ५ ॥

Friend, reap the reward of your eyes!
 Fair-faced companion, look reverently upon the handsome dark prince. (1)
 Having broken Hara's great bow, he stands with arms reaching to his knees.
 The lovely victory-garland shines upon his breast and gives joy to everyone. (2)
 Look with your whole heart and loving attention at every limb from nail to crown.
 Praise your own merit, the beauty of Sītā and Rāma, and Brahmā's skill. (3)
 His heart is glad, and greater radiance rises upon his beautiful face—
 as though the moon had cast away its stain and slain Rāhu in battle. (4)
 His eyes, abodes of beauty, steal even the lotus's loveliness.
 Jānakī's Lord dwells in the city of Tulsīdāsa's heart. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 98: The Greatness of Janaka's Fortune

भूपके भागकी अधिकाई।

टूट्यो धनुष, मनोरथ पूज्यौ, बिधि सब बात बनाई॥ १ ॥

तबतें दिन-दिन उदय जनकको जबतें जानकी जाई।

अब यहि ब्याह सफल भयो जीवन, त्रिभुवन बिदित बड़ाई॥ २ ॥

बारहि बार पहुनई ऐहैं राम लषन दोउ भाई।

एहि आनंद मगन पुरबासिन्ह देहदसा बिसराई॥ ३ ॥

सादर सकल बिलोकत रामहि, काम-कोटि छबि छाई।

यह सुख समउ समाज एक मुख क्यों तुलसी कहै गाई॥ ४ ॥

How abundant is the king's good fortune!

The bow broke, his heart's desire was fulfilled, and fate arranged every matter. (1)

From the day Jānakī was born, Janaka's prosperity has risen day by day.

Now this wedding has made his life fruitful, and his glory is known throughout the three worlds.

(2)

Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, the two brothers, will come again and again as honored guests!

Immersed in this joy, the townspeople forgot the condition of their bodies. (3)

Everyone reverently gazed upon Rāma, over whom the beauty of ten million Cupids spread.

How can Tulsī sing with one mouth of that joy, that hour, and that assembly? (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 99: Kauśalyā Worries for Her Sons

मेरे बालक कैसे धौं मग निबहहिंगे?

भूख, पियास, सीत, श्रम सकुचनि क्यों कोसिकहि कहहिंगे॥ १ ॥

को भोर ही उबटि अन्हवैहै, काढ़ि कलेऊ दैहै?

को भूषन पहिराइ निछावरि करि लोचन-सुख लैहै?॥ २ ॥

नयन निमेषनि ज्यों जोगवैं नित पितु-परिजन-महतारी।

ते पठए ऋषि साथ निसाचर मारन, मख रखवारी॥ ३ ॥

सुंदर सुठि सुकुमार सुकोमल काकपच्छ-धर दोऊ।

तुलसी निरखि हरषि उर लैहौं बिधि ह्वैहै दिन सोऊ?॥ ४ ॥

How will my children manage upon the road?

Too shy to speak, how will they tell Kauśika of hunger, thirst, cold, or weariness? (1)

Who at dawn will rub them with fragrant paste and bathe them, and bring out their morning meal?

Who will adorn them, ward off evil, and take the delight of seeing them? (2)

Father, family, and mothers always guarded them as eyelids guard the eyes—

yet the king sent them with the sage to slay night-roamers and protect the sacrifice. (3)

Both are so handsome, tender, young, and delicate, with side-locks like crows' wings.

Tulsī asks fate: will the day ever come when I see them, rejoice, and clasp them to my heart? (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 100: Kauśalyā Laments the Princes' Departure

ऋषि नृप-सीस ठगौरी-सी डारी।

कुलगुर, सचिव, निपुन नेवनि अवरेब न समुझि सुधारी॥ १ ॥

सिरिस-सुमन-सुकुमार कुँवर दोउ, सूर सरोष सुरारी।

पठए बिनहि सहाय पयादेहि केलि-बान-धनुधारी॥ २ ॥

अति सनेह-कातरि माता कहै, सुनि सखि! बचन दुखारी।

बादि बीर-जननी-जीवन जग, छत्रि-जाति-गति भारी॥ ३ ॥

जो कहिहै फिरे राम-लखन घर करि मुनिमख-रखवारी।

सो तुलसी प्रिय मोहिं लागिहै ज्यों सुभाय सुत चारी॥ ४ ॥

The sage has cast something like a spell upon the king's head.

Neither the family guru, the counselors, nor the skillful leaders understood and corrected this wrong. (1)

The two princes are tender as śirīṣa flowers, while the demon foes are fierce and wrathful.

Yet he sent them on foot without assistance, carrying only their playthings—bow and arrows. (2)

Overwhelmed by love, the mother spoke her sorrow: 'Friend, listen!

In this world a hero's mother's life is futile; hard indeed is the warrior caste's lot. (3)

Whoever tells me, "Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa have protected the sage's sacrifice and returned home," will, says Tulsī, be naturally as dear to me as all four sons.' (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 101: Sumitrā Awaits News

जबतें लै मुनि संग सिधाए।

राम लखनके समाचार, सखि! तबतें कछुअ न पाए॥ १ ॥

बिनु पानही गमन, फल भोजन, भूमि सयन तरुछाहीं।

सर-सरिता जलपान, सिसुनके संग सुसेवक नाहीं॥ २ ॥

कौसिक परम कृपालु परमहित, समरथ, सुखद, सुचाली।

बालक सुठि सुकुमार सकोची, समुझि सोच मोहि आली॥ ३ ॥

बचन सप्रेम सुमित्राके सुनि सब सनेह-बस रानी।

तुलसी आइ भरत तेहि औसर कही सुमंगल बानी॥ ४ ॥

Since the sage took them and departed with them,

friend, I have received no news at all of Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. (1)

They must walk without sandals, eat fruit, and sleep on the ground beneath trees;

they must drink from lakes and rivers, with no good servant beside the children. (2)

Kauśika is supremely compassionate, devoted to their good, powerful, gracious, and upright.

Yet the boys are so tender and shy—friend, knowing this is what makes me worry. (3)

Hearing Sumitrā's loving words, all the queens were overcome by affection.

Tulsī says that just then Bharata arrived and spoke auspicious news. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 102: Bharata Brings the Wedding News

सानुज भरत भवन उठि धाए।

पितु-समीप सब समाचार सुनि, मुदित मातु पहुँ आए॥ १ ॥

सजल नयन, तनु पुलक, अधर फरकत लखि प्रीति सुहाई।

कौसल्या लिये लाइ हृदय, ‘बलि कहौ, कछु है सुधि पाई?’॥ २ ॥

सतानंद उपरोहित अपने तिरहुति-नाथ पठाए।

खेम कुसल रघुबीर-लषनकी ललित पत्रिका ल्याए॥ ३ ॥

दलि ताडुका, मारि निसिचर, मख राखि, बिप्र-तिय तारी।

दै बिद्या लै गये जनकपुर, हैं गुरु-संग सुखारी॥ ४ ॥

करि पिनाक-पन, सुता-स्वयंबर सजि, नृप-कटक बटोर्यो।

राजसभा रघुबर मुनाल ज्यों संभु-सरासन तोर्यो॥ ५ ॥

यों कहि सिथिल-सनेह बंधु दोउ, अंब अंक भरि लीन्हें।

बार-बार मुख चूमि, चारु मनि-बसन निछावरि कीन्हें॥ ६ ॥

सुनत सुहावनि चाह अवध घर घर आनंद बधाई।

तुलसिदास रनिवास रहस-बस, सखी सुमंगल गाई॥ ७ ॥

Bharata rose and hurried to the palace with his younger brother.

After hearing all the news beside his father, he joyfully came to his mother. (1)

Seeing his wet eyes, thrilled body, quivering lips, and lovely affection,

Kauśalyā clasped him to her heart: ‘Dear child, tell me—have you received any news?’ (2)

‘The lord of Tirhut has sent his own priest Śatānanda.

He has brought a graceful letter reporting Raghubīra and Lakṣmaṇa safe and well. (3)

They subdued Tāḍakā, slew the night-roamers, protected the sacrifice, and delivered the Brahmin's wife.

After teaching them, the sage took them to Janakapur, where they are happy with their guru. (4)

Janaka made the lifting of Pināka his vow, arranged his daughter's self-choice, and gathered armies of kings.

In that royal court Raghubara broke Śambhu's bow as though it were a lotus stalk.’ (5)

Having spoken thus, both brothers went limp with love, and their mother gathered them into her lap.

Again and again she kissed their faces and waved lovely gems and garments over them as offerings. (6)

Hearing this charming, longed-for news, joyful congratulations sounded through every home in Ayodhyā.

Tulsīdāsa says the women of the inner palace, overcome with delight, sang auspicious songs. (7)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 103: Ayodhyā Hears the Good News

राम-लषन सुधि आई बाजै अवध बधाई।
 ललित लगन लिखि पत्रिका,
 उपरोहितके कर जनक-जनेस पठाई॥ १ ॥
 कन्या भूप बिदेहकी रूपको अधिकाई,
 तासु स्वयंबर सुनि सब आए
 देस देसके नृप चतुरंग बनाई॥ २ ॥
 पन पिनाक, बज्र मेरु तें गुरुता कठिनाई।
 लोकपाल, महिपाल, बान बानइत,
 दसानन सके न चाप चढ़ाई॥ ३ ॥
 तेहि समाज रघुराजके मृगराज जगाई।
 भंजि सरासन संभुको जग जय,
 कल कीरति, तिय तियमनि सिय पाई॥ ४ ॥
 पुर घर घर आनंद महा सुनि चाह सुहाई।
 मातु मुदित मंगल सजैं,
 कहैं मुनि प्रसाद भये सकल सुमंगल, माई॥ ५ ॥
 गुरु-आयसु मंडप रच्यो, सब साज सजाई।
 तुलसिदास दसरथ बरात सजि,
 पूजि गनेसहि चले निसान बजाई॥ ६ ॥

News of Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa has arrived; Ayodhyā rings with congratulations.
 Writing the fair wedding hour in a letter,
 Janaka, lord of the people, sent it in his priest's hand. (1)
 King Videha has a daughter surpassing all in beauty.
 Hearing of her self-choice, kings from every land
 arrived with their fourfold armies prepared. (2)
 The vow was Pināka, heavier and harder than thunderbolt and Meru.

Guardians of the worlds, earthly kings, Bāṇa skilled with arrows,
and ten-headed Rāvaṇa could not string the bow. (3)
In that assembly they awakened Raghurāja's lion.
Breaking Śambhu's bow, he won worldly victory,
lovely fame, and Sītā—the jewel among women—as his bride. (4)
Hearing the charming, desired news, immense joy filled every home in the city.
The delighted mothers prepared auspicious things and said,
'Friend, by the sage's grace every blessing has come to pass.' (5)
At the guru's command a pavilion was built and every fitting article arranged.
Tulsīdāsa says Daśaratha arrayed the wedding procession,
worshiped Gaṇeśa, and departed as the drums sounded. (6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 104: Janakapur Welcomes the Procession

मनमें मंजु मनोरथ हो, री!

सो हर-गौरि-प्रसाद एकतें, कौसिक, कृपा चौगुनो भो, री॥ १ ॥

पन-परिताप, चाप-चिंता निसि, सोच-सकोच-तिमिर नहि थोरी।

रबिकुल-रबि अवलोकि सभा-सर हितचित-बारिज-बन बिकसोरी॥ २ ॥

कुँवर-कुँवरि सब मंगल मूरति, नृप दोउ धरमधुरंधर धोरी।

राजसमाज भूरि-भागी, जिन लोचन लाहु लह्यो एक ठौरी॥ ३ ॥

ब्याह-उछाह राम-सीताको सुकृत सकेलि बिरंचि रच्यो, री।

तुलसिदास जानै सोइ यह सुख जेहि उर बसति मनोहर जोरी॥ ४ ॥

Friend, we held one lovely wish within our hearts;

by Hara and Gauri's favor alone—and Kauśika's grace—it has grown fourfold! (1)

In the night of anguish over the vow and anxiety over the bow,
the darkness of worry and shame was far from slight.

But seeing the sun of the solar line, the forest of friendly hearts' lotuses
bloomed upon the lake of the assembly. (2)

Every prince and princess is an embodiment of blessing, and both kings
are foremost among those who bear the burden of dharma.

The royal gathering too is richly fortunate: in one place
it has gained this reward for its eyes. (3)

Brahmā gathered every merit and fashioned this joyous wedding of Rāma and Sītā.

Tulsidāsa says only one in whose heart the lovely couple dwells can know this happiness. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 105: Rāma and Jānakī at the Wedding

राजति राम-जानकी-जोरी।

स्याम-सरोज जलद सुंदर बर, दुलहिनि तड़ित-बरन तनु गोरी॥ १ ॥

ब्याह समय सोहति बितानतर, उपमा कहूँ न लहति मति मोरी।

मनहुँ मदन मंजुल मंडपमहँ छबि-सिँगार-सोभा इक ठौरी॥ २ ॥

मंगलमय दोउ, अंग मनोहर, ग्रथित चूनरी पीत पिछोरी।

कनककलस कहूँ देत भाँवरी, निरखि रूप सारद भइ भोरी॥ ३ ॥

इत बसिष्ठ मुनि, उतहि सतानंद, बंस बखान करें दोउ ओरी।

इत अवधेस, उतहि मिथिलापति, भरत अंक सुखसिंधु हिलोरी॥ ४ ॥

मुदित जनक, रनिवास रहसबस, चतुर नारि चितवहिं तुन तोरी।

गान-निसान-बेद-धुनि सुनि सुर बरसत सुमन, हरष कहै को री?॥ ५ ॥

नयननको फल पाइ प्रेमबस सकल असीसत ईस निहोरी।

तुलसी जेहि आनंदमगन मन, क्यों रसना बरनै सुख सो री॥ ६ ॥

The pair of Rāma and Jānakī shines.

The handsome groom is dark as blue lotus and raincloud; the bride's fair body has lightning's color. (1)

At the wedding they shine beneath the canopy; my mind can find no comparison anywhere.

It is as though beauty, adornment, and splendor have gathered in one place in Love's lovely pavilion. (2)

Both are all-auspicious, every limb enchanting; her red veil and his yellow scarf are tied together.

They circle the golden vessels, and beholding their beauty even Śārādā's mind grows bewildered.

(3)

On this side sage Vasiṣṭha and on that Śatānanda proclaim the two lineages.

Here Ayodhyā's lord and there Mithilā's king fill their laps as the ocean of joy surges. (4)

Janaka is delighted, the women's palace overcome with affection, and clever women gaze while breaking a straw against the evil eye.

Hearing song, drums, and Vedic chant, the gods shower flowers—friend, who can describe that joy? (5)

Having gained the reward of their eyes, all lovingly implore the Lord and offer blessings.

Tulsī says: when even the mind sinks into that bliss, how can the tongue describe its happiness?

(6)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 106: Rāma the Groom, Sītā the Bride

दूलह राम, सीय दुलही री!

घन-दामिनि बर बरन, हरन-मन सुंदरता नखसिख निबही, री॥ १ ॥

ब्याह-विभूषन-वसन-विभूषित, सखि अवली लखि ठगि सी रही, री।

जीवन-जनम-लाहु, लोचन-फल है इतनोइ, लह्यो आजु सही, री॥ २ ॥

सुखमा सुरभि सिँगार-छीर दुहि मयन अमियमय कियो है दही, री।

मथि माखन सिय-राम सँवारे, सकल भुवन छवि मनहु मही, री॥ ३ ॥

तुलसिदास जोरी देखत सुख सोभा अतुल, न जाति कही, री।

रूप-रासि विरची विरंचि मनो, सिला लवनि रति-काम लही, री॥ ४ ॥

Rāma is the groom and Sītā the bride, friend!

Their colors are cloud and lightning; from nail to crown their heart-stealing beauty is complete. (1)
Seeing them adorned in wedding garments and ornaments, the line of companions stands as if spellbound.

This alone is life's and birth's reward, the fruit of the eyes—and today it has truly been gained. (2)
Love the cowherd milked the milk of adornment from Beauty the wish-cow and made ambrosial curd.

Churning it, he shaped Sītā and Rāma as butter; the beauty of all worlds is merely the leftover whey. (3)

Tulsīdāsa says beholding the pair brings joy; their matchless splendor cannot be told.

Brahmā fashioned them as the very treasury of beauty, while Rati and Kāma received only the gleanings and wage. (4)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 107: Lakṣmaṇa and Urmilā

जैसे ललित लषन लाल लोने।

तैसिये ललित उरमिला, परसपर लषत सुलोचन कोने॥ १ ॥

सुखमासार सिंगारसार करि कनक रचे हैं तिहि सोने।

रूपप्रेम-परमिति न परत कहि, बिथकि रही मति मौने॥ २ ॥

सोभा सील-सनेह सोहावनो, समउ केलिगृह गौने।

देखि तियनिके नयन सफल भये, तुलसीदासहूके होने॥ ३ ॥

As lovely and charming as dear Lakṣmaṇa is,

so lovely is Urmilā; they look at one another from the corners of their beautiful eyes. (1)

Beauty's essence and adornment's essence were made into gold, and from that gold these two were fashioned.

Their beauty and love cannot be measured or described; thought, exhausted, remains silent. (2)

When they entered the bridal chamber, their beauty, virtue, and lovely affection

fulfilled the women's eyes—and now, says Tulsīdāsa, they will fulfill his as well. (3)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 108: The Beauty of Jānakī's Groom

जानकी-बर सुंदर, माई।

इन्द्रनील-मनि-स्याम सुभग, अंग-अंग मनोजनि बहु छबि छाई॥ १ ॥

अरुन चरन, अंगुली मनोहर, नख दुतिवंत, कछुक अरुनाई।

कंजदलनिपर मनहु भौम दस बैठे अचल सुसदसि बनाई॥ २ ॥

पीन जानु, उर चारु, जटित मनि नूपुर पद कल मुखर सोहाई।

पीत पराग भरे अलिगन जनु जुगल जलज लखि रहे लोभाई॥ ३ ॥

किंकिनि कनक कंज अवली मृदु मरकत सिखर मध्य जनु जाई।

गई न उपर, सभीत नमित मुख, बिकसि चहूँ दिसि रही लोनाई॥ ४ ॥

नाभि गँभीर, उदर रेखा बर, उर भृगु-चरन-चिह्न सुखदाई।

भुज प्रलंब भूषन अनेक जुत, बसन पीत सोभा अधिकाई॥ ५ ॥

जग्योपवीत बिचित्र हेममय, मुक्तमाल उरसि मोहि भाई।

कंद-तड़ित बिच जनु सुरपति धनु रुचिर बलाक पाँति चलि आई॥ ६ ॥

कंबु कंठ चिबुकाधर सुंदर, क्यों कहों दसनन की रुचिराई।

पदुमकोस महँ बसे बज्र मनो निज सँग तड़ित-अरुन-रुचि लाई॥ ७ ॥

नासिक चारु, ललित लोचन, भ्रुकुटिल, कचनि अनुपम छबि पाई।

रहे घेरि राजीव उभय मनो चंचरीक कछु हृदय डेराई॥ ८ ॥

भाल तिलक, कंचन किरीट सिर, कुंडल लोल कपोलनि झाँई।

निरखहिं नारि-निकर बिदेहपुर निमि नृपकी मरजाद मिटाई॥ ९ ॥

सारद-सेस-संभु निसि-बासर चिंतत रूप, न हृदय समाई।

तुलसिदास सठ क्यों करि बरनै यह छबि निगम नेति कह गाई॥ १० ॥

Jānakī's groom is beautiful, mother!

His handsome body is dark as sapphire, and every limb bears the beauty of many Loves. (1)

His feet are red, his toes enchanting, his nails radiant with a slight crimson hue—

as though ten auspicious Mars-planets sat motionless in fair assembly upon lotus petals. (2)

His knees are full, his chest lovely, and gem-set anklets ring sweetly upon his feet.

They seem like bees, dusted with yellow pollen, lingering enchanted over twin lotuses. (3)
 The soft golden girdle is like a row of golden lotuses growing midway upon an emerald mountain.
 Afraid, it did not climb higher but bowed its face; its beauty blossoms through every direction. (4)
 His navel is deep, his abdominal lines fine, and Bhṛgu's footprint upon his breast gives joy.
 His long arms bear many ornaments, and his yellow garment shines exceedingly. (5)
 I delight in the wondrous golden sacred thread and pearl garland upon his breast—
 as though amid cloud and lightning appeared Indra's lovely bow and a moving line of cranes. (6)
 His neck is conch-like, chin and lips beautiful; how can I tell the loveliness of his teeth?
 They are like diamonds dwelling in a lotus bud, bringing with them lightning and the young sun's
 red radiance. (7)
 His nose is fine, his eyes lovely, his brows curved, and his hair has matchless beauty—
 as though bees, somewhat fearful at heart, encircled two lotuses. (8)
 A tilaka graces his brow, a golden crown his head; swaying earrings cast shadows upon his cheeks.
 The women of Videha's city gaze at him, abolishing King Nimi's custom of blinking. (9)
 Śārādā, Śeṣa, and Śambhu contemplate his form night and day, yet it cannot fit within their hearts.
 How then can foolish Tulsīdāsa describe the beauty of which the Vedas sing only 'not this, not
 this'? (10)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 109: Kauśalyā Questions Rāma

भुजनिपर जननी वारि-फेरि डारी।

क्यों तोरयो कोमल कर-कमलनि संभु-सरासन भारी?॥ १ ॥

क्यों मारीच सुबाहु महाबल प्रबल ताड़का मारी?

मुनि-प्रसाद मेरे राम-लषनकी बिधि बड़ि करवर टारी॥ २ ॥

चरनरेनु लै नयननि लावति, क्यों मुनिबधू उधारी।

कहौधौं तात! क्यों जीति सकल नृप बरी है बिदेहकुमारी॥ ३ ॥

दुसह-रोष-मूरति भृगुपति अति नृपति-निकर खयकारी।

क्यों सौँप्यो सारंग हारि हिय, करी है बहुत मनुहारी॥ ४ ॥

उमगि-उमगि आनंद बिलोकति बधुन सहित सुत चारी।

तुलसिदास आरती उतारति प्रेम-मगन महतारी॥ ५ ॥

The mother repeatedly waved blessings over his arms:

‘How did these tender lotus hands break Śambhu's heavy bow? (1)

How did you defeat mighty Mārīca and Subāhu, and slay the formidable Tāḍakā?

By the sage's grace, fate turned away a grave calamity from my Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. (2)

Taking the dust of his feet and touching it to her eyes, she asked, ‘Dear child, how did you deliver the sage's wife?

Tell me—how did you conquer all the kings and wed Videha's princess? (3)

Bhṛṅgupati is the embodiment of unbearable wrath and destroyer of hosts of kings.

How did he yield Śārṅga after admitting defeat in his heart, and make such entreaty to you?’ (4)

Again and again she surged with joy, beholding all four sons with their brides.

Tulsīdāsa says the mother, absorbed in love, performed their āratī. (5)

Bālakāṇḍa Song 110: The Mothers Welcome the Brides

मुदित-मन आरती करैं माता।
 कनक-बसन-मनि वारि-वारि करि पुलक प्रफुल्लित गाता॥ १ ॥
 पालागनि दुलहियन सिखावति सरिस सासु सत-साता।
 देहि असीस ते 'बरिस कोटि लागि अचल होउ अहिबाता'॥ २ ॥
 राम सीय-छबि देखि जुबतिजन करहिं परसपर बाता।
 अब जान्यो साँचहू सुनहु, सखि! कोबिद बड़ो बिधाता॥ ३ ॥
 मंगल-गान निसान नगर-नभ आनंद कह्यो न जाता।
 चिरजीवहु अवधेस-सुवन सब तुलसिदास-सुखदाता॥ ४ ॥

With joyful hearts the mothers perform āratī.

Again and again they wave gold, garments, and gems; their thrilled bodies blossom with delight.

(1)

Kauśalyā teaches the brides to bow at the feet of their other seven hundred mothers-in-law as at her own.

Those mothers bless them: 'May your husbands live and your married fortune remain unbroken for ten million years.' (2)

Seeing the beauty of Rāma and Sītā, the young women speak among themselves:

'Friend, listen—now we truly know that the Maker is supremely skilled.' (3)

Auspicious songs and drums fill city and sky; that joy cannot be told.

Long live all the sons of Ayodhyā's lord, the givers of happiness to Tulsīdāsa! (4)

RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Ayodhyākāṇḍa

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 1: Preparing Rāma's Consecration

नृप कर जोरि कह्यो गुर पाहीं।
 तुम्हरी कृपा असीस, नाथ! मेरी सबै महेस निबाहीं॥ १ ॥
 राम होहि जुबराज जियत मेरे, यह लालच मन माहीं।
 बहुरि मोहिं जियबे-मरिबेकी चित चिंता कछु नाहीं॥ २ ॥
 महाराज, भलो काज बिचार्यो, बेगि बिलंब न कीजै।
 बिधि दाहिनो होइ तौ सब मिलि जनम-लाहु लुटि लीजै॥ ३ ॥
 सुनत नगर आनंद बधावन, कैकेयी बिलखानी।
 तुलसीदास देवमायाबस कठिन कुटिलता ठानी॥ ४ ॥

Joining his hands, the king spoke before his guru:

‘Lord, by your grace and blessing Maheśa has fulfilled all my wishes. (1)

One longing remains in my heart: that Rāma become crown prince while I live.

After that I shall have no anxiety in my heart over living or dying.’ (2)

‘Great king, you have conceived a good undertaking; act quickly and do not delay.

If fate is favorable, let everyone together seize the reward of a lifetime.’ (3)

Hearing joyful congratulations sound through the city, Kaikeyī grew distraught.

Tulsīdāsa says that, subject to divine illusion, she resolved upon a cruel crooked course. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 2: Kauśalyā Pleads with Rāma

सुनहु राम मेरे प्रानपियारे।

बारौं सत्य बचन श्रुति-सम्मत, जाते हौं बिछुरत चरन तिहारे॥ १ ॥

बिनु प्रयास सब साधनको फल प्रभु पायो, सो तो नाहिं सँभारे।

हरि तजि धरमसील भयो चाहत, नृपति नारिबस सरबस हारे॥ २ ॥

रुचिर काँचमनि देखि मूढ़ ज्यों करतलतें चिंतामनि डारे।

मुनि-लोचन-चकोर-ससि-राघव, सिव-जीवनधन, सोउन बिचारे॥ ३ ॥

जद्यपि नाथ तात! मायाबस सुखनिधान सुत तुम्हहिं बिसारे।

तदपि हमहि त्यागहु जनि रघुपति, दीनबंधु, दयालु, मेरे बारे॥ ४ ॥

अतिसय प्रीति बिनीत बचन सुनि, प्रभु कोमल चित चलत न पारे।

तुलसिदास जौ रहौं मातु-हित, को सुर-बिप्र-भूमि-भय टारे?॥ ५ ॥

Listen, Rāma, beloved as my very life.

I would sacrifice every Veda-approved word of truth that separates me from your feet. (1)

Without effort the king gained the Lord, the fruit of every discipline, yet did not preserve that treasure.

Abandoning Hari, he now seeks to be righteous; under a woman's power, the king has lost everything. (2)

Like a fool who sees a pretty glass bead and drops the wish-gem from his palm, he did not consider that Rāghava is the moon of the sage-chakoras' eyes and Śiva's very life-treasure. (3)

Dear child, although your lord and father, subject to illusion, has forgotten you, his son and treasury of joy,

still do not abandon us, Raghupati—friend of the lowly, compassionate one, my child. (4)

Hearing these humble words of overwhelming love, the tender-hearted Lord could not bring himself to depart.

Tulsīdāsa says he thought: 'If I remain for my mother's sake, who will remove the gods', Brahmins', and earth's fear?' (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 3: Kauśalyā Asks Rāma to Remain

रहि चलिये सुंदर रघुनायक।

जो सुत! तात-बचन-पालन-रत, जननिउ तात! मानिबे लायक॥ १ ॥

बेद-बिदित यह बानि तुम्हारी, रघुपति सदा संत-सुखदायक।

राखहु निज मरजाद निगमकी, हौं बलि जाउँ, धरहु धनुसायक॥ २ ॥

सोक कूप पुर परिहि, मरिहि नृप, सुनि सँदेस रघुनाथ सिधायक।

यह दूसन बिधि तोहि होत अब रामचरन-बियोग-उपजायक॥ ३ ॥

मातु बचन सुनि स्रवत नयन जल, कछु सुभाउ जनु नरतनु-पायक।

तुलसिदास सुर-काज न साध्यौ तौ तो दोष होय मोहि महि आयक॥ ४ ॥

Please remain, beautiful lord of Raghu.

Child, if you are devoted to obeying your father's word, your mother too, dear son, deserves your obedience. (1)

The Vedas proclaim this nature of yours, Raghupati: you always bring joy to the holy.

Keep the Vedic bounds that are your own; I give myself for you—lay down bow and arrows. (2)

The city will fall into a well of grief and the king will die upon hearing that Raghunātha has departed.

Fate, producer of separation from Rāma's feet, this blame will now fall upon you. (3)

Hearing his mother's words, tears flowed from his eyes—partly, it seemed, the nature assumed with human form.

Tulsidāsa says he thought: 'If I do not accomplish the gods' work, my coming to earth itself will be a fault.' (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 4: How Shall I Remain at Home?

राम! हों कौन जतन घर रहिहौं?

बार बार भरि अंक गोद लै ललन कौनसों कहिहौं॥ १ ॥

इहि आँगन बिहरत मेरे बारे! तुम जो संग सिसु लीन्हें।

कैसे प्राण रहत सुमिरत सुत, बहु बिनोद तुम कीन्हें॥ २ ॥

जिन्ह श्रवननि कल बचन तिहारे सुनि सुनि हों अनुरागी।

तिन्ह श्रवननि बनगवन सुनति हों मोतें कौन अभागी?॥ ३ ॥

जुग सम निमिष जाहि रघुनंदन, बदनकमल बिनु देखे।

जौ तनु रहै बरष बीते, बलि कहा प्रीति इहि लेखे?॥ ४ ॥

तुलसीदास प्रेमबस श्रीहरि देखि बिकल महतारी।

गदगद कंठ, नयन जल, फिरि-फिरि आवन कह्यो मुरारी॥ ५ ॥

Rāma, by what means shall I remain at home?

Whom shall I repeatedly gather into my arms and lap and call ‘my child’? (1)

My dear one, you used to roam this courtyard with many children beside you.

How will my life endure as I remember the many games you played, my son? (2)

With these ears I heard your lovely words again and again and sank into love.

With those same ears I now hear of your forest-going—who is more unfortunate than I? (3)

Raghunandana, each instant without seeing your lotus face passes like an age.

If this body remains after the years have passed, dear child, what love could be credited to it? (4)

Tulsīdāsa says that seeing his mother distraught, Śrī Hari was overcome by love.

His throat choked, his eyes filled with tears, and Murāri repeatedly promised to return soon. (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 5: Rāma Asks Sītā to Stay

रहहु भवन हमरे कहे, कामिनि!

सादर सासु-चरन सेवहु नित, जो तुम्हरे अति हित गृह-स्वामिनि॥ १ ॥

राजकुमारि! कठिन कंटक मग, क्यों चलिहौ मृदु पद गजगामिनि।

दुसह बात, बरषा, हिम, आतप कैसे सहिही अगनित दिन जामिनि॥ २ ॥

हौं पुनि पितु-आज्ञा प्रमान करि ऐहौं बेगि सुनहु दुति-दामिनि।

तुलसिदास प्रभु बिरह-बचन सुनि सहि न सकी, मुरछित भइ भामिनि॥ ३ ॥

Beloved, remain at home as I ask.

Mistress of the household, always reverently serve your mother-in-law's feet; that will be greatly for your good. (1)

Princess, the road is hard and full of thorns—how will you walk it with your tender feet and elephant's gait?

How will you endure unbearable wind, rain, cold, and heat through countless days and nights? (2)

Lightning-radiant one, hear me: I shall fulfill my father's command and return swiftly.

Tulsīdāsa says the lady could not bear the Lord's words of separation and fainted. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 6: Sītā Will Go with Rāma

कृपानिधान सुजान प्रानपति, संग बिपिन है आवोंगी।
 गृहते कोटि-गुनित सुख मारग चलत, साथ सचु पावोंगी॥ १ ॥
 थाके चरनकमल चापोंगी, श्रम भए बाउ डोलावोंगी।
 नयन-चकोरनि मुखमयंक-छबि सादर पान करावोंगी॥ २ ॥
 जौ हठि नाथ राखिहौ मो कहूँ, तौ संग प्रान पठावोंगी।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु बिनु जीवत रहि क्यों फिरि बदन देखावोंगी?॥ ३ ॥

Treasure of compassion, wise lord of my life, I shall go with you to the forest.

Walking the road beside you, I shall truly find happiness millions of times greater than at home.

(1)

When you tire, I shall massage your lotus feet; when you grow weary, I shall fan you with a breeze.

I shall reverently let my chakora-like eyes drink the beauty of your moon-face. (2)

Lord, if you insist on keeping me here, I shall send my very life along with you.

Tulsīdāsa says: how could I remain alive without the Lord and ever show my face again? (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 7: What Use Is Home Without You?

कहौ तुम्ह बिनु गृह मेरो कौन काजु?

बिपिन कोटि सुरपुर समान मोको, जो पै पिय परिहर्यो राजु॥ १ ॥

बलकल बिमल दुकूल मनोहर, कंद-मूल-फल अमिय नाजु।

प्रभुपद-कमल बिलोकिहैं छिन-छिन, इहितें अधिक कहा सुख-समाजु॥ २ ॥

हौं रहौं भवन भोग-लोलुप हूँ, पति कानन कियो मुनिको साजु।

तुलसिदास ऐसे बिरह-बचन सुनि कठिन हियो बिदरो न आजु॥ ३ ॥

Tell me: without you, what use is my home?

Since my beloved has relinquished the kingdom, the forest is equal to millions of heavens for me.

(1)

Pure bark-cloth will be lovely silk, and roots and fruits will be ambrosial grain.

Moment after moment I shall behold the Lord's lotus feet—what greater treasury of happiness could there be? (2)

Should I remain in the palace, greedy for pleasure, while my husband wears a sage's garb in the forest?

Tulsīdāsa says: hearing words of such separation, why did my hard heart not split apart today? (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 8: Why Speak Such Harsh Words?

प्रिय निठुर बचन कहे कारन कवन?

जानत हौ सबके मनकी गति, मृदुचित परम कृपालु, रवन!॥ १ ॥

प्राननाथ सुंदर सुजानमनि, दीनबंधु, जग-आरति-दवन।

तुलसिदास प्रभु-पदसरोज तजि रहि हौं कहा करौंगी भवन?॥ २ ॥

Beloved, for what reason have you spoken such harsh words?

You know the course of every heart; you are tender-hearted and supremely compassionate, my love. (1)

Lord of my life, beautiful crown-jewel of the wise, friend of the lowly, remover of the world's anguish—

Tulsīdāsa says: abandoning the Lord's lotus feet, what would I do while remaining at home? (2)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 9: Come, Then, to the Forest

मैं तुमसाँ सतिभाव कही है।

बूझति और भाँति भामिनि कत, कानन कठिन कलेस सही है॥ १ ॥

जौ चलिहौ तौ चलो चलि कै बन, सुनि सिय मन अवलंब लही है।

बूझत बिरह-बारिनिधि मानहु नाह बचनमिस बाँह गही है॥ २ ॥

प्राननाथके साथ चलीं उठि, अवध सोकसरि उमगि बही है।

तुलसी सुनी न कबहुँ काहु कहुँ, तनु परिहरि परिछाँहि रही है॥ ३ ॥

I spoke to you with a wholly truthful heart.

Lady, why understand it otherwise? The forest's severe hardships are real. (1)

If you are indeed going, then come—let us set out for the forest. Hearing this, Sītā's heart found support.

It was as though, while she sank in the ocean of separation, her lord used those words as a pretext to grasp her arm. (2)

She rose and went with the lord of her life, and Ayodhyā's river of grief surged forth.

Tulsī says it has never been heard anywhere that, when the body departs, its shadow remains behind. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 10: Ayodhyā Laments Sītā's Departure

जबहिं रघुपति-सँग सीय चली।

बिकल-बियोग लोग-पुरतिय कहैं, अति अन्याउ, अली॥ १ ॥

कोउ कहै, मनिगन तजत काँच लगि, करत न भूप भली।

कोउ कहै, कुल-कुबेलि कैकेयी दुख-बिष-फलनि फली॥ २ ॥

एक कहैं, बन जोग जानकी! बिधि बड़ बिषम बली।

तुलसीं कुलिसहुकी कठोरता तेहि दिन दलकि दली॥ ३ ॥

As soon as Sītā went with Raghupati,

The people and women of the city, distraught by separation, said, ‘Friend, this is a terrible injustice.’ (1)

One said, ‘The king does ill: for the sake of glass he is casting aside a host of jewels.’

Another said, ‘Kaikeyī is an ill-fated vine of the royal line, now laden with sorrow's poisonous fruits.’ (2)

One said, ‘Is Jānakī fit for the forest? Fate is terribly contrary and mighty.’

Tulsī says that day even the thunderbolt's hardness cracked and shattered. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 11: Lakṣmaṇa Seeks Leave to Follow

ठाढ़े हैं लषन कमलकर जोरे।

उर धकधकी, न कहत कछु सकुचनि, प्रभु परिहरत सबनि तृन तोरे?॥ १ ॥

कृपासिंधु अवलोकि बंधु तन, प्रान-कृपान बीर-सी छोरे।

तात बिदा माँगिए मातुसों, बनिहै बात उपाइ न औरै॥ २ ॥

जाइ चरन गहि आयसु जाँची, जननि कहत बहुभाँति निहोरे।

सिय-रघुबर-सेवा सुचि हैहौ तौ जानिहौ, सही सुत मोरे॥ ३ ॥

कीजहु इहै बिचार निरंतर, राम समीप सुकृत नहिं थोरे।

तुलसी सुनि सिष चले चकित-चित उड्यो मानो बिहग बधिक भए भोरे॥ ४ ॥

Lakṣmaṇa stands with his lotus hands joined.

His heart pounds; shyly he says nothing: ‘Is the Lord forsaking everyone, breaking the straw that bound him to them?’ (1)

The ocean of compassion looked upon his brother's body and saw him like a warrior with the sword of life drawn.

‘Dear one, ask leave of your mother; there is no other way for this matter to be settled.’ (2)

He went, clasped her feet, and asked permission; his mother entreated him in many ways:

‘Only if you become pure through serving Sītā and Raghubara shall I know you as truly my son. (3)

Keep this thought always: dwelling near Rāma is no small store of merit.’

Tulsī says that on hearing this teaching, the disciple set out, his heart astounded—like a bird that flies when the hunter grows unwary. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 12: Daśaratha's Last Meeting

मोको बिधुबदन विलोकन दीजै।

राम लषन मेरी यहैं भेंट, बलि, जाउ, जहाँ मोहि मिलि लीजै॥ १ ॥

सुनि पितु-बचन चरन गहे रघुपति, भूप अंक भरि लीन्हें।

अजहुँ अवनि बिदरत दरार मिस सो अवसर सुधि कीन्हें॥ २ ॥

पुनि सिर नाइ गवन कियो प्रभु, मुरछित भयो भूप न जाग्यो।

करम-चोर नृप-पथिक मारि मानो राम-रतन लै भाग्यो॥ ३ ॥

तुलसी रबिकुल-रबि रथ चढ़ि चले तकि दिसि दखिन सुहाई।

लोग नलिन भए मलिन अवध-सर, बिरह बिषम हिम पाई॥ ४ ॥

Let me behold your moon-face.

Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, this is my last meeting with you; I give myself—wherever I go, come and meet me there. (1)

Hearing his father's words, Raghupati clasped his feet, and the king gathered him into his arms.

Even now the earth seems to remember that moment and splits open in the guise of cracks. (2)

Then the Lord bowed his head and departed; the king fainted and did not awaken.

It was as though the thief called karma slew the kingly traveler and fled with the jewel named Rāma. (3)

Tulsī says the sun of the Solar line mounted the chariot and set out, gazing toward the lovely southern quarter.

The people-lotuses in Ayodhyā's lake grew pale, struck by the cruel frost of separation. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 13: How Far Is the Forest?

कहौ सो बिपिन है धौं केतिक दूरि।

जहाँ गवन कियो, कुँवर कोसलपति, बूझति सिय पिय पतिहि बिसूरि॥ १ ॥

प्राननाथ परदेस पयादेहि चले सुख सकल तजे तन तूरि।

करौं बयारि, बिलंबिय बिटपतर, झारौं हौं चरन-सरोरुह-धूरि॥ २ ॥

तुलसिदास प्रभु प्रियाबचन सुनि नीरजनयन नीर आए पूरि।

कानन कहाँ अबहिं सुनु सुंदरि, रघुपति फिरि चितए हित भूरि॥ ३ ॥

Tell me, how far away is that forest?

Grieving, Sītā asks her beloved husband, the prince of Kosala, where he has set out to go. (1)

Lord of my life, you journey on foot into a foreign land, having cast every pleasure away like a severed straw.

Let me fan you; pause beneath a tree, and I shall brush the dust from your lotus feet. (2)

Tulsīdāsa says that on hearing his beloved's words, water brimmed in the Lord's lotus eyes.

‘Listen, lovely one—where is the forest yet?’ Raghupati said, turning to look at her with abundant love. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 14: Rāma Looks Back at Sītā

फिरि-फिरि राम सीय तनु हेरत।

तृषित जानि जल लेन लषन गए, भुज उठाइ ऊँचे चढ़ि टेरत॥ १ ॥

अवनि कुरंग, बिहँग द्रुम-डारन रूप निहारत पलक न प्रेरत।

मगन न डरत निरखि कर-कमलनि सुभग सरासन सायक फेरत॥ २ ॥

अवलोकत मग-लोग चहूँ दिसि, मनहु चकोर चंद्रमहि घेरत।

ते जन भूरिभाग भूतलपर तुलसी राम-पथिक-पद जे रत॥ ३ ॥

Again and again Rāma turns to look at Sītā's form.

Knowing her thirsty, Lakṣmaṇa has gone for water; Rāma climbs high, raises his arm, and calls to him. (1)

Deer on the ground and birds on tree branches gaze upon his beauty without moving an eyelid.

Absorbed, they do not fear as they watch his lotus hands move over his lovely bow and arrows. (2)

People along the road look from every side, like chakora birds surrounding the moon.

Tulsī says those devoted to the feet of Rāma the traveler are greatly fortunate upon the earth. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 15: The Princes Shine upon the Road

नृपति-कुँवर राजत मग जात।

सुंदर बदन, सरोरुह-लोचन, मरकत कनकबरन मृदु गात॥ १ ॥

अंसनि चाप, तून कटि मुनि पट, जटामुकुट बिच नूतन पात।

फेरत पानि सरोजनि सायक, चोरत चितहि सहज मुसुकात॥ २ ॥

संग नारि सुकुमारि सुभग सुठि, राजति बिन भूषन नव-सात।

सुखमा निरखि ग्राम-बनितनिके नलिन-नयन बिकसित मनो प्रात॥ ३ ॥

अंग-अंग अगनित अनंग-छबि, उपमा कहत सुकबि सकुचात।

सियसमेत नित तुलसिदास चित, बसत किसोर पथिक दोउ भ्रात॥ ४ ॥

The king's sons shine as they travel along the road.

Their faces are lovely, their eyes are lotuses, and their tender bodies bear emerald and golden hues.

(1)

Bows rest on their shoulders, quivers at their waists, and hermit's cloth adorns them; fresh leaves lie amid their crowns of matted hair.

They turn arrows in their lotus hands and, smiling naturally, steal every heart. (2)

With them shines a most lovely, tender woman, though without the full sixteen ornaments.

Beholding her beauty, the village women's lotus eyes bloom as though at daybreak. (3)

Each limb holds the beauty of countless Loves; even good poets hesitate to offer a comparison.

Tulsīdāsa says that, together with Sītā, the two youthful traveler-brothers dwell forever in his

heart. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 16: Behold These Beautiful Travelers

तू देखि देखि री! पथिक परम सुंदर दोऊ।
 मरकत-कलधौत-बरन काम-कोटि-कांतिहरन,
 चरन-कमल कोमल अति, राजकुँवर कोऊ॥ १ ॥
 कर सर-धनु, कटि निषंग, मुनिपट सोहैं सुभग अंग,
 संग चंद्रबदनि बधू, सुंदरि सुठि सोऊ।
 तापस बर बेष किए, सोभा सब लूटि लिए,
 चितके चोर, बय किसोर, लोचन भरि जोऊ॥ २ ॥
 दिनकर-कुलमनि निहारि प्रेम-मगन ग्राम-नारि,
 परसपर कहैं, सखि! अनुराग ताग पोऊ।
 तुलसी यह ध्यान-सुधन जानि मानि लाभ सघन,
 कृपिन ज्यों सनेह सो हिये-सुगेह गोऊ॥ ३ ॥

Look, look, friend—those two travelers are supremely beautiful.
 Emerald-dark and burnished-gold in hue, they eclipse the radiance of millions of Loves.
 Their lotus feet are exceedingly tender; they must be royal princes. (1)
 Bows and arrows are in their hands, quivers at their waists, and hermit's cloth adorns their lovely limbs.
 With them is that very beautiful, moon-faced bride.
 Clad in the excellent dress of ascetics, they have plundered all beauty.
 They are youthful thieves of hearts—look your fill upon them. (2)
 Beholding the jewel of the Solar line, the village women are immersed in love.
 They tell one another, ‘Friend, string these jewels upon the thread of affection.’
 Tulsī says: recognize this contemplation as blessed treasure and esteem it as immense gain.
 Like a miser, lovingly hide it within the home of your heart. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 17: The Dark Prince's Beauty

कुँवर साँवरो, री सजनी! सुंदर सब अंग।
 रोम रोम छबि निहारि आलि बारि फेरि डारि,
 कोटि भानु-सुवन सरद-सोम, कोटि अनंग॥ १ ॥
 बाम अंग लसत चाप, मौलि मंजु जटा-कलाप,
 सुचि सर कर, मुनिपट कटि-तट कसे निषंग।
 आयत उर-बाहु नैन, मुख-सुखमाको लहै न,
 उपमा अवलोकि लोक, गिरामति-गति भंग॥ २ ॥
 यौं कहि भई मगन बाल, बिथकीं सुनि जुबति जाल,
 चितवत चले जात संग, मधुप-मृग-बिहंग।
 बरनों किमि तिनकी दसहि, निगम-अगम प्रेम-रसहि,
 तुलसी मन-बसन रँगै रुचिर रूपरंग॥ ३ ॥

The prince is dark, dear friend, and every limb is beautiful.
 Beholding the splendor in every pore, friend, cast the warding offering over him—
 Millions of the Sun's sons, autumn moons, and Loves. (1)
 The bow shines at his left side, and a lovely mass of matted hair crowns his head.
 A pure arrow is in his hand; hermit's cloth and a quiver are fastened at his waist.
 His chest, arms, and eyes are broad, while none can attain the beauty of his face.
 Seeking a likeness for him in the world, even the course of the goddess Speech's intellect is broken.
 (2)
 Speaking thus, the girl grew absorbed; hearing her, the circle of young women stood spent.
 Bees, deer, and birds went along beside them, gazing as they traveled.
 How can I describe their condition or that nectar of love inaccessible even to the Veda?
 Tulsī says the garment of their minds was dyed in the lovely color of his form. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 18: A Friend Beholds the Three Travelers

देखु, कोऊ परम सुंदर सखि! बटोही।
 चलत महि मृदु चरन अरुन-बारिज-बरन,
 भूपसुत रूपनिधि निरखि हौं मोही॥ १ ॥
 अमल मरकत स्याम, सील-सुखमा-धाम,
 गौरतनु सुभग सोभा सुमुखि जोही।
 जुगल बिच नारि सुकुमारि सुठि सुंदरी,
 इंदिरा इंदु-हरि मध्य जनु सोही॥ २ ॥
 करनि बर धनु तीर, रुचिर कटि तूनीर,
 धीर, सुर-सुखद, मरदन अवनि-द्रोही।
 अंबुजायत नयन, बदन-छबि बहु मयन,
 चारु चितवनि चतुर लेति चित पोही॥ ३ ॥
 बचन प्रिय सुनि श्रवन राम करुनाभवन,
 चितए सब अधिक हित सहित कछु ओही।
 दास तुलसी नेह-नियम बिसरी देह,
 जान नहि आपु तेहि काल धौं को ही॥ ४ ॥

Look, friend—some supremely beautiful travelers are passing.
 The king's sons walk the earth on tender feet the color of red lotuses.
 Beholding those treasures of beauty, I am enchanted. (1)
 One is dark as flawless emerald, an abode of character and loveliness; the other's fair body is
 radiant, lovely-faced friend.
 Between the pair is a tender, exceedingly beautiful woman.
 She shines like Indirā between the moon and Hari. (2)
 Excellent bows and arrows are in their hands, and lovely quivers at their waists.
 They are steadfast, givers of joy to the gods, and destroyers of the earth's foes.
 Their eyes are wide as lotus petals, their faces bear the beauty of many Loves,
 And their skillful, charming glances steal hearts away. (3)

When their lovely words entered the ears, Rāma, the abode of compassion,
Looked toward them with still greater affection.
Tulsī the servant says the discipline of love made every body be forgotten;
At that moment no one knew even themselves, or who anyone was. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 19: Look Well upon the Beautiful Travelers

सखि! नीके कै निरखि, कोऊ सुठि सुंदर बटोही।
 मधुर मूरति मदनमोहन जोहन-जोग,
 बदन सोभासदन देखि हौं मोही॥ १ ॥
 साँवरे-गोरे किसोर, सुर-मुनि-चित-चोर,
 उभय-अंतर एक नारि सोही।
 मनहु बारिद-बिधु बीच ललित अति,
 राजति तड़िति निज सहज बिछेही॥ २ ॥
 उर धीरजहि धरि, जनम सफल करि,
 सुनहि सुमुखि! जनि बिकल होही।
 को जानै, कौने सुकृत लह्यो है लोचन-लाहु,
 ताहितें बारहि बार कहति तोही॥ ३ ॥
 सखिहि सुसिख दर्ई, प्रेम-मगन भई,
 सुरति बिसरि गई आपनी ओही।
 तुलसी रही है ठाढ़ी पाहन गढ़ी-सी काढ़ी,
 कौन जानै, कहाँतें आई, कौनकी को ही॥ ४ ॥

Friend, look carefully: some exceedingly beautiful travelers are passing.
 Their sweet forms enchant even Love and are worthy of being seen.
 Beholding their faces, abodes of beauty, I am captivated. (1)
 The dark and fair youths steal the hearts of gods and sages.
 Between the two, a woman shines.
 It is as though, between cloud and moon, exquisite lightning rests,
 Having laid aside its own natural restlessness. (2)
 Hold courage in your heart and make your birth fruitful.
 Listen, lovely-faced friend; do not grow distraught.
 Who knows through what merit we have gained this reward for our eyes?
 That is why I tell you again and again. (3)

Having given her friend this good counsel, she herself sank into love
And lost all awareness of herself.

Tulsī says she remained standing like a figure carved from stone—
Who could know where she came from or whose relation she was? (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 20: Those Enchanting Travelers

माई! मनके मोहन जोहन-जोग जोही।
 थोरी ही बयस गोरे-साँवरे सलोने लोने,
 लोयन ललित, बिधुबदन बटोही॥ १ ॥
 सिरनि जटा-मुकुट मंजुल सुमनजुत,
 तैसिये लसति नव पल्लव खोही।
 किये मुनि-बेष बीर, धरे धनु-तून-तीर,
 सोहैं मग, को हैं, लखि परै न मोही॥ २ ॥
 सोभाको साँचो साँवरि रूप जातरूप,
 ढारि नारि बिरची बिरंचि, संग सोही।
 राजत रुचिर तनु सुंदर श्रमके कन,
 चाहे चकचौंधी लागै, कहौं का तोही?॥ ३ ॥
 सनेह-सिथिल सुनि बचन सकल सिया,
 चितई अधिक हित सहित ओही।
 तुलसी मनहु प्रभु-कृपाकी मूरति फिरि
 हेरि कै हरषि हिये लियो है पोही॥ ४ ॥

Mother, I have seen those enchanters of the heart, worthy of being seen.
 They are very young, one fair and one dark, lovely and delightful,
 Travelers with charming eyes and moonlike faces. (1)
 Lovely crowns of matted hair, decked with flowers, rest upon their heads,
 And fresh-leaf canopies shine in the same way.
 The heroes wear the garb of sages and bear bows, quivers, and arrows.
 They grace the road—but who they are, I cannot discern. (2)
 Using beauty as the mold and the gold of form,
 Brahmā cast and fashioned the woman who shines beside them.
 Lovely drops of exertion gleam upon their radiant bodies.
 What can I tell you? The sight almost dazzles the eyes. (3)

Hearing all her words, Sītā grew weak with affection
And looked upon her with yet greater love.
Tulsī says it was as though the embodied grace of the Lord turned,
Looked joyfully, and drew her heart into itself. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 21: The Autumn-Moon-Faced Bride

सखि सरद-बिमल बिधुबदनि बधूटी।
 ऐसी ललना सलोनी न भई, न है, न होनी,
 रत्यो रची बिधि जो छोलत छबि छूटी॥ १ ॥
 साँवरे गोरे पथिक बीच सोहति अधिक,
 तिहुँ त्रिभुवन-सोभा मनहु लूटी।
 तुलसी निरखि सिय प्रेमबस कहैं तिय,
 लोचन-सिसुन्ह देहु अमिय घूटी॥ २ ॥

Friend, the little bride has a face like the clear autumn moon.
 No woman so lovely has ever been, is now, or ever will be;
 It is as though Brahmā fashioned her from the beauty left over after creating Rati. (1)
 She shines surpassingly between the dark and fair travelers,
 As though she had plundered the beauty of all three worlds.
 Tulsī says that, seeing Sītā, the women cry out, overcome by love:
 ‘Give the children of your eyes a draught of nectar!’ (2)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 22: Bowls Filled with Beauty-Nectar

सोहैं साँवरे पथिक, पाछे ललना लोनी।
 दामिनि-बरन गोरी, लखि सखि तृन तोरी,
 बीती हैं बय किसोरी, जोबन होनी॥ १ ॥
 नीके कै निकाई देखि, जनम सफल लेखि,
 हम-सी भूरि-भागिनि नभ न छोनी।
 तुलसी-स्वामी-स्वामिनि जोहैं मोही हैं भामिनि,
 सोभा-सुधा पिए करि अँखिया दोनी॥ २ ॥

The dark traveler shines, and behind him comes the lovely woman.
 Fair as lightning—look, friend, she breaks a blade of grass in wonder;
 Her girlhood has passed, and youth is about to bloom. (1)
 Beholding this perfection of beauty, we count our birth fulfilled;
 None in heaven or on earth is more greatly blessed than we.
 Tulsī says the women gaze, enchanted, upon the Lord and Lady,
 Making both eyes into bowls from which they drink the nectar of beauty. (2)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 23: Enchantment Without a Spell

पथिक गोरे-साँवरे सुठि लोने।

संग सुतिय, जाके तनुतें लही है झुति सोन सरोरुह सोने॥ १ ॥

बय किसोर-सरि-पार मनोहर बयस-सिरोमनि होने।

सोभा-सुधा आलि! अँचवहु करि नयन मंजु मृदु दोने॥ २ ॥

हेरत हृदय हरत, नहि फेरत चारु बिलोचन कोने।

तुलसी प्रभु किधौं प्रभुको प्रेम पढ़े प्रगट कपट बिनु टोने॥ ३ ॥

The fair and dark travelers are exceedingly lovely.

With them is a woman whose body lent its radiance to the red lotus and to gold. (1)

They are crossing the river of adolescence, about to become the crown of youthful beauty.

Friend, make your charming, tender eyes into bowls and drink the nectar of their beauty. (2)

As they look, they steal the heart, without even turning the corners of their beautiful eyes.

Tulsī says: is this the Lord—or the Lord’s own love—openly uttering an enchantment, without concealment or spellcraft? (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 24: The Very Abode of Beauty

मनोहरताके मानो ऐन।

स्यामल-गौर किसोर पथिक दोउ, सुमुखि! निरखु भरि नैन॥ १ ॥

बीच बधू बिधुबदनि बिराजति, उपमा कहूँ कोऊ है न।

मानहु रति ऋतुनाथ सहित मुनिबेष बनाए है मैन॥ २ ॥

किधौँ सिंगार-सुखमा-सुप्रेम मिलि चले जग-चित-बित लैन।

अद्भुत त्रयी किधौँ पठई है बिधि मग-लोगन्हि सुख दैन॥ ३ ॥

सुनि सुचि सरल सनेह सुहावने ग्रामबधुन्हके बैन।

तुलसी प्रभु तरु तर बिलंबे, किए प्रेम कनोड़े कै न?॥ ४ ॥

They seem to be the very abode of loveliness.

Fair-faced friend, fill your eyes with the two youthful travelers, one dark and one fair. (1)

Between them shines the moon-faced bride, for whom no comparison can be found.

It is as though Love himself had assumed a sage's garb, together with Rati and the Lord of Spring.
(2)

Or perhaps adornment, beauty, and pure love have joined to plunder the world's hearts and treasure;

Perhaps Brahmā has sent this wondrous triad to bring delight to the people along the road. (3)

Hearing the village women's pure, simple, lovely words of affection,

Tulsī says the Lord lingered beneath tree after tree—for whom has love not placed under obligation? (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 25: Youthful Bowmen on the Forest Road

बय किसोर गोरे साँवरे धनुवान धरे हैं।
 सब अँग सहज सोहावने, राजिव जिते नैननि-बदननि बिधु निदरे हैं॥ १ ॥
 तून-सुमुनिपट कटि कसे, जटा-मुकुट करे हैं।
 मंजु मधुर मृदुमूरति, पान्ध्यों न पायनि, कैसे धौं पथ विचरे हैं॥ २ ॥
 उभय बीच बनिता बनी, लखि मोहि परे हैं।
 मदन सप्रिया सप्रिय सखा मुनि-बेष बनाए लिये मन जात हरे हैं॥ ३ ॥
 सुनि जहँ तहँ देखन चले अनुराग भरे हैं।
 राम-पथिक छवि निरखि कै, तुलसी, मग-लोगनि धाम-काम विसरे हैं॥ ४ ॥

Fair and dark, in the flower of youth, they carry their bows.

Every limb is naturally lovely; their eyes defeat the lotus, and their faces put the moon to shame.

(1)

Quivers and fine ascetic cloth are fastened at their waists, and matted locks crown their heads.

Their forms are charming, gentle, and tender; with no sandals on their feet, how can they travel this road? (2)

A beautiful woman appears between the two and leaves me spellbound.

They seem like Love with his beloved and his beloved companion, all dressed as sages, stealing every heart as they pass. (3)

Hearing of them, people everywhere go out to see them, filled with affection.

Tulsī says that, beholding the beauty of Rāma the traveler, the people on the road forget both home and work. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 26: Jewels Sent into the Forest

कैसे पितु-मातु, कैसे ते प्रिय-परिजन हैं?
 जगजलधि ललाम, लोने लोने, गौर-स्याम,
 जिन पठए हैं ऐसे बालकनि बन हैं॥ १ ॥
 रूपके न पारावार, भूपके कुमार मुनि-बेष,
 देखत लोनाई लघु लागत मदन हैं।
 सुखमाकी मूर्ति-सी साथ निसिनाथ-मुखी,
 नखसिख अंग सब सोभाके सदन हैं॥ २ ॥
 पंकज-करनि चाप, तीर-तरकस कटि,
 सरद-सरोजहुतें सुंदर चरन हैं।
 सीता-राम-लषन निहारि ग्रामनारि कहैं,
 हेरि, हेरि, हेरि! हेली हियके हरन हैं॥ ३ ॥
 प्रानहूके प्रानसे, सुजीवनके जीवनसे,
 प्रेमहूके प्रेम, रंक कृपिनके धन हैं।
 तुलसीके लोचन-चकोरके चंद्रमासे,
 आछे मन-मोर चित चातकके घन हैं॥ ४ ॥

What kind of parents, what kind of dear relations can they be
 Who sent such lovely fair and dark children—jewels of the ocean of the world—
 Into the forest? (1)
 Their beauty has no farther shore: princes dressed as sages,
 Whose loveliness makes Love himself seem small when they are seen.
 With them is a moon-faced woman, the very embodiment of grace;
 From head to foot, every limb is a dwelling place of beauty. (2)
 Bows rest in lotus hands, arrows and quivers at their waists,
 And their feet are lovelier than autumn lotuses.
 Beholding Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa, the village women cry:
 ‘Look, look, look, friend! They steal the heart!’ (3)

They are the very life of life, the life within true living,
The love within love, and the treasure of the poor and miserly.
For Tulsī's cakora-like eyes they are moons;
For the peacock of his mind and the cātaka of his heart they are beautiful rainclouds. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 27: Fair and Dark Travelers

देखि! हैं पथिक गौर-साँवरे सुभगा हैं।
सुतिय सलोनी संग सोहति सुभगा हैं॥ १ ॥
सोभासिंधु-संभव-से नीके नीके नग हैं।
मातु-पितु-भाग बस गए परि फँदा हैं॥ २ ॥
पाँड़ पनही न, मृदु पंकज-से पग हैं।
रूपकी मोहनी मेलि मोहे अग-जग हैं॥ ३ ॥
मुनि-बेष धरे, धनु-सायक सुलग हैं।
तुलसी-हिये लसत लोने लोने डग हैं॥ ४ ॥

Look! The fair and dark travelers are radiant with beauty.
A lovely, graceful woman shines beautifully beside them. (1)
They are exquisite jewels born from the ocean of beauty;
By the fortune of their parents, they have come and fallen into our snare of sight. (2)
They have no sandals on their feet, and their steps are tender as lotuses.
Casting beauty's enchantment, they have bewitched the moving and unmoving world. (3)
They wear the dress of sages, and bows and arrows become them well.
Tulsī says their lovely, lovely steps shine within his heart. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 28: Barefoot Along the Thorny Road

पथिक पयादे जात पंकज-से पाय हैं।
 मारग कठिन, कुस-कंटक-निकाय हैं॥ १ ॥
 सखी! भूखे-प्यासे, पै चलत चित चाय हैं।
 इन्हके सुकृत सुर-संकर सहाय हैं॥ २ ॥
 रूप-सोभा-प्रेमके-से कमनीय काय हैं।
 मुनिबेष किये, किधौं ब्रह्म-जीव-माय हैं॥ ३ ॥
 बीर, बरियार, धीर, धनुधर-राय हैं।
 दसचारि-पुर-पाल आली उरगाय हैं॥ ४ ॥
 मग-लोग देखत करत हाय हाय हैं।
 बन इनको तो बाम बिधि कै बनाय हैं॥ ५ ॥
 धन्य ते, जे मीन-से अवधि अंबु-आय हैं।
 तुलसी प्रभुसों जिन्हूँके भले भाय हैं॥ ६ ॥

The travelers go on foot, though their feet are like lotuses;
 The road is hard and filled with masses of kuśa grass and thorns. (1)
 Friend, though hungry and thirsty, they walk on with eager hearts.
 By the strength of their merit, the gods and Śaṅkara are their helpers. (2)
 Their lovely bodies seem to embody form, splendor, and love;
 Or perhaps Brahman, the individual soul, and Māyā have assumed the dress of sages. (3)
 They are heroic, mighty, steadfast, and foremost among bowmen;
 Friend, they are Hari of exalted fame, guardian of the fourteen worlds. (4)
 The people along the road look on and cry, ‘Alas! Alas!’
 Fate has made this forest exile terribly adverse for them. (5)
 Blessed are those whose lives, like fish, subsist in the water of the appointed term until their return.
 Tulsī says blessed too are all whose hearts are well disposed toward the Lord. (6)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 29: Some Princes Walk This Way

सजनी! हैं कोउ राजकुमार।

पंथ चलत मृदु पद-कमलनि दोउ सील-रूप-आगार॥ १ ॥

आगे राजिवनैन स्याम-तनु, सोभा अमित अपार।

डारौं वारि अंग-अंगनिपर कोटि-कोटि सत मार॥ २ ॥

पाछें गौर किसोर मनोहर, लोचन-बदन उदार।

कटि तूनीर कसे, कर सर-धनु, चले हरन छिति-भार॥ ३ ॥

जुगुल बीच सुकुमारि नारि इक राजति बिनहि सिंगार।

इंद्रनील, हाटक, मुकुतामनि जनु पहिरे महि हार॥ ४ ॥

अवलोकहु भरि नैन, बिकल जनि होहु, करहु सुबिचार।

पुनि कहँ यह सोभा, कहँ लोचन, देह-गेह-संसार?॥ ५ ॥

सुनि प्रिय-बचन चिते हित कै रघुनाथ कृपा-सुखसार।

तुलसिदास प्रभु हरे सबन्हिके मन, तन रही न संभार॥ ६ ॥

Friend, they must be princes of some royal house.

These two abodes of virtue and beauty walk the road upon tender lotus feet. (1)

In front is the lotus-eyed, dark-bodied prince, whose beauty is measureless and boundless;

Upon each of his limbs I would sacrifice hundreds of millions of Loves. (2)

Behind him is the charming fair youth, noble of eye and face;

A quiver fastened at his waist, arrows and bow in hand, he goes to remove the earth's burden. (3)

Between the pair shines a tender woman, adorned without adornment.

Together they seem a necklace of sapphire, gold, and pearl worn by the earth. (4)

Look upon them with eyes filled full; do not become distraught, but consider well:

When will such beauty appear again? Where then will our eyes, bodies, homes, and this world be?

(5)

Hearing these loving words, Raghunātha—the essence of grace and joy—looked toward them with affection.

Tulsīdāsa says the Lord stole every heart, and no one retained awareness even of the body. (6)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 30: Beautiful from Head to Foot

देखु री सखी! पथिक नख-सिख नीके हैं।
 नीले पीले कमल-से कोमल कलेवरनि,
 तापस हू बेष किये काम कोटि फीके हैं॥ १ ॥
 सुकृत-सनेह-सील-सुषमा-सुख सकेलि,
 बिरचे बिरंचि किधौं अमिय, अमीके हैं।
 रूपकी-सी दामिनी सुभामिनी सोहति संग,
 उमहु रमातें आछे अंग अंग ती के हैं॥ २ ॥
 बन-पट कसे कटि, तून-तीर-धनु धरे,
 धीर, बीर, पालक कृपालु सबहीके हैं।
 पानही न, चरन-सरोजनि चलत मग,
 कानन पठाए पितु-मातु कैसे ही के हैं॥ ३ ॥
 आली अवलोकि लेहु, नयननिके फल येहु,
 लाभके सुलाभ, सुखजीवन-से जी के हैं।
 धन्य नर-नारि जे निहारि बिनु गाहक हू,
 आपने आपने मन मोल बिनु बीके हैं॥ ४ ॥
 बिबुध बरषि फूल हरषि हिये कहत,
 ग्राम-लोग मगन सनेह सिय-पी के हैं।
 जोगीजन-अगम दरस पायो पाँवरनि,
 प्रमुदित मन सुनि सुरप-सची के हैं॥ ५ ॥
 प्रीतिके सुबालक-से लालत सुजन मुनि,
 मग चारु चरित लषन-राम-सी के हैं।
 जोग न बिराग-जाग, तप न तीरथ-त्याग,
 एही अनुराग भाग खुले तुलसी के हैं॥ ६ ॥

Look, friend! The travelers are beautiful from head to foot.
 Their tender bodies resemble blue and yellow lotuses;
 Even though they wear ascetic garb, millions of Loves appear pale beside them. (1)
 Perhaps Brahmā gathered merit, affection, virtue, grace, and joy
 And fashioned these nectars from nectar itself.
 The radiant woman beside them shines like lightning embodied as beauty;
 Each of her limbs surpasses even Umā and Rāmā. (2)
 Forest cloth is fastened at their waists, and they bear quivers, arrows, and bows.
 Steadfast and heroic, they are compassionate protectors of everyone.
 With no sandals, they walk the road upon lotus feet—
 What sort of parents could have sent them into the forest? (3)
 Friend, behold them; this is the fruit of having eyes,
 The finest of gains, and life itself within a happy life.
 Blessed are the men and women who look upon them and, though no buyer asks,
 Freely sell their hearts without a price. (4)
 The gods shower flowers and rejoice inwardly, saying,
 ‘The village people are absorbed in love for Sītā and her Lord.’
 Simple folk have received a vision inaccessible even to yogis;
 Hearing of it, Indra and Śacī rejoice in their hearts. (5)
 Good people and sages cherish the lovely deeds of Lakṣmaṇa, Rāma, and Sītā along the road
 As though nurturing love’s own tender children.
 Neither yoga, nor awakened detachment, nor austerity, pilgrimage, or renunciation—
 Through this love alone has Tulsī’s fortune opened. (6)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 31: Reading the Footprints of Love

रीति चलिबेकी चाहि, प्रीति पहिचानिकै।
 आपनी आपनी कहैं, प्रेम-परबस अहैं,
 मंजु मृदु बचन सनेह-सुधा सानिकै॥ १ ॥
 साँवरे कुँवरके बराइकै चरनके चिन्ह,
 बधू पग धरति कहा धौं जिय जानिकै।
 जुगल कमल-पद-अंक जोगवत जात,
 गोरे गात कुँवर महिमा महा मानिकै॥ २ ॥
 उनकी कहनि नीकी, रहनि लषन-सी की,
 तिनको गहनि जे पथिक उर आनिकै।
 लोचन सजल, तन पुलक, मगन मन,
 होत भूरिभागी जस तुलसी बखानिकै॥ ३ ॥

Recognizing their love from the manner of their walking,
 Each person speaks according to their own understanding, overpowered by love,
 Their charming, tender words steeped in the nectar of affection. (1)
 The bride carefully avoids placing her feet upon the dark prince's footprints—
 What does she understand within her heart as she steps?
 And the fair-bodied prince proceeds preserving the lotus-footprints of both,
 Holding their greatness in the highest reverence. (2)
 Good are the villagers' words, good the conduct of Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa,
 And good is the taking-in of those travelers by bringing them into the heart.
 With tear-filled eyes, thrilled bodies, and minds absorbed in them,
 People become greatly blessed; Tulsī is blessed too by recounting their glory. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 32: The Roadside People Cross the Ocean

जेहि जेहि मग सिय-राम-लखन गए,
 तहुँ-तहँ नर-नारि बिनु छर छरिगे।
 निरखि निकाई-अधिकाई बिथकित भए,
 बचन बिय-नैन-सर सोभा-सुधा भरिगे॥ १ ॥
 जोते बिनु, बए बिनु, निफज निराए बिनु,
 सुकृत-सुखेत सुख-सालि फूलि-फरिगे।
 मुनिहु मनोरथको अगम अलभ्य लाभ,
 सुगम सो राम लघु लोगनिको करिगे॥ २ ॥
 लालची, कौड़ीके कूर पारस परे हैं पाले,
 जानत न को हैं, कहा कीबो सो बिसरिगे।
 बुधि न बिचार, न बिगार न सुधार सुधि,
 देह-गेह-नेह-नाते मनसे निसरिगे॥ ३ ॥
 बरषि सुमन सुर हरषि हरषि कहें,
 ‘अनायास भवनिधि नीच नीके तरिगे’।
 सो सनेह-समउ सुमिरि तुलसीहूके-से
 भली भाँति भले पैत, भले पाँसे परिगे॥ ४ ॥

Whichever roads Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa traveled,
 The men and women there were winnowed pure without being winnowed.
 Stunned by such surpassing beauty, their speech fell still,
 And the twin lakes of their bodily eyes filled with the nectar of splendor. (1)
 Without plowing, sowing, or careful weeding,
 The rice of joy flowered and fruited in the good field of merit.
 The gain inaccessible to even a sage’s aspiration, rare beyond attainment,
 Rāma made easy for the humblest people. (2)
 Those greedy for cowries found the philosopher’s stone beside them;
 They no longer knew who these travelers were and forgot what they meant to do.

No reason or reflection remained, nor concern for harm or improvement;
From their minds departed all ties of body, home, affection, and kinship. (3)
Showering flowers, the gods rejoice and declare:
‘Without effort, these lowly people have crossed the ocean of becoming well!’
Remembering that hour of love, even one like Tulsī
Found the steps auspicious and the dice falling well. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 33: Rāma Receives the Forest Command

बोले राज देनको, रजायसु भो काननको,
 आनन प्रसन्न, मन मोद, बड़ो काज भो।
 मातु-पिता-बन्धु-हित आपनो परम हित,
 मोको बीसहूकै ईस अनुकूल आजु भो॥ १ ॥
 असन अजीरनको समुझि तिलक तज्यो,
 बिपिन-गवनु भले भूखेको सुनाजु भो।
 धरम-धुरीन धीर बीर रघुबीरजूको,
 कोटि राज सरिस भरतजूको राजु भो॥ २ ॥
 ऐसी बातें कहत सुनत मग-लोगनकी,
 चले जात बंधु दोउ मुनिको सो साज भो।
 ध्याइबेको, गाइबेको, सेइबे सुमिरिबेको,
 तुलसीको सब भाँति सुखद समाज भो॥ ३ ॥

The king spoke of giving the kingdom, but the command became one for the forest;
 Rāma's face brightened and his heart rejoiced—a great purpose had been accomplished.
 It served the good of mother, father, and brother, and his own highest good;
 'Today the Lord of all twenty parts is wholly favorable to me.' (1)
 Regarding the coronation as food offered to one with indigestion, he renounced it;
 He received the forest journey as wholesome grain received by the hungry.
 For steadfast, heroic Raghubīra, bearer of the burden of dharma,
 Bharata's kingship was equal to millions of kingdoms of his own. (2)
 Listening as the people along the road spoke such words,
 The two brothers went onward dressed like sages.
 For meditation, song, service, and remembrance,
 Tulsī found their whole company delightful in every way. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 34: The Calamity-Vine in Ayodhyā

सिरिस-सुमन-सुकुमारि, सुखमाकी सींव,
सीय राम बड़े ही सकोच संग लई हैं।
भाईके प्रान समान, प्रियाके प्रानके प्रान,
जानि बानि प्रीति रीति कृपासील मई हैं॥ १ ॥

आलबाल-अवध सुकामतरु कामबेलि,
दूरि करि केकई बिपत्ति-बेलि बई हैं।
आप, पति, पूत, गुरुजन, प्रिय परिजन,
प्रजाहूको कुटिल दुसह दसा दई हैं॥ २ ॥

पंकज-से पगनि पानह्यौं न, परुष पंथ,
कैसे निबहे हैं, निबहेंगे, गति नई हैं?।
येही सोच-संकट-मगन मग-नर-नारि,
सबकी सुमति राम-राग, रंग रई हैं॥ ३ ॥

एक कहैं, बाम बिधि दाहिनो हमको भयो,
उत कीन्हीं पीठि, इतको सुडीठि भई हैं।
तुलसी सहित बनबासी मुनि हमरिऔ,
अनायास अधिक अघाइ बनि गई हैं॥ ४ ॥

Tender as a śirīṣa blossom and the very limit of beauty,
Sītā was taken along by Rāma only with the deepest hesitation.
Knowing the nature and law of love, the compassionate Lord—
Who is life itself to his brother and the life within his beloved's life—consented. (1)
From Ayodhyā's garden-bed Kaikeyī uprooted the wish-fulfilling tree and desire-vine,
And planted in their place a vine of calamity.
For herself, her husband and son, elders, beloved kin,
And even the people, she created a crooked and unbearable condition. (2)
Their lotus feet wear no sandals, while the road is harsh;
How have they endured thus far, and how will they continue—what strange course is this?

The men and women on the road are absorbed in this anxious thought,
And every good mind is dyed in the color of love for Rāma. (3)
One says, 'Fate, adverse there, has become favorable to us;
It turned its back upon them, but its gracious gaze fell here.'
Tulsī says that for us, together with the forest-dwelling sages,
Everything has unexpectedly turned out more than satisfying. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 35: I Could Not Look Long Enough

नीके कै मैं न बिलोकन पाए।

सखि! यहि मग जुग पथिक मनोहर, बधु बिधु-बदनि समेत सिधाए॥ १ ॥

नयन सरोज, किसोर बयस बर, सीस जटा रचि मुकुट बनाए।

कटि मुनिबसन-तून, धनु-सर कर, स्यामल-गौर, सुभाय सोहाए॥ २ ॥

सुंदर बदन बिसाल बाहु-उर, तनु-छबि कोटि मनोज लजाए।

चितवत मोहि लगी चौंधी-सी, जानौं न, कौन, कहाँ तें धौं आए॥ ३ ॥

मनु गयो संग, सोचबस लोचन मोचत बारि, कितौ समुझाए।

तुलसिदास लालसा दरसकी सोइ पुरवै, जेहि आनि देखाए॥ ४ ॥

I was not able to look upon them well enough.

Friend, two enchanting travelers passed this way with a moon-faced bride. (1)

Their eyes were lotuses, their age the finest youth, and matted locks formed crowns upon their heads.

Ascetic cloth and quivers were at their waists, bows and arrows in their hands; dark and fair, they shone by their very nature. (2)

Their faces were beautiful, their chests and arms broad; the radiance of their bodies shamed millions of Loves.

Looking upon them dazzled me, and I could not tell who they were or whence they had come. (3)

My heart went with them, and my eyes, overcome by sorrow, release streams of tears however much I reason with them.

Tulsidāsa says only the one who brought them here for me to see can fulfill this longing for their vision. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 36: Will the Two Heroes Not Return?

पुनि न फिरे दोउ बीर बटाऊ।

स्यामल गौर, सहज सुंदर, सखि! बारक बहुरि बिलोकिबे काऊ॥ १ ॥

कर-कमलनि सर, सुभग सरासन, कटि मुनिबसन-निषंग सोहाए।

भुज प्रलंब, सब अंग मनोहर, धन्य सो जनक-जननि जेहि जाए॥ २ ॥

सरद-बिमल बिधु बदन, जटा सिर, मंजुल अरुन-सरोरुह-लोचन।

तुलसिदास मनमय मारगमें राजत कोटि-मदन-मदमोचन॥ ३ ॥

Have the two heroic travelers not returned this way?

Dark and fair, beautiful by nature—friend, might we behold them once again? (1)

Arrows rest in their lotus hands with lovely bows; ascetic cloth and quivers shine at their waists.

Their arms are long and every limb enchanting; blessed are the father and mother who gave them birth. (2)

Their faces are like the clear autumn moon, matted locks crown their heads, and their eyes are lovely red lotuses.

Tulsidāsa says they shine upon the road within his mind, breaking the pride of millions of Loves.

(3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 37: Where Are the Travelers Going?

आली! काहू तों बूझ्यो न, पथिक कहाँ धौं सिधैहैं।
 कहाँतें आए हैं, को हैं, कहा नाम स्याम-गोरे,
 काज के कुसल फिरि एहि मग ऐहैं? ॥ १ ॥
 उठति बयस, मसि भीजति, सलौने सुठि,
 सोभा-देखवैया बिनु बित ही बिकैहैं।
 हियें हेरि हेरि लेत लोने ललना समेत,
 लोयननि लाभु देत जहाँ जहाँ जैहैं ॥ २ ॥
 राम-लखन-सिय-पंथिकी कथा पृथुल,
 प्रेम बिथकीं कहति सुमुखि सबै हैं।
 तुलसी तिन्ह सरिस तेउ भूरिभाग जेउ
 सुनि कै सुचित तेहि समै समैहैं ॥ ३ ॥

Friend, did no one ask where the travelers are bound?
 Whence have they come, who are they, what are the names of the dark and fair youths,
 And, their purpose safely accomplished, will they return by this road? (1)
 Their youth is rising, its first dark tint appearing; they are exceedingly lovely.
 Those who behold their beauty sell themselves away without receiving a price.
 Together with the lovely woman, they take every heart merely by looking,
 And wherever they go, they bestow upon the eyes their highest reward. (2)
 Every fair-faced woman, pierced by love, tells at length
 The story of Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā upon the road.
 Tulsī says those who hear the story with an attentive heart and enter that very moment
 Are as greatly blessed as the women themselves. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 38: No News of the Travelers

बहुत दिन बीते सुधि कछु न लही।
 गए जो पथिक गोरे-साँवरे सलोने,
 सखि! संग नारि सुकुमारि रही॥ १ ॥
 जति-पहिचानि बिनु आपनें, आपुनें हुतें,
 प्रानहुतें प्यारे प्रियतम उपही।
 सुधाके, सनेहहूके सार लै सँवारे बिधि,
 जैसे भावतें हैं भाँति जाति न कही॥ २ ॥
 बहुरि बिलोकिबे कबधुक, कहत,
 तनु पुलक, नयन जलधार बही।
 तुलसी प्रभु सुमिरि ग्रामजुबती सिथिल,
 बिनु प्रयास परों प्रेम सही॥ ३ ॥

Many days have passed, yet no news has come
 Of the lovely fair and dark travelers who went away,
 Friend, with a tender woman beside them. (1)
 Though strangers, unknown and unrecognized, they seemed more our own than our own,
 Beloved dearer even than life itself.
 Brahmā fashioned them from the essences of nectar and affection;
 The way they delight the heart cannot be told in any manner. (2)
 ‘When shall we behold them again?’ the women ask,
 Their bodies thrilling and streams of tears flowing from their eyes.
 Tulsī says the village women grow weak remembering the Lord,
 And without effort attain perfection in true love. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 39: Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa of Ayodhyā

आली री! पथिक जे एहि पंथ परौं सिधाए।
 ते तौं राम-लखन अवधतें आए॥ १ ॥
 संग सिय सब अंग सहज सोहाए।
 रति-काम-ऋतुपति कोटिक लजाए॥ २ ॥
 राजा दसरथ, रानी कोसिला जाए।
 कैकयी कुचाल करि कानन पठाए॥ ३ ॥
 बचन कुमतिनिके भूपहि क्यों भाए?
 हाय! हाय! राय बाम बिधि भरमाए॥ ४ ॥
 कुलगुर सचिव काहू न समुझाए।
 काँच-मनि लै अमोल मानिक गवाँए॥ ५ ॥
 भाग मग-लोगनिके, देखन जे पाए।
 तुलसी सहित जिन गुन-गन गाए॥ ६ ॥

Friend, the travelers who passed along this road
 Are Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, come from Ayodhyā. (1)
 Sītā is with them, every limb naturally beautiful;
 Together they shame millions of Ratis, Loves, and Lords of Spring. (2)
 King Daśaratha and Queen Kauśalyā gave them birth;
 Through her crooked scheme, Kaikeyī sent them to the forest. (3)
 Why did the king accept the words of that evil-minded woman?
 Alas, alas! Adverse fate bewildered the king. (4)
 Did neither the family preceptor nor any minister counsel him?
 Taking a bead of glass, he lost a priceless jewel. (5)
 Fortunate are the people on the road who were able to see them,
 And, with Tulsī, those who sing the multitude of their virtues. (6)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 40: Since I Saw the Two Brothers

सखि! जबतें सीतासमेत देखे दोउ भाई।
 तबतें परै न कल, कछु न सोहाई॥ १ ॥
 नखसिख नीके, नीके निरखि निकाई।
 तन-सुधि गई, मन अनत न जाई॥ २ ॥
 हेरनि-हँसनि हिय लिये हैं चोराई।
 पावन-प्रेम-बिबस भई हौं पराई॥ ३ ॥
 कैसे पितु-मातु प्रिय परिजन-भाई।
 जीवत जीवके जीवन बनहि पठाई॥ ४ ॥
 समउ सो चित करि हित अधिकाई।
 प्रीति ग्रामबधुनकी तुलसिहु गाई॥ ५ ॥

Friend, ever since I beheld the two brothers together with Sītā,
 I have found no peace, and nothing else delights me. (1)
 They are beautiful from head to foot; gazing deeply upon their beauty,
 I lost awareness of the body, and my mind will go nowhere else. (2)
 Their glances and smiles have stolen my heart;
 Overpowered by holy love, I have become a stranger even to myself. (3)
 What sort of parents, beloved relatives, and brothers
 Could send into the forest the very life of all who live? (4)
 Remembering that moment, love grows greater within the heart;
 Tulsī too has sung the village women's love. (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 41: News of the Exiles

जबतें सिधारे एहि मारग लखन-राम
 जानकी सहित, तबतें न सुधि लही हैं।
 अवध गए धौं फिरि, कैधौं चढ़े बिंध्यगिरि,
 कैधौं कहाँ रहे, सो कछु, न काहु कही हैं॥ १ ॥

एक कहै, चित्रकूट निकट नदीके तीर,
 परनकुटीर करि बसे, बात सही हैं।
 सुनियत, भरत मनाइबेको आवत हैं,
 होइगी पै सोई, जो बिधाता चित चही हैं॥ २ ॥

सत्यसंध, धरम-धुरीन रघुनाथजूको,
 आपनी निबाहिबे, नृपकी निरबही हैं।
 दस-चारि बरिस बिहार बन पदचार,
 करिबे पुनीत सैल, सर-सरि, मही हैं॥ ३ ॥

मुनि-सुर-सुजन-समाजके सुधारि काज,
 बिगारि बिगारि जहाँ जहाँ जाकी रही हैं।
 पुर पाँव धारिहैं, उधारिहैं तुलसीहू से जन,
 जिन जानि कै गरीबी गाढ़ी गही हैं॥ ४ ॥

Since Lakṣmaṇa and Rāma passed along this road with Jānakī,
 No news of them has reached us.
 Did they return to Ayodhyā, climb the Vindhya mountain, or remain somewhere else?
 No one has said anything at all. (1)

One woman says, ‘Near Citrakūṭa, on a riverbank,
 They have built a leaf-hut and settled there—this report is true.
 It is said that Bharata is coming to persuade them to return,
 Yet only what the Creator has willed in his heart will happen.’ (2)

Truth-bound Raghunātha, bearer of the burden of dharma,
 Must fulfill his own vow now that the king has fulfilled his.
 For fourteen years he will roam the forests on foot,

Making mountains, lakes, rivers, and the earth holy. (3)
Having repaired the affairs of sages, gods, and good people
Wherever each one's condition has fallen into ruin,
He will set foot in the capital and deliver even servants like Tulsī,
Who have knowingly clung tightly to their poverty of spirit. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 42: The Hunter Princes at Citrakūṭa

ये उपही कोउ कुँवर अहेरी।

स्याम गौर, धनु-बान-तूनधर चित्रकूट अब आइ रहे, री॥ १ ॥

इन्हहि बहुत आदरत महामुनि, समाचार मेरे नाह कहे, री।

बनिता-बंधु समेत बसे बन, पितु हित कठिन कलेस सहे, री॥ २ ॥

बचन परसपर कहति किरातिनि, पुलक गात, जल नयन बहे, री।

तुलसी प्रभुहि बिलोकति एकटक, लोचन जनु बिनु पलक लहे, री॥ ३ ॥

These foreigners seem to be princes who hunt.

Dark and fair, bearing bows, arrows, and quivers, they have now come to dwell at Citrakūṭa, friend.

(1)

Great sages honor them deeply—my husband told me this news.

They have settled in the forest with the woman and the brother, enduring severe hardships for their father's sake, friend. (2)

The Kirāta women speak these words to one another, their bodies thrilled and tears flowing from their eyes.

Tulsī says they gaze fixedly upon the Lord, as though their eyes had been granted freedom from blinking, friend. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 43: The Beauty of Citrakūṭa

चित्रकूट अति बिचित्र, सुंदर बन, महि पबित्र,
 पावनि पय-सरित सकल मल-निकंदिनी।
 सानुज जहँ बसत राम, लोक-लोचनाभिराम,
 बाम अंग बामाबर बिस्व-बंदिनी॥ १ ॥

रिषिबर तहँ छंद बास, गावत कलकंठ हास,
 कीरतन उनमाय काय क्रोध-कंदिनी।
 बर बिधान करत गान, वारत धन-मान-प्राण,
 झरना झर झिंग झिंग झिंग जलतरंगिनी॥ २ ॥

बर बिहारु चरन चारु पाँडर चंपक चनार
 करनहार बार पार पुर-पुरंगिनी।
 जोबन नव ढरत ढार दुत्त मत्त मृग मराल
 मंद मंद गुंजत हैं अलि अलिंगिनी॥ ३ ॥

चितवत मुनिगन चकोर, बैठे निज ठौर ठौर,
 अच्छय अकलंक सरद-चंद-चंदिनी।
 उदित सदा बन-अकास, मुदित बदत तुलसिदास,
 जय जय रघुनंदन जय जनकनंदिनी॥ ४ ॥

Citrakūṭa is wondrous beyond measure: its forest is beautiful, its earth holy,
 And the sacred Payasvinī River destroys every impurity.
 There Rāma dwells with his younger brother, delighting the eyes of the world,
 While at his left sits the world-revered Lady, best of women. (1)
 Excellent sages dwell there freely, singing with lovely voices and joyful smiles,
 Their bodies freed from anger as they create songs of praise.
 With excellent discipline they sing, offering wealth, honor, and life,
 While waterfalls fall and their waters ring ‘jhiṅg, jhiṅg, jhiṅg.’ (2)
 Among pāṇḍara, campaka, and kacanāra trees, the women of the settlement
 Offer themselves again and again to the Lord whose lovely feet roam there.
 Youth seems newly poured into a fresh mold; intoxicated deer and swans dart about,

And pairs of bees hum softly together. (3)

Sage-cakoras, seated in their own places, gaze

Upon the imperishable, stainless autumn moon and moonlight—Rāma and Sītā—

Forever risen in the sky of the forest. Tulsīdāsa joyfully declares:

Victory, victory to Raghunandana! Victory to Janakanandinī! (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 44: Rāma and Sītā at the Mandākinī

फटिकसिला मृदु बिसाल, संकुल सुरतरु-तमाल
 ललित लता-जाल हरति छबि बितानकी।
 मंदाकिनि-तटिनि-तीर, मंजुल मृग-बिहग-भीर
 धीर मुनिगिरा गभीर सामगानकी॥ १ ॥

मधुकर-पिक-बरहि मुखर, सुंदर गिरि निरझर झर,
 जल-कन घन-छाँह, छन प्रभा न भानकी।
 सब ऋतु ऋतुपति प्रभाउ, संतत बहै त्रिबिध बाउ,
 जनु बिहार-बाटिका नृप पंच बानकी॥ २ ॥

बिरचित तहँ परनसाल, अति बिचित्र लषनलाल,
 निवसत जहँ नित कृपालु राम-जानकी।
 निजकर राजीवनयन पल्लव-दल-रचित सयन,
 प्यास परसपर पीयूष प्रेम-पानकी॥ ३ ॥

सिय अँग लिखें धातुराग, सुमननि भूषन-बिभाग,
 तिलक-करनि का कहौं कलानिधानकी।
 माधुरी-बिलास-हास, गावत जस तुलसिदास,
 बसति हृदय जोरी प्रिय परम प्रानकी॥ ४ ॥

A broad, smooth crystal slab stands amid wish-fulfilling trees and tamālas;
 Graceful lattices of vines outshine the beauty of a canopy.
 On the bank of the Mandākinī are lovely throngs of deer and birds,
 And the deep, steady voices of sages singing the Sāman chants. (1)
 Bees, cuckoos, and peacocks call while lovely mountain waterfalls cascade;
 Droplets and dense shade keep even a moment of sunlight from appearing.
 The lord of seasons exerts his influence in every season, and the threefold breeze blows without
 cease—
 It seems to be the pleasure garden of the five-armed king, Kāma. (2)
 There Lakṣmaṇa built an extraordinary cottage of leaves,

Where compassionate Rāma and Jānakī dwell continually.
The lotus-eyed Lord makes their bed of tender leaves with his own hands,
While each thirsts to drink the other's nectar of love. (3)
He paints Sītā's limbs with mineral colors and arrays ornaments of flowers—
What can be said of the tilaka fashioned by this treasury of art?
Tulsīdāsa sings of their sweetness, play, and laughter;
May this couple, dearer than life itself, dwell within the heart. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 45: The Lovely Exiles at Citrakūṭa

लोने लाल लखन, सलोने राम, लोनी सिय,
 चारु चित्रकूट बैठे सुरतरु-तर हैं।
 गोरे-साँवरे सरीर पीत नीलनीरज-से
 प्रेम-रूप-सुखमाके मनसिज-सर हैं॥ १ ॥
 लोने नख-सिख, निरुपम, निरखन जोग,
 बड़े उर कंधर बिसाल भुज बर हैं।
 लोने लोने लोचन, जटानिके मुकुट लोने,
 लोने बदननि जीते कोटि सुधाकर हैं॥ २ ॥
 लोने लोने धनुष, बिसिष कर-कमलनि,
 लोने मुनिपट, कटि लोने सरधर हैं।
 प्रिया प्रिय बंधुको दिखावत बिटप, बेलि,
 मंजु कुंज, सिलातल, दल, फूल, फर हैं॥ ३ ॥
 ऋषिनके आश्रम सराहैं, मृग-नाम कहैं,
 लागी मधु, सरित झरत निरझर हैं।
 नाचत बरहि नीके, गावत मधुप-पिक,
 बोलत बिहंग, नभ-जल-थल-चर हैं॥ ४ ॥
 प्रभुहि बिलोकि मुनिगन पुलके कहत
 भूरिभाग भये सब नीच नारि-नर हैं।
 तुलसी सो सुख-लाहु लूटत किरात-कोल
 जाको सिसकत सुर बिधि-हरि-हर हैं॥ ५ ॥

Lovely is young Lakṣmaṇa, lovely is Rāma, and lovely is Sītā;
 At beautiful Citrakūṭa they sit beneath a wish-fulfilling tree.
 Their fair and dark bodies resemble yellow and blue lotuses—
 Lotuses of love, beauty, and delight in the lake of the Love-god. (1)
 Lovely from toenail to crown, peerless and worthy of contemplation,

They have broad chests and shoulders and magnificent, mighty arms.
Lovely are their eyes and lovely the crowns of matted hair;
Their lovely faces have conquered ten million moons. (2)
Lovely are the bows and arrows in their lotus hands,
Lovely their ascetic garments and the lovely quivers at their waists.
Rāma shows his beloved and dear brother the trees and vines,
The charming bowers and stone seats, the leaves, flowers, and fruit. (3)
They praise the sages' hermitages and name the deer;
Honey abounds, and rivers and waterfalls stream.
Splendid peacocks dance, bees and cuckoos sing,
And birds and creatures of sky, water, and earth call beautifully. (4)
Seeing the Lord, the sages thrill and say,
'How greatly fortunate all these lowly women and men have become!'
Tulsī says the Kirātas and Kols freely plunder that treasure of joy
For which the gods—Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Śiva—sigh in longing. (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 46: Citrakūṭa Transformed by the Exiles

आइ रहे जबतें दोउ भाई।

तबतें चित्रकूट-कानन-छबि दिन दिन अधिक अधिक अधिकाई॥ १ ॥

सीता-राम-लषन-पद-अंकित अवनि सोहावनि बरनि न जाई।

मंदाकिनि मज्जत अवलोकत त्रिबिध पाप, त्रयताप नसाई॥ २ ॥

उकठेउ हरित भए जल-थलरुह, नित नूतन राजीव सुहाई।

फूलत, फलत, पल्लवत, पलुहत बिटप बेलि अभिमत सुखदाई॥ ३ ॥

सरित-सरनि सरसीरुह संकुल, सदन सँवारि रमा जनु छाई।

कूजत बिहंग, मंजु गुंजत अलि जात पथिक जनु लेत बुलाई॥ ४ ॥

त्रिबिध समीर, नीर, झर झरननि, जहँ तहँ रहे ऋषि कुटी बनाई।

सीतल सुभग सिलनिपर तापस करत जोग-जप-तप मन लाई॥ ५ ॥

भए सब साधु किरात-किरातिनि, राम-दरस मिटि गए कलुषाई।

खग-मृग मुदित एक संग बिहरत सहज बिषम बड़ बैर बिहाई॥ ६ ॥

कामकेलि-बाटिका बिबुध-बन-लघु उपमा कवि कहत लजाई।

सकल-भुवन-सोभा सकेलि मनो राम बिपिन बिधि आनि बसाई॥ ७ ॥

बन मिस मुनि, मुनितिय, मुनि-बालक बरनत रघुबर-बिमल-बड़ाई।

पुलक सिथिल तन, सजल सुलोचन, प्रमुदित मन जीवन फलु पाई॥ ८ ॥

क्यों कहौं चित्रकूट-गिरि, संपति-महिमा-मोद-मनोहरताई।

तुलसी जहँ बसिं लषन-रामसिय आनंद-अवधि अवध बिसराई॥ ९ ॥

Ever since the two brothers came,

The beauty of Citrakūṭa's forest has grown greater and greater day by day. (1)

The lovely earth, imprinted by the feet of Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa, cannot be described;

Bathing in and beholding the Mandākinī destroys the three kinds of sin and the threefold affliction. (2)

Water- and land-born plants that had withered have turned green, and the lotuses are ever fresh and lovely;

Trees and vines bloom, bear fruit, put forth leaves, and flourish, granting every desired delight. (3)
Rivers and ponds are crowded with lotuses, as though Lakṣmī had adorned and occupied her home;
Birds call and bees hum sweetly, as if summoning travelers on their way. (4)
The threefold breeze blows amid waters and cascading falls, while sages have built cottages here and there;
Upon cool and lovely stones, ascetics set their minds on yoga, recitation, and austerity. (5)
All the Kirāta men and women have become holy; the sight of Rāma has erased their impurity.
Birds and beasts happily roam together, abandoning their innate and bitter enmity. (6)
The poet is ashamed to offer even Kāma's pleasure garden or the celestial groves as lesser comparisons;
It seems the Creator gathered the beauty of every world and installed it in Rāma's forest. (7)
Using the forest as their occasion, sages, sages' wives, and their children proclaim Raghubara's stainless greatness;
Their bodies thrill and grow faint, their lovely eyes fill with tears, and their joyful hearts attain the fruit of life. (8)
How can I describe the wealth, glory, joy, and charm of Mount Citrakūṭa?
Tulsī says Lakṣmaṇa, Rāma, and Sītā—the very limit of bliss—dwell there, having forgotten Ayodhyā. (9)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 47: Spring Revelry in Rāma's Forest

देखत चित्रकूट-बन मन अति होत हुलास।
 सीता-राम-लषन-प्रिय, तापस-बृंद-निवास॥ १ ॥
 सरित सोहावनि पावनि, पापहरनि पय नाम।
 सिद्ध-साधु-सुर-सेवित देति सकल मन-काम॥ २ ॥
 बिटप-बेलि नव किसलय, कुसुमित सघन सुजाति।
 कंदमूल, जल-थलरुह अगनित अनबन भाँति॥ ३ ॥
 बंजुल मंजु, बकुलकुल, सुरतरु, ताल तमाल।
 कदलि, कदंब, सुचंपक, पाटल, पनस, रसाल॥ ४ ॥
 भूरुह भूरि भरे जनु छबि-अनुराग-सभाग।
 बन बिलोकि लघु लागहिं बिपुल बिबुध-बन-बाग॥ ५ ॥
 जाइ न बरनि राम-बन, चितवत चित हरि लेत।
 ललित-लता-द्रुम-संकुल मनहु मनोज निकेत॥ ६ ॥
 सरित-सरनि सरसीरुह फूले नाना रंग।
 गुंजत मंजु मधुपबन, कूजत बिबिध बिहंग॥ ७ ॥
 लषन कहेउ रघुनंदन देखिय बिपिन-समाज।
 मानहु चयन मयन-पुर आयउ प्रिय ऋतुराज॥ ८ ॥
 चित्रकूटपर राउर जानि अधिक अनुरागु।
 सखासहित जनु रतिपति आयउ खेलन फागु॥ ९ ॥
 झिल्लि झाँझि, झरना डफ नव मृदंग निसान।
 भेरि उपंग भृंग रव, ताल कीर, कलगान॥ १० ॥
 हंस कपोत कबूतर बोलत चक्र चकोर।
 गावत मनहु नारि-नर मुदित नगर चहुँ ओर॥ ११ ॥
 चित्र-बिचित्र बिबिध मृग डोलत डोंगर डाँग।
 जनु पुरबीथिन बिहरत छैल सँवारे स्वाँग॥ १२ ॥
 नाचहिं मोर, पिक गावहिं, सुर बर राग बँधान।

निलज तरुन-तरुनी जनु खेलहिं समय समान॥ १३ ॥
 भरि भरि सुंड करिनि-करि जहँ तहँ डारहिं बारि।
 भरत परसपर पिचकरिनि मनहु मुदित नर-नारि॥ १४ ॥
 पीठि चढ़ाइ सिसुन्हु कपि कूदत डारहिं डार।
 जनु मुँह लाइ गेरु-मसि भए खरनि असवार॥ १५ ॥
 लिए पराग सुमनरस डोलत मलय-समीर।
 मनहु अरगजा छिरकत, भरत गुलाल-अबीर॥ १६ ॥
 काम कौतुकी यहि बिधि प्रभुहित कौतुक कीन्ह।
 रीझि राम रतिनाथहि जग-बिजयी बर दीन्ह॥ १७ ॥
 दुखवहु मोरे दास जनि, मानहु मोरि रजाइ।
 'भलोहि नाथ' माथे धरि आयसु चलेउ बजाइ॥ १८ ॥
 मुदित किरात-किरातिनि रघुबर-रूप निहारि।
 प्रभुगुन गावत नाचत चले जोहारि जोहारि॥ १९ ॥
 देहिं असीस, प्रसंसहिं मुनि सुर बरषहिं फूल।
 गवने भवन राखि उर मूरति मंगलमूल॥ २० ॥
 चित्रकूट-कानन-छबि को कबि बरनै पार।
 जहँ सिय-लषनसहित नित रघुबर करहिं बिहार॥ २१ ॥
 तुलसिदास चाँचरि मिस कहे राम-गुनग्राम।
 गावहिं, सुनहिं नारि-नर, पावहिं सब अभिराम॥ २२ ॥

The heart overflows with joy at the sight of Citrakūṭa's forest,
 Dear to Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa and home to hosts of ascetics. (1)
 The lovely, purifying, sin-destroying river is named Payasvinī;
 Served by siddhas, saints, and gods, she grants every desire of the heart. (2)
 Trees and vines are dense with fresh shoots and flowers of noble kinds;
 Countless roots and plants of water and land appear in many forms. (3)
 Lovely reeds and groves of bakula, wish-fulfilling trees, palms, and tamālas,
 Plantains, kadambas, splendid campakas, pāṭalas, jackfruit, and mangoes abound. (4)
 The many trees seem filled with beauty, love, and good fortune;
 Beholding this forest, even the vast celestial groves and gardens seem small. (5)
 Rāma's forest cannot be described; at a glance it steals the heart,

Thronged with graceful vines and trees, as though it were Kāma's own dwelling. (6)
 Lotuses of many colors bloom in rivers and ponds;
 Swarms of bees hum sweetly and many birds call. (7)
 Lakṣmaṇa said, 'Raghunandana, behold the whole array of the forest—
 It seems beloved Spring has come to the city of Kāma after choosing it for himself. (8)
 Knowing your deep affection for Citrakūṭa,
 It seems the Lord of Love has come with his companion to play Holī. (9)
 Cicadas are cymbals and waterfalls frame-drums amid new mṛdaṅgas and kettledrums;
 The bees' hum is horn and lute, while parrots keep the beat in melodious song. (10)
 Swans, doves, pigeons, cakravākas, and cakoras call,
 As though joyful women and men were singing throughout the city. (11)
 Many wondrously patterned deer roam the wooded heights,
 Like stylish performers in costume strolling the city streets. (12)
 Peacocks dance and cuckoos sing, setting excellent melodies;
 It seems shameless young men and women are playing as the season bids. (13)
 Elephants fill their trunks and spray water here and there,
 Like delighted women and men filling water-squirters against one another. (14)
 Monkeys carry their young on their backs and leap from branch to branch,
 Like performers with ocher- and ink-painted faces riding donkeys. (15)
 The Malaya breeze roams laden with pollen and flower nectar,
 As though sprinkling perfume and filling the air with gulāl and abīr. (16)
 Thus playful Kāma made this revel for the Lord's delight;
 Pleased, Rāma granted the Lord of Rati victory over the world. (17)
 'Do not afflict my servant; obey my command.'
 'Very well, Lord,' Kāma answered, placed the order upon his head, and departed proclaiming it.
 (18)
 Kirāta men and women rejoice on beholding Raghubara's form;
 They sing the Lord's virtues, dance, and leave offering salutation after salutation. (19)
 Sages give blessings and praise him while the gods shower flowers;
 Then they go home carrying in their hearts the form that is the root of all auspiciousness. (20)
 What poet could reach the end of describing Citrakūṭa's forest beauty,
 Where Raghubara forever sports with Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa? (21)
 Tulsīdāsa has used the guise of a Holī song to proclaim a host of Rāma's virtues;
 Women and men who sing or hear them shall obtain every delight. (22)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 48: Kāma Plays Holī in the Forest

आजु बन्यो है बिपिन देखो, राम धीर। मानो खेलत फागु मुद मदनबीर॥
 बट, बकुल, कंदब, पनस, रसाल। कुसुमित तरु-निकर कुरब-तमाल॥
 मानो बिबिध बेष धरे छैल-जूथ। बिच बीच लता ललना-बरूथ॥
 पनवानक निरझर, अलि उपंग। बोलत पारावत मानो डफ-मृदंग॥
 गायक शुक-कोकिल, झिल्लि ताल। नाचत बहु भाँति बरहि मराल॥
 मलयानिल सीतल, सुरभि, मंद। बह सहित सुमन-रस रेनु बूंद॥
 मनु छिरकत फिरत सबनि सुरंग। भ्राजत उदार लीला अनंग॥
 क्रीडत जीते सुर-असुर-नाग। हठि सिद्ध-मुनिनके पंथ लाग॥
 कह तुलसिदास, तेहि छाड़ मैन। जेहि राख राम राजीव नैन॥

Steadfast Rāma, behold how the forest has arrayed itself today—it seems the valiant Lord of Love is joyfully playing Holī.

Banyans, bakulas, kadambas, jackfruit trees, mangoes, kurabakas, and tamālas stand in flower, like companies of dandies in varied dress with hosts of vine-women among them.

Waterfalls are great drums and bees are musical instruments; calling pigeons sound like frame-drums and mṛdaṅgas, parrots and cuckoos are singers, cicadas keep the beat, and peacocks and swans dance in many ways.

The cool, fragrant, gentle Malaya breeze carries drops of flower nectar and pollen, as though the graciously playful bodiless Kāma roamed sprinkling beautiful color over everyone.

In sport he has conquered gods, demons, and serpents and stubbornly obstructs the paths of siddhas and sages. Tulsīdāsa says Kāma leaves untouched only the one whom lotus-eyed Rāma protects.

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 49: Kāma Crowned Emperor of Spring

ऋतु-पति आए भलो बन्यो बन समाज। मानो भए हैं मदन महाराज आज॥
 मनो प्रथम फागु मिस करि अनीति। होरीमिस अरि पुर जारि जीति॥
 मारुत मिस पत्र-प्रजा उजारि। नयनगर बसाए बिपिन झारि॥
 सिंहासन सैल-सिला सुरंग। कानन-छबि रति, परिजन कुरंग॥
 सित छत्र सुमन, बल्ली बितान। चामर समीर, निरझर निसान॥
 मनो मधु-माधव दोउ अनिप धीर। बर बिपुल बिटप बानैत बीर॥
 मधुकर-सुक-कोकिलबंदि-बृंद। बरनहिं बिसुद्ध जस बिबिध छंद॥
 महि परत सुमन-रस फल पराग। जनु देत इतर नृप कर-बिभाग॥
 कलि सचिव सहित नय-निपुन मार। कियो बिस्व बिबस चारिहु प्रकार॥
 बिरहिनपर नित नइ परै मारि। डाँड़ियत सिद्ध-साधक प्रचारि॥
 तिनकी न काम सकै चापि छाँह। तुलसी जे बसहिं रघुबीर-बाँह॥

When the lord of seasons arrived, the forest court became splendid, as though Kāma had today been crowned emperor.

First, under the guise of the spring festival, he acted unjustly: beneath the cover of Holī he burned and conquered the enemy city. Disguised as wind, he drove away the leaf-subjects, cleared the forest, and founded a new city there.

A colorful mountain rock is his throne; the forest's beauty is Rati and the deer are courtiers. White flowers are the royal parasol, vines the canopy, the breeze the fly-whisk, and waterfalls the kettledrums.

Madhu and Mādhava seem to be two steadfast commanders, while the many excellent trees are heroic archers. Companies of bees, parrots, and cuckoos are bards proclaiming his stainless fame in varied meters.

Flower nectar, fruit, and pollen fall upon the earth as though other kings were paying their allotted tribute. With Kali as his minister, the policy-skilled Smara has subjugated the world through all four means.

He strikes the separated lover with an ever-new blow and openly punishes siddhas and spiritual practitioners. Yet, Tulsī says, even Kāma's shadow cannot touch those who dwell within Raghubīra's arms.

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 50: The Rains at Citrakūṭa

सब दिन चित्रकूट नीको लागत।
 बरषाऋतु प्रबेस बिसेष गिरि देखन मन अनुरागत॥ १ ॥
 चहुँदिसि बन संपन्न, बिहंग-मृग बोलत सोभा पावत।
 जनु सुरेस देस-पुर प्रमुदित प्रजा सकल सुख छावत॥ २ ॥
 सोहत स्याम जलद मृदु घोरत धातु रंगमगो संगति।
 मनहु आदि अंभोज बिराजत सेवित सुर-मुनि-भृंगति॥ ३ ॥
 सिखर परस घन-घटहिं, मिलति बग-पाँति सो छबि कबि बरनी।
 आदि बराह बिहरि बारिधि मनो उठ्यो है दसन धरि धरनी॥ ४ ॥
 जल जुत बिमल सिलनि झलकत नभ बन-प्रतिबिंब तरंग।
 मानहु जग-रचना बिचित्र बिलसति बिराट अँग अँग॥ ५ ॥
 मंदाकिनिहि मिलत झरना झरि झरि भरि भरि जल आछे।
 तुलसी सकल सुकृत-सुख लागे मानो राम-भगतिके पाछे॥ ६ ॥

Citrakūṭa is lovely every day,

But when the rainy season enters, the heart becomes especially eager to behold the mountain. (1)

The forest prospers in every direction, and calling birds and beasts add to its beauty;

It seems like Indra's flourishing realm, where every joyful subject enjoys every happiness. (2)

Dark clouds look splendid, softly rumbling as they mingle with mineral-colored peaks;

It is as though the primal lotus shone there, attended by bee-like gods and sages. (3)

When banks of cloud touch the summits and meet lines of white cranes, what poet could describe that beauty?

It seems the primal Boar has emerged from roaming the ocean, bearing the earth upon his tusk. (4)

In pure, water-filled rocks shimmer rippling reflections of sky and forest,

As though the wondrous creation of the universe played across every limb of the Cosmic Person. (5)

Clear waterfalls pour and pour, full of water, until they meet the Mandākinī;

Tulsī says every meritorious joy seems to follow behind devotion to Rāma. (6)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 51: Kauśalyā's Desolate Morning

आजुको भोर, और सो, माई।

सुनों न द्वार बेद-बंदी-धुनि गुनिगन-गिरा सोहाई॥ १ ॥

निज निज सुंदर पति-सदननितें रूप-सील-छबिछाई।

लेन असीस सिय आगे करि मोपे सुतबधू न आई॥ २ ॥

बूझी हों न बिहंसि मेरे रघुबर 'कहाँ री! सुमित्रा माता?'

तुलसी मनहु महासुख मेरो देखि न सकेउ बिधाता॥ ३ ॥

This morning is utterly unlike every other morning, mother.

At the palace gate I do not hear Vedic praise or the lovely voices of learned singers. (1)

My daughters-in-law, radiant with beauty, virtue, and grace, have not come from their husbands' lovely mansions, placing Sītā before them, to receive my blessing. (2)

My Raghubara has not smiled and asked me, 'Where is Mother Sumitrā?'

Tulsī says it is as though the Creator could not bear to see my supreme happiness. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 52: Kauśalyā Holds Rāma's Sandals

जननी निरखति बान-धनुहियाँ।
 बार-बार उर नैननि लावति प्रभुजूकी ललित पनहियाँ॥ १ ॥
 कबहूँ प्रथम ज्यों जाइ जगावति कहि प्रिय बचन सँवारे।
 उठहु तात! बलि मातु बदनपर, अनुज-सखा सब द्वारे॥ २ ॥
 कबहूँ कहति यों, बड़ी बार भइ, जाहु भूप पढ़, भैया।
 बंधु बोलि जेइय जो भावै, गई निछावरि मैया॥ ३ ॥
 कबहूँ समुझि बन-गवन रामको रहि चकि चित्र लिखी-सी।
 तुलसिदास वह समय कहेतें लागति प्रीति सिखी-सी॥ ४ ॥

The mother gazes upon the bow and arrows,

Again and again pressing the Lord's lovely sandals to her heart and eyes. (1)

At times she goes as before to wake him with tender words: 'Rise, child! Your mother would sacrifice herself for your face; your younger brother and friends are all at the door.' (2)

At times she says, 'It is very late, brother; go to the king. Call your companions and eat whatever pleases you—your mother offers herself for you.' (3)

Then she remembers Rāma's departure for the forest and stands stunned, like a painted figure.

Tulsīdāsa says that describing that moment is like attempting to instruct love itself. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 53: Is Rāma's Exile Real?

माई री! मोहि कोउ न समुझावै।

राम-गवन साँचो किधौं सपनो, मन परतीति न आवै॥ १ ॥

लगेउ रहत मेरे नैननि आगे राम-लखन अरु सीता।

तदपि न मितत दाह या उरको, बिधि जो भयो बिपरीता॥ २ ॥

दुख न रहे रघुपतिहि बिलोकत, तनु न रहे बिनु देखे।

करत न प्रान पयान, सुनहु, सखि! अरुझि परी यहि लेखे॥ ३ ॥

कौसल्याके बिरह-बचन सुनि रोइ उठीं सब रानी।

तुलसिदास रघुबीर-बिरहकी पीर न जाति बखानी॥ ४ ॥

Mother, no one can make me understand: is Rāma's departure real or merely a dream? My heart cannot believe it. (1)

Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā always seemed present before my eyes, yet the burning in my heart does not cease now that fate has turned contrary. (2)

When I behold Raghupati, sorrow cannot remain; without beholding him, the body cannot remain. Yet life does not depart—hear me, friend, I am caught in this contradiction. (3)

Hearing Kauśalyā's words of separation, all the queens burst into tears. Tulsīdāsa says the pain of separation from Raghubīra cannot be described. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 54: The Empty Palace

जब जब भवन बिलोकति सूनो।
तब तब बिकल होति कौसल्या, दिन दिन प्रति दुख दूनो॥ १ ॥
सुमिरत बाल-बिनोद रामके सुंदर मुनि-मन-हारी।
होत हृदय अति सूल समुझि पदपंकज अजिर-बिहारी॥ २ ॥
को अब प्रात कलेऊ माँगत रुठि चलेगो, माई!
स्याम-तामरस-नैन स्रवत जल काहि लेउँ उर लाई॥ ३ ॥
जीवौं तौ बिपति सहौं निसि-बासर, मरौं तौ मन पछितायो।
चलत बिपिन भरि नयन रामको बदन न देखन पायो॥ ४ ॥
तुलसिदास यह दुसह दसा अति, दारुन बिरह घनेरो।
दूरि करै को भूरि कृपा बिनु सोकजनित रुज मेरो?॥ ५ ॥

Whenever Kauśalyā sees the palace empty, she becomes distraught, and day by day her sorrow doubles. (1)

She remembers Rāma's lovely childhood games that stole sages' hearts; recalling his lotus feet roaming the courtyard pierces her heart. (2)

'Who will now ask for breakfast at dawn and walk away sulking, mother? Whom shall I press to my breast as tears stream from dark lotus eyes? (3)

If I live, I endure calamity night and day; if I die, my heart repents that when Rāma left for the forest I did not fill my eyes with his face. (4)

Tulsīdāsa says this condition is unbearable, this terrible and immense separation. Who but abundant Grace can remove my grief-born illness? (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 55: Kauśalyā Longs for Their Return

मेरी यह अभिलाष बिधाता।
 कब पुरवै सखि सानुकूल है हरि सेवक-सुखदाता॥ १ ॥
 सीता-सहित कुसल कोसलपुर आवत हैं सुत दोऊ।
 श्रवन-सुधा-सम बचन सखी कब आइ कहेंगो कोऊ?॥ २ ॥
 सुनि संदेस प्रेम-परिपूरन संभ्रम उठि धावौंगी।
 बदन बिलोकि रोकि लोचन-जल हरषि हिये लावौंगी॥ ३ ॥
 जनकसुता कब सासु कहैं मोहि, राम लखन कहैं मैया।
 बाहु जोरि कब अजिर चलहिंगे स्याम-गौर दोउ भैया॥ ४ ॥
 तुलसिदास यहि भाँति मनोरथ करत प्रीति अति बाढ़ी।
 थकित भई उर आनि राम-छबि मनहु चित्र लिखि काढ़ी॥ ५ ॥

Friend, when will the gracious Creator—Hari, giver of joy to his servants—fulfill this longing of mine? (1)

When will someone come and speak these nectar-like words into my ears: ‘Your two sons are safely returning to Ayodhyā with Sītā’? (2)

Hearing that love-filled message, I shall spring up in wonder and run; seeing their faces, I shall check my tears and joyfully clasp them to my heart. (3)

When will Janaka’s daughter call me ‘mother-in-law,’ and Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa call me ‘mother’?

When will the dark and fair brothers walk arm in arm through the courtyard? (4)

Tulsīdāsa says that as she formed such wishes, her love swelled immensely. Exhausted, she held Rāma’s image in her heart and became as still as a painted figure. (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 56: Daśaratha Hears Sumantra's Return

सुन्यौ जब फिरि सुमंत पुर आयो।
 कहिहै कहा, प्रानपतिकी गति, नृपति बिकल उठि धायो॥ १ ॥
 पाँय परत मंत्री अति ब्याकुल, नृप उठाय उर लायो।
 दसरथ-दसा देखि न कह्यो कछु, हरि जो संदेस पठायो॥ २ ॥
 बूझि न सकत कुसल प्रीतमकी, हृदय रहै पछितायो।
 साँचहु सुत-बियोग सुनिबे कहँ धिग बिधि मोहि जिआयो॥ ३ ॥
 तुलसिदास प्रभु जनि निठुर हौं न्याय नाथ बिसरायो।
 हा रघुपति कहि परयो अवनि, जनु जलतें मीन बिलगायो॥ ४ ॥

When he heard that Sumantra had returned to the city, the distraught king sprang up and ran, wondering what news he would give of those dearer than life. (1)

The deeply agitated minister fell at his feet; the king raised him and held him to his heart. Seeing Daśaratha's condition, Sumantra could not deliver the message Hari had sent. (2)

Unable to ask whether his beloved sons were well, the king's heart remained full of remorse: 'Shame on fate for keeping me alive to hear the truth of my sons' separation.' (3)

Tulsīdāsa has him plead, 'Lord, do not deem me cruel; I forgot justice and you.' Crying 'Ah, Raghupati!' he fell to the earth like a fish torn from water. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 57: Daśaratha's Remorse

मुझहु न मिटैगो मेरो मानसिक पछिताउ।
 नारिबस न बिचारि कीन्हौं काज, सोचत रहउ॥ १ ॥
 तिलकको बोल्यौं, दियें बन, चौं गुनों चित चाह।
 हृदय दारिम ज्यों न बिदरयौ समुझि सील-सुभाउ॥ २ ॥
 सीय-रघुबर-लखन बिनु भय भाँति भाँति न आउ।
 मोहिं बृद्धि न परत, यातें कौन कठिन कुआउ॥ ३ ॥
 सुनि सुमंत! कि आनि सुंदर सुतन सहित जिआउ।
 दास तुलसी नतरु मोको मरन अमिय पिआउ॥ ४ ॥

My inward remorse will never be erased. Swayed by a woman, I acted without reflection; I shall remain consumed by it. (1)

I summoned him for coronation yet sent him to the forest—what fourfold crookedness possessed my heart? Knowing his character and nature, why did my heart not split like a pomegranate? (2)
 Without Sītā, Raghubara, and Lakṣmaṇa, fears of every kind assail me. If old age does not overwhelm me now, what more terrible fate could there be? (3)

‘Hear me, Sumantra: either bring my lovely sons and restore my life, or else,’ says Tulsī’s servant, ‘give me death’s nectar to drink.’ (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 58: Daśaratha Cannot Outlive Rāma

अवध बिलोकि हों जीवत रामभद्र-बिहीन!

कहा करिहैं आइ सानुज भरत धरमधुरीन॥ १ ॥

राम-सोक-सनेह-संकुल, तनु बिकल, मनु लीन।

टूटि तारो गगन-सो ज्यों होत छिन-छिन छीन॥ २ ॥

हृदय समुझि सनेह सादर प्रेम पावन मीन।

करी तुलसीदास दसरथ प्रीति-परिमिति पीन॥ ३ ॥

Shall I remain alive, looking upon Ayodhyā without Rāmabhadra? What will righteous Bharata do when he returns with his younger brother? (1)

Overwhelmed by grief and love for Rāma, his body distraught and mind submerged, he wanes moment by moment like a star broken loose from the sky. (2)

Understanding the reverent love within his heart—a pure fish in love’s waters—Tulsīdāsa made Daśaratha the full measure of devotion. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 59: Daśaratha Chooses Love's Measure

करत राउ मनमाँ अनुमान।

सोक-बिकल, मुख बचन न आवे, बिछुरे कृपानिधान॥ १ ॥

राज देन कहि बोलि नारि-बस मैं जो कह्यो बन जान।

आयसु सिर धरि चले हरषि हिय कानन भवन समान॥ २ ॥

ऐसे सुतके बिरह-अवधि लौं जो राखौं यह प्रान।

तो मिटि जाइ प्रीतिकी परिमिति, अजस सुनौं निज कान॥ ३ ॥

राम गए अजहूँ हौं जीवत, समुझत हिय अकुलान।

तुलसिदास तनु तजि रघुपति हित कियो प्रेम परवान॥ ४ ॥

The king reasons within his heart, distraught by grief and unable to speak after separation from the treasury of compassion. (1)

‘I summoned him to give the kingdom, but under a woman’s sway told him to go to the forest. He placed my command upon his head and departed joyfully, regarding forest and palace alike. (2)

If I preserve this life through separation from such a son, love’s measure will be erased and I shall hear my own disgrace. (3)

My heart reels to think that Rāma has gone and I still live.’ Tulsīdāsa says he relinquished his body for Raghupati and thereby proved his love. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 60: Ayodhyā Rebukes Kaikeyī

ऐसे तैं क्यों कटु बचन कह्यो री?

‘राम जाहु कानन’, कठोर तेरो कैसे धौं हृदय रह्यो, री॥ १ ॥

दिनकर-बंस, पिता दसरथ-से, राम-लखन-से भाई।

जननी! तू जननी? तो कहा कहौं, बिधि केहि खोरि न लाई?॥ २ ॥

हौं लहिहौं सुख राजमातु है, सुत सिर छत्र धरैगो।

कुल-कलंक मल-मूल मनोरथ तब बिनु कौन करैगो?॥ ३ ॥

ऐहें राम, सखी सब हैंहैं, हँसि अजस मेरो हरिहैं।

तुलसिदास मोको बड़ो सोच है, तू जनम कोनि बिधि भरिहैं॥ ४ ॥

How could you utter such cruel words: ‘Rāma, go to the forest’? How did your hard heart remain unbroken? (1)

Born in the solar line, with a father like Daśaratha and brothers like Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa—mother, are you truly a mother? What can I say? Whom has fate not struck with fault? (2)

‘I shall enjoy being queen mother; the royal parasol will be held above my son.’ Who but you could conceive this stain upon the lineage, this root of impurity? (3)

Rāma will return and all my friends will laugh away my disgrace. Tulsīdāsa says my great worry is this: how will you endure the rest of your life? (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 61: Bharata Does Not Blame Kaikeyī

ताते हौं देत न दूषन तोहू।

रामबिरोधी उर कठोरतें प्रगट कियो है बिधि मोहू॥ १ ॥

सुंदर सुखद सुसील सुधानिधि, जरनि जाइ जिहि जोए।

बिष-बारुनी-बंधु कहियत बिधु! नातो मिटत न धोए॥ २ ॥

होते जौ न सुजान-सिरोमनि राम सबके मन माहीं।

तौ तोरी करतूति, मातु! सुनि प्रीति-प्रतीति कहा हीं?॥ ३ ॥

मृदु मंजुल सींची-सनेह सुचि सुनत भरत-बर-बानी।

तुलसी 'साधु-साधु' सुर-नर-मुनि कहत प्रेम पहिचानी॥ ४ ॥

Therefore I do not blame even you: fate brought me forth from a heart hardened against Rāma. (1)
 Beautiful, joy-giving, gentle, a treasury of nectar—at whose sight burning departs—yet the moon is called brother to poison and Varuṇī; kinship cannot be washed away. (2)
 Had Rāma, crown of the wise, not dwelt within every heart, then, mother, on hearing your deed, how could he have known my love and trust? (3)
 Hearing Bharata's excellent words—soft, lovely, pure, and steeped in affection—gods, humans, and sages recognized his love and cried, 'Blessed! Blessed!' (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 62: Only Rāma Knows Bharata's Heart

जो पै हों मातु मते महुँ हैहौं।
 तौ जननी! जगमें या मुखकी कहाँ कालिमा ध्वैहौं?॥ १ ॥
 क्यों हों आजु होत सुचि सपथनि? कौन मानिहै साँची?।
 महिमा-मृगी कौन सुकृतीकी खल-बच-बिसिखनि बाँची?॥ २ ॥
 गहि न जाति रसना काहूकी, कहौ जाहि जोड़ सूझै।
 दीनबंधु कारुण्य-सिंधु बिनु कौन हियैकी बूझै?॥ ३ ॥
 तुलसी रामबियोग बिषम-बिष-बिकल नारि-नर भारी।
 भरत-सनेह-सुधा सींचे सब भए तेहि समय सुखारी॥ ४ ॥

Mother, if I had shared in my mother's counsel, where in the world could I wash the blackness from this face? (1)

How could oaths make me pure today, and who would accept them as true? What virtuous person's doe of good name has escaped the wicked hunters' arrow-like words? (2)

No one's tongue can be seized; let each say whatever occurs to them. Who but the Friend of the lowly, the ocean of compassion, can understand what lies within the heart? (3)

Tulsī says that men and women were grievously distraught by the terrible poison of separation from Rāma; then, watered by the nectar of Bharata's love, they all found relief. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 63: Kauśalyā Consoles Bharata

काहेको खोरि कैकयिहिं लावौं?

धरहु धीर, बलि जाउँ तात! मोको आज बिधाता बावौं॥ १ ॥

सुनिबे जोग बियोग रामको हौं न होउँ मेरे प्यारे।

सो मेरे नयननि आगेतें रघुपति बनहि सिधारे॥ २ ॥

तुलसिदास समुझाइ भरत कहूँ, आँसू पोंछि उर लाए।

उपजी प्रीति जानि प्रभुके हित, मनहु राम फिरि आए॥ ३ ॥

Why should I lay blame upon Kaikeyī? Be patient, dear son—I would give myself for you. Fate has turned perverse toward me today. (1)

My beloved, I was not fit even to hear of separation from Rāma, yet before my very eyes Raghupati departed for the forest. (2)

Tulsīdāsa says that, consoling Bharata in this way, she wiped his tears and drew him to her breast. Knowing his love for the Lord, such affection arose in her as though Rāma himself had returned. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 64: Bharata Sets Out for Citrakūṭa

मेरो अवध धौं कहहु, कहा है।
 करहु राज रघुराज-चरन तजि, लै लटि लोगु रहा है॥ १ ॥
 धन्य मातु, हौं धन्य, लागि जेहि राज-समाज ढहा है।
 तापर मोको प्रभु करि चाहत सब बिनु दहन दहा है॥ २ ॥
 राम-सपथ, कोउ कछु कहै जनि, मैं दुख दुसह सहा है।
 चित्रकूट चलिए सब मिलि, बलि, छमिए मोहि हहा है॥ ३ ॥
 यों कहि भोर भरत गिरिवरको मारग बूझि गहा है।
 सकल सराहत, एक भरत जग जनमि सुलाहु लहा है॥ ४ ॥
 जानहिं सिय-रघुनाथ भरतको सील सनेह महा है।
 कै तुलसी जाको राम-नामसों प्रेम-नेम निबहा है॥ ५ ॥

Tell me—what is mine in Ayodhyā? The people cling to me, saying, ‘Forsake the feet of Raghurāja and rule the kingdom.’ (1)

Blessed is my mother, and blessed am I, for whose sake the whole royal order has fallen! Even then you wish to make me lord, so that all may burn without a fire. (2)

By Rāma’s oath, let no one say anything more. I have endured unbearable sorrow. Let us all go together to Citrakūṭa; I implore you—please forgive me. (3)

Speaking thus at dawn, Bharata asked the way to the mountain and took that road. Everyone praised him: Bharata alone had gained the true profit of being born into the world. (4)

Sītā and Raghunātha know the greatness of Bharata’s character and love—or, says Tulsī, one whose love and sacred observance are bound to Rāma’s name. (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 65: Bharata Leaves Ayodhyā

भाई! हौं अवध कहा रहि लैहौं।

राम-लखन-सिय-चरन बिलोकन काल्हि काननहि जैहौं॥ १ ॥

जद्यपि मोतें, कै कुमाततें है आई अति पोची।

सनमुख गए सरन राखहिंगे रघुपति परम सँकोची॥ २ ॥

तुलसी यों कहि चले भोरहीं, लोग बिकल सँग लागे।

जनु बन जरत देखि दारुन दव निकसि बिहग-मृग भागे॥ ३ ॥

Brother, what would I gain by remaining in Ayodhyā? Tomorrow I shall go to the forest to behold the feet of Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā. (1)

Although an exceedingly wicked deed has come about through me or through my evil mother, the deeply considerate Raghupati will shelter me when I go before him for refuge. (2)

Tulsī says that, speaking thus, Bharata departed at dawn, and the distraught people went with him —like birds and deer fleeing from a forest when they see it burning in a terrible wildfire. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 66: The Myna Laments Rāma's Departure

सुकसों गहवर हिये कहै सारो।
 बीर कीर! सिय-राम-लखन बिनु लागत जग अँधियारो॥ १ ॥
 पापिनि चेरि, अयानि रानि, नृप हित-अनहित न बिचारो।
 कुलगुर-सचिव-साधु सोचतु, बिधि को न बसाइ उजारो?॥ २ ॥
 अवलोके न चलत भरि लोचन, नगर कोलाहल भारो।
 सुने न बचन करुनाकरके, जब पुर-परिवार सँभारो॥ ३ ॥
 भैया भरत भावतेके, संग बन सब लोग सिधारो।
 हम पाँख पाइ पींजरनि तरसत अधिक अभाग हमारो॥ ४ ॥
 सुनि खग कहत अंब! मौंगी रहि समुझि प्रेमपथ न्यारो।
 गए ते प्रभुहि पहुँचाइ फिरे पुनि करत करम-गुन गारो॥ ५ ॥
 जीवन जग जानकी-लखनको, मरन महीप सँवारो।
 तुलसी और प्रीतिकी चरचा करत, कहा कछु चारो॥ ६ ॥

With a heart laden with grief, a myna says to a parrot, ‘Brother parrot, without Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa the world seems dark. (1)

The maid is sinful, the queen foolish, and the king did not consider benefit and harm. The family preceptor, ministers, and holy people wonder: whom has fate settled without later laying waste? (2)

As they departed we could not gaze upon them to our eyes’ content; when the Compassionate One entrusted the city and family to others, the city’s great tumult kept us from hearing his words. (3)
 All the people are setting out for the forest with dear brother Bharata, while we, though given wings, languish in cages—how great is our misfortune! (4)

Hearing her, the parrot says, “Mother, be silent and understand that love’s path is unlike any other. Those who went with the Lord returned after escorting him there, reviling the ways of fate.” (5)

In this world, true life belongs to Jānakī and Lakṣmaṇa, and the king alone perfected his death. Tulsī says the rest merely speak of love—what other recourse do they have?’ (6)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 67: The Parrot Teaches Love's Distinct Path

कहै सुक, सुनहि सिखावन, सारो!

बिधि-करतब बिपरीत बाम गति, राम-प्रेम-पथ न्यारो॥ १ ॥

को नर-नारि अवध खग-मृग, जेहि जीवन रामतें प्यारो।

बिद्यमान सबके गवने बन, बदन करमको कारो॥ २ ॥

अंब, अनुज, प्रिय सखा, सुसेवक देखि बिषाद बिसारो।

पंछी परबस परे पींजरनि, लेखो कौन हमारो॥ ३ ॥

रही नृपकी, बिगरी है सबकी, अब एक सँवारनिहारो।

तुलसी प्रभु निज चरन-पीठ मिस भरत-प्रान रखवारो॥ ४ ॥

The parrot says, 'Myna, hear this teaching: when fate's action is adverse, karma's course turns contrary, but the path of love for Rāma is altogether distinct. (1)

What man, woman, bird, or beast in Ayodhyā holds life dearer than Rāma? Yet he went to the forest while all were present, and karma's face was blackened. (2)

Mother, younger brother, beloved companions, and faithful servants saw it and yet put grief aside; what account, then, is there of us birds lying helpless in cages? (3)

The king alone fulfilled his part, while all others' cause was ruined; but now one thing has been set right. Tulsī says the Lord, through the device of his own foot-throne, appointed a guardian for Bharata's life.' (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 68: Bharata Reaches Śrīngaverapura

ता दिन सुंगबेरपुर आए।

राम-सखा ते समाचार सुनि बारि बिलोचन छाए॥ १ ॥

कुस-साथरी देखि रघुपतिकी हेतु अपनपौ जानी।

कहत कथा सिय-राम-लखनकी बैठेहि रैन बिहानी॥ २ ॥

भोरहि भरद्वाज आश्रम है, करि निषादपति आगे।

चले जनु तक्यो तड़ाग तृषित गज घोर घामके लागे॥ ३ ॥

बूझत 'चित्रकूट कहाँ' जेहि तेहि, मुनि बालकनि बतायो।

तुलसी मनहु फनिक मनि ढूँढ़त, निरखि हरषि हिय धायो॥ ४ ॥

That day Bharata reached Śrīngaverapura. Hearing news of Rāma from the Lord's friend, his eyes filled with water. (1)

Seeing Raghupati's bed of kuśa grass and recognizing himself as its cause, he passed the entire night seated there, recounting the story of Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa. (2)

At dawn he set out for Bharadvāja's hermitage with the Niṣāda king in front, like a thirsting elephant that has glimpsed a lake when scorched by fierce heat. (3)

As he asked everyone, 'Where is Citrakūṭa?' the sages' young disciples showed him. Tulsī says that, beholding it, his heart joyfully rushed forward like a serpent that has found the jewel it was seeking. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 69: Rāma and Bharata Meet

बिलोके दूरितें दोउ बीर।

उर आयत, आजानु सुभग भुज, स्यामल-गौर सरीर॥ १ ॥

सीस जटा, सरसीरुह लोचन, बने परिधन मुनिचीर।

निकट निषंग, संग सिय सोभित, करनि धुनत धनु-तीर॥ २ ॥

मन अगहुँड़, तनु पुलक सिथिल भयो, नलिन नयन भरे नीर।

गड़त गोड़ मानो सकुच-पंक महुँ, कढ़त प्रेम-बल धीर॥ ३ ॥

तुलसिदास दसा देखि भरतकी उठि धाए अतिहि अधीर।

लिये उठाइ उर लाइ कृपानिधि बिरह-जनित हरि पीर॥ ४ ॥

From afar Bharata beheld the two heroic brothers: broad-chested, with beautiful arms reaching to their knees, one dark-bodied and one fair. (1)

Matted locks crowned their heads, their eyes were lotuses, and ascetic cloth formed their dress.

Quivers rested nearby; Sītā shone beside them, while bows and arrows moved in their hands. (2)

His mind pressed forward, but his body grew slack with horripilation and his lotus eyes filled with tears. His feet seemed to sink into the mire of hesitation, and with the strength of love he drew them out in courage. (3)

Tulsidāsa says that, seeing Bharata's state, the Lord rose and ran toward him, utterly overcome.

The treasury of compassion lifted him, clasped him to his breast, and removed the pain born of separation. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 70: Bharata Stands Before Rāma

भरत भए ठाढ़े कर जोरि।

है न सकत सामुहें सकुचबस समुझि मातुकृत खोरि॥ १ ॥

फिरिहैं किधौं फिरन कहिहैं प्रभु कलपि कुटिलता मोरि।

हृदय सोच, जलभरे बिलोचन, नेह देह भइ भोरि॥ २ ॥

बनबासी, पुरलोग, महामुनि किए हैं काठके-से कोरि।

दै दै श्रवन सुनिबेको जहाँ तहँ रहे प्रेम मन बोरि॥ ३ ॥

तुलसी राम-सुभाव सुमिरि, उर धरि धीरजहि बहोरि।

बोले बचन विनीत उचित हित करुना-रसहि निचोरि॥ ४ ॥

Bharata stood with hands joined, unable through hesitation to remain face-to-face with the Lord as he reflected on the fault committed by his mother. (1)

‘Will the Lord return, or will he imagine deceit in me and tell me to go back?’ His heart was anxious, his eyes filled with tears, and his body was overwhelmed by love. (2)

Forest dwellers, townspeople, and great sages seemed fashioned from wood. Everywhere they stood with ears inclined to listen, their minds immersed in love. (3)

Tulsī says that, remembering Rāma’s nature, Bharata restored courage to his heart and spoke humble, fitting, beneficial words, the very essence of compassion. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 71: Bharata Pleads for Rāma's Return

जानत हौ सबहीके मनकी।

तदपि, कृपालु! करौं बिनती सोइ सादर सुनहु दीन-हित जनकी॥ १ ॥

ये सेवक संतत अनन्य अति, ज्यों चातकहि एक गति घनकी।

यह बिचारि गवनहु पुनीत पुर, हरहु दुसह आरति परिजनकी॥ २ ॥

मेरो जीवन जानिय ऐसोइ, जिये जैसो अहि, जासु गई मनि फनकी।

मेटहु कुलकलंक कोसलपति, आग्या देहु नाथ मोहि बनकी॥ ३ ॥

मोको जोइ लाइय लागै सोइ उतपति है कुमातुतें तनकी।

तुलसिदास सब दोष दूरि करि प्रभु अब लाज करहु निज पनकी॥ ४ ॥

You know what lies in every heart; even so, Compassionate One, I offer a plea. Kindly hear the petition of this servant, for you cherish the lowly. (1)

These servants are always utterly single-minded, as the cātaka bird has the cloud alone for refuge. Remembering this, go to the sacred city and remove the unbearable anguish of your own people. (2)

Regard my life as that of a serpent that continues living after the jewel of its hood is lost. Lord of Kosala, erase this stain upon the lineage and command me to remain in the forest. (3)

Whatever fault you find in me arose from this body's birth from an evil mother. Tulsīdāsa says: remove every fault, Lord, and now uphold the honor of your own vow. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 72: Rāma Upholds His Father's Word

तात! बिचारो धौं, हौं क्यों आवौं।

तुम्ह सुचि, सुद्ध, सुजान सकल बिधि, बहुत कहा कहि कहि समुझावौं॥ १ ॥

निज कर खाल खैंचि या तनतें जौं पितु पग पानही करावौं।

होउँ न उरिन पिता दसरथतें, कैसें ताके बचन मेटि पतिआवौं॥ २ ॥

तुलसिदास जाको सुजस तिहुँ पुर, क्यों तेहि कुलहि कालिमा लावौं।

प्रभु-रुख निरखि निरास भरत भए, जायो है सबहि भाँति बिधि बावौं॥ ३ ॥

Dear brother, consider: how can I return? You are pure, upright, and wise in every way; what more can I say by explaining it again and again? (1)

Even if I stripped this body's skin with my own hands and made sandals for my father's feet, I could not repay my debt to Daśaratha. How, then, could I set aside his word and satisfy myself? (2)

Tulsīdāsa says: how could I blacken the lineage whose fair fame fills all three worlds? Seeing the Lord's resolve, Bharata despaired; fate had become perverse in every way. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 73: Bharata Offers to Take Lakṣmaṇa's Place

बहुरो भरत कह्यो कछु चाहौं।
सकुच-सिंधु बोहित बिबेक करि बुधि-बल बचन निवाहौं॥ १ ॥
छोटेहुतें नेह करि आए, में सामुहें न हेरो।
एकहि बार आजु बिधि मेरो सील-सनेह निबेरो॥ २ ॥
तुलसी जो फिरिबो न बनै, प्रभु! तौ हौं आयसु पावौं।
घर फेरिए लखन, लरिका हूँ, नाथ साथ हौं आवौं॥ ३ ॥

Bharata spoke again: 'I wish to say something more. Making discernment my boat upon the ocean of hesitation, I shall carry these words through by the strength of understanding. (1)
From childhood you have always shown me affection, though I have never truly appeared before you. Today, in a single stroke, fate has settled the worth of my character and love. (2)
Tulsī says: Lord, if your return cannot be, then grant me this command—send Lakṣmaṇa home, for he is still young, and let me accompany you.' (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 74: Bharata Asks to Remain with Rāma

रघुपति! मोहि संग किन लीजे?

बार बार 'पुर जाहु', नाथ! केहि कारन आयसु दीजे॥ १ ॥

जद्यपि हौं अति अधम, कुटिलमति, अपराधिनिको जायो।

प्रनतपाल कोमल-सुभाव जिय जानि, सरन तकि आयो॥ २ ॥

जो मोरे तजि चरन आन गति, कहौं हृदय कछु राखी।

तौ परिहरहु दयालु, दीनहित, प्रभु, अभिअंतर-साखी॥ ३ ॥

ताते नाथ! कहौं मैं पुनि-पुनि, प्रभु पितु मातु गोसाईं।

भजनहीन नरदेह बृथा, खर-स्वान-फेरुको नाई॥ ४ ॥

बंधु-बचन सुनि श्रवन नयन-राजीव नीर भरि आए।

तुलसिदास प्रभु परम कृपा गहि बाँह भरत उर लाए॥ ५ ॥

Raghupati, why do you not take me with you? Lord, for what reason do you repeatedly command me, 'Go to the city'? (1)

Though I am exceedingly low, crooked-minded, and born of one who committed the offense, I knew in my heart the tender nature of the Protector of the surrendered and came seeking refuge. (2)

If, abandoning your feet, I hold any other refuge concealed within my heart, then reject me, Compassionate Lord, benefactor of the lowly and witness within. (3)

Therefore, Lord, I say again and again: you are my lord, father, mother, and master. Without devotion, a human body is wasted like that of a donkey, dog, or jackal. (4)

Hearing his brother's words, the Lord's lotus eyes filled with tears. Tulsīdāsa says that in supreme compassion he seized Bharata's arm and drew him to his breast. (5)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 75: Rāma Entrusts His Sandals to Bharata

काहेको मानत हानि हिये हो?

प्रीति-नीति-गुन-सील-धरम कहँ तुम अवलंब दिये हो॥ १ ॥

तात! जात जानिबे न ए दिन, करि प्रमान पितु-बानी।

ऐहौं बेगि, धरहु धीरज उर कठिन कालगति जानी॥ २ ॥

तुलसिदास अनुजहि प्रबोधि प्रभु चरनपीठ निज दीन्हें।

मनहुँ सबनके प्रान-पाहरु भरत सीस धरि लीन्हें॥ ३ ॥

Why do you regard this as a loss within your heart? You have given support to love, sound polity, virtue, character, and dharma. (1)

Dear brother, these days will pass before they are noticed. Having fulfilled our father's word, I shall return quickly; knowing the difficult course of time, hold courage in your heart. (2)

Tulsīdāsa says that, reassuring his younger brother, the Lord gave him his own foot-throne.

Bharata placed it upon his head as though he had received the guardian of everyone's life. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 76: Bharata's Fourteen-Year Pledge

बिनती भरत करत कर जोरे।

दीनबंधु! दीनता दीनकी कबहुँ परै जनि भोरे॥ १ ॥

तुम्हसे तुम्हहि नाथ मोको, मोसे जन तुमको बहुतेरे।

इहै जानि, पहिचानि प्रीति, छमिए अघ-औगुन मेरे॥ २ ॥

यों कहि सीय-राम-पाँयनि परि लखन लाइ उर लीन्हें।

पुलक सरीर, नीर भरि लोचन, कहत प्रेम-पन-कीन्हें॥ ३ ॥

तुलसी बीते अवधि प्रथम दिन जो रघुबीर न ऐहैं।

तौ प्रभु-चरन-सरोज-सपथ जीवत परिजनहि न पैहैं॥ ४ ॥

With hands joined, Bharata pleads: 'Friend of the lowly, may this lowly one never forget his humility. (1)

For me, a Lord like you is you alone; for you, there are many servants like me. Knowing this, yet recognizing my love, please forgive my sins and faults. (2)

Speaking thus, he fell at the feet of Sītā and Rāma and clasped Lakṣmaṇa to his breast. His body thrilled and his eyes filled with tears as he made a lover's pledge. (3)

Tulsī says: if Raghubīra does not return on the first day after the term has ended, then, by the lotus feet of the Lord, you will not find your servant alive. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 77: Bharata Accepts Rāma's Command

अवसि हौं आयसु पाइ रहौंगो।

जनमि कैकयी-कोखि कृपानिधि! क्यों कछु चपरि कहौंगो॥ १ ॥

‘भरत भूप, सिय-राम-लखन बन’, सुनि सानंद सहौंगो।

पुर-परिजन अवलोकि मातु सब सुख-संतोष लहौंगो॥ २ ॥

प्रभु जानत, जेहि भाँति अवधिलौं बचन पालि निवहौंगो।

आगेकी बिनती तुलसी तब, जब फिरि चरन गहौंगो॥ ३ ॥

Having received your command, I shall certainly remain. Treasure of compassion, born from Kaikeyī's womb, how could I rashly say anything more? (1)

I shall hear, ‘Bharata is king, while Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa are in the forest,’ and endure it with glad submission. Seeing the city, its people, and all the mothers, I shall find happiness and contentment. (2)

The Lord knows how I shall keep his word until the term is fulfilled. Tulsī says I shall make my next plea when I grasp these feet again. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 78: Bharata Takes the Sandals

प्रभुसों में ठीठो बहुत दर्ई है।
 कीबी छमा, नाथ! आरतितें कही कुजुगुति नई है॥ १ ॥
 यों कहि, बार बार पाँयनि परि, पाँवरि पुलकि लई है।
 अपनो अदिन देखि हों डरपत, जेहि बिष बेलि बई है॥ २ ॥
 आए सदा सुधारि गोसाईं, जनतें बिगारि गई है।
 थके बचन पैरत सनेह-सरि, पर्यो मानो घोर घई है॥ ३ ॥
 चित्रकूट तेहि समय सबनिकी बुद्धि बिषाद हई है।
 तुलसी राम-भरतके बिछुरत सिला सप्रेम भई है॥ ४ ॥

I have shown the Lord great obstinacy. Forgive me, Master, if anguish made me utter some new and false argument. (1)

Speaking thus, he repeatedly fell at the Lord's feet and, thrilled with emotion, took the sandals. 'I fear my own evil time, which has sown this poisonous vine.' (2)

'Master, you have always come and set matters right, but through your servant they have gone wrong.' His words grew weary swimming the river of affection, as though they had fallen into a terrible whirlpool. (3)

At that moment in Citrakūṭa, everyone's understanding was overcome by grief. Tulsī says that as Rāma and Bharata parted, even the stone there melted with love. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 79: Bharata's Life at Nandigrāma

जबतें चित्रकूटतें आए।

नंदिग्राम खनि अवनि, ड़ासि कुस, परनकुटी करि छाए॥ १ ॥

अजिन बसन, फल असन, जटा धरे रहत अवधि चित दीन्हें।

प्रभु-पद-प्रेम-नेम-ब्रत निरखत मुनिन्ह नमित मुख कीन्हें॥ २ ॥

सिंहासनपर पूजि पादुका बारहि बार जोहारे।

प्रभु-अनुराग माँगि आयसु पुरजन सब काज संवारे॥ ३ ॥

तुलसी ज्यों-ज्यों घटत तेज तनु, त्यों-त्यों प्रीति अधिकाई।

भए, न हैं, न होहिंगे कबहुँ भुवन भरत-से भाई॥ ४ ॥

Since returning from Citrakūṭa, Bharata has dwelt at Nandigrāma, digging into the earth, spreading kuśa grass, and sheltering beneath a hut of leaves. (1)

Clad in deerskin, living on fruit, and wearing matted hair, he keeps his mind fixed upon the term.

Seeing his disciplined vow of love for the Lord's feet, sages bow their heads. (2)

He worships the sandals upon the throne and bows to them again and again. Asking their command in loving devotion to the Lord, he sets all the people's affairs in order. (3)

Tulsī says: as the radiance of his body diminishes, his love grows ever greater. There has never been, there is not, and there never will be a brother like Bharata in the world. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 80: Bharata Governs under Rāma's Sandals

राखी भगति-भलाई भली भाँति भरत।
 स्वार्थ-परमारथ-पथी जय जय जग करत॥ १ ॥
 जो ब्रत मुनिवरनि कठिन मानस आचरत।
 सो ब्रत लिए चातक-ज्यों सुमत पाप हरत॥ २ ॥
 सिंहासन सुभग राम-चरन-पीठ धरत।
 चालत सब राजकाज आयसु अनुसरत॥ ३ ॥
 आपु अवध, बिपिन बंधु, सोच-जरनि जरत।
 तुलसी सम-बिषम, सुगम-अगम लखि न परत॥ ४ ॥

Bharata preserved devotion and goodness in perfect measure. A traveler upon the paths of both worldly and highest good, he is acclaimed throughout the world. (1)

He undertook the vow that the finest sages find difficult even to practice in their minds, living like the cātaka bird; hearing of that noble resolve removes sin. (2)

He placed Rāma's beautiful foot-throne upon the royal throne, and all affairs of state proceeded in obedience to its command. (3)

He himself was in Ayodhyā while his brother was in the forest, each burning in the fire of grief.

Tulsī says no one could perceive equality or inequality, ease or hardship, between them. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 81: Bharata's Devoted Way of Life

मोहि भावति, कहि आवति नहि भरतजूकी रहनि।
 सजल नयन सिथिल बयन प्रभु-गुन-गान कहनि॥ १ ॥
 असन-बसन-अयन-सयन धरम गरुअ गहनि।
 दिन दिन पन-प्रेम-नेम निरुपधि निबहनि॥ २ ॥
 सीता-रघुनाथ-लखन-बिरह-पीर सहनि।
 तुलसी तजि उभय लोक रामचरन-चहनि॥ ३ ॥

Bharata's way of life delights me, yet it cannot be expressed: with tear-filled eyes and faltering voice, he sings and speaks the Lord's virtues. (1)

In food, clothing, movement, and sleep he embraces a weighty discipline; day by day he sustains his vow, love, and sacred observance without ulterior aim. (2)

He endures the pain of separation from Sītā, Raghunātha, and Lakṣmaṇa. Tulsī says that, renouncing both worlds, he longs only for Rāma's feet. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 82: The Unwavering Path of Rāma's Devotion

जानी है संकर-हनुमान-लखन-भरत राम भगति।

कहत सुगम, करत अगम, सुनत मीठी लगति॥ १ ॥

लहत सकृत्, चहत सकल, जुग जुग जगमगति।

राम-प्रेम-पथतें कबहुँ डोलति नहिं, डगति॥ २ ॥

सिधि-सिंधि, बिधि चारि सुगति जा बिनु गति अगति।

तुलसी तेहि सनमुख बिनु बिषय-ठगिनि ठगति॥ ३ ॥

Śaṅkara, Hanumān, Lakṣmaṇa, and Bharata know devotion to Rāma. It is easy to describe, impossible to perform, and sweet to hear. (1)

All desire it, only the rare person obtains it, and age after age it shines throughout the world. It never sways or steps aside from the path of love for Rāma. (2)

Without it, accomplishment, prosperity, and the four blessed destinies are no true destination at all. Tulsī says that unless one stands face-to-face with that devotion, the deceiver of sense-objects continues to deceive. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 83: Kauśalyā Questions Kaikeyī's Gain

कैकयी करी धौं चतुराई कौन?

राम-लखन-सिय बनहि पठाए, पति पठए सुरभौन॥ १ ॥

कहा भलो धौं भयो भरतको, लगे तरुन-तन दौन।

पुरबासिन्हके नयन नीर बिनु कबहुँ तो देखति हौं न॥ २ ॥

कौसल्या दिन राति बिसूरति, बैठि मनहि मन मौन।

तुलसी उचित न होइ रोइबो, प्रान गए सँग जौ न॥ ३ ॥

What clever gain did Kaikeyī achieve? She sent Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā to the forest and dispatched her husband to the realm of the gods. (1)

What good came to Bharata? His youthful body has begun to waste away. I never see the city's people without tears in their eyes. (2)

Kauśalyā grieves day and night, sitting silent within herself. Tulsī says even weeping is unfitting, since her life did not depart along with them. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 84: Kauśalyā's Self-Reproach

हाथ मीजिबो हाथ रह्यो।

लगी न संग चित्रकूटहुतें, हों कहा जात बह्यो॥ १ ॥

पति सुरपुर, सिय-राम-लखन बन, मुनिब्रत भरत गह्यो।

हों रहि घर मसान-पावक ज्यों, मति बौड़ मृतक दह्यो॥ २ ॥

मेरोइ हिय कठोर करिबे कहँ बिधि कहँ कुलिसम लह्यो।

तुलसी बन पहुँचाइ फिरि सुत, क्यों कछु परत कह्यो?॥ ३ ॥

Only the wringing of my hands remains in my hands. I did not follow them from Citrakūṭa—what current swept me back here? (1)

My husband is in heaven; Sītā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa are in the forest; Bharata has taken a sage's vow. I remain at home like a cremation fire, a foolish mind burning the dead. (2)

To make my heart hard, fate found something harder even than a thunderbolt. Tulsī asks: when a son has escorted them to the forest and returned, how can anything be said to him? (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 85: Kauśalyā Lives with Separation

हैं तो समुझि रही अपनो सो।

राम-लखन-सियको सुख मो कहँ भयो, सखी! सपनो सो॥ १ ॥

जिनके बिरह-बिषाद बँटावन खग-मृग जीव दुखारी।

मोहि कहा सजनी समझावति, हों तिन्हकी महतारी॥ २ ॥

भरत-दसा सुनि, सुमिरि भूपति, देखि दीन पुरबासी।

तुलसी 'राम' कहति हों सकुचति, हँसे जग उपहासी॥ ३ ॥

I had understood that happiness as truly my own, but, friend, the joy of Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā became for me no more than a dream. (1)

Birds, beasts, and every living being suffer as they share the grief of separation from them. Friend, why do you console me? I am their mother. (2)

Hearing Bharata's condition, remembering the king, and seeing the afflicted people of the city, I hesitate even to utter 'Rāma,' says Tulsī, lest the mocking world laugh. (3)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 86: Kauśalyā Grieves for Rāma's Horses

आली! हौं इन्हहि बुझावौं कैसे?
 लेत हिये भरि भरि पतिको हित, मातुहेतु सुत जैसे॥ १ ॥
 बार-बार हिहिनात हेरि उत, जो बोले कोउ द्वारे।
 अंग लगाइ लिए बारतें करुनामय सुत प्यारे॥ २ ॥
 लोचन सजल, सदा सोवत-से, खान-पान बिसराए।
 चितवत चौंकि नाम सुनि, सोचत राम-सुरति उर आए॥ ३ ॥
 तुलसी प्रभुके बिरह-बधिक हति राजहंस-से जोरे।
 ऐसेहु दुखित देखि हौं जीवति राम-लखनके घोरे॥ ४ ॥

Friend, how can I console these horses? They hold love for their master deep within their hearts, as sons cherish their mother. (1)

Whenever someone speaks at the door, they look that way and neigh again and again. My compassionate, beloved son used to call them close and embrace them. (2)

Their eyes remain wet; they seem always asleep and have forgotten food and drink. Hearing his name, they start and gaze about, then grieve as Rāma's memory rises within. (3)

Tulsī says the hunter of separation from the Lord has struck this pair, like two royal swans. Seeing even Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa's horses so afflicted, I still remain alive. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 87: Kauśalyā Sends Rāma a Message

राघौ! एक बार फिरि आवौ।

ए बर बाजि बिलोकि आपने, बहुरो बनहि सिधावौ॥ १ ॥

जे पय प्याइ, पोखि कर-पंकज, बार-बार चुचुकारे।

क्यों जीवहिं, मेरे राम लाड़िले! ते अब निपट बिसारे॥ २ ॥

भरत सौगुनी सार करत हैं, अति प्रिय जानि तिहारे।

तदपि दिनहिं दिन होत झाँवरे, मनहुँ कमल हिम-मारे॥ ३ ॥

सुनहु पथिक! जो राम मिलहिं बन, कहियो मातु-सँदेसो।

तुलसी मोहि और सबहिनतें इनको बड़ो अंदेसो॥ ४ ॥

Rāghava, return once more. Look upon these excellent horses of yours, and then depart for the forest again. (1)

You fed them milk, nourished them with your lotus hands, and caressed them again and again. My darling Rāma, how can those whom you have now utterly forgotten continue to live? (2)

Bharata tends them a hundredfold, knowing them to be very dear to you; even so, they grow more withered each day, like lotuses struck by frost. (3)

Listen, traveler: if you meet Rāma in the forest, give him his mother's message. Tulsī says that, more than everyone else, I fear for these horses. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 88: Rumors Deepen Ayodhyā's Grief

काहूसों काहू समाचार ऐसे पाए।
 चित्रकूटतें राम-लखन-सिय सुनियत अनत सिधाए॥ १ ॥
 सैल, सरित, निरझर, बर, मुनि-थल देखि-देखि सब आए।
 कहत सुनत सुमिरत सुखदायक, मानस-सुगम सुहाए॥ २ ॥
 बढि अवलंब बाम-बिधि-विघटित बिषम बिषाद बढ़ाए।
 सिरिस-सुमन-सुकुमार मनोहर बालक बिंध्य चढ़ाए॥ ३ ॥
 अवध सकल नर-नारि बिकल अति, अँकनि बचन अनुभाए।
 तुलसी राम-बियोग-सोग-बस, समुझत नहिं समुझाए॥ ४ ॥

From one person or another came this news: Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā were said to have left Citrakūṭa for another place. (1)

They had seen mountains, rivers, waterfalls, forests, and sages' dwellings—all delightful to tell, hear, and remember, lovely and easily held in the mind. (2)

Cruel fate shattered that growing support and increased their terrible sorrow: it had made the charming children, tender as sirīṣa blossoms, climb the Vindhya range. (3)

All the men and women of Ayodhyā were so distraught that words could not contain their state. Tulsī says that, overcome by grief at separation from Rāma, they could not understand even when others tried to console them. (4)

Ayodhyākāṇḍa Song 89: Auspicious News Reaches Bharata

सुनि मैं सखि! मंगल चाह सुहाई।
 सुभ पत्रिका निषादराजकी आजु भरत पहुँ आई॥ १ ॥
 कुँवर सो कुसल-छेम अलि! तेहि पल कुलगुर कहँ पहुँचाई।
 गुर कृपालु सप्रेम पुर घर घर सादर सबहि सुनाई॥ २ ॥
 बंधि बिराध, सुर-साधु सुखी करि, ऋषि-सिरिष-आसिष पाई।
 कुंभज-सिष्य समेत संग सिय, मुदित चले दोउ भाई॥ ३ ॥
 बीच बिंध्य रेवा सुपास थल बसैं हैं परन-गृह छाई।
 पंथ-कथा रघुनाथ पथिककी तुलसिदास सुनि गाई॥ ४ ॥

Friend, I have heard a lovely and auspicious report: today a favorable letter from the Niṣāda king reached Bharata. (1)

The princes are safe and well, friend. At once he sent the letter to the family preceptor, and the compassionate guru lovingly had it read with honor to every household in the city. (2)

After slaying Virādha, gladdening gods and holy people, and receiving the sages' blessings, the two brothers journeyed happily with Sītā and the disciple of the Pot-born sage. (3)

They now dwell at a pleasant place between the Vindhya and the Revā, beneath a shelter of leaves. Tulsīdāsa heard and sang this traveler's account of Raghunātha's road. (4)

RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Aranyakāṇḍa

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 1: The Lord's Forest Wandering

देखे राम पथिक नाचत मुदित मोर।

मानत मनहु सतड़ित ललित घन, धनु सुरधनु, गरजनि टँकोर॥ १ ॥

कँपे कलाप बर बरहि फिरावत, गावत कल कोकिल-किसोर।

जहँ जहँ प्रभु बिचरत, तहँ तहँ सुख, दंडकबन कौतुक न थोर॥ २ ॥

सघन छाँह-तम रुचिर रजनि भ्रम, बदन-चंद चितवत चकोर।

तुलसी मुनि खग-मृगनि सराहत, भए हैं सुकृत सब इन्हकी ओर॥ ३ ॥

Seeing the traveler Rāma, the delighted peacocks dance. They take him for a lovely cloud attended by lightning, his bow for the rainbow, and its twang for thunder. (1)

Fine peacocks shake and display their splendid plumage while young cuckoos sing sweetly.

Wherever the Lord wanders, happiness appears; the wonder in Daṇḍaka forest is no small thing. (2)

The darkness beneath the dense shade creates the illusion of a lovely night, and the cakora gazes at the moon of his face. Tulsīdāsa says the sages praise the birds and beasts: all accumulated merit has surely turned to their side. (3)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 2: Rāma Hunting in the Forest

सुभग सरासन सायक जोरे।

खेलत राम फिरत मृगया बन, बसति सो मृदु मूरति मन मोरे॥ १ ॥

पीत बसन कटि, चारु चारि सर, चलत कोटि नट सो तृन तोरे।

स्यामल तनु श्रम-कन राजत, ज्यों नव घन सुधा-सरोवर खोरे॥ २ ॥

ललित कंध, बर भुज, बिसाल उर, लेहिं कंठ-रेखें चित चोरे।

अवलोकत मुख देत परम सुख, लेत सरद-ससिकी छबि छोरे॥ ३ ॥

जटा मुकुट सिर, सारस-नयननि गौहैं तकत सुभौंह सकोरे।

सोभा अमित समाति न कानन, उमगि चली चहुँ दिसि मिति फोरे॥ ४ ॥

चितवत चकित कुरंग-कुरंगिनि, सब भए मगन मदनके भोरे।

तुलसिदास प्रभु बान न मोचत, सहज सुभाय प्रेमबस थोरे॥ ५ ॥

With an arrow set upon his handsome bow, Rāma roams the forest at the hunt; that gentle form abides within my heart. (1)

A yellow garment is at his waist and four lovely arrows beside it. At the sight of his gait, ten million dancers would break blades of grass to ward off the evil eye. Drops of perspiration shine upon his dark body like pearls on a fresh cloud emerging from a lake of nectar. (2)

Lovely are his shoulders, noble his arms, broad his chest; the lines upon his neck steal the heart. The sight of his face gives supreme delight and robs the autumn moon of its splendor. (3)

A crown of matted locks rests upon his head. When his lotus eyes take aim beneath beautifully contracted brows, his boundless beauty cannot fit within the forest but surges beyond measure through all four directions. (4)

Stags and does gaze in astonishment, all entranced and mistaking him for the Love-god. Yet, says Tulsīdāsa, the Lord does not loose his arrow, for by his very nature he is won by even a little love. (5)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 3: The Slaying of Mārīca

बैठे हैं राम-लषन अरु सीता।

पंचबटी बर परनकुटी तर, कहैं कछु कथा पुनीता॥ १ ॥

कपट-कुरंग कनकमनिमय लखि प्रियसों कहति हँसि बाला।

पाए पालिबे जोग मंजु मृग, मारेहु मंजुल छाला॥ २ ॥

प्रिया-बचन सुनि बिहँसि प्रेमबस गवहिं चाप-सर लीन्हें।

चल्यो भाजि, फिरि फिरि चितवत मुनिमख-रखवारे चीन्हें॥ ३ ॥

सोहति मधुर मनोहर मूरति हेम-हरिनके पाछे।

धावनि, नवनि, बिलोकनि, बिथकनि बसै तुलसी उर आछे॥ ४ ॥

Rāma, Lakṣmaṇa, and Sītā sit beneath the fine leaf-hut at Pañcavaṭī, speaking together of sacred matters. (1)

Seeing the counterfeit deer made of gold and jewels, the young lady smilingly tells her beloved: “If caught, this lovely deer is fit to be kept; if killed, its hide too will be beautiful.” (2)

Hearing his beloved’s words, Raghunātha smiles and, conquered by love, quietly takes up bow and arrow. The deer runs, looking back again and again, for it recognizes the protector of the sage’s sacrifice. (3)

Behind the golden deer, his tender and enchanting form shines wonderfully. His running, bending, looking, and pausing in weariness remain deeply lodged in Tulsīdāsa’s heart. (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 4: Following the Golden Deer

कर सर-धनु, कटि रुचिर निषंग।

प्रिया-प्रीति-प्रेरित बन-बीथिन्ह बिचरत कपट-कनक-मृग संग॥ १ ॥

भुज बिसाल, कमनीय कंध-उर, श्रम-सीकर सोहैं साँवरे अंग।

मनु मुकुता मनि मरकत गिरिपर लसत ललित रबि-किरनि प्रसंग॥ २ ॥

नलिन नयन, सिर जटा-मुकुट, बिच सुमन-माल मनु सिव-सिर गंग।

तुलसिदास ऐसी मूरति की बलि, छबि बिलोकि लाजें अमित अनंग॥ ३ ॥

Bow and arrow are in his hand and a handsome quiver at his waist. Moved by his beloved's love, he wanders the forest paths beside the counterfeit golden deer. (1)

His arms are broad, his shoulders and chest graceful, and beads of perspiration shine upon his dark limbs, like pearls gleaming on an emerald mountain when touched by lovely rays of the sun. (2)

His eyes are lotuses; upon his head is a crown of matted locks with a flower garland amid them, like the Gaṅgā upon Śiva's head. Tulsīdāsa offers himself to such a form, whose beauty makes countless Love-gods ashamed. (3)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 5: Rāghava's Beauty on the Forest Paths

राघव, भावति मोहि बिपिनकी बीथिन्ह धावनि।
 अरुन-कंज-बरन-चरन सोकहरन, अंकुस-कुलिस-
 केतु-अंकित अवनि॥ १ ॥

सुंदर स्यामल अंग, बसन पीत सुरंग, कटि निषंग
 परिकर मेरवनि।
 कनक-कुरंग संग, साजे कर सर-चाप, राजिवनयन
 इत उत चितवनि॥ २ ॥

सोहत सिर मुकुट जटा-पटल-निकर, सुमन-लता
 सहित रची बनवनि।
 तैसेई श्रम-सीकर रुचिर राजत मुख, तैसेए ललित
 भ्रुकुटिन्हकी नवनि॥ ३ ॥

देखत खग-निकर, मृग रवनिन्हजुत थकित बिसारि
 जहाँ-तहाँकी भेवनि।
 हरि-दरसन-फल पायो है ग्यान बिमल, जाँचत भगति,
 मुनि चाहत जवनि॥ ४ ॥

जिन्हके मन मगन भए हैं रस सगुन, तिन्हके लेखे
 अगुन-मुकुति कवनि।
 श्रवन-सुख करनि, भवसरिता-तरनि, गावत तुलसिदास
 कीरति पवनि॥ ५ ॥

Rāghava, I dearly love your running through the forest paths, by which the earth is stamped with your grief-dispelling, red-lotus feet and their marks of goad, thunderbolt, and banner. (1)
 Your lovely dark limbs, brilliant yellow garment, quiver and girdle at the waist; your running beside the golden deer with bow and arrow readied in hand, while your lotus eyes glance this way and that—all delight me. (2)
 Upon your head shines a crown formed of clustered matted locks adorned with forest flowers and

vines. Just so, lovely drops of perspiration shine upon your face, and just so your graceful brows bend. (3)

Seeing you, flocks of birds and deer together with their does stop exhausted, forgetting all their wandering. As the fruit of beholding Hari they have gained stainless knowledge; now they ask for the devotion even sages long to attain. (4)

For those whose minds are immersed in the savor of the Lord with attributes and form, what value has attributeless liberation? Tulsīdāsa sings his pure fame, which delights the ear and ferries one across the river of becoming. (5)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 6: Mārīca's Deceptive Cry

रघुबर दूरि जाइ मृग मार्यो।

लषन पुकारि, राम हरुए कहि, मरतहु बैर संभार्यो॥ १ ॥

सुनहु तात! कोउ तुम्हहि पुकारत प्राननाथको नाई।

कह्यो लषन, हत्यो हरिन, कोपि सिय हठि पठयो बरिआई॥ २ ॥

बंधु बिलोकि कहत तुलसी प्रभु, 'भाई! भली न कीन्हीं।

मेरे जान जानकी काहू खल छल करि हरि लीन्हीं'॥ ३ ॥

Raghu's Lord went far away and killed the deer. It cried out for Lakṣmaṇa and softly uttered "Rāma"; even while dying it remembered its old enmity. (1)

"Listen, dear Lakṣmaṇa! Someone is calling you in the voice of my Lord." Lakṣmaṇa replied, "The deer has been killed; it is nothing." Angered, Sītā stubbornly compelled him to go. (2)

Seeing his brother approach, Tulsīdāsa's Lord says: "Brother, you have not done well. I believe some villain has deceived us and carried Jānakī away." (3)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 7: Sītā's Abduction

आरत बचन कहति बैदेही।

बिलपति भूरि बिसूरि, 'दूरि गए मृग सँग परम सनेही' ॥ १ ॥

कहे कटु बचन, रेख नाँधी मैं, तात छमा सो कीजै।

देखि बधिक-बस राजमरालिनि, लषन लाल! छिनि लीजै ॥ २ ॥

बनदेवनि सिय कहन कहति यों, छल करि नीच हरी हों।

गोमर-कर सुरधेनु, नाथ! ज्यों त्यों परहाथ परी हों ॥ ३ ॥

तुलसिदास रघुनाथ-नाम-धुनि अकनि गीध धुकि धायो।

'पुत्रि पुत्रि! जनि डरहि, न जैहै नीचु, मीचु हों आयो' ॥ ४ ॥

Vaidehī speaks words of anguish, lamenting bitterly: “My dearest Lord has gone far away with the deer.” (1)

“I spoke harsh words and crossed the line; dear Lakṣmaṇa, forgive me. See this royal swan caught by a hunter—my child, come snatch me from him!” (2)

Sītā gives the forest deities this message to deliver: “A vile one has abducted me through deceit. Lord, like the divine cow fallen into a butcher’s hands, I have somehow fallen into an enemy’s power.” (3)

Tulsidāsa says that, hearing the sound of Raghunātha’s name, the vulture king rushed forward in fury: “Daughter, daughter, do not fear! This wretch will not escape; I have come as death itself.” (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 8: Jaṭāyu's Battle

फिरत न बारहि बार प्रचार्यो।

चपरि चोंच-चंगुल हय हति, रथ खंड खंड करि डार्यो॥ १ ॥

बिरथ-बिकल कियो, छीन लीन्हि सिय, घन घायनि अकुलान्यो।

तब असि काढ़ि, काटि पर, पाँवर लै प्रभु-प्रिया परान्यो॥ २ ॥

रामकाज खगराज आजु लर्यो, जियत न जानकि त्यागी।

तुलसिदास सुर-सिद्ध सराहत, धन्य बिहँग बड़भागी॥ ३ ॥

He rebuked Rāvaṇa again and again, but the demon would not turn back. Swiftly striking the horses with beak and talons, Jaṭāyu smashed the chariot to pieces. (1)

He left Rāvaṇa chariotless and distraught and wrested Sītā from him. Maddened by his many wounds, the wretch then drew his sword, cut off the bird's wings, seized the Lord's beloved, and fled. (2)

Today the king of birds fought for Rāma's cause and would not surrender Jānakī while life remained. Tulsīdāsa says the gods and perfected beings praise him: blessed indeed is that most fortunate bird. (3)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 9: Omens of Separation

हेमको हरिन हनि फिरे रघुकुल-मनि,
 लषन ललित कर लिये मृगछाल।
 आश्रम आवत चले, सगुन न भए भले,
 फरके बाम बाहु, लोचन बिसाल॥ १ ॥
 सरित-जल मलिन, सरनि सूखे नलिन,
 अलि न गुंजत, कल कूजें न मराल।
 कोलिनि-कोल-किरात जहाँ तहाँ बिलखात,
 बन न बिलोकि जात खग-मृग-माल॥ २ ॥
 तरु जे जानकी लाए, ज्याये हरि-करि-कपि,
 हेरै न हुँकरि, झरैं फल न रसाल।
 जे सुक-सारिका पाले, मातु ज्यों ललकि लाले,
 तेऊ न पढ़त न पढ़ावैं मुनिबाल॥ ३ ॥
 समुझि सहमे सुठि, प्रिया तौ न आई उठि,
 तुलसी बिबरन परन-तृन-साल।
 औरै सो सब समाजु, कुसल न देखौं आजु,
 गहबर हिय कहैं कोसलपाल॥ ४ ॥

The jewel of Raghu's line returned after killing the golden deer, with Lakṣmaṇa carrying its lovely hide. As they approached the hermitage, the omens were not good: his left arm and great eyes throbbed. (1)

The river water was turbid, lotuses withered in the pools, bees did not hum, and swans made no sweet call. Kolas, their women, and forest hunters lamented everywhere; the forest's companies of birds and beasts were painful to behold. (2)

The trees Jānakī had planted bore no juicy fruit; the lions, elephants, and monkeys she had reared no longer looked up and roared. The parrots and mynas she had cherished like a mother neither recited nor were taught by the sages' young girls. (3)

Understanding, he grew deeply alarmed: his beloved did not rise to greet him, and, says Tulsīdāsa, the leaf-and-grass cottage appeared drained of color. “The whole company looks altered; I see no well-being today,” says the Lord of Kosala with a heart overwhelmed. (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 10: The Deserted Hermitage

आश्रम निरखि भूले, द्रुम न फले न फूले,
 अलि-खग-मृग मानो कबहुँ न हे।
 मुनि न मुनिबधूटी, उजरी परनकुटी,
 पंचबटी पहिचानि ठाढ़ेइ रहे॥ १ ॥
 उठी न सलिल लिए, प्रेम प्रमुदित हिए,
 प्रिया न पुलकि प्रिय बचन कहे।
 पल्लव-सालन हेरी, प्रानबल्लभा न टेरी,
 बिरह बिथकि लखि लषन गहे॥ २ ॥
 देखे रघुपति-गति निबुध विकल अति,
 तुलसी गहन बिनु दहन दहे।
 अनुज दियो भरोसो, तौलों है सोचु खरो सो,
 सिय-समाचार प्रभु जौलों न लहे॥ ३ ॥

Looking upon the hermitage, he was bewildered: the trees neither fruited nor flowered, and bees, birds, and beasts seemed never to have been there. There were no sages or sages' wives, and the leaf-hut stood desolate. Recognizing Pañcavaṭī, he simply remained standing. (1)
 His beloved did not rise with water in hand and a heart delighted by love, nor thrill and speak affectionate words. He searched the openings among the leaves, but the beloved of his life did not call. Seeing him exhausted by separation, Lakṣmaṇa held him up. (2)
 Seeing Raghupati's condition, the gods became utterly distraught; says Tulsīdāsa, the forest burned without a fire. His younger brother reassured him: this terrible grief would stand only until the Lord learned news of Sītā. (3)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 11: The Search Begins

जबहि सिय-सुधि सब सुरनि सुनाई।
 भए सुनि सजग, बिरहसरि पैरत थके थाह-सी पाई॥ १ ॥
 कसि तूनीर-तीर धनु-धर-धुर धीर बीर दोउ भाई।
 पंचबटी-गोदहि प्रनाम करि, कुटी दाहिनी लाई॥ २ ॥
 चले बूझत बन-बेलि-बिटप, खग-मृग, अलि-अवलि सुहाई।
 प्रभुकी दसा सो समौ कहिबेको कबि उर आह न आई॥ ३ ॥
 रटनि अकनि पहिचानि गीध फिरे करुनामय रघुराई।
 तुलसी रामहि प्रिया बिसरि गई, सुमिरि सनेह-सगाई॥ ४ ॥

When all the gods told him what had happened to Sītā, he heard and became alert. Weary from swimming the river of separation, he seemed at last to find a foothold. (1)

The two steadfast and heroic brothers, foremost among bowmen, fastened quivers and arrows. Bowing to Pañcavaṭī and the Godāvarī, they circumambulated the cottage. (2)

They set out questioning the forest's vines and trees, its birds and beasts, and its lovely swarms of bees. The poet's heart had no courage to describe the Lord's condition at that moment. (3)

Hearing the repeated name and recognizing the vulture, compassionate Raghurāya turned back.

Tulsidāsa says that, remembering Jaṭāyu's bond of affection, Rāma for the moment even forgot his beloved. (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 12: Jaṭāyu's Lament

मेरे एकौ हाथ न लागी।

गयो बपु बीति बादि कानन ज्यों कलपलता दव दागी॥ १ ॥

दसरथसों न प्रेम प्रतिपाल्यौ, हुतो जो सकल जग साखी।

बरबस हरत निसाचर पतिसों हठि न जानकी राखी॥ २ ॥

मरत न मैं रघुबीर बिलोके तापस बेष बनाए।

चाहत चलन प्रान पाँवर बिनु सिय-सुधि प्रभुहि सुनाए॥ ३ ॥

बार-बार कर माँजि, सीस धुनि गीधराज पछिताई।

तुलसी प्रभु कृपालु तेहि औसर आइ गए दोउ भाई॥ ४ ॥

Not one purpose has succeeded in my hands. My body has passed away in vain, like a wish-fulfilling vine burned by wildfire in the forest without serving anyone. (1)

I did not uphold my love for Daśaratha, though the whole world witnessed it; when the lord of demons carried Jānakī away by force, I could not stubbornly hold her back. (2)

At the hour of death I have not seen Raghubīra dressed as an ascetic, and these wretched breaths wish to depart before telling the Lord news of Sītā. (3)

Again and again the king of vultures wrings his hands and beats his head in remorse. At that very moment, says Tulsīdāsa, the two compassionate brothers arrive. (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 13: Rāma Takes Jaṭāyu into His Lap

राघौ गीध गोद करि लीन्हों।
 नयन-सरोज सनेह-सलिल सुचि मनहु अरघजल दीन्हों॥ १ ॥
 सुनहु लखन! खगपतिहि मिले बन मैं पितु-मरन न जान्यौ।
 सहि न सक्यौ सो कठिन बिधाता, बड़ो पछु आजुहि भान्यौ॥ २ ॥
 बहु बिधि राम कह्यो तनु राखन, परम धीर नहि डोल्याँ।
 रोकि प्रेम, अवलोकि बदन-बिधु, बचन मनोहर बोल्यौ॥ ३ ॥
 तुलसी प्रभु झूठे जीवन लागि समय न धोखो लेहों।
 जाको नाम मरत मुनिदुरलभ तुमहि कहाँ पुनि पैहों?॥ ४ ॥

Rāghava took the vulture into his lap; with the pure water of love from his lotus eyes he seemed to offer water of welcome. (1)

“Listen, Lakṣmaṇa! Meeting the king of birds in the forest made me forget our father’s death. Cruel fate could not endure this happiness and today has shattered this great support.” (2)

Rāma urged Jaṭāyu in many ways to preserve his body, but the supremely steadfast bird did not waver. Restraining his love and gazing upon the moon of the Lord’s face, he spoke these beautiful words: (3)

“Lord, I will not now be deceived for the sake of a false life. When even sages rarely attain your name at death, where could I ever find you again?” (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 14: Jaṭāyu's Blessed Fortune

नीके कै जानत राम हियो हौं।

प्रनतपाल, सेवक-कृपालु-चित, पितु पटतरहि दियो हौं॥ १ ॥

त्रिजगजोनि-गत गीध, जनम भरि खाइ कुजंतु जियो हौं।

महाराज सुकृती-समाज सब-ऊपर आजु कियो हौं॥ २ ॥

श्रवन बचन, मुख नाम, रूप चख, राम उछंग लियो हौं।

तुलसी मो समान बड़भागी को कहि सके बियो हौं॥ ३ ॥

Rāma, I know your heart well. You protect those who surrender and your heart is compassionate toward servants; therefore you have placed me on a level with your father. (1)

I am a vulture born among the creatures of the three worlds, and I lived my whole life eating base animals. Yet today, great King, you have raised me above the entire company of the virtuous. (2)

My ears hear your words, my mouth speaks your name, my eyes behold your form, and Rāma has taken me into his lap. Tulsīdāsa asks: who else can claim fortune equal to mine? (3)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 15: Rāma Asks Jaṭāyu to Live

मेरे जान तात! कछू दिन जीजै।
 देखिअ आपु सुबन-सेवासुख, मोहि पितुको सुख दीजै॥ १ ॥
 दिब्य-देह, इच्छा-जीवन जग बिधि मनाइ माँगि लीजै।
 हरि-हर-सुजस सुनाइ, दरस दै, लोग कृतारथ कीजै॥ २ ॥
 देखि बदन, सुनि बचन-अमिय, तन रामनयन-जल भीजै।
 बोल्यो बिहग बिहँसि, ‘रघुबर! बलि, कहों सुभाय, पतीजै’॥ ३ ॥
 मेरे मरिबे सम न चारि फल, होंहि तौ, क्यों न कहीजै?
 तुलसी प्रभु दियो उतरु मौन हीं, परी मानो प्रेम सहीजै॥ ४ ॥

“Dear father, in my judgment you should live for a few more days. Enjoy the happiness of service from this son, and give me the joy of having a father. (1)
 Win the Creator’s favor and ask for a divine body and life for as long as you desire. Tell the glory of Hari and Hara, grant your sight, and make the people fulfilled.” (2)
 Seeing the Lord’s face, hearing his nectar-like words, and feeling his body wet with water from Rāma’s eyes, the bird smiled and said: “Raghu’s Lord, I offer myself to you. Believe me; I speak from my very nature. (3)
 Even the four goals of life cannot equal my death. If they can, why not tell me?” The Lord answered only with silence, says Tulsīdāsa, as though placing his seal upon Jaṭāyu’s love. (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 16: Jaṭāyu's Departure

मेरो सुनियो, तात! सँदेसो।

सीय-हरन जनि कहेहु पितासों, हैहै अधिक अँदेसो॥ १ ॥

रावरे पुन्यप्रताप-अनल महँ अलप दिननि रिपु दहिहैं।

कुलसमेत सुरसभा दसानन समाचार सब कहिहैं॥ २ ॥

सुनि प्रभु-बचन, राखि उर मूरति, चरन-कमल सिर नाई।

चल्यो नभ सुनत राम-कल-कीरति, अरु निज भाग बड़ाई॥ ३ ॥

पितु-ज्यों गीध-क्रिया करि रघुपति अपने धाम पठायो।

ऐसो प्रभु बिसारि तुलसी सठ! तू चाहत सुख पायो॥ ४ ॥

“Dear father, hear my message. Do not tell my father about Sītā's abduction, for it would increase his anxiety. (1)

In the fire of your holy power all the enemies will burn within a few days. Then Daśānana himself, together with his clan, will go to the divine assembly and tell the whole account.” (2)

Hearing the Lord's words, Jaṭāyu placed his beautiful form in his heart, bowed his head at the lotus feet, and departed through the sky while hearing Rāma's sweet fame and praise of his own fortune. (3)

Raghupati performed the vulture's rites as he would a father's and sent him to his own abode. Foolish Tulsīdāsa, forgetting such a Lord, do you still wish to find happiness? (4)

Aranyakāṇḍa Song 17: Rāma Visits Śabarī

सबरी सोइ उठी, फरकत बाम बिलोचन-बाहु।
 सगुन सुहावने सूचत मुनि-मन-अगम उछाहु॥
 मुनि-अगम उर आनंद, लोचन सजल, तनु पुलकावली।
 तृन-पर्नसाल बनाइ, जल भरि कलस, फल चाहन चली॥
 मंजुल मनोरथ करति, सुमिरति बिप्र-बरबानी भली।
 ज्यों कलप-बेलि सकेलि सुकृत सुफूल-फूली सुख-फली॥ १ ॥
 प्रानप्रिय पाहुने ऐहैं राम-लषन मेरे आजु।
 जानत जन-जियकी मृदु चित राम गरीबनिवाजु॥
 मृदु चित गरीबनिवाज आजु बिराजिहैं गृह आइकै।
 ब्रह्मादि संकर-गौरि पूजित पूजिहौं अब जाइकै॥
 लहि नाथ हौं रघुनाथ-बानो पतितपावन पाइकै।
 दुहु ओर लाहु अघाइ तुलसी तीसरेहु गुन गाइकै॥ २ ॥
 दोना रुचिर रचे पूरन कंद-मूल, फल-फूल।
 अनुपम अमियहुतें अंबक अवलोकत अनुकूल॥
 अनुकूल अंबक अंब ज्यों निज डिंब हित सब आनिकै।
 सुंदर सनेहसुधा सहस जनु सरस राखे सानिकै॥
 छन भवन, छन बाहर, बिलोकति पंथ भूपर पानिकै।
 दोउ भाइ आये सबरिकाके प्रेम-पन पहिचानिकै॥ ३ ॥
 श्रवन सुनत चली, आवत देखि लषन-रघुराउ।
 सिथिल सनेह कहै, 'है सुपना बिधि, कैधौं सति भाउ'॥
 सति भाउ कै सपनो? निहारि कुमार कोसलरायके।
 गहे चरन, जे अघहरन नत-जन-बचन-मानस-कायके॥
 लघु-भाग-भाजन उदधि उमग्यो लाभ-सुख चित चाय कै।
 सो जननि ज्यों आदरी सानुज, राम भूखे भायके॥ ४ ॥
 प्रेम-पट पाँवड़े देत, सुअरघ बिलोचन-बारि।
 आश्रम लै दिए आसन पंकज-पाँय पखारि॥

पद-पंकजात पखारि पूजे, पंथ-श्रम-बिरति भये।
 फल-फूल अंकुर-मूल धरे सुधारि भरि दोना नये॥
 प्रभु खात पुलकित गात, स्वाद सराहि आदर जनु जये।
 फल चारिहु फल चारि दहि, परचारि-फल सबरी दये॥ ५ ॥
 सुमन बरषि, हरषे सुर, मुनि मुदित सराहि सिहात।
 'केहि रुचि केहि छुधा सानुज माँगि माँगि प्रभु खात॥
 प्रभु खात माँगत देति सबरी, राम भोगी जागके'।
 पुलकत प्रसंसत सिद्ध-सिव-सनकादि भाजन भागके॥
 बालक सुमित्रा कौसिलाके पाहुने फल-सागके।
 सुनि समुझि तुलसी जानु रामहि बस अमल अनुरागके॥ ६ ॥
 रघुबर अँचइ उठे, सबरी करि प्रनाम कर जोरि।
 हौं बलि बलि गई, पुरई मंजु मनोरथ मोरि॥
 पुरई मनोरथ, स्वारथहु परमारथहु पूरन करी।
 अघ-अवगुनन्हिकी कोठरी करि कृपा मुद मंगल भरी॥
 तापस-किरातिनि-कोल मृदु मूरति मनोहर मन धरी।
 सिर नाइ, आयसु पाइ गवने, परमनिधि पाले परी॥ ७ ॥
 सिय-सुधि सब कही नख-सिख निरखि-निरखि दोउ भाइ।
 दै दै प्रदच्छिना करति प्रनाम, न प्रेम अघाइ॥
 अति प्रीति मानस राखि रामहि, राम-धामहि सो गई।
 तेहि मातु-ज्यों रघुनाथ अपने हाथ जल-अंजलि दर्ई॥
 तुलसी-भनित, सबरी-प्रनति, रघुबर-प्रकृति करुनामई।
 गावत, सुनत, समुझत भगति हिय होय प्रभु पद नित नई॥ ८ ॥

Śabarī awoke from sleep, her left eye and arm throbbing. The lovely omens announced a joy beyond even sages' minds. Her heart held a bliss sages cannot reach, her eyes were wet, and her body thrilled. She prepared the grass-and-leaf hut, filled a pitcher with water, and went to gather fruit. Making beautiful plans and remembering the noble sage's blessed promise, she was like a wish-fulfilling vine that had gathered every merit, flowered abundantly, and now borne the fruit of joy. (1)

"Today my beloved guests Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa will come. Tender-hearted Rāma, protector of the

poor, knows what lies in his servant's heart. Today he will enter and grace my home. I shall worship the one worshiped by Brahmā, Śaṅkara, Gaurī, and the gods. Attaining Raghunātha as my Lord and finding the purifier of the fallen, I shall gain fully in both worlds; Tulsīdāsa will gain a third reward by singing his virtues." (2)

She prepared beautiful leaf bowls full of roots, tubers, fruits, and flowers, unequalled, sweeter than nectar, and pleasing to the eyes. Like a mother bringing everything for her own child, she steeped them, as it were, in a thousandfold nectar of lovely affection. One moment inside and the next outside, she watched the road with a hand above her brow. Recognizing Śabarī's vow of love, the two brothers came. (3)

Hearing of their approach, she went forward; then, seeing Lakṣmaṇa and Raghurāya coming, she became weak with love and said, "Creator, is this a dream or true feeling?" Gazing at the princes of Kosala's king, she grasped the feet that remove the sins of surrendered people in mind, speech, and body. Though she thought herself a vessel of little fortune, an ocean of delight surged within at such gain. Rāma hungers only for loving feeling, and with his younger brother he honored her like a mother. (4)

She spread a carpet of love beneath their feet and offered excellent arghya with the water of her eyes. Leading them to the hermitage, she gave them seats after washing their lotus feet. She worshiped those feet and relieved their weariness from the road. In fresh leaf bowls she arranged fruits, flowers, shoots, and roots. The Lord ate with his body thrilled, praising their flavor as if nurturing her reverence. By Śabarī's four kinds of fruit Rāma burned the four worldly goals and gave her the fruit of devoted service. (5)

The gods rained flowers and rejoiced; delighted sages praised and marveled: "With what appetite and hunger the Lord and his brother repeatedly ask and eat! The Lord who enjoys all sacrifices is eating and asking, and Śabarī keeps giving." Śiva, the Siddhas, and Sanaka and the other recipients of fortune praised her with bodies thrilled. The sons of Sumitrā and Kauśalyā are guests of fruits and greens today. Hearing and understanding this, Tulsīdāsa, know that Rāma is mastered by stainless love alone. (6)

Raghu's Lord rinsed his mouth and rose. Śabarī bowed with joined hands: "I offer myself again and again; today you fulfilled my cherished longing. You completed my heart's desire, both my worldly welfare and highest good. I was a storehouse of sins and faults, but by grace you filled me with joy and auspiciousness." Ascetics, Kirāta women, and Kolas placed the Lord's tender enchanting form within their hearts, bowed, received leave, and departed guarding the supreme treasure they had gained. (7)

After gazing upon both brothers from head to foot, Śabarī told them all she knew of Sītā. Again and again she circumambulated and bowed, never sated with love. Keeping Rāma in her heart with deepest affection, she went to Rāma's abode; Raghunātha then offered water for her with his own

hands as for a mother. Singing, hearing, and understanding Tulsīdāsa's verse, Śabarī's surrender, and Raghu's Lord's compassionate nature makes devotion to the Lord's feet ever new in the heart.

(8)

RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Kiṣkindhākāṇḍa

Kiṣkindhākāṇḍa Song 1: Rāma Sees Sītā's Ornaments

भूषन-बसन बिलोकत सियके।

प्रेम-बिबस मन, कंप पुलक तनु, नीरजनयन नीर भरे पियके॥ १ ॥

सकुचत कहत, सुमिरि उर उमगत, सील-सनेह-सुगुनगन तियके।

स्वामि-दसा-लखि लषन सखा कपि, पिघले आँच माठ मानो घियके॥ २ ॥

सोचत हानि मानि मन, गुनि-गुनि गये निघटि फल सकल सुकियके।

बरने जामबंत तेहि अवसर, बचन बिबेक बीररस बियके॥ ३ ॥

धीर बीर सुनि समुझि परसपर, बल-उपाय उघटत निज हियके।

तुलसिदास यह समउ कहेतें कबि लागत निपट निठुर जड़ जियके॥ ४ ॥

As he looks upon Sītā's ornaments and garments, the beloved's mind is overcome by love; his body trembles and thrills, and water fills the lotuses of his eyes. (1)

He hesitates to speak, while remembrance of his wife's character, affection, and host of virtues surges within. Seeing their master's state, Lakṣmaṇa, Sugrīva, and the monkeys melt like jars of ghee held to a flame. (2)

Thinking again and again of the loss and injury, they grieve as if every fruit of their merit has been exhausted. At that moment Jāmbavān speaks words seeded with discernment and heroic spirit. (3)

Hearing and understanding him, those steadfast heroes reveal to one another the strength and strategies within their hearts. Tulsīdāsa says that any poet who describes this moment seems utterly hard-hearted and insensible. (4)

Kiṣkindhākāṇḍa Song 2: The Search for Sītā Is Ordered

प्रभु कपि-नायक बोलि कह्यो है।

बरषा गई, सरद आई, अब लागि नहि सिय-सोधु लह्यो है॥ १ ॥

जा कारन तजि लोकलाज, तनु राखि बियोग सह्यो है।

ताको तौ कपिराज आज लागि, कछु न काज निबह्यो है॥ २ ॥

सुनि सुग्रीव सभीत नमित-मुख, उतरु न देन चल्यो है।

आइ गए हरि जूथ, देखि उर पूरि प्रमोद रह्यो है॥ ३ ॥

पठये बदि-बदि अवधि दसहु दिसि, चले बलु सबनि गह्यो है।

तुलसी सिय लागि भव-दधिनिधि मनु फिर हरि चहत मह्यो है॥ ४ ॥

The Lord summoned the leader of the monkeys and said: “The rains have passed and autumn has come, yet still no trace of Sītā has been found. (1)

For her sake I cast aside worldly regard, preserved this body, and endured separation; yet until today, king of monkeys, none of her work has been accomplished.” (2)

Hearing this, Sugrīva lowered his face in fear and could offer no reply. Just then the monkey hosts arrived; seeing them filled every heart with delight. (3)

They were sent through all ten directions with fixed deadlines, and each departed taking courage. Tulsīdāsa says it seemed that, for Sītā’s sake, Hari wished to churn the ocean of worldly existence once more. (4)

RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Sundarakāṇḍa

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 1: Hanumān Finds Sītā

रजायसु रामको जब पायो।
 गाल मेलि मुद्रिका, मुदित मन पबनपूत सिर नायो॥ १ ॥
 भालुनाथ नल-नील साथ चले, बली बालिको जायो।
 फरकि सुअँग भए सगुन, कहत मानो मग मुद-मंगल छायो॥ २ ॥
 देखि बिबर, सुधि पाइ गीधसों सबनि अपनो बलु मायो।
 सुमिरि राम, तकि तरकि तोयनिधि, लंक लूक-सो आयो॥ ३ ॥
 खोजत घर घर, जनु दरिद्र-मनु फिरत लागि धन धायो।
 तुलसी सिय बिलोकि पुलक्यो तनु, भूरिभाग भयो भायो॥ ४ ॥

When the Son of the Wind received Rāma's command, he placed the ring in his mouth, bowed his head, and rejoiced. (1)

Jāmbavān, Nala, Nīla, and mighty Aṅgada went with him. Their limbs throbbed with auspicious signs, as though joy and good fortune had spread over the road. (2)

After seeing the cavern and learning the news from the vulture, each displayed his strength. Remembering Rāma, Hanumān looked across and leapt over the ocean, reaching Laṅkā like a streak of fire. (3)

He searched house after house like the mind of a poor man racing after wealth. Tulsīdāsa says that when he beheld Sītā, his body thrilled and he knew his immense good fortune. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 2: Sītā Receives Rāma's Ring

देखी जानकी जब जाइ।

परम धीर समीरसुतके प्रेम उर न समाइ॥ १ ॥

कृस सरीर सुभाय सोभित, लगी उड़ि उड़ि धूलि।

मनहु मनसिज मोहनी-मनि गयो भोरे भूलि॥ २ ॥

रटति निसिबासर निरंतर राम राजिवनैन।

जात निकट न बिरहिनी-अरि अकनि ताते बैन॥ ३ ॥

नाथके गुनगाथ कहि कपि दई मुँदरी डारि।

कथा सुनि उठि लई कर बर, रुचिर नाम निहारि॥ ४ ॥

हृदय हरष-बिषाद अति पति-मुद्रिका पहिचानि।

दास तुलसी दसा सो केहि भाँति कहै बखानि?॥ ५ ॥

When the Son of the Wind came and saw Jānakī, even his supremely steadfast heart could not contain its love. (1)

Her naturally lovely body had grown thin and dust kept settling upon it, as though the bewildered god of love had forgotten his enchanting jewel. (2)

Day and night she ceaselessly repeated the name of lotus-eyed Rāma. Hearing her words, the enemy of separation did not yet approach her. (3)

The monkey recounted his Lord's virtues and dropped the ring before her. Hearing the account, she rose, took it in her hand, and gazed upon its beautiful name. (4)

Recognizing her husband's signet, her heart filled at once with intense joy and grief. How, asks servant Tulsī, could that condition ever be described? (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 3: Sītā Questions the Ring

बोलि, बलि, मूँदरी! सानुज कुसल कोसलपालु।
 अमिय-बचन सुनाइ मेटहि बिरह-ज्वाला-जालु॥ १ ॥
 कहत हित अपमान मैं कियो, होत हिय सोइ सालु।
 रोष छमि सुधि करत कबहू ललित लछिमन लालु?॥ २ ॥
 परसपर पति-देवरहि का होति चरचा चालु।
 देवि! कहु केहि हेत बोले बिपुल बानर-भालु॥ ३ ॥
 सीलनिधि समरथ सुसाहिब दीनबंधु दयालु।
 दास तुलसी प्रभुहि काहु न कह्यो मेरो हालु॥ ४ ॥

Speak, dear ring! Is the guardian of Kosala well together with his younger brother? Pour out nectar-like words and extinguish this net of separation's flames. (1)

It still pierces my heart that, while speaking for his welfare, I insulted Lakṣmaṇa. Has that lovely prince ever forgiven his anger and remembered me? (2)

What do husband and younger brother say to one another? "Goddess," the ring replies, "why then did those countless monkeys and bears speak?" (3)

Your Lord is an ocean of virtue, mighty and noble, the merciful friend of the lowly. Yet, servant Tulsī says, no one told him of my condition. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 4: The Ring Reassures Sītā

सदल सलषन हैं कुसल कृपालु कोसल राउ!
 सील-सदन सनेह-सागर सहज सरल सुभाउ॥ १ ॥
 नींद-भूख न देवरहि, परिहरेको पछिताउ।
 धीरधुर रघुबीरको नहि सपनेहू चित चाउ॥ २ ॥
 सोधु बिनु, अनुरोध रितुके, बोध बिहित उपाउ।
 करत हैं सोइ समय साधन, फलति बनत बनाउ॥ ३ ॥
 पठए कपि दिसि दसहु, जे प्रभुकाज कुटिल न काउ।
 बोलि लियो हनुमान करि सनमान, जानि समाउ॥ ४ ॥
 दर्ई हौं संकेत कहि, कुसलात सियहि सुनाउ।
 देखि दुर्ग, बिसेषि जानकि, जानि रिपु-गति आउ॥ ५ ॥
 कियो सीय-प्रबोध मुँदरी, दियो कपिहि लखाउ।
 पाइ अवसर, नाइ सिर तुलसीस-गुनगन गाउ॥ ६ ॥

The compassionate king of Kosala is well with Lakṣmaṇa and all his company. He is virtue's abode, an ocean of affection, naturally guileless in disposition. (1)
 Your brother-in-law has neither sleep nor hunger and regrets having left you. Steadfast Raghubīra has not even in a dream the least desire for anything else. (2)
 Without news of you, and constrained by the season, he understood the proper means. He is acting at the right time; the preparation is taking shape and will bear fruit. (3)
 He sent monkeys through all ten directions, men without crookedness in their Lord's work. Recognizing Hanumān's fitness, he called and honored him. (4)
 "I give you this token," he said. "Tell Sītā that we are well. Inspect the fortress, see Jānakī especially, learn the enemy's movements, and return." (5)
 Thus the ring consoled Sītā and revealed the monkey's commission. Finding the occasion, it bowed and sang the multitude of Tulsī's Lord's virtues. (6)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 5: Hanumān Approaches Sītā

सुवन समीरको धीरधुरीन, बीर-बड़ोड़।
 देखि गति सिय-मुद्रिकाकी बाल ज्यों दियो रोड़ ॥ १ ॥
 अकनि कटु बानी कुटिलकी क्रोध-बिंध्य बड़ोड़।
 सकुचि सम भयो ईस-आयसु-कलसभव जिय जोड़ ॥ २ ॥
 बुद्धि-बल, साहस-पराक्रम अछत राखे गोड़।
 सकल साज-समाज साधक समउ, कहै सब कोड़ ॥ ३ ॥
 उतरि तरुतें नमत पद, सकुचात सोचत सोड़।
 चुके अवसर मनहु सुजनहि सुजन सनमुख होड़ ॥ ४ ॥
 कहे बचन बिनीत प्रीति-प्रतीति-नीति निचोड़।
 सीय सुनि हनुमान जान्यौ भली भाँति भलोड़ ॥ ५ ॥
 देबि! बिनु करतूति कहिबो जानिहैं लघु लोड़।
 कहौंगो मुखको समरसरि कालि कारिख धोड़ ॥ ६ ॥
 करत कछु न बनत, हरिहिय हरष-सोक समोड़।
 कहत मन तुलसीस लंका करहुँ सघन घमोड़ ॥ ७ ॥

The Son of the Wind, foremost among the steadfast and exalted among heroes, saw what the ring had done for Sītā and wept like a child. (1)

Hearing the crooked demon's harsh words, the wound of anger deepened. Yet he restrained himself, remembering in his heart the Lord's command and Agastya's counsel. (2)

Though intelligence, strength, courage, and valor were all present, he kept them concealed.

Everyone says that success depends upon the proper equipment, company, and time. (3)

Descending from the tree, he bowed at her feet, hesitant and thoughtful, like a good man who has missed the proper moment and now stands before another good person. (4)

He spoke humble words distilled from love, trust, and sound judgment. Hearing him, Sītā fully recognized Hanumān's goodness. (5)

"Goddess, if I merely speak without acting, people will think me insignificant. Tomorrow I shall tell the tale after washing the soot from my face in the river of battle. (6)

Nothing is gained by acting prematurely." Holding joy and sorrow together in Hari's heart, Tulsī's servant resolved inwardly to raise a dense tumult throughout Laṅkā. (7)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 6: Hanumān Gives Rāma's Assurance

हैं रघुबंसमनि को दूत।
 मातु मानु प्रतीति जानकि! जानि मारुतपूत॥ १ ॥
 मैं सुनी बातें असैली, जे कही निसिचर नीच।
 क्यों न मारों गाल, बैठो काल-डाढ़नि बीच॥ २ ॥
 निदरि अरि, रघुबीर-बल लै जाइँ जौ हठि आज।
 डरौं आयसु-भंगतें, अरु बिगरिहैं सुरकाज॥ ३ ॥
 बाँधि बारिधि, साधि रिपु, दिन चारिमें दोउ बीर।
 मिलिहिंगे कपि-भालु-दल संग, जननि! उर धरु धीर॥ ४ ॥
 चित्रकूट-कथा, कुसल कहि सीस नायो कीस।
 सुहृद-सेवक नाथको लखि दर्ई अचल असीस॥ ५ ॥
 भये सीतल स्रवन-तन-मन सुने बचन-पियूष।
 दास तुलसी रही नयननि दरसहीकी भूख॥ ६ ॥

I am the messenger of the jewel of Raghu's line. Mother Jānakī, trust me, knowing me to be the Son of the Wind. (1)

I heard the abusive things spoken by that vile demon. Why should I not strike him down, seated as he is amid the jaws of death? (2)

Defying the enemy, I could take you away by force today through Raghubīra's strength. I refrain for fear of breaking his command and disturbing the gods' purpose. (3)

The two heroes will bridge the ocean, subdue the foe, and within a few days meet you with the armies of monkeys and bears. Mother, hold courage in your heart. (4)

The monkey recounted the story of Citrakūṭa, reported their welfare, and bowed his head.

Recognizing him as her Lord's loving servant, she gave him an unfailing blessing. (5)

Hearing his nectar-like words cooled her ears, body, and mind; yet servant Tulsī says her eyes remained hungry for the sight of Rāma. (6)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 7: Sītā Laments the Lost Moment

तात! तोहूँसों कहत होति हिये गलानि।
 मनको प्रथम पन समुझि अछत तनु,
 लखि नई गति भई मति मलानि॥ १ ॥
 पियको बचन परिहर्यो जियके भरोसे,
 संग चली बन बड़ो लाभ जानि।
 पीतम-बिरह तौ सनेह सरबसु, सुत!
 औसरको चुकिबो सरिस न हानि॥ २ ॥
 आरज-सुवनके ते दया दुबनहूपर,
 मोहि सोच, मोतें सब बिधि नसानि।
 आपनी भलाई भलो कियो नाथ सबहीको,
 मेरे ही दिन सब बिसरी बानि॥ ३ ॥
 नेम तो पपीहाहीके, प्रेम प्यारो मीनहीके,
 तुलसी कही है नीके हृदय आनि।
 इतनी कही सो कही सीय, ज्योंकी त्योंही
 रही, प्रीति परी सही, बिधिसों न बसानि॥ ४ ॥

Son, even in speaking to you my heart feels ashamed. I remember my mind's first resolve, yet this body remains; seeing what has now come to pass, my understanding is stained with grief. (1)

Trusting my own heart, I set aside my beloved's word and went with him to the forest, deeming that a great gain. Separation from one's beloved is indeed love's whole treasure, son, but no loss equals missing the proper moment. (2)

The noble prince shows compassion even toward enemies; my sorrow is that through me everything has gone awry. By his own goodness my Lord has done good to everyone, but when my days came he forgot all his accustomed ways. (3)

The pied cuckoo alone keeps its vow, and the fish alone cherishes true love—Tulsī says, take this well to heart. Having said only this, Sītā became still just as she was: her love stood proven true, but fate would not be mastered. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 8: Hanumān Consoles Sītā

मातु! काहेको कहति अति बचन दीन?
 तबकी तुही जानति, अबकी हौं ही कहत,
 सबके जियकी जानत प्रभु प्रबीन॥ १ ॥
 ऐसे तो सोचहि न्याय निठुर-नायक-रत
 सलभ, खग, कुरंग, कमल, मीन।
 करुनानिधानको तो ज्यों ज्यों तनु छीन भयो
 त्यों त्यों मनु भयो तेरे प्रेम पीन॥ २ ॥
 सियको सनेह, रघुबरकी दसा सुमिरि
 पवनपूत देखि भयो प्रीति-लीन।
 तुलसी जनको जननी प्रबोध कियो,
 ‘समुझि तात! जग बिधि-अधीन’॥ ३ ॥

Mother, why do you speak such utterly despondent words? You alone know what happened then; I tell you what is true now, and the all-wise Lord knows every heart. (1)

Such lament might be fitting for the moth, bird, deer, lotus, or fish, devoted to cruel destroyers. But as the Compassionate One’s body has grown thinner, his mind has become ever fuller with love for you. (2)

Remembering Sītā’s affection and Raghubara’s condition, the Son of the Wind became absorbed in love. Tulsī says the Mother then instructed her servant: “Understand, son—the world is subject to fate.” (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 9: Sītā Asks When Rāma Will Come

कहु कपि! कब रघुनाथ कृपा करि, हरिहैं निज बियोग
 संभव दुख।
 राजिवनयन, मयन-अनेक-छवि, रबिकुल-कुमुद-सुखद,
 मयंक-मुख॥ १ ॥
 बिरह-अनल-स्वासा-समीर निज तनु जरिबे कहँ रही न
 कछु सक।
 अति बल जल बरषत दोउ लोचन, दिन अरु रैन रहत
 एकहि तक॥ २ ॥
 सुदृढ़ ग्यान अवलंबि, सुनहु सुत! राखति प्राण बिचारि
 दहन मत।
 सगुन रूप, लीला-बिलास-सुख सुमिरति करति रहति
 अंतरगत॥ ३ ॥
 सुनु हनुमंत! अनंत-बंधु करुनासुभाव सीतल कोमल अति।
 तुलसिदास यहि त्रास जानि जिय, बरु दुख सहौं, प्रगट
 कहि न सकति॥ ४ ॥

Tell me, monkey: when will Raghunātha mercifully remove the pain born of separation from him—the lotus-eyed one, beauty of countless Loves, moon-faced giver of delight to the water lilies of the solar race? (1)

The fire of separation, fanned by the wind of my breaths, has left no power in this body to burn further. Yet my two eyes pour water with tremendous force, fixed upon a single point day and night. (2)

Listen, son: relying on firm understanding, I keep my life from being consumed. Inwardly I continually remember the joy of his manifest form, divine play, and loving sport. (3)

Listen, Hanumān: the friend of all is compassionate by nature, exceedingly tender and cool. Knowing in my heart that this would distress him, Tulsīdāsa's Sītā says, I would rather endure the pain than speak it openly. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 10: Sītā Longs for Rāma's Arrival

कबहुँ, कपि! राघव आवहिंगे?

मेरे नयनचकोर प्रीतिबस राकाससि मुख दिखरावहिंगे॥ १ ॥

मधुप, मराल, मोर, चातक है लोचन बहु प्रकार धावहिंगे।

अंग-अंग छबि भिन्न-भिन्न सुख निरखि-निरखि तहँ-तहँ छावहिंगे॥ २ ॥

बिरह-अग्नि जरि रही लता ज्यों कृपादृष्टि-जल पलुहावहिंगे।

निज बियोग-दुख जानि दयानिधि मधुर बचन कहि समुझावहिंगे॥ ३ ॥

लोकपाल, सुर, नाग, मनुज सब परे बंदि कब मुकतावहिंगे?

रावनबध रघुनाथ-बिमल-जस नारदादि मुनिजन गावहिंगे॥ ४ ॥

यह अभिलाष रैन-दिन मेरे, राज बिभीषन कब पावहिंगे।

तुलसिदास प्रभु मोहजनित भ्रम, भेदबुद्धि कब बिसरावहिंगे॥ ५ ॥

Monkey, when will Rāghava come? When will my cakora-like eyes, compelled by love, behold his full-moon face? (1)

Becoming bees, swans, peacocks, and rain-thirsting birds, my eyes will race in many ways; gazing upon the distinct delight of every limb, they will settle upon each in turn. (2)

Like a vine scorched in separation's fire, I shall revive beneath the water of his gracious glance.

Knowing the pain of separation from him, the Treasure of Mercy will comfort me with sweet words. (3)

When will he free the guardians of the worlds, gods, serpents, and humans who lie imprisoned?

After Rāvaṇa's death, sages such as Nārada will sing Raghunātha's stainless glory. (4)

Day and night I cherish this longing: when will Vibhīṣaṇa receive the kingdom? Tulsīdāsa asks, when will the Lord make me forget delusion born of attachment and the thought of division? (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 11: Hanumān Assures Sītā of Rāma's Love

सत्य बचन सुनु मातु जानकी!

जनके दुख रघुनाथ दुखित अति, सहज प्रकृति करुनानिधानकी॥ १ ॥

तुव बियोग-संभव दारुन दुख बिसरि गई महिमा सुबानको।

नतु कहु, कहँ रघुपति-सायक-रबि, तम-अनीक कहँ जातुधानकी॥ २ ॥

कहँ हम पशु साखामृग चंचल, बात कहाँ मैं बिद्यमानकी!

कहँ हरि-सिव-अज-पूज्य-ग्यान-घन, नहि बिसरति वह लगनि कानकी॥ ३ ॥

तुव दरसन-संदेस सुनि हरिको बहुत भई अवलंब प्रानकी।

तुलसिदास गुन सुमिरि रामके प्रेम-मगन नहि सुधि अपानकी॥ ४ ॥

Mother Jānakī, hear this true word: Raghunātha suffers intensely at his servant's pain, for such is the natural disposition of the Treasure of Compassion. (1)

The terrible pain born of separation from you has made him forget the majesty of his splendid arrows. Otherwise, what comparison is there between the sun of Raghupati's shafts and the massed darkness of demons? (2)

On one side are we restless tree-dwelling animals—what standing do I possess? On the other is the compact mass of wisdom worshiped by Hari, Śiva, and Brahmā; yet he never forgets the intimate counsel whispered into his ear. (3)

When Hari heard the news that you had been seen, his life gained immense support. Remembering Rāma's virtues, Tulsīdāsa became so absorbed in love that he lost awareness even of his own body. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 12: A Warning to Rāvaṇa

रावन! जू पै राम रन रोषे।

को सहि सके सुरासुर समरथ, बिसिख काल-दसननितें चोखे॥ १ ॥

तपबल, भुजबल, कै सनेह-बल सिव-बिरंचि नीकी बिधि तोषे।

सो फल राजसमाज-सुवन-जन आपु न नास आपने पोषे॥ २ ॥

तुला पिनाक, साहु नृप, त्रिभुवन भट-बटोरि सबके बल जोषे।

परसुराम-से सूरसिरोमनि पलमें भए खेतके धोषे॥ ३ ॥

कालिकी बात बालिकी सुधि करि समुझि हिताहित खोलि झरोखे।

कह्यो कुमंत्रिनको न मानिये, बड़ी हानि, जिय जानि त्रिदोषे॥ ४ ॥

जासु प्रसाद जनमि जग पुरषनि सागर सृजे, खने अरु सोखे।

तुलसिदास सो स्वामि न सूझ्यो, नयन बीस मंदिर के-से मोखे॥ ५ ॥

Rāvaṇa, if Rāma grows wrathful in battle, what mighty god or demon could withstand arrows sharper than the teeth of Time? (1)

By ascetic power, strength of arm, or force of devotion you duly pleased Śiva and Brahmā. Do not destroy yourself, your kingdom, household, sons, and people—the very fruit you nurtured. (2)

The bow of Śiva was the scale: noble kings and warriors from all three worlds were gathered and their strength was weighed. Even a crest-jewel of heroes like Paraśurāma was reduced in a moment to mere noise upon the field. (3)

Remember what happened to Khara and to Vāli; open the window of discernment and understand benefit and harm. Do not accept the counsel of wicked ministers—recognize in your heart the great ruin bred by the three faults. (4)

By his grace, heroes have arisen in the world who created the ocean, dug it, and dried it up.

Tulsidāsa says that Lord remained unseen to you although your twenty eyes stood open like windows in a palace. (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 13: Hanumān Defies Rāvaṇa

जो हौं प्रभु-आयसु लै चलतो।
 तौ यहि रिस तोहि सहित दसानन! जातुधान दल दलतो॥ १ ॥
 रावन सो रसराज सुभट-रस सहित लंक-खल खलतो।
 करि पुटपाक नाक-नायकहित घने घने घर घलतो॥ २ ॥
 बड़े समाज लाज-भाजन भयो, बड़ो काज बिनु छलतो।
 लंकनाथ! रघुनाथ-बैरु-तरु आजु फैलि फूलि फलतो॥ ३ ॥
 काल-करम, दिगपाल, सकल जग-जाल जासु करतल तो।
 ता रिपुसों पर भूमि रारि रन जीवन-मरन सुफल तो॥ ४ ॥
 देखी मैं दसकंठ! सभा सब, मोतें कोउ न सबल तो।
 तुलसी अरि उर आनि एक अब एती गलानि न गलतो॥ ५ ॥

Had I come bearing my Lord's command, ten-headed Rāvaṇa, in this very fury I would have crushed the entire demon host together with you. (1)

I would have fired the mercury that is Rāvaṇa together with the essences of his warriors and ground them in the mortar of Laṅkā, destroying great houses to prepare a calcined medicine for the lord of heaven. (2)

In this vast assembly I have needlessly become an object of shame, though I could accomplish this great work without doubt. Lord of Laṅkā, today the tree of enmity with Raghunātha has spread, flowered, and borne fruit. (3)

Time, action, the guardians of the directions, and the entire web of the world rest in that Lord's palm. Were battle with his enemy to erupt on the enemy's own ground, both my life and death would be fulfilled. (4)

Ten-headed one, I have seen your whole assembly and none here is stronger than I. Tulsī says that, had I received my Master's command, I would not now endure this shame while weighing an enemy's strength in my heart. (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 14: Hanumān Takes Leave of Sītā

तौलौं, मातु! आपु नीके रहिबो।

जौलौं हों ल्यावौं रघुबीरहि, दिन दस और दुसह दुख सहिबो॥ १ ॥

सोखिकै, खेतकै, बाँधि सेतु करि उतरिबो उदधि, न बोहित चाहिबो।

प्रबल दनुज-दल दलि पल आधमें, जीवत दुरित दसानन गहिबो॥ २ ॥

बैरिबृंद-बिधवा-बनितनिको देखिबो बारि-निलोचन बहिबो।

सानुज सेनसमेत स्वामिपद निरखि परम मुद मंगल लहिबो॥ ३ ॥

लंक-दाह उर आनि मानिबो साँचु राम सेवकको कहिबो।

तुलसी प्रभु सुर सुजस गाइहैं, मिटि जैहै सबको सोचु दव दहिबो॥ ४ ॥

Mother, remain well until I bring Raghubīra here; endure this unbearable sorrow for ten more days. (1)

We shall cross the ocean by drying it, filling it, or binding it with a bridge—we shall need no ship. In half a moment our mighty army will crush the demon host and seize the sinful ten-headed one alive. (2)

You will see the widowed women of the enemy ranks streaming tears from their eyes, and beholding your Lord's feet with his younger brother and army, you will attain supreme joy and auspiciousness. (3)

Remember Laṅkā's burning and accept the word of Rāma's servant as true. Tulsī says that soon the gods will sing the Lord's fair fame and everyone's burning wildfire of sorrow will be extinguished. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 15: Sītā and Hanumān Part

कपिके चलत सियको मनु गहबरि आयो।
 पुलक सिथिल भयो सरीर, नीर नयनन्हि छायो॥ १ ॥
 कहन चल्थो सँदेस, नहि कहो, पियके जिय की जानि
 हृदय दुसह दुख दुरायो।
 देखि दसा ब्याकुल हरीस, ग्रीषमके पथिक ज्यों धरनि तरनि-तायो॥ २ ॥
 मीचतें नीच लगी अमरता, छलको न बलको निरखि थल
 परुष प्रेम पायो।
 कै प्रबोध मातु-प्रीतिसों असीस दीन्हैं है तिहारोई मनभायो॥ ३ ॥
 करुना-कोप-लाज-भय-भरो कियो गौन, मौन ही चरन कमल
 सीस नायो।
 यह सनेह-सरबस समौ, तुलसी रसना रुखी, ताही तें परत गायो॥ ४ ॥

As the monkey prepared to leave, Sītā's heart overflowed. Her body thrilled and went limp, and tears covered her eyes. (1)

She began to give a message but, knowing her beloved's state of heart, did not speak and hid the unbearable sorrow within. Seeing her condition, the lord of monkeys writhed like a summer traveler on sun-scorched ground. (2)

Immortality seemed baser to him than death. Finding no place for either stratagem or force, he judged his own love harsh. Sītā consoled him with a mother's affection and blessed him: "Your heart's desire shall indeed be fulfilled." (3)

Filled with compassion, anger, shame, and fear, he departed, silently bowing his head at her lotus feet. This was a moment containing love's entire treasure; Tulsī's tongue is dry, and only for that reason has it been able to sing of it. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 16: Hanumān Returns to Rāma

रघुपति! देखो आयो हनूमंत। लंकेस-नगर खेल्यो बसंत॥ १ ॥
 श्रीराम-काजहित सुदिन सोधि। साथी प्रबोधि लाँघ्यो पयोधि॥ २ ॥
 सिय-पाँय पूजि, आसिषा पाइ। फल अमिय सरिस खायो अघाइ॥ ३ ॥
 कानन दलि, होरी रचि बनाइ। हठि तेल-बसन बालधि बँधाइ॥ ४ ॥
 लिए ढोल चले सँग लोग लागि। बरजोर दई चहुँ ओर आगि॥ ५ ॥
 आखत आहुति किये जातुधान। लखि लपट भभरि भागे बिमान॥ ६ ॥
 नभतल कौतुक, लंका बिलाप। परिनाम पचहिं पातको पाप॥ ७ ॥
 हनुमान-हाँक सुनि बरषि फूल। सुर बार बार बरनहिं लँगूर॥ ८ ॥
 भरि भुवन सकल कल्यान-धूम। पुर जारि बारिनिधि बोरि लूम॥ ९ ॥
 जानकी तोषि पोषेउ प्रताप। जय पवन-सुवन दलि दुअन-दाप॥ १० ॥
 नाचहिं-कूदहिं कपि करि बिनोद। पीवत मधु मधुबन मगन मोद॥ ११ ॥
 यों कहत लषन गहे पाँव आइ। मनि सहित मुदित भेट्यो उठाइ॥ १२ ॥
 लगे सजन सेन, भयो हिय हुलास। जय जय जस गावत तुलसिदास॥ १३ ॥

Raghupati, behold—Hanumān has returned! He played the spring festival in the lord of Laṅkā's city. (1)

For Śrī Rāma's work he chose the auspicious day, instructed his companions, and crossed the ocean. (2)

He worshiped Sītā's feet and received her blessing, then ate his fill of fruits sweet as nectar. (3)

He crushed the grove and arranged the Holī revel, insistently having his tail wrapped in oil and cloth. (4)

People followed him as though beating drums, and by force he set fire on every side. (5)

He offered demons like new grain into the sacrificial blaze; seeing the flames leap up, the celestial chariots fled in alarm. (6)

The sky held a spectacle while Laṅkā wailed: in the end, sinners are consumed by their own sins. (7)

Hearing Hanumān's roar, the gods rained flowers and again and again praised his tail. (8)

The smoke of welfare filled every world; he burned the city and plunged his tail into the ocean. (9)

He comforted Jānakī and magnified Rāma’s prowess. Victory to the Son of the Wind, crusher of the enemy’s pride! (10)

The monkeys danced and leapt in play, drinking honey in Madhuvana, absorbed in joy. (11)

While Lakṣmaṇa spoke thus, Hanumān came and clasped Rāma’s feet; delighted, the Lord raised and embraced him together with the crest-jewel. (12)

The army began to assemble and every heart exulted. Crying “Victory! Victory!” Tulsīdāsa sings Hanumān’s glory. (13)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 17: Hanumān Describes Sītā's Suffering

सुनहु राम बिश्रामधाम हरि! जनकसुता अति बिपति जैसे सहति।
 'हे सौमित्रि-बंधु करुनानिधि!' मन महुँ रटति, प्रगट नहिं कहति॥ १ ॥
 निजपद-जलज बिलोकि सोकरत नयननि बारि रहत न एक छन।
 मनहु नील नीरज ससि-संभव रबि-बियोग दोउ स्त्रवत सुधाकन॥ २ ॥
 बहु राच्छसी सहित तरुके तर तुम्हरे बिरह निज जनम बिगोवति।
 मनहु दुष्ट इंद्रिय संकट महुँ बुद्धि बिबेक उदय मगु जोवति॥ ३ ॥
 सुनि कपि बचन बिचारि हृदय हरि अनपायनी सदा सो एक मन।
 तुलसिदास दुख-सुखातीत हरि सोच करत मानहु प्राकृत जन॥ ४ ॥

Listen, Rāma, Hari who is the abode of rest, to how the daughter of Janaka endures extreme distress. Within her mind she repeats, “O brother of Sumitrā’s son, Treasure of Compassion!” but does not speak it aloud. (1)

As she looks upon her own lotus feet, the water of her grieving eyes does not cease for even a moment. It is as though two blue lotuses born from the moon, separated from the sun, continually shed drops of nectar. (2)

Surrounded by many demonesses beneath a tree, she spends her life in separation from you, like discernment trapped amid the peril of corrupt senses, watching for the path by which wisdom will dawn. (3)

Hearing the monkey’s words, Hari reflected that her mind remains forever one-pointed in unfailing devotion to him. Tulsīdāsa says that Hari, beyond pleasure and pain, grieved like an ordinary man. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 18: Sītā as the Embodiment of Separation

रघुकुलतिलक! बियोग तिहारे।

मैं देखी जब जाइ जानकी, मनहु बिरह-मूरति मन मारे॥ १ ॥

चित्र-से नयन अरु गढ़ेसे चरन-कर, मढ़े-से स्त्रवन, नहि सुनति पुकारे।

रसना रटति नाम, कर सिर चिर रहै, नित निजपद-कमल निहारे॥ २ ॥

दरसन-आस-लालसा मन महुँ राखे प्रभु-ध्यान प्रान-रखवारे।

तुलसिदास पूजति त्रिजटा नीके रावरे गुन-गन-सुमन सँवारे॥ ३ ॥

Crest-jewel of Raghu's line, when I went and saw Jānakī in separation from you, she seemed the very embodiment of separation, stricken in spirit. (1)

Her eyes were still as a picture, her hands and feet as if carved, her ears as if sealed, so that she did not hear when called. Her tongue repeats your name, her hand rests long upon her head, and she constantly gazes upon her own lotus feet. (2)

Holding in her heart the longing and hope of seeing you, she has stationed meditation upon the Lord as guardian of her life. Tulsīdāsa says that Trijaṭā worships her well with flowers fashioned from the multitude of your virtues. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 19: Sītā's Longing for Rāma's Sight

अतिहि अधिक दरसनकी आरति।

राम-बियोग असोक-बिटपतर सीय निमेष कलपसम टारति॥ १ ॥

बार-बार बर वारिजलोचन भरि भरि बरत बारि उर ढारति।

मनहु बिरहके सद्य घाय हिये लखि तकि-तकि धरि धीरज तारति॥ २ ॥

तुलसिदास जद्यपि निसिबासर छिन-छिन प्रभुमूरतिहि निहारति।

मिटति न दुसह ताप तउ तनकी, यह बिचारि अंतर गति हारति॥ ३ ॥

Her anguish for the Lord's sight is exceedingly great. In separation from Rāma, beneath the aśoka tree, Sītā passes each instant as though it were an age. (1)

Again and again she fills her lovely lotus eyes and pours their hot water upon her breast, as though, seeing fresh wounds of separation in her heart, she patiently washes them with a warm stream. (2)

Tulsīdāsa says that although night and day, moment after moment, she beholds the Lord's form within, the unbearable heat of her body does not depart; before outward separation, her inner state admits defeat. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 20: Hanumān Can Barely Describe Sītā

तुम्हरे बिरह भई गति जौन।

चित दै सुनहु, राम करुनानिधि! जानों कछु, पै सकौं कहिहौं न॥ १ ॥

लोचन-नीर कृपिनके धन ज्यों रहत निरंतर लोचनन कोन।

‘हा’ धुनि-खगी लाज-पिंजरी महँ राखि हिये बड़े बधिक हठि मौन॥ २ ॥

जेहि बाटिका बसति, तहँ खग-मृग तजि-तजि भजे पुरातन भौन।

स्वास-समीर भेंट भइ भोरेहु, तेहि मग पगु न धरयो तिहुँ पौन॥ ३ ॥

तुलसिदास प्रभु! दसा सीयकी मुख करि कहत होति अति गौन।

दीजै दरस, दूरि कीजै दुख, हौ तुम्ह आरत-आरति दौन॥ ४ ॥

Attend and hear, Rāma, Treasure of Compassion, what her condition has become in separation from you. I know something of it, yet I cannot speak it. (1)

The water of her eyes, like a miser’s wealth, remains forever in their corners. The great hunter Silence forcibly keeps the bird of the cry “Ah!” confined within the cage of modesty in her heart. (2)

The birds and animals of the garden where she dwells have abandoned their old homes. If the gentle breeze happens even mistakenly to meet the wind of her sighs, none of the three kinds of air ever sets foot upon that path again. (3)

Lord, says Tulsīdāsa, to describe Sītā’s condition with this mouth only diminishes it. Grant her your sight and remove her grief, for you destroy the suffering of the afflicted. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 21: Rāma Is Overcome by Hanumān's Report

कपिके सुनि कल कोमल बैन।

प्रेमपुलकि सब गात सिथिल भए, भरे सलिल सरसीरुह-नैन॥ १ ॥

सिय-बियोग-सागर नागर-मनु बूड़न लग्यो सहित चित-चैन।

लही नाव पवनज-प्रसन्नता, बरबस तहाँ गह्यो गुन-मैन॥ २ ॥

सकत न बूझि कुसल, बूझे बिन गिरा बिपुल ब्याकुल उर-ऐन।

ज्यों कुलीन सुचि सुमति ब्रियोगिनि सनमुख सहै बिरह-सर पैन॥ ३ ॥

धरि-धरि धीर बीर कोसलपति किए जतन, सके उत्तरु दै न।

तुलसिदास प्रभु सखा अनुजसों सैनहिं कह्यौ चलहु सजि सैन॥ ४ ॥

Hearing the monkey's sweet and tender words, all Rāma's limbs thrilled with love and grew weak, while his lotus eyes filled with water. (1)

The skillful swimmer that was his mind began to sink, together with the peace of his heart, into the ocean of separation from Sītā. It found the boat of gladness brought by the Son of the Wind, but Love seized that boat's rope by force. (2)

He could not ask after her welfare, while the words left unasked surged in anguish through the dwelling of his heart, like a noble, pure-minded woman in separation who faces the sharp arrows of longing. (3)

Again and again the heroic lord of Kosala gathered courage and tried, yet could offer no reply.

Tulsīdāsa says that at last the Lord told his friend and younger brother, "Have the army arrayed; let us march." (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 22: The Monkey Army Marches to Laṅkā

जब रघुबीर पयानो कीन्हों।

छुभित सिंधु, डगमगत महीधर, सजि सारंग कर लीन्हों॥ १ ॥

सुनि कठोर टंकोर घोर अति चौके विधि-त्रिपुरारि।

जटापटल ते चली सुरसरी सकत न संभु सँभारि॥ २ ॥

भए बिकल दिगपाल सकल, भय भरे भुवन दस चारि।

खरभर लंक, ससंक दसानन, गरभ स्त्रवहिं अरि-नारि॥ ३ ॥

कटकटात भट भालु, बिकट मरकट करि केहरि-नाद।

कूदत करि रघुनाथ-सपथ उपरी-उपरा बदि बाद॥ ४ ॥

गिरि-तरुधर, नख मुख कराल, रद कालहु करत बिषाद।

चले दस दिसि रिस भरि 'धरु धरु' कहि, 'को बराक मनुजाद?'॥ ५ ॥

पवन पंगु पावक-पतंग-ससि दुरि गए, थके बिमान।

जाचत सुर निमेष, सुरनायक नयन-भार अकुलान॥ ६ ॥

गए पूरि सर धूरि, भूरि भय अग थल जलधि समान।

नभ-निसान, हनुमान-हाँक सुनि समुझत कोउ न अपान॥ ७ ॥

दिग्गज-कमठ-कोल-सहसानन धरत धरनि धरि धीर।

बारहि बार अमरषत, करषत, करके परी सरीर॥ ८ ॥

चली चमू, चहु ओर सोर, कछु बनै न बरने भीर।

किलकिलात, कसमसत, कोलाहल होत नीरनिधि-तीर॥ ९ ॥

जातुधानपति जानि कालबस मिले बिभीषन आइ।

सरनागत-पालक कृपालु कियो तिलक लियो अपनाइ॥ १० ॥

कौतुकही बारिधि बँधाइ उतरे सुबेल-तट जाइ।

तुलसिदास गढ़ देखि फिरे कपि, प्रभु-आगमन सुनाइ॥ ११ ॥

When Raghubīra set forth, the ocean surged and mountains swayed; he strung his bow and took it in hand. (1)

Hearing its exceedingly hard and terrible twang, Brahmā and the destroyer of Tripura started.

Gaṅgā slipped from the mass of Śiva's matted locks, and Śambhu could not hold her. (2)

All guardians of the directions grew distraught and the fourteen worlds filled with fear. Laṅkā shook, the ten-headed one trembled, and the enemy's women miscarried. (3)

Warrior bears gnashed their teeth and fierce monkeys roared like lions. Swearing by Raghunātha and wagering with one another, they leapt in rivalry. (4)

Bearing mountains and trees, with terrible nails, faces, and teeth that distressed even Time, they advanced through all ten directions crying in fury, "Seize him! Seize him! What wretched demon could stand?" (5)

The wind went lame; fire, sun, and moon were hidden; celestial chariots grew exhausted. The gods begged leave to blink, while the lord of the gods reeled beneath the burden upon his eyes. (6)

Lakes filled with dust and many uplands, torn open in fear, became like seas. Amid heaven's drums and Hanumān's roar, no one could understand even his own words. (7)

The elephants of the directions, the tortoise, the boar, and thousand-headed Śeṣa gathered courage to uphold the earth, again and again straining in anger until their bodies cracked. (8)

As the army marched, noise spread everywhere; the multitude cannot be described. Monkeys shrieked and pressed against one another while tumult covered the ocean shore. (9)

Seeing the lord of demons subject to Time, Vibhīṣaṇa came and joined Rāma. The compassionate protector of those who seek refuge anointed him and accepted him as his own. (10)

Almost in play, Rāma had the ocean bridged and crossed to Mount Suvela's shore. Tulsīdāsa says the monkeys inspected the fortress and returned to announce the Lord's arrival. (11)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 23: Rāvaṇa Boasts Before Mandodarī

आए देखि दूत, सुनि सोच सठ-मनमें।
 बाहर बजावै गाल, भालु कपि कालबस।
 मोसे बीरसों चहत जीत्यो रारि रनमें॥ १ ॥
 राम छाम, लरिका लषन, बालि-बालकहि,
 घालिको गनत? रीछ जल ज्यों न घनमें।
 काजको न कपिराज, कायर कपिसमाज,
 मेरे अनुमान हनुमान हरिगनमें॥ २ ॥
 समय सयानी मृदु बानी रानी कहै पिय!
 पावक न होइ जातुधान बेनु-बनमें।
 तुलसी जानकी दिए, स्वामीसों सनेह किये
 कुसल, नतरु सब है छार छनमें॥ ३ ॥

The spies returned after seeing the army. Hearing them, the fool concealed his worry and boasted aloud: “The bears and monkeys, subject to Time, wish to fight and defeat a hero like me in battle!” (1)

Rāma is emaciated, Lakṣmaṇa a mere boy; who counts the destroyer’s son Aṅgada? Jāmbavān is like a cloud without water. The monkey king is useless and the monkey host cowardly; among them, by my reckoning, Hanumān alone is a hero.” (2)

Wise to the moment, the queen spoke gently: “Beloved, do not become a fire in the bamboo forest of the demon race. Tulsī says safety lies in returning Jānakī and loving the Lord; otherwise all will become ashes in an instant.” (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 24: Rāvaṇa Rejects Wise Counsel

आपनी आपनी भाँति सब काहू कही है।
 मंदोदरी, महोदर, मालवान महामति,
 राजनीति पहुँच जहाँलौं जाकी रही है॥ १ ॥
 महामद-अंध दसकंध न करत कान,
 मीचु-बस नीच हठि कुगहनि गही है।
 हँसि कहै, सचिव सयाने मोसों यों कहत,
 चहै मेरु उड़न, बड़ी बयारि बही है॥ २ ॥
 भालु, नर, बानर अहार निसिचरनिको,
 सोऊ नृप-बालकनि माँगी धारि लही है।
 देखो कालकोतुक, पिपीलिकनि पंख लागो,
 भाग मेरे लोगनिके भई चित-चही है॥ ३ ॥
 'तोसों न तिलोक आजु साहस, समाज-साजु,
 महाराज-आयसु भो जोई, सोई सही है'।
 तुलसी प्रनामकै बिभीषन विनती करै,
 'ख्याल बेधे ताल, कपि केलि लंका दही है'॥ ४ ॥

Each spoke in his or her own way. Mandodarī, Mahodara, and the greatly wise Mālyavān offered as much statecraft as each one's understanding could reach. (1)

Blinded by enormous pride, the ten-headed one would not listen. Subject to death, the wretch stubbornly seized the wrong path. Laughing, he said, "My wise ministers speak as though Mount Meru wished to fly because a great wind is blowing." (2)

"Bears, men, and monkeys are naturally food for demons, and even these prince-boys have only obtained a borrowed army. Behold Time's sport: ants have grown wings. By my good fortune my people's heart's desire has been fulfilled." (3)

"There is none in the three worlds today to equal your courage or arrayed forces; whatever the

great king commands shall indeed be done.” Bowing, Vibhīṣaṇa then entreated, Tulsī says: “Yet remember—Rāma pierced seven palm trees by mere resolve, and the monkey burned Laṅkā in play.” (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 25: Vibhīṣaṇa Leaves Rāvaṇa

दूसरो न देखतु साहिब सम रामै।
 बेदरु पुरान, कबि-कोबिद बिरद-रत,
 जाको जसि सुनत गावत गुन-ग्रामै॥ १ ॥
 माया-जीव, जग-जाल, सुभाउ, करम-काल,
 सबको सासकु, सब में, सब जामैं।
 बिधि-से करनिहार, हरि-से पालनिहार,
 हर-से हरनिहार जपै जाके नामैं॥ २ ॥
 सोइ नरबेष जानि, जनकी बिनती मानि,
 मतो नाथ सोई, जातें भलो परिनामैं।
 सुभट-सिरोमनि कुठारपानि सारिखेहू
 लखी औ लखाई, इहाँ किए सुभ सामैं॥ ३ ॥
 बचन-बिभूषन बिभीषन-बचन सुनि
 लागे दुख दूषन-से दाहिनेउ बामैं।
 तुलसी हुमकि हिये हन्यो लात, 'भले तात',
 चल्यो सुरतरु ताकि तजि घोर घामैं॥ ४ ॥

No other master appears equal to Rāma. The Vedas, Purāṇas, poets, and learned people delight in proclaiming his nature, hearing his fame, and singing the multitude of his virtues. (1)

He rules māyā, living beings, the web of the world, nature, action, and time; he pervades all, and all abide in him. Creators like Brahmā, protectors like Viṣṇu, and destroyers like Śiva repeat his name. (2)

Know that very Lord to have assumed human form. Accept your servant's plea and choose the counsel that leads to a good end. Even Paraśurāma, axe in hand and crest-jewel of warriors, saw and showed that peace with Rāma was the auspicious course. (3)

Hearing Vibhīṣaṇa's words—ornaments of speech—Rāvaṇa found even favorable counsel adverse, polluted, and painful. Tulsī says he sprang up and kicked Vibhīṣaṇa in the chest. Saying, "Very well, brother," Vibhīṣaṇa left the fierce heat and set out toward the wish-fulfilling tree. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 26: Vibhīṣaṇa Receives His Mother's Blessing

जाय माय पायँ परि कथा सो सुनाई है।
 समाधान करति बिभीषनको बार बार,
 'कहा भयो तात! लात मारे, बड़ो भाई है॥ १ ॥
 साहिब, पितु समान, जातुधानको तिलक,
 ताके अपमान तेरी बढ़िए बढ़ाई है।
 गरत गलानि जानि, सनमानि सिख देति,
 रोष किये दोष, सहें समुझें भलाई है॥ २ ॥
 इहाँतें बिमुख भये, रामकी सरन गए
 भलो नेकु, लोक राखे निपट निकाई है'।
 मातु-पग सीस नाइ, तुलसी असीस पाइ
 चले भले सगुन, कहत 'मन भाई' है॥ ३ ॥

Vibhīṣaṇa went, fell at his mother's feet, and told her the whole account. Again and again she consoled him: "Son, what if he kicked you? After all, he is your elder brother. (1)
 He is your master, like a father, and the crest-jewel of the demon race; even his dishonor of you increases your honor." Seeing him sink in dejection, she respectfully instructed him: "Anger brings fault, while patient understanding brings welfare. (2)
 Turning away from here and going to Rāma's refuge contains some good, but protecting the social order completely is greater good." Tulsī says Vibhīṣaṇa bowed his head at his mother's feet, received her blessing, and set out amid auspicious signs, saying, "My heart's desire is fulfilled." (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 27: Śiva Directs Vibhīṣaṇa to Rāma

‘भाई को सो करौं, डरौं कठिन कुफेरै।
 सुकृत-संकट पय्यो, जात गलानिन्ह गरयो,
 कृपानिधिको मिलौं पै मिलिकै कुबेरै’ ॥ १ ॥
 जाइ गहे पाँय, धाइ धनद उठाइ भेट्यो,
 समाचार पाइ पौत्र सोचत सुमेरै।
 तहँई मिले महेस, दियो हित उपदेस,
 रामकी सरन जाहि, ‘सुदिनु न हैरै’ ॥ २ ॥
 जाको नाम कुंभज कलेस-सिंधु सोखिवेको,
 मेरो कह्यो मानि, तात! बाँधे जिनि बरै’।
 तुलसी मुदित चले, पाये हैं सगुन भले,
 रंक लूटिवेको मानो मनिगन-ढेरै ॥ ३ ॥

“I should act as a brother, yet I fear this terrible reversal.” Caught in a crisis of duty and consumed by shame, Vibhīṣaṇa resolved: “I shall first meet Kubera and then meet the Treasure of Compassion.” (1)

He went and clasped Kubera’s feet; the lord of wealth ran forward, raised him, and embraced him. Hearing the news, Pulastya’s grandson pondered on Mount Sumeru. There he met Maheśa, who gave wholesome counsel: “Go to Rāma’s refuge—do not wait for an auspicious day. (2)

His name is like Agastya for drying the ocean of distress. Son, heed my word and make no elaborate preparations.” Tulsī says Vibhīṣaṇa departed joyfully amid favorable signs, like a pauper going to plunder a heap of jewels. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 28: Vibhīṣaṇa Sets Out in Joy

संकर-मुख आसिष पाइकै।

चले मनहि मन कहत बिभीषन सीस महेसहि नाइकै॥ १ ॥

गये सोच, भए सगुन, सुमंगल दस दिसि देत देखाइकै।

सजल नयन, सानंद हृदय, तनु प्रेम-पुलक अधिकाइकै॥ २ ॥

अंतहु भाव भलो भाईको, कियो अनभलो मनाइकै।

भइ कूबरकी लात, बिधाता राखी बात बनाइकै॥ ३ ॥

नाहित क्यों कुबेर घर मिलि हर हितु कहते चित लाइकै।

जो सुनि सरन राम ताके मैं निज बामता बिहाइकै॥ ४ ॥

अनायास अनुकूल सूलधर मग मुदमूल जनाइकै।

कृपासिंधु सनमानि, जानि जन दीन लियो अपनाइकै॥ ५ ॥

स्वारथ-परमारथ करतलगत, श्रमपथ गयो सिराइकै।

सपने कै सौतुक, सुख-सस सुर सींचत देत निराइकै॥ ६ ॥

गुरु गौरीस, साँइ सीतापति, हित हनुमानहि जाइकै।

मिलिहौं, मोहि कहा कीबे अब, अभिमत, अवधि अघाइकै॥ ७ ॥

मरतो कहाँ जाइ, को जानै लटि लालची ललाइकै।

तुलसिदास भजिहौं रघुबीरहि अभय-निसान बजाइकै॥ ८ ॥

Receiving Śaṅkara's spoken blessing, Vibhīṣaṇa bowed his head to Maheśa and set forth, speaking inwardly. (1)

His sorrow departed; auspicious signs appeared and all ten directions displayed excellent omens.

His eyes filled with tears, his heart with joy, and his body thrilled ever more with love. (2)

“In the end my brother's intention proved good for me, though he acted wishing me harm. His kick became a blow that straightens a hunchback; the Creator preserved me by setting matters right. (3)

Otherwise why would Hari's friend have met me at Kubera's house and spoken so thoughtfully for my welfare? Hearing him, I abandoned my crookedness and sought Rāma's refuge. (4)

Without effort the Trident-bearer became favorable and showed me the path rooted in joy. He honored me as a humble servant and accepted me as his own. (5)

Self-interest and the highest good have both come into my palm, and the road of weariness has

ended. Is this a dream or a marvel? The gods themselves seem to water and serve the crop of my happiness. (6)

I shall go and meet my guru Lord of Gaurī, my Master Sītāpati, and my well-wisher Hanumān.

What remains for me to do? I have reached and fully tasted the limit of my cherished aim. (7)

Who knows where I would have died, wandering greedily after objects of desire? Tulsīdāsa says: now I shall worship Raghubīra, beating the drum of fearlessness.” (8)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 29: Vibhīṣaṇa Longs for Rāma's Feet

पदपदुम गरीबनिवाजके।

देखिहौं जाइ पाइ लोचन-फल हित सुर-साधु-समाजके॥ १ ॥

गई बहोर, ओर निरबाहक, साजक बिगरे साजके।

सबरी सुखद, गीध-गतिदायक, समन सोक कपिराजके॥ २ ॥

नाहिन मोहि और कतहुँ कछु, जैसे काग जहाजके।

आयो सरन सुखद पदपंकज चोंथे रावन-बाजके॥ ३ ॥

आरतिहरन सरन, समरथ सब दिन अपनेकी लाजके।

तुलसी 'पाहि' कहत नत-पालक मोहूसे निपट निकाजके॥ ४ ॥

I shall go and behold the lotus feet of the Lord who honors the poor, gaining the fruit of my eyes—feet supremely beneficial to gods and communities of holy people. (1)

He restores what has passed, protects to the end, and repairs what has gone awry. He delighted Śabari, granted liberation to the vulture, and stilled the monkey king's sorrow. (2)

Like a crow from a ship, I have no other refuge anywhere. Wounded by the hawk that is Rāvaṇa, I have come for shelter at those joy-giving lotus feet. (3)

He removes the afflicted one's pain, gives refuge, and is always able to preserve his own servant's honor. Tulsī says that at the cry "Protect me!" he guards even utterly worthless people like me who bow before him. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 30: Vibhīṣaṇa Vows to Serve Rāma

महाराज रामपहँ जाउँगो।

सुख-स्वारथ परिहरि करिहों सोइ, ज्यों साहिबहि सुहाउँगो॥ १ ॥

सरनागत सुनि बेगि बोलि हैं, हों निपटहि सकुचाउँगो।

राम गरीबनिबाज निवाजिहैं, जानिहैं, ठाकुर-ठाउँगो॥ २ ॥

धरिहैं नाथ हाथ माथे, एहितें केहि लाभ अघाउँगो।

सपनो-सो अपनो न कछू लखि, लघु लालच न लोभाउँगो॥ ३ ॥

कहिहों, बलि, रोटिहा रावरो, बिनु मोलही बिकाउँगो।

तुलसी पट ऊतरे ओढ़िहों, उबरी जूठन खाउँगो॥ ४ ॥

I shall go to the great king Rāma. Abandoning pleasure and self-interest, I shall do only what pleases my Master. (1)

Hearing that one who seeks refuge has come, he will call me quickly, though I shall be utterly ashamed. Rāma, who honors the poor, will favor me, knowing I have neither master nor shelter. (2)

The Lord will place his hand upon my head—what greater gain could ever satisfy me? Seeing that nothing in this dreamlike world is my own, I shall not be enticed by petty desires. (3)

I shall say, “Lord, I offer myself; I will live upon your bread and sell myself to you without price.” Tulsī says: I shall wear the garments you have taken off and eat the remnants left from your meal. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 31: Vibhīṣaṇa's Minister Announces His Refuge

आइ सचिव बिभीषनके कही।

कृपासिंधु! दसकंधबंधु लघु चरन-सरन आयो सही॥ १ ॥

बिषम बिषाद-बारिनिधि बूड़त थाह कपीस-कथा लही।

गये दुख-दोष देखि पदपंकज, अब न साध एकौ रही॥ २ ॥

सिथिल-सनेह सराहत नख-सिख नीक निकाई निरबही।

तुलसी मुदित दूत भयो, मानहु अमिय-लाहु माँगत मही॥ ३ ॥

Vibhīṣaṇa's minister came and said: "Ocean of Compassion, the ten-headed one's younger brother has truly come for refuge at your feet. (1)

He was drowning in the terrible ocean of grief when the story of the monkey king gave him firm ground. Beholding your lotus feet has removed every sorrow and fault, and now not a single desire remains. (2)

Weakened by affection, he praises the flawless beauty flowing from nail to crown." Tulsī says the messenger rejoiced as though, while asking for buttermilk, he had obtained nectar. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 32: Rāma Consults the Monkey Chiefs

बिनती सुनि प्रभु प्रमुदित भए।

रीछराज, कपिराज नील-नल बोलि बालिनंदन लए॥ १ ॥

बूझिये कहा? रजाइ पाइ नय-धरम सहित ऊतर दए।

बली बंधु ताको जेहि बिमोह-बस बैर-बीज बरबस बए॥ २ ॥

बाँहपगार द्वार तेरे तैं सभय न कबहुँ फिरि गए।

तुलसी असरन-सरन स्वामिके बिरद बिराजत नित नए॥ ३ ॥

Hearing the plea, the Lord was deeply pleased. He summoned the king of bears, the monkey king, Nīla and Nala, and brought Aṅgada, Vāli's son. (1)

“What do you understand of this?” he asked. Receiving his command, they answered according to policy and dharma: “He is mighty and is brother to the one who, deluded, has forcibly sown seeds of enmity against you. (2)

Yet, O rampart of protecting arms, no frightened being has ever come to your door and been turned back.” Tulsī says the Master's glory as refuge of the shelterless shines ever new. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 33: Hanumān Judges Vibhīṣaṇa

हिय बिहसि कहत हनुमानसों।

सुमति साधु सुचि सुहृद बिभीषन बूझि परत अनुमानसों॥ १ ॥

‘हौं बलि जाउँ और को जानै?’ कही कपि कृपानिधानसों।

छली न होइ स्वामि सनमुख, ज्यों तिमिर सातहय-जानसों॥ २ ॥

खोटो खरो सभीत पालिये सो, सनेह सनमानसों।

तुलसी प्रभु कीबो जो भलो, सोइ बूझि सरासन-बानसों॥ ३ ॥

Smiling within his heart, the Lord said to Hanumān, “From what can be inferred, Vibhīṣaṇa appears wise, saintly, pure, and a true friend.” (1)

The monkey replied to the Ocean of Compassion, “I am devoted to you—who else could know? No deceiver can remain before the Master, just as darkness cannot remain before the sun whose chariot has seven horses. (2)

Whether false or true, a frightened man should be protected with affection and honor.” Tulsī says: whatever course the Lord considers best, let him determine it together with his bow and arrows. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 34: Lakṣmaṇa Confirms Vibhīṣaṇa's Arrival

साँचेहु बिभीषन आइहै?

बूझत बिहँसि कृपालु, लखन सुनि कहत सकुचि सिर नाइ है॥ १ ॥

ऐहै कहा, नाथ? आयो हाँ, क्यों कहि जाति बनाइ है।

रावन-रिपुहि राखि, रघुबर बिनु, को त्रिभुवन पति पाइहै॥ २ ॥

प्रभु प्रसन्न, सब सभा सराहति, दूत-बचन मन भाइहै।

तुलसी, 'बोलिये बेगि', लषनसों भइ महाराज-रजाइ है॥ ३ ॥

“Has Vibhīṣaṇa truly come?” the Compassionate One asked with a smile. Hearing him, Lakṣmaṇa bowed his head and answered modestly. (1)

“Why say that he will come, Lord? He has already arrived—how could such a thing be contrived? Apart from Raghubara, the Lord of the three worlds, who could receive and protect Rāvaṇa's enemy? (2)

The Lord was pleased, the entire assembly applauded, and the messenger's words delighted his heart. Tulsī says the sovereign then commanded Lakṣmaṇa, “Call him quickly.” (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 35: Vibhīṣaṇa Is Led Before Rāma

चले लेन लषन-हनुमान हैं।

मिले मुदित बूझि कुसल परसपर-सकुचत करि सनमान हैं॥ १ ॥

भयो रजायसु पाँउ धारिए, बोलत कृपानिधान हैं।

दूरितें दीनबंधु देखे, जनु देत अभय-बरदान हैं॥ २ ॥

सील सहस हिमभानु, तेज सतकोटि भानुहूके भानु हैं।

भगतनिको हित कोटि मातु-पितु अरिन्हको कोटि कृसानु हैं॥ ३ ॥

जनगुन रज गिरि गनि, सकुचत निज गुन गिरि रज परमानु हैं।

बाँह-पगारु, बोलको अबिचल बेद करत गुनगान हैं॥ ४ ॥

चारु चाप-तूनीर तामरस-करनि सुधारत बान हैं।

चरचा चलति बिभीषनकी, सोइ सुनत सुचित दै कान हैं॥ ५ ॥

हरषत सुर, बरषत प्रसून सुभ सगुन कहत कल्यान हैं।

तुलसी ते कृतकृत्य, जे सुमिरत समय सुहावनो ध्यान हैं॥ ६ ॥

Lakṣmaṇa and Hanumān went to bring him. They met joyfully, asked after one another's welfare, and, with mutual modesty, exchanged honor. (1)

"The command has been given; please proceed," said the Ocean of Compassion. From afar Vibhīṣaṇa saw the Friend of the Lowly, as though Rāma were already granting him the boon of fearlessness. (2)

In gentleness he is a thousand moons, and in splendor the very light of a hundred crore suns. For his devotees' good he is worth a crore mothers and fathers; to their enemies he is a crore consuming fires. (3)

He counts a servant's dust-like virtues as mountains, yet shyly regards his own mountain-like virtues as atoms of dust. The Vedas sing of his rampart-like arms and his unalterable word. (4)

With lotus hands he adjusted his beautiful bow, quiver, and arrows. While the discussion of Vibhīṣaṇa continued, he listened with a pure and attentive mind. (5)

The gods rejoiced and showered flowers; auspicious omens proclaimed coming welfare. Tulsī says those who remember and meditate upon that lovely hour have fulfilled the purpose of life. (6)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 36: Rāma Embraces Vibhīṣaṇa

रामहि करत प्रनाम निहारिकै।
 उठे उमँगि आनंद-प्रेम-परिपूरन बिरद बिचारिकै॥ १ ॥
 भयो बिदेह बिभीषन उत, इत प्रभु अपनपौ बिसारिकै।
 भलीभाँति भावते भरत-ज्यों भेंट्यौ भुजा पसारिकै॥ २ ॥
 सादर सबहि मिलाइ समाजहि निपट निकट बैठारिकै।
 बूझत छेम-कुसल सप्रेम अपनाइ भरोसे भारिकै॥ ३ ॥
 नाथ! कुसल-कल्यान-सुमंगल बिधि सुख सकल सुधारिकै।
 देत-लेत जे नाम रावरो, बिनय करत मुख चारिकै॥ ४ ॥
 जो मूरति सपने न बिलोकत मुनि-महेस मन मारिकै।
 तुलसी तेहि हौं लियो अंक भरि, कहत कछु न सँवारिकै॥ ५ ॥

Seeing Vibhīṣaṇa bow to Rāma, the Lord remembered his own vow to protect the surrendered and rose with a surge of joy, filled completely with love. (1)

There Vibhīṣaṇa lost awareness of his body; here the Lord forgot himself. Stretching out his arms, he embraced his beloved guest thoroughly, just as he would Bharata. (2)

He respectfully introduced him to everyone in the assembly, seated him very close, lovingly made him his own, gave him complete assurance, and asked after his welfare. (3)

Vibhīṣaṇa said, “Lord, Brahmā himself, with all four mouths, entreats those who give and receive your name, while bestowing welfare, blessedness, auspiciousness, and every happiness upon them. (4)

The form that sages and Maheśa cannot behold even in dreams after mastering the mind has taken me fully into its embrace.” Tulsī says he is not embellishing the account at all. (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 37: The Compassion Bestowed on Vibhīṣaṇa

करुणाकरकी करुणा भई।

मिटी मीचु, लहि लंक संक गइ, काहूसों न खुनिस खई॥ १ ॥

दसमुख तज्यो दूध-माखी-ज्यों, आपु काढ़ि साढ़ी लई।

भव-भूषन सोइ कियो बिभीषन मुद मंगल-महिमामई॥ २ ॥

बिधि-हरि-हर, मुनि-सिद्ध सराहत, मुदित देव दुंदुभी दई।

बारहि बार सुमन बरषत, हिय हरषत कहि जै जै जई॥ ३ ॥

कौसिक-सिला-जनक-संकट हरि भृगुपतिकी टारी टई।

खग-मृग सबर-निसाचर, सबकी पूँजी बिनु बाढी सई॥ ४ ॥

जुग-जुग कोटि-कोटि करतब, करनी न कछू बरनी नई।

राम-भजन-महिमा हुलसी हिय, तुलसीहूकी बनि गई॥ ५ ॥

When the Compassionate One's compassion arose, Vibhīṣaṇa's fear of death vanished. He received Laṅkā, his fear of Rāvaṇa departed, and he bore ill will toward no one. (1)

The ten-headed king had cast him out like a fly from milk and kept the cream for himself; yet the Lord made that very Vibhīṣaṇa an ornament of the world, endowed with joyful, auspicious glory. (2)

Brahmā, Viṣṇu, Śiva, sages, and perfected beings praised his fortune. The delighted gods sounded their drums, repeatedly showered flowers, and cried victory with rejoicing hearts. (3)

The Lord removed the troubles of Kauśika, Ahalyā in stone form, and Janaka, and ended Paraśurāma's menace. Bird, deer, forest woman, and night-ranger—he increased the fortune of each without any capital of their own. (4)

Across the ages his deeds number in countless crores; nothing recounted here is a new act for him. The glory of Rāma-bhajana blossomed in Tulsī's heart, and so Tulsī's own affairs too were set right. (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 38: Vibhīṣaṇa Beholds the Auspicious Form

मंजुल मूरति मंगलमई।

भयो बिसोक बिलोकि बिभीषन, नेह देह-सुधि-सींव गई॥ १ ॥

उठि दाहिनी ओरतें सनमुख सुखद माँगि बैठक लई।

नखसिख निरखि-निरखि सुख पावत भावत कछु, कछु और भई॥ २ ॥

बार कोटि सिर काटि, साटि लाटि, रावन संकरपै लई।

सोइ लंका लखि अतिथि अनवसर राम तृनासन-ज्यों दई॥ ३ ॥

प्रीति-प्रतीति-रीति-सोभा-सरि, थाहत जहाँ जहाँ तहँ थई।

बाहु-बली, बानैत बोलको, बीर बिस्वबिजई जई॥ ४ ॥

को दयालु दूसरो दुनी, जेहि जरनि दीन-हियकी हई?

तुलसी काको नाम जपत जग जगती जामति बिनु बई॥ ५ ॥

Beholding the lovely, all-auspicious form, Vibhīṣaṇa became free of sorrow; love carried him beyond the limit of bodily awareness. (1)

Rising from the right, he asked for a blessed seat facing the Lord. He rejoiced in gazing upon him from nail to crown: see—he had desired one thing, but something altogether greater came to pass. (2)

Rāvaṇa had cut off his heads a crore times and borne severe hardship to obtain Laṅkā from Śaṅkara. Rāma saw that same Laṅkā as a trifle and gave it away like a grass seat to a guest who had arrived unexpectedly. (3)

The river of his love, trustworthiness, conduct, and beauty becomes unfathomable wherever one tries to sound it. Mighty in arm and guardian of his word, he is the hero who conquered the world's conquerors. (4)

Who else in the world is so compassionate that he has removed the burning in the lowly heart? Tulsī asks: whose name but Rāma's makes the earth bear fruit without even being sown? (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 39: Every Good Came to Vibhīṣaṇa

सब भाँति बिभीषनकी बनी।
 कियो कृपालु अभय कालहुतें, गइ संसृति-साँसति घनी॥ १ ॥
 सखा लषन-हनुमान, संभु गुर, धनी राम कोसलधनी।
 हिय ही और, और कीन्हीं बिधि, रामकृपा औरै ठनी॥ २ ॥
 कलुष-कलंक-कलेस-कोस भयो जो पद पाय रावन रनी।
 सोइ पद पाय बिभीषन भो भव-भूषन दलि दूषन-अनी॥ ३ ॥
 बाँह-पगार, उदार-सिरोमनि, नत-पालक, पावन पनी।
 सुमन बरषि रघुबर-गुन बरनत, हरषि देव दुंदुभी हनी॥ ४ ॥
 रंक-निवाज रंक राजा किए, गए गरब गरि गरि गनी।
 राम-प्रनाम महामहिमा-खनि, सकल सुमंगलमनि-जनी॥ ५ ॥
 होय भलो ऐसे ही अजहुँ गये राम-सरन परिहरि मनी।
 भुजा उठाइ, साखि संकर करि, कसम खाइ तुलसी भनी॥ ६ ॥

Everything turned out well for Vibhīṣaṇa. The Compassionate One made him fearless even of Time, and the crushing torment of worldly existence departed. (1)

Lakṣmaṇa and Hanumān became his friends, Śambhu his teacher, and Rāma, lord of Kosala, his master. One thing had been in his heart, fate made another happen, and Rāma's grace arranged something greater still. (2)

The throne upon which the warrior Rāvaṇa became a storehouse of sin, disgrace, and anguish made Vibhīṣaṇa an ornament of the world, once he gained it and crushed the army of faults. (3)
 The gods rejoiced, showered flowers, sounded their drums, and sang the virtues of Raghubara—rampart of protecting arms, crest-jewel of generosity, guardian of those who bow, and keeper of a pure vow. (4)

The Friend of the Poor made a pauper king; the pride of those counted wealthy was ground away. A bow before Rāma is a mine of immeasurable glory, giving birth to every jewel of auspiciousness. (5)

Even today the same good comes to one who abandons pride and seeks Rāma's refuge. Tulsī raises his arm, takes Śaṅkara as witness, and declares it under oath. (6)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 40: Why Would Vibhīṣaṇa Not Prosper?

कहो, क्यों न बिभीषनकी बनै?

गयो छाड़ि छल सरन रामकी, जो फल चारि चाय्यों जनै॥ १ ॥

मंगलमूल प्रनाम जासु जग, मूल अमंगलके खनै।

तेहि रघुनाथ हाथ माथे दियो, को ताकी महिमा भनै॥ २ ॥

नाम-प्रताप पतितपावन किए, जे न अघाने अघ अनै।

कोउ उलटो, कोउ सूधो जपि भए राजहंस बायस-तनै॥ ३ ॥

हुतो ललात कृसगात खात खरि, मोद पाइ कोदो-कनै।

सो तुलसी चातक भयो जाचत राम स्यामसुंदर घनै॥ ४ ॥

Tell me, why would Vibhīṣaṇa's affairs not prosper? Abandoning deceit, he sought refuge in Rāma, who produces the four fruits for all four kinds of devotees. (1)

A bow to Rāma is the root of auspiciousness in the world and digs out misfortune by the root.

Raghunātha placed his hand upon Vibhīṣaṇa's head—who can describe his glory? (2)

Through the power of his name the Lord purified even the fallen who never tired of committing sin and injustice. Some repeated it backward and some correctly; though crow-natured, they became royal swans. (3)

Tulsī was once emaciated, hungry for coarse oilcake, coveting each morsel, and delighted by even a grain of millet. Now he has become a cātaka bird, petitioning Rāma, the beautiful dark raincloud.

(4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 41: Vibhīṣaṇa's Excellent Fortune

अति भाग बिभीषनके भले।

एक प्रनाम प्रसन्न राम भए, दुरित-दोष-दारिद दले॥ १ ॥

रावन-कुंभकरन बर माँगत सिव-बिरंचि बाचा छले।

राम-दरस पायो अबिचल पद, सुदिन सगुन नीके चले॥ २ ॥

मिलनि बिलोकि स्वामि-सेवककी उकठे तरु फूले-फले।

तुलसी सुनि सनमान बंधुको दसकंधर हँसि हिये जले॥ ३ ॥

How excellent was Vibhīṣaṇa's fortune! A single bow pleased Rāma, who destroyed his sin, faults, and poverty. (1)

When Rāvaṇa and Kumbhakarṇa asked for boons, Śiva and Brahmā caught them in a turn of words. Vibhīṣaṇa merely beheld Rāma and gained an immovable station; he had set out on a blessed day under good omens. (2)

At the sight of master and servant meeting, even dry trees burst into flower and fruit. Tulsī says that when the ten-headed king heard of the honor shown his brother, he laughed aloud but burned within his heart. (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 42: Refuge in Rāma Benefits All

गये राम सरन सबकौ भलो।
 गनी-गरीब, बड़ो-छोटो, बुध-मूढ़, हीनबल-अतिबलो॥ १ ॥
 पंगु-अंध, निरगुनी-निसंबल, जो न लहै जाचे जलो।
 सो निबह्यो नीके, जो जनमि जग राम-राजमार्ग चलो॥ २ ॥
 नाम-प्रताप-दिवाकर कर खर गरत तुहिन ज्यों कलिमलो।
 सुतहित नाम लेत भवनिधि तरि गयो अजामिल-सो खलो॥ ३ ॥
 प्रभुपद प्रेम प्रनाम-कामतरु सद्य बिभीषनको फलो।
 तुलसी सुमिरत नाम सबनिको मंगलमय नभ-जल थलो॥ ४ ॥

All who seek Rāma's refuge fare well—rich or poor, great or small, wise or foolish, weak or exceedingly strong. (1)

The lame, the blind, the virtue-less, and the destitute who cannot obtain even water when they beg: anyone born into the world who has walked Rāma's royal road has been faithfully sustained. (2)

The fierce rays of the sun of the name's glory melt the impurity of the Kali age like frost. Even the villain Ajāmila crossed the ocean of becoming by uttering the name for his son's sake. (3)

Vibhīṣaṇa's wish-fulfilling tree—a loving bow at the Lord's feet—bore fruit at once. Tulsī says that when the name is remembered, sky, water, and land become auspicious for everyone. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 43: Hearing Your Glory, I Have Sought Refuge

सुजस सुनि श्रवन हौं नाथ! आयो सरन।
 उपल-केबट-गीध-सबरी-संसृति-समन,
 सोक-श्रम-सींव सुग्रीव आरतिहरन॥ १ ॥
 राम राजीव-लोचन बिमोचन बिपति,
 स्याम नव-तामरस-दाम बारिद-बरन।
 लसत जटाजूट सिर, चारु मुनिचीर कटि,
 धीर रघुबीर तूनीर-सर-धनु-धरन॥ २ ॥
 जातुधानेस-भ्राता बिभीषन नाम
 बंधु-अपमान गुरु ग्लानि चाहत गरन।
 पतितपावन! प्रनतपाल! करुनासिंधु!
 राखिए मोहि सौमित्रि-सेवित-चरन॥ ३ ॥
 दीनता-प्रीति-संकलित मृदुबचन सुनि
 पुलकि तन प्रेम, जल नयन लागे भरन।
 बोलि, 'लंकेस' कहि अंक भरि भेंटि प्रभु,
 तिलक दियो दीन-दुख-दोष दारिद-दरन॥ ४ ॥
 रातिचर-जाति, आराति सब भाँति गत
 कियो सो कल्याण-भाजन सुमंगलकरन।
 दास तुलसी सदयहृदय रघुबंसमनि
 'पाहि' कहे काहि कीन्हों न तारन-तरन?॥ ५ ॥

“Lord, hearing your fair fame with my own ears, I have come for refuge. You ended the cycle of becoming for Ahalyā in stone form, the boatman, the vulture, and Śabarī; you removed the distress of Sugrīva, who had reached the limit of sorrow and exhaustion. (1)

O lotus-eyed Rāma, remover of calamity, dark as a garland of fresh blue lotuses and rainclouds: matted locks shine upon your head, a lovely ascetic garment is at your waist, and you, steadfast hero of Raghu's line, bear bow, arrows, and quiver. (2)

My name is Vibhīṣaṇa, brother of the lord of demons. Great shame born of my brother's contempt consumes me. O Purifier of the Fallen, Guardian of the Surrendered, Ocean of Compassion, shelter me at the feet served by Lakṣmaṇa. (3)

Hearing these gentle words woven of humility and love, the Lord's body thrilled and his eyes filled with tears. Calling him 'Lord of Laṅkā,' the remover of the lowly one's sorrow, fault, and poverty clasped him to his breast and gave him the royal mark. (4)

Though born among night-rangers and in every way counted an enemy, the maker of auspiciousness made him a vessel of all welfare. Tulsī the servant asks: when anyone cried 'Protect me,' whom did the tender-hearted jewel of Raghu's line not save—and make capable of saving others? (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 44: The Ancient Vow to Aid the Lowly

दीन-हित बिरद पुराननि गायो।

आरत-बंधु, कृपालु, मृदुल-चित जानि सरन हौं आयो॥ १ ॥

तुम्हरे रिपुको अनुज बिभीषन, बंस निसाचर जायो।

सुनि गुन-सील-सुभाउ नाथको मैं चरननि चितु लायो॥ २ ॥

जानत प्रभु दुख-सुख दासनिको, तातें कहि न सुनायो।

करि करुना भरि नयन बिलोकहु, तब जानौं अपनायो॥ ३ ॥

बचन बिनीत सुनत रघुनायक हँसि करि निकट बुलायो।

भेंट्यो हरि भरि अंक भरत-ज्यों, लंकापति मन भायो॥ ४ ॥

करपंकज सिर परसि अभय कियो, जनपर हेतु दिखायो।

तुलसिदास रघुबीर भजन करि को न परमपद पायो?॥ ५ ॥

“The Purāṇas sing your ancient glory as benefactor of the lowly. Knowing you as friend of the afflicted, compassionate and tender-hearted, I have come for refuge. (1)

I am Vibhīṣaṇa, younger brother of your enemy, born in the race of night-rangers. Hearing of the Lord’s virtue, character, and nature, I fixed my heart upon your feet. (2)

The Lord already knows his servants’ sorrow and joy, so I have not recounted mine. Look upon me with compassion, filling your eyes; then I shall know that you have made me your own.” (3)

Hearing these humble words, the Lord of Raghu smiled and called him close. Hari took the future lord of Laṅkā fully into his embrace, just as he would Bharata, and cherished him in his heart. (4)

Touching his head with a lotus hand, he made him fearless and revealed his love for his servant.

Tulsidāsa asks: who has worshiped Raghubīra and not attained the highest state? (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 45: Rāma Declares His Nature

सत्य कहौं मेरो सहज सुभाउ।

सुनहु सखा कपिपति लंकापति, तुम्हसन कौन दुराउ॥ १ ॥

सब बिधि हीन-दीन, अति जड़मति जाको कतहुँ न ठाउँ।

आयो सरन भजौं, न तजौं तिहि, यह जानत रिषिराउ॥ २ ॥

जिन्हके हौं हित सब प्रकार चित, नाहिन और उपाउ।

तिन्हहिं लागि धरि देह करौं सब, डरौं न सुजस नसाउ॥ ३ ॥

पुनि पुनि भुजा उठाइ कहत हौं, सकल सभा पतिआउ।

नहि कोऊ प्रिय मोहि दास सम, कपट-प्रीति बहि जाउ॥ ४ ॥

सुनि रघुपतिके बचन बिभीषन प्रेम-मगन, मन चाउ।

तुलसिदास तजि आस-त्रास सब ऐसे प्रभु कहँ गाउ॥ ५ ॥

“I shall truthfully tell you my innate nature. Hear me, friend—lord of the monkeys and lord of Laṅkā—for what could I conceal from you? (1)

If one bereft in every way, lowly, extremely dull-witted, and without shelter anywhere comes for refuge, I serve him and never abandon him; the chiefs of sages know this. (2)

For those whose minds hold me as their sole well-wisher and who see no other means, I assume a body and accomplish everything, without fear that my fair fame might be lost. (3)

Again and again I raise my arm and declare it—let the whole assembly trust me: no one is dearer to me than my servant, provided deceit leaves his love. (4)

Hearing Raghupati’s words, Vibhīṣaṇa was immersed in love and his heart swelled with longing. Tulsidāsa says: abandon every hope and fear, and sing to such a Lord. (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 46: None Else Is Worthy of Worship

नाहिन भजिबे जोग बियो।

श्रीरघुबीर समान आन को पूरन-कृपा-हियो॥ १ ॥

कहहु, कौन सुर सिला तारि पुनि केवट मीत कियो?

कौने गीध अधमको पितु-ज्यों निज कर पिंड दियो?॥ २ ॥

कौन देव सबरीके फल करि भोजन सलिल पियो?

बालित्रास-बारिधि बूढ़त कपि केहि गहि बाँह लियो?॥ ३ ॥

भजन-प्रभाउ बिभीषन भाष्यौ, सुनि कपि-कटक जियो।

तुलसिदासको प्रभु कोसलपति सब प्रकार बरियो॥ ४ ॥

There is no other worthy of worship. Who besides Śrī Raghubīra has a heart so utterly full of grace? (1)

Tell me: what other god redeemed the stone and then made the boatman his friend? Who gave the fallen vulture funeral offerings with his own hands, as a son would for his father? (2)

What god ate Śabarī's fruit and drank her water? Who seized the monkey by the arm as he drowned in the ocean of fear of Vāli? (3)

Vibhīṣaṇa proclaimed the power of devotion, and the monkey host came alive on hearing it.

Tulsīdāsa's Lord, the master of Kosala, is supreme in every way. (4)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 47: When Will I Behold That Sweet Form?

कब देखौंगी नयन वह मधुर मूरति?
 राजिवदल-नयन, कोमल, कृपा-अयन,
 मयननि बहु छबि अंगनि दूरति॥ १ ॥
 सिरसि जटा-कलाप, पानि सायक,
 चाप, उरसि रुचिर बनमाल लूरति।
 तुलसिदास रघुबीरकी सोभा सुमिरि,
 भई है मगन नहि तनकी सूरति॥ २ ॥

“When will these eyes behold that sweet form—lotus-petal eyes, tender, the dwelling of compassion, whose limbs put the beauty of many Love-gods to shame? (1)

A crown of matted locks is upon his head, bow and arrows are in his hands, and a lovely forest garland hangs across his breast.” Tulsīdāsa says that remembering Raghubīra’s beauty, Sītā became absorbed in love and lost awareness of her body. (2)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 48: The Sun of Raghu's Line Is About to Rise

कहूँ, कबहुँ देखिहों आली! आरज-सुवन।
 सानुज सुभग-तनु जबतें बिछुरे बन,
 तबतें दव-सी लगी तीनिहू भुवन॥ १ ॥
 मूरति सूरति किये प्रगट प्रीतम हिये,
 मनके करन चाहें चरन छुवन।
 चित चढ़िगो बियोग-दसा न कहिबे जोग,
 पुलक गात, लागे लोचन चुवन॥ २ ॥
 तुलसी त्रिजटा जानी, सिय अति अकुलानी
 मृदु बानी कह्यौ ऐहैं दवन-दुवन।
 तमीचर-तम-हारी सुरकंज-सुखकारी
 रबिकुल-रबि अब चाहत उवन॥ ३ ॥

“Tell me, friend, shall I ever behold the noble prince? Since that beautiful form and his younger brother were separated from me in the forest, all three worlds have seemed ablaze. (1)
 At the form's remembrance my beloved appears within my heart, and with the hands of the mind I yearn to touch his feet. But when the state of separation mounts within my consciousness, it cannot be described: my body thrills and tears begin to stream. (2)
 Tulsī says Trijaṭā recognized Sītā's intense anguish and gently told her, ‘The destroyer of enemies will come. The sun of Raghu's line—destroyer of the night-rangers' darkness and giver of joy to the gods' lotus grove—is now about to rise.’ (3)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 49: Sītā's Forest of Sorrow

अबलों मैं तोसों न कहे री।

सुन त्रिजटा! प्रिय प्राननाथ बिनु बासर निसि दुख दुसह सहे री॥ १ ॥

बिरह बिषम बिष-बेलि बड़ी उर, ते सुख सकल सुभाय दहे री।

सोइ सींचिबे लागि मनसिजके रहँट नयन नित रहत नहे री॥ २ ॥

सर-सरीर सूखे प्रान-बारिचर जीवन-आस तजि चलनु चहे री।

तैं प्रभु सुजस-सुधा सीतल करि राखे, तदपि न तृप्ति लहे री॥ ३ ॥

रिपु-रिस घोर नदी बिबेक-बल, धीर-सहित हुते जात बहे री।

दै मुद्रिका-टेक तेहि औसर, सुचि समीरसुत पैरि गहे री॥ ४ ॥

तुलसिदास सब सोच पोच मृग मन-कानन भरि पूरि रहे री।

अब सखि सिय संदेह परिहरु हिय, आइ गए दोउ बीर अहेरी॥ ५ ॥

“Until now I have not told you, Trijaṭā: without my beloved lord of life, I have endured unbearable sorrow by day and night. (1)

The terrible poisonous vine of separation has grown within my heart and by its nature burned away every joy. To water that vine, my eyes remain perpetually yoked to Love's waterwheel. (2)

The lake of my body has dried, and the aquatic creatures of life-breath wish to abandon hope and depart. You have cooled and kept them here with the nectar of the Lord's fair fame, yet they have not found satisfaction. (3)

With discernment and courage they were being swept into the fierce river of the enemy's wrath; at that moment the pure son of the Wind gave them the signet-ring as support and swam out to seize them. (4)

Tulsidāsa says the forest of Sītā's mind was filled with wretched deer of every sorrow. Trijaṭā answered, 'Friend Sītā, cast doubt from your heart: the two heroic hunters have arrived.' (5)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 50: When Will That Golden Day Come?

सो दिन सोनेको, कहू, कब ऐहै!

जा दिन बँध्यो सिंधु त्रिजटा! सुनि तू संभ्रम आनि मोहि सुनैहै॥ १ ॥

बिस्व-दवन सुर-साधु-सतावन रावन कियो आपनो पैहै।

कनकपुरी भयो भूप बिभीषन, बिबुध-समाज बिलोकन घैहै॥ २ ॥

दिब्य दुंदुभी, प्रसंसिहैं मुनिगन, नभतल बिमल बिमाननि छैहै।

बरषिहैं कुसुम भानुकुल-मनिपर, तब मोको पवनपूत लै जैहै॥ ३ ॥

अनुज सहित सोभिहैं कपि महँ, तनु-छबि कोटि मनोजहि तैहै।

इन नयनन्हि यही भाँति प्रानपति निरखि हृदय आनंद न समैहै॥ ४ ॥

बहुरो सदल सनाथ सलछिमन कुसल कुसल बिधि अवध देखैहै।

गुर, पुरलोग, सास, दोउ देवर, मिलत दुसह उर तपनि बुतैहै॥ ५ ॥

मंगल-कलस, बधावने घर-घर, पैहैं माँगने जो जेहि भैहै।

बिजय राम राजाधिराजको, तुलसिदास पावन जस गैहै॥ ६ ॥

“Tell me, when will that golden day come—the day the ocean is bridged, and you, Trijaṭā, hearing it, hurry here to tell me? (1)

Rāvaṇa, oppressor of the world, gods, and saints, will reap what he has done. Vibhīṣaṇa will become king in the golden city, and hosts of celestials will rush to see it. (2)

Divine drums will sound, sages will offer praise, and the spotless sky will be covered with aerial cars. Flowers will rain upon the jewel of the solar line, and then the son of the Wind will take me to him. (3)

He will shine among the monkeys beside his younger brother, the beauty of his body tormenting a crore Love-gods. When these eyes behold my lord of life in that way, joy will overflow my heart. (4)

Will gracious fate show me Ayodhyā again, safe together with his host, my Lord, and Lakṣmaṇa?

Meeting teacher, townspeople, mothers-in-law, and both younger brothers will quench the unbearable fire in my heart. (5)

Auspicious jars will stand in every home and songs of congratulation will sound; every petitioner will receive whatever pleases him. Tulsīdāsa will sing the purifying fame of the victory of Rāma, King of Kings. (6)

Sundarakāṇḍa Song 51: Trijaṭā Foretells Rāma's Arrival

सिय! धीरज धरिये, राघौ अब ऐहैं।

पवनपूतपै पाइ तिहारी सुधि, सहज कृपालु, बिलंब न लैहैं॥ १ ॥

सेन साजि कपि-भालु कालसम कौतुक ही पाथोधि बंधैहैं।

घेरोइपै देखिबो लंकगढ़, निकल जातुधानी पछितेहैं॥ २ ॥

निसिचर-सलभ कृसानु राम सर उड़ि-उड़ि परत जरत जड़ जैहैं।

रावन करि परिवार अगमनो, जमपुर जात बहुत सकुचैहैं॥ ३ ॥

तिलक सारि, अपनाय बिभीषन, अभय-बाँह दै अमर बसेहैं।

जय धुनि मुनि, बरसिहैं सुमन सुर, व्योम बिमान निसान बजैहैं॥ ४ ॥

बंधु समेत प्रानबल्लभ पद परसि सकल परिताप नसैहैं।

राम-बामदिसि देखि तुमहि सब नयनवंत लोचन-फल पैहैं॥ ५ ॥

तुम अति हित चितइहौ नाथ-तनु, बार-बार प्रभु तुमहि चितैहैं।

यह सोभा, सुख-समय बिलोकत काहू तो पलकै नहिं लैहैं॥ ६ ॥

कपिकुल-लखन-सुजस-जय-जानकि सहित कुसल निज नगर सिधैहैं।

प्रेम पुलकि आनंद मुदित मन तुलसिदास कल कीरति गैहैं॥ ७ ॥

“Sītā, take courage—Rāghava will come now. Once the son of the Wind brings him news of you, the innately compassionate Lord will not delay. (1)

He will marshal a deathlike army of monkeys and bears and bridge the ocean as sport. You will see Laṅkā's fortress encircled, while the night-ranger women, unable to escape, repent. (2)

The witless demons, like moths, will fly into the fire of Rāma's arrows and burn. Sending his household ahead, Rāvaṇa will go toward Yama's city in deep shame. (3)

Rāma will finish Vibhīṣaṇa's coronation and make him his own, and with his sheltering arm restore the immortals to their realm. Sages will cry victory, gods shower flowers, and drums will sound from aerial cars in the sky. (4)

Touching your beloved's feet beside his brother will destroy every anguish. Seeing you at Rāma's left, every creature with eyes will receive the fruit of sight. (5)

You will gaze upon the Lord's form with deepest love, and the Lord will gaze upon you again and

again. Beholding that beauty and blessed hour, no one's eyelids will close. (6)

With the monkey host, Lakṣmaṇa, fair fame, victory, and Jānakī, he will safely return to his city.

Thrilled with love, delighted and joyful, Tulsīdāsa will sing that lovely glory." (7)

RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Laṅkākāṇḍa

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 1: Mandodarī Urges Rāvaṇa to Yield

मानु अजहू सिख परिहरि क्रोधु।
 पिय! पूरो आयो अब काहि, कहु, करि रघुबीर-बिरोधु॥ १ ॥
 जेहि ताड़का-सुबाहु मारि, मख राखि जनायो आपु।
 कौतुक ही मारीच नीच मिस प्रगट्यौ बिसिख-प्रतापु॥ २ ॥
 सकल भूप बल गरब सहित तोर्यो कठोर सिवचापु।
 ब्याही जेहि जानकी जीति जग, हर्यो परसुधर-दापु॥ ३ ॥
 कपट-काक साँसति-प्रसाद करि बिनु श्रम बध्यो बिराधु।
 खर-दूषन-त्रिसिरा-कबंध हति कियो सुखी सुर-साधु॥ ४ ॥
 एकहि बान बालि मार्यो जेहि, जो बल-उदधि अगाधु।
 कहु, धौं कंत कुसल बीती केहि किये राम-अपराधु॥ ५ ॥
 लाँघि न सके लोक-बिजयी तुम जासु अनुज-कृत-रेषु।
 उतरि सिंधु जार्यो प्रचारि पुर जाको दूत बिसेषु॥ ६ ॥
 कृपासिंधु, खल-बन-कृसानु सम, जस गावत श्रुति-सेषु।
 सोइ बिरुदैत बीर कोसलपति, नाथ! समुझि जिय देखु॥ ७ ॥
 मुनि पुलस्त्यके जस-मयंक महँ कत कलंक हठि होहि।
 और प्रकार उबार नहीं कहँ, मैं देख्यो जग जोहि॥ ८ ॥
 चलु, मिलु बेगि कुसल सादर सिय सहित अग्र करि मोहि।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु सरन-सबद सुनि अभय करेंगे तोहि॥ ९ ॥

“Even now, accept my counsel and abandon anger. Beloved, tell me: who has ever prospered by opposing Raghubīra? (1)

While still young he killed Tāḍakā and Subāhu, protected the sacrifice, and revealed himself; using the wicked Mārīca as an occasion, he playfully displayed the power of his arrows. (2)

He broke Śiva’s hard bow together with the pride in every king’s strength, won Jānakī and thereby conquered the world, and humbled the axe-bearer Paraśurāma. (3)

He punished the deceitful crow and then graced him; without effort he slew Virādha. Killing

Khara, Dūṣaṇa, Triśiras, and Kabandha, he brought happiness to gods and saints. (4)
With a single arrow he killed Vāli, that unfathomable ocean of strength. Tell me, husband: who has
offended Rāma and remained well? (5)
Conqueror of worlds though you are, you could not cross the line drawn by his younger brother.
His extraordinary messenger crossed the sea, laid waste to the city, and burned it. (6)
The Vedas and Śeṣa sing him as Ocean of Compassion and fire to the forest of the wicked. Lord,
recognize in your heart that the renowned hero and master of Kosala is this very one. (7)
Why obstinately become a stain upon the moon of sage Pulastya's fame? I have searched and
considered the world; there is no other means of rescue. (8)
Come—place me in front, bring Sītā respectfully, and quickly meet him in peace. Tulsīdāsa says the
Lord will hear the word 'refuge' and make you fearless." (9)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 2: Aṅgada Delivers Rāma's Message

तू दसकंठ भले कुल जायो।
 ता महुँ सिव-सेवा, बिरंचि-बर, भुजबल बिपुल जगत जस पायो॥ १ ॥
 खर-दूषन-त्रिसिरा, कबंध रिपु जेहि बाली जमलोक पठायो।
 ताको दूत पुनीत चरित हरि सुभ संदेस कहन हौं आयो॥ २ ॥
 श्रीमद नृप-अभिमान मोहबस, जानत अनजानत हरि लायो!
 तजि ब्यलीक भजु कारुनीक प्रभु, दै जानकिहि सुनहि समुझायो॥ ३ ॥
 जातें तव हित होइ, कुसल कुल, अचल राज चलिहे न चलायो।
 नाहित रामप्रताप-अनलमहुँ ह्वै पतंग परिहे सठ धायो॥ ४ ॥
 जद्यपि अंगद नीति परम हित कह्यो, तथापि न कछु मन भायो।
 तुलसिदास सुनि बचन क्रोध अति, पावक जरत मनहु घृत नायो॥ ५ ॥

“Ten-headed king, you were born into a noble line. Beyond that, through service to Śiva, Brahmā's boon, and your immense strength of arm, you won wide fame in the world. (1)
 I am the messenger of him who sent Khara, Dūṣaṇa, Trīśīras, Kabandha, Vāli, and other enemies to Yama's realm; I have come to deliver the auspicious message of Hari, whose deeds are pure. (2)
 Whether knowingly or unknowingly, under the intoxication of wealth, royal pride, and delusion, you abducted her. Return Jānakī, abandon deceit, and worship the compassionate Lord—hear and understand this counsel. (3)
 Then you, your lineage, and your immovable kingdom will remain secure and none will overthrow them. Otherwise, fool, you will rush like a moth into the fire of Rāma's glory. (4)
 Though Aṅgada spoke this policy of highest benefit, none of it pleased Rāvaṇa's mind. Tulsīdāsa says that hearing the words made his anger blaze as though clarified butter had been poured into fire. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 3: Rāvaṇa Boasts Before Aṅgada

तैं मेरो मरम कछू नहिं पायो।
 रे कपि कुटिल ढीठ पसु पाँवर! मोहि दास-ज्यों डाटन आयो॥ १ ॥
 भ्राता कुंभकरन रिपुघातक, सुत सुरपतिहि बंदि करि ल्यायो।
 निज भुजबल अति अतुल कहाँ क्यों, कंदुक ज्यों कैलास उठायो॥ २ ॥
 सुर, नर, असुर, नाग, खग, किंनर सकल करत मेरो मन भायो।
 निसिचर रुचिर अहार मनुज-तनु, ताको जस खल! मोहि सुनायो॥ ३ ॥
 कहा भयो, बानर सहाय मिलि, करि उपाय जो सिंधु बँधायो।
 जो तरिहै भुज बीस घोर निधि, ऐसो को त्रिभुवनमें जायो?॥ ४ ॥
 सुनि दससीस-बचन कपि-कुंजर बिहँसि ईस-मायहि सिर नायो।
 तुलसिदास लंकेस कालबस गनत न कोटि जतन समझायो॥ ५ ॥

“You have understood nothing of my power. Crooked, insolent monkey, wretched beast—you have come to scold me as though I were your servant. (1)

My brother Kumbhakarṇa destroys enemies, and my son brought even the lord of the gods here in chains. Why should I describe my incomparable strength of arm, which lifted Kailāsa like a ball? (2)

Gods, humans, demons, serpents, birds, and kinnaras all act as I desire. Human flesh is delightful food to night-rangers, villain, and you recite that human’s glory to me! (3)

What of it if, gathering monkeys for aid and devising a means, he has bridged the sea? Who has arisen in the three worlds capable of crossing the dreadful ocean of my twenty arms?” (4)

Hearing the ten-headed king, the elephant among monkeys laughed and bowed to the Lord’s māyā. Tulsīdāsa says that because the lord of Laṅkā was subject to Time, he took no account of Aṅgada’s countless attempts to counsel him. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 4: Aṅgada's Final Warning

सुनु खल! मैं तोहि बहुत बुझायो।

एतो मान सठ! भयो मोहबस, जानतहू चाहत बिष खायौ॥ १ ॥

जगत-बिदित अति बीर बालि-बल जानत हौ, किधौं अब बिसरायो।

बिनु प्रयास सोउ हत्यो एक सर, सरनागतपर प्रेम देखायो॥ २ ॥

पावहुगे निज करम-जनित फल, भले ठौर हठि बैर बढ़ायो।

बानर-भालु चपेट लपेटनि मारत, तब हैहै पछितायो॥ ३ ॥

हौं ही दसन तोरिबे लायक, कहा करौं, जो न आयसु पायो।

अब रघुबीर-बान बिदलित उर सोवहिगो रनभूमि सुहायो॥ ४ ॥

अविचल राज बिभीषनको सब, जेहि रघुनाथ-चरन चित लायो।

तुलसिदास यहि भाँति बचन कहि गरजत चल्यो बालि-नृप जायो॥ ५ ॥

“Listen, villain, I have explained much to you. Fool, deluded into such pride, you knowingly seek to drink poison. (1)

You know the world-renowned strength of mighty Vāli—or have you now forgotten? Rāma killed even him effortlessly with one arrow and revealed his love for the one who had sought refuge. (2)

You will receive the fruit born of your own acts; in a fine place indeed have you stubbornly increased this enmity. When monkeys and bears seize, buffet, and beat you, regret will come. (3)

I alone am capable of breaking your teeth; what can I do, since I have not received the command?

Soon you will lie splendidly upon the battlefield, your heart torn open by Raghubīra's arrows. (4)

Your entire unshakable kingdom will belong to Vibhīṣaṇa, who fixed his mind upon Raghunātha's feet.” Tulsīdāsa says that speaking thus, Vāli's princely son departed with a roar. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 5: Rāma Holds the Stricken Lakṣmaṇa

राम-लषन उर लाय लये हैं।
 भरे नीर राजीव-नयन सब अँग परिताप तए हैं॥ १ ॥
 कहत ससोक बिलोकि बंधु-मुख बचन प्रीति गुथए हैं।
 सेवक-सखा भगति-भायप-गुन चाहत अब अथए हैं॥ २ ॥
 निज कीरति-करतूति तात! तुम सुकृती सकल जए हैं।
 मैं तुम्ह बिनु तनु राखि लोक अपने अपलोक लए हैं॥ ३ ॥
 मेरे पनकी लाज इहाँलों हठि प्रिय प्रान दए हैं।
 लागति साँगि बिभीषन ही पर, सीपर आपु भए हैं॥ ४ ॥
 सुनि प्रभु-बचन भालु-कपि-गन, सुर सोच सुखाइ गए हैं।
 तुलसी आइ पवनसुत-बिधि मानो फिरि निरमये नए हैं॥ ५ ॥

Rāma lifted Lakṣmaṇa and clasped him to his heart. His lotus eyes filled with water, and all his limbs burned with anguish. (1)

Looking upon his brother's face, he spoke sorrowfully in words woven with love: "Now the virtues of servant, friend, devotion, and brotherhood seem ready to come to an end. (2)

Dear one, through your fame and deeds you have surpassed every meritorious soul. If I preserve this body without you, I shall earn only infamy in my own world. (3)

To uphold my vow you have stubbornly surrendered your beloved life; the spear was meant for Vibhīṣaṇa, but you placed yourself before him as a shield." (4)

Hearing the Lord's words, bears, monkeys, and gods withered in grief. Tulsī says that when the son of the Wind arrived, fate seemed to create them all anew. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 6: Rāma Laments His Brother

मोपै तो न कछु है आई।

ओर निबाहि भली बिधि भायप चल्यो लखन-सो भाई॥ १ ॥

पुर, पितु-मातु, सकल सुख परिहरि जेहि बन-बिपति बँटाई।

ता सँग हौं सुरलोक सोक तजि सक्यो न प्रान पठाई॥ २ ॥

जानत हौं या उर कठोरतें कुलिस कठिनता पाई।

सुमिरि सनेह सुमित्रा-सुतको दरकि दरार न जाई॥ ३ ॥

तात-मरन, तिय-हरन, गीध-बध, भुज दाहिनी गँवाई।

तुलसी में सब भाँति आपने कुलहि कालिमा लाई॥ ४ ॥

“Nothing has come of me. A brother like Lakṣmaṇa has fulfilled brotherhood beautifully to its very end and departed. (1)

He abandoned city, father, mother, and every happiness to share my forest hardships; yet I could not cast off grief and send my own life with him to the gods’ realm. (2)

I now know that the thunderbolt obtained its hardness from this heart of mine, for even when I remember the son of Sumitrā’s love, no crack opens in it. (3)

My father died, my wife was abducted, the vulture was slain, and now I have lost my right arm.

Tulsī says: in every way I have brought disgrace upon my lineage.” (4)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 7: Without My Brother, Whom Can I Trust?

मेरो सब पुरुषारथ थाको।

बिपति बँटावन बंधु-बाहु बिनु करौं भरोसो काको॥ १ ॥

सुनु, सुग्रीव! साँचेहू मोपर फेरयो बदन बिधाता।

ऐसे समय समर-संकट हौं तज्यो लषन-सो भ्राता॥ २ ॥

गिरि, कानन जैहें साखा-मृग, हौं पुनि अनुज-सँघाती।

हैहै कहा बिभीषनकी गति रही सोच भरि छाती॥ ३ ॥

तुलसी सुनि प्रभु-बचन भालु-कपि सकल बिकल हिय हारे।

जामवंत हनुमंत बोलि तब, औसर जानि प्रचारे॥ ४ ॥

“All my strength and purpose have failed. Without the brother who was the arm sharing my adversity, in whom can I place trust? (1)

Listen, Sugrīva: fate has truly turned its face from me. At this very hour of crisis in battle, a brother like Lakṣmaṇa has abandoned me. (2)

The monkeys will return to mountain and forest, and I shall follow my younger brother; but anxiety fills my breast over what will become of Vibhīṣaṇa.” (3)

Tulsī says that hearing the Lord’s words, every bear and monkey grew distraught and lost heart.

Then Jāmbavān, recognizing the moment, called Hanumān and urged him on. (4)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 8: Hanumān Asks for the Command

जौ हौं अब अनुसासन पावौं।
 तौ चंद्रमहि निचोरि चैल-ज्यों, आनि सुधा सिर नावौं॥ १ ॥
 कै पाताल दलों ब्यालावलि अमृत-कुंड महि लावौं।
 भेदि भुवन, करि भानु बाहिरो तुरत राहु दै तावौं॥ २ ॥
 बिबुध-बेद बरबस आनों धरि, तौ प्रभु-अनुग कहावौं।
 पटकों मीच नीच मूषक-ज्यों, सबहिको पापु बहावौं॥ ३ ॥
 तुम्हरिहि कृपा, प्रताप तिहारेहि नेकु बिलंब न लावौं।
 दीजै सोइ आयसु तुलसी-प्रभु, जेहि तुम्हरे मन भावौं॥ ४ ॥

“If I now receive the command, I shall wring the moon like a cloth, bring its nectar, and pour it upon his head. (1)

Or I shall descend to the netherworld, crush the ranks of serpents, and bring the pool of nectar to earth. I shall pierce the cosmic shell, draw the sun outside, and immediately seal the opening with Rāhu. (2)

I shall forcibly bring the gods’ physicians and only then call myself the Lord’s follower. I shall dash vile Death down like a mouse and wash away everyone’s sin. (3)

By your grace alone and your own glory, I shall not delay in the least. Lord of Tulsī, give me whichever command pleases your heart.” (4)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 9: Hanumān Brings the Life-Restoring Mountain

सुनि हनुमंत-बचन रघुबीर।

सत्य, समीर-सुवन! सब लायक, कह्यो राम धरि धीर॥ १ ॥

चहिये बैद, ईस-आयसु धरि सीस कीस बलवान।

आन्यो सदनसहित सोवत ही, जौलों पलक परै न॥ २ ॥

जियै कुँवर, निसि मिलै मूलिका, कीन्ही बिनय सुषेन।

उठ्यो कपीस, सुमिरि सीतापति चल्यो सजीवनि लेन॥ ३ ॥

कालनेमि दलि बेगि बिलोक्यो द्रोनाचल जिय जानि।

देखी दिव्य ओषधी जहँ तहँ जरी, न परि पहिचानि॥ ४ ॥

लियो उठाय कुधर कंदुक-ज्यों, बेग न जाइ बखानि।

ज्यों धाए गजराज-उधारन सपदि सुदरसनपानि॥ ५ ॥

आनि पहार जोहारे प्रभु, कियो बैदराज उपचार।

करुनासिंधु बंधु भेट्यो, मिटि गयो सकल दुख-भार॥ ६ ॥

मुदित भालु कपि-कटक, लह्यो जनु समर पयोनिधि पार।

बहुरि ठौरही राखि महीधर आयो पवनकुमार॥ ७ ॥

सेन सहित सेवकहि सराहत पुनि पुनि राम सुजान।

बरषि सुमन, हिय हरषि प्रसंसत बिबुध बजाइ निसान॥ ८ ॥

तुलसिदास सुधि पाइ निसाचर भए मनहु बिनु प्रान।

परी भोरही रोर लंकगढ़, दई हाँक हनुमान॥ ९ ॥

Hearing Hanumān's words, Raghubīra steadied himself and said, "True, son of the Wind—you are capable of all this." (1)

"A physician is needed." Bearing the Lord's command upon his head, the mighty monkey brought the healer, asleep inside his house, before an eyelid could fall. (2)

"The prince will live if the herb is found before night ends," Suṣeṇa submitted. The monkey lord rose, remembered Sītā's Lord, and set out for the life-restoring herb. (3)

Slaying Kālanemi, he swiftly sighted Droṇācala and knew the mountain in his heart. He saw divine

herbs shining everywhere but could not identify the one. (4)

He lifted the mountain like a ball; his speed cannot be described. It was as though the discus-bearing Lord raced at once to rescue the elephant king. (5)

He brought the mountain and bowed to the Lord; the royal physician administered the remedy.

The Ocean of Compassion embraced his brother, and the entire burden of sorrow vanished. (6)

The bear and monkey host rejoiced as though it had crossed the ocean of battle. Then the son of the Wind returned the mountain to its place. (7)

Wise Rāma repeatedly praised his servant before the whole army. The delighted gods showered flowers, sounded drums, and offered praise. (8)

Tulsīdāsa says the night-rangers, hearing the news, seemed bereft of life. At daybreak, when Hanumān gave his challenge, an uproar filled Laṅkā's fortress. (9)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 10: Hanumān Falls Before Bharata

कौतुक ही कपि कुधर लियो है।

चल्यो नभ नाइ माथ रघुनाथहि, सरिस न बेग बियो है॥ १ ॥

देख्यो जात जानि निसिचर, बिनु फर सर हयो हियो है।

पर्यो कहि राम, पवन राख्यो गिरि, पुर तेहि तेज पियो है॥ २ ॥

जाइ भरत भरि अंक भेंटि निज, जीवन-दान दियो है।

दुख लघु लषन मरम-घायल सुनि, सुख बड़ो कीस जियो है॥ ३ ॥

आयसु इतहि, स्वामि-संकट उत, परत न कछु कियो है।

तुलसिदास बिदर्यो अकास, सो कैसेकै जात सियो है॥ ४ ॥

The monkey playfully lifted the mountain, bowed his head to Raghunātha, and traveled through the sky with speed none could equal. (1)

Seeing him pass and taking him for a night-ranger, Bharata struck his heart with a blunt arrow. Crying “Rāma,” he fell; the Wind held up the mountain, while the city seemed to drink his radiance. (2)

Bharata went to him, clasped him to his breast, and restored his life. Hearing Lakṣmaṇa was mortally wounded brought little grief beside Bharata’s vast joy that the monkey lived. (3)

The command kept Bharata here, while his Master faced peril there; he pondered but found nothing he could do. Tulsīdāsa says it was as if the sky had split—how could such a rift be sewn? (4)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 11: Hanumān Beholds Bharata and Śatrughna

भरत-सत्रुसूदन बिलोकि कपि चकित भयो है।
 राम-लषन रन जीति अवध आए, कैधों मोहि भ्रम,
 कैधों काहू कपट ठयो है॥ १ ॥

प्रेम पुलकि, पहिचानिकै पदपदुम नयो है।
 कहो न परत जेहि भाँति दुहू भाइन
 सनेहसों सो उर लाय लयो है॥ २ ॥

समाचार कहि गहरु भो, तेंहि ताप तयो है।
 कुधर सहित चढ़ी बिसिष, बेगि पठवों, सुनि
 हरि हिय गरब गूढ़ उपयो है॥ ३ ॥

तीरतें उतरि जस कह्यो चहै, गुनगननि जयो है।
 धनि भरत! धनि भरत! करत भयो,
 मगन मौन रो मन अनुराग रयो है॥ ४ ॥

यह जलनिधि खन्यो, मथ्यो, लँघ्यो, बाँध्यो, अँचयो है।
 तुलसिदास रघुबीर बंधु-महिमाको सिंधु
 तरि को कबि पार गयो है?॥ ५ ॥

Seeing Bharata and the slayer of foes, Śatrughna, the monkey was astonished: “Have Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa conquered the battle and returned to Ayodhyā? Am I deluded, or has someone contrived a deception?” (1)

Recognizing them, he thrilled with love and bowed at their lotus feet. Words cannot tell how affectionately the two brothers gathered him to their hearts. (2)

He told the news and grew anxious over the delay. Bharata said, “Mount my arrow with the mountain; I shall send you swiftly.” Hearing this, a hidden pride arose in Hanumān’s heart. (3)

He dismounted from the arrow and wished to proclaim Bharata’s fame, but Bharata’s virtues conquered him. Crying “Blessed is Bharata! Blessed is Bharata!” his love-drenched mind fell silent.

(4)

This ocean has been dug, churned, crossed, bridged, and drunk; but what poet has crossed the ocean of the glory of Raghubīra's brother? (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 12: Blessed Is Bharata

होतो नहि जौ जग जनम भरतको।

तौ, कपि कहत, कृपान-धार मग चलि आचरत बरत को?॥ १ ॥

धीरज-धरम धरनिधर-धुरहूँतें गुर धुर धरनि धरत को?

सब सदगुन सनमानि आनि उर, अघ-औगुन निदरत को?॥ २ ॥

सिवहु न सुगम सनेह रामपद सुजननि सुलभ करत को?

सृजि निज जस-सुरतरु तुलसी कहँ, अभिमत फरनि फरत को?॥ ३ ॥

Hanumān says: had Bharata not been born in this world, who would have walked the razor's-edge path and fulfilled such a vow? (1)

Who would have borne upon the earth a burden of patience and righteousness heavier even than the earth-supporting mountain—honoring every virtue, taking it into his heart, and scorning sin and vice? (2)

Who would have made love for Rāma's feet—difficult even for Śiva—readily accessible to the good? Who would have created from his own fame a wish-fulfilling tree that bears for Tulsī the fruit he desires? (3)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 13: Sumitrā Hears of Lakṣmaṇa's Wound

सुनि रन घायल लषन परे हैं।
 स्वामिकाज संग्राम सुभट्सों लोहे ललकारि लरे हैं॥ १ ॥
 सुवन-सोक, संतोष सुमित्रहि, रघुपति-भगति बरे हैं।
 छिन-छिन गात सुखात, छिनहिं छिन हुलसत होत हरे हैं॥ २ ॥
 कपिसों कहति सुभाय, अंबके अंबक अंबु भरे हैं।
 रघुनंदन बिनु बंधु कुअवसर, जद्यपि धनु दुसरे हैं॥ ३ ॥
 “तात! जाहु कपि सँग”, रिपुसूदन उठि कर जोरि खरे हैं।
 प्रमुदित पुलकि पैत पूरे जनु बिधिबस सुढर ढरे हैं॥ ४ ॥
 अंब-अनुजगति लखि पवनज-भरतादि गलानि गरे हैं।
 तुलसी सब समुझाइ मातु तेहि समय सचेत करे हैं॥ ५ ॥

She heard that Lakṣmaṇa lay wounded in battle, having challenged and fought a mighty warrior for his Master's cause. (1)

Sumitrā grieved for her son, yet rejoiced that he had chosen devotion to Raghupati. One moment her body withered; the next it thrilled and grew fresh. (2)

With tears filling the mother's eyes, she said naturally to Hanumān, “Without his brother, Raghunandana is in a cruel predicament, although his bow is his second companion.” (3)

“Dear one, go with the monkey,” she said. Śatrughna rose and stood with joined hands, delighted and thrilled, as though a well-formed figure had suddenly been cast by fate. (4)

Seeing the condition of mother and younger brother, the Son of the Wind, Bharata, and the others were consumed with remorse. Tulsī says that at that moment the mother explained everything and restored them to composure. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 14: Bharata's Message for Rāma

बिनय सुनायबी परि पाय।

कहौं कहा, कपीस! तुम्ह सुचि, सुमति, सुहृद सुभाय॥ १ ॥

स्वामि-संकट-हेतु हौं जड़ जननि जनम्यो जाय।

समौ पाइ, कहाइ सेवक घट्यो तौ न सहाय॥ २ ॥

कहत सिथिल सनेह भो, जनु धीर घायल घाय।

भरत-गति लखि मातु सब रहि ज्यों गुड़ी बिनु बाय॥ ३ ॥

भेंट कहि कहिबो, कह्यो यों कठिन-मानस माय।

“लाल! लोने लषन-सहित सुललित लागत नाँय”॥ ४ ॥

देखि बंधु-सनेह, अंब सुभाउ, लषन-कुठाय।

तपत तुलसी तरनि-त्रासकु एहि नये तिहुँ ताय॥ ५ ॥

“Fall at his feet and present this petition. What need I say, lord of monkeys? You are pure, wise, and naturally a true friend. (1)

I, a fool, was born of the mother who caused my Master's calamity. If, when the moment came, I who am called his servant failed to help him, I have fallen short indeed.” (2)

As Bharata spoke, love made him go limp, like a steadfast warrior disabled by a wound. Seeing his condition, all the mothers stood still like kites when there is no wind. (3)

Kaushalyā, whose heart was heavy, told Hanumān what to say when he met Rāma: “My son, the lovely dark one does not look truly beautiful without graceful Lakṣmaṇa beside him.” (4)

Seeing the brother's love, the mother's nature, and Lakṣmaṇa's distress, Tulsī says that even the terror of the sun, Hanumān, burned beneath these three new fires. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 15: Lakṣmaṇa Awakens

हृदय घाउ मेरे पीर रघुबीरै।

पाइ सजीवन, जागि कहत यों प्रेमपुलकि बिसराय सरीरै॥ १ ॥

मोहि कहा बूझत पुनि पुनि, जैसे पाठ-अरथ-चरचा कीरै।

सोभा-सुख, छति-लाहु भूपकहँ, केवल कांति-मोल हीरै॥ २ ॥

तुलसी सुनि सौमित्रि-बचन सब धरि न सकत धीरौ धीरै।

उपमा राम-लषनकी प्रीतिकी क्यों दीजै खीरै-नीरै॥ ३ ॥

After receiving the life-restoring herb and awakening, Lakṣmaṇa—thrilled with love and forgetful of his body—said, “The wound is in my heart, but its pain belongs to Raghubīra. (1)

Why ask me again and again, like someone discussing the meaning of a lesson with a parrot? A diamond possesses only its brilliance and price; the splendor, pleasure, loss, or gain belongs to the king who owns it. (2)

Tulsī says that on hearing Saumitri's words, even the most steadfast could not maintain their composure. How can the love between Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa be compared even to milk and water?”

(3)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 16: Victorious Rāma

राजत राम काम-सत-सुंदर।

रिपु रन जीति अनुज सँग सोभित, फेरत चाप-बिसिष बनरुह-कर॥ १ ॥

स्याम सरीर रुचिर श्रम-सीकर, सोनित-कन बिच बीच मनोहर।

जनु खद्योत-निकर, हरिहित-गन, भ्राजत मरकत-सैल-सिखरपर॥ २ ॥

घायल बीर बिराजत चहुँ दिसि, हरषित सकल रिच्छ अरु बनचर।

कुसुमित किंसुक-तरु समूह महँ, तरुन तमाल बिसाल बिटप बर॥ ३ ॥

राजिव-नयन बिलोकि कृपा करि, किए अभय मुनि-नाग, बिबुध-नर।

तुलसिदास यह रूप अनूपम हिय-सरोज बसि दुसह बिपतिहर॥ ४ ॥

Rāma shines, more beautiful than a hundred Loves. Having conquered the enemy in battle, he appears splendid beside his younger brother, passing his lotus hand over bow and arrow. (1)

Lovely beads of exertion gleam on his dark body, with charming drops of blood between them—like clusters of fireflies and scarlet velvet mites shining upon the summit of an emerald mountain. (2)

Wounded heroes sit resplendent all around, while every bear and forest-dweller rejoices. Amid a grove of blossoming kiṃśuka trees, he is like a great and noble young tamāla. (3)

The lotus-eyed Lord looked on with compassion and made sages, nāgas, gods, and human beings fearless. Tulsīdāsa prays that this incomparable form, destroyer of unbearable calamity, may dwell in the lotus of his heart. (4)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 17: Kaushalyā Awaits Rāma

अवधि आजु किधौं औरो दिन हैहै।

चढ़ि धौरहर बिलोकि दखिन दिसि, बूझ धौं पथिक कहाँते आये वै हैं॥ १ ॥

बहुरि बिचारि हारि हिय सोचति, पुलकि गात लागे लोचन चैहैं।

निज बासरनि बरष पुरवैगो बिधि, मेरे तहँ करम कठिन कृत क्रैहैं॥ २ ॥

बन रघुबीर, मातु गृह जीवति, निलज प्रान सुनि सुनि सुख स्वैहैं।

तुलसिदास मो-सो कठोर-चित कुलिस सालभंजनि को हैहैं॥ ३ ॥

“Does the appointed term end today, or will it be some other day?” Climbing the palace roof and looking south, Kaushalyā asks, “Find out where those travelers have come from.” (1)

She thinks again, loses heart, and grieves; her body thrills and tears begin to flow. “It seems that because of my cruel deeds, fate will measure out these years according to days of its own.” (2)

“Raghubīra is in the forest while his mother remains alive at home; these shameless breaths will sleep content while hearing this reproach. Tulsīdāsa asks: who could be as hard-hearted as I, an image carved from thunderbolt?” (3)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 18: A Mother's Forest Anxieties

आली, अब राम-लषन कित है हैं।

चित्रकूट तज्यौ तबतें न लही सुधि, बधू-समेत कुसल सुत द्वै हैं॥ १ ॥

बारि बयारि, बिषम हिम-आतप सहि बिनु बसन भूमितल स्वै हैं।

कंद-मूल, फल-फूल असन बन, भोजन समय मिलत कैसे वैहैं॥ २ ॥

जिन्हहि बिलोकि सोचिहैं लता-द्रुम, खग-मृग-मुनि लोचन जल च्वैहैं।

तुलसिदास तिन्हकी जननी हौं, मो-सो निठुर-चित औरो कहूँ हैहैं॥ ३ ॥

“Friend, where can Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa be now? Since they left Citrakūṭa, no news has come. Are my two sons well, together with their bride? (1)

Enduring rain, wind, fierce cold, and heat, they must sleep without proper coverings upon the ground. Their food in the forest is roots, tubers, fruit, and flowers—but how can even that food reach them at the proper time? (2)

Creepers and trees grieve when they see them, and birds, deer, and sages shed tears from their eyes. Tulsīdāsa says: I am their mother—can there be another anywhere whose heart is as pitiless as mine?” (3)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 19: Kaushalyā Seeks an Omen

बैठी सगुन मनावति माता।

कब ऐहैं मेरे बाल कुसल घर, कहहु, काग! फुरि बाता॥ १ ॥

दूध-भातकी दोनी दैहैं, सोने चोंच मढ़ैहैं।

जब सिय-सहित बिलोकि नयन भरि राम-लषन उर लैहैं॥ २ ॥

अवधि समीप जानि जननी जिय अति आतुर अकुलानी।

गनक बोलाइ, पाँय परि पूछति प्रेम मगन मृदु बानी॥ ३ ॥

तेहि अवसर कोउ भरत निकटतें समाचार लै आयो।

प्रभु-आगमन सुनत तुलसी मनो मीन मरत जल पायो॥ ४ ॥

The mother sits seeking an auspicious omen: “Crow, tell me truly—when will my children return home safe and well? (1)

I will give you a bowl of milk and rice and cover your beak with gold when I have gazed to my heart's content upon Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa with Sītā, and clasped them to my breast.” (2)

Knowing the term of exile is near its end, the mother grows intensely eager and distraught. She summons an astrologer, falls at his feet, and questions him in a gentle voice absorbed in love. (3)

At that very moment someone came from Bharata's side bearing news. Tulsī says that when she heard of the Lord's arrival, it was as though a dying fish had found water. (4)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 20: The Auspicious Kṣemakarī

छेमकरी! बलि, बोलि सुबानी।

कुसल छेम सिय राम-लषन कब ऐहैं, अंब! अवध रजधानी॥ १ ॥

ससिमुखि, कुंकुम-बरनि, सुलोचनि, मोचनि सोचनि बेद बखानी।

देवि! दया करि देहि दरसफल, जोरि पानि बिनवहिं सब रानी॥ २ ॥

सुनि सनेहमय बचन, निकट है, मंजुल मंडल कै मड़रानी।

सुभ मंगल आनंद गगन-धुनि अकनि-अकनि उर-जरनि जुड़ानी॥ ३ ॥

फरकन लगे सुअंग बिदिसि दिसि, मन प्रसन्न, दुख-दसा सिरानी।

करहिं प्रनाम सप्रेम पुलकि तनु, मानि बिबिध बलि सगुन सयानी॥ ४ ॥

तेहि अवसर हनुमान भरतसों कही सकल कल्यान-कहानी।

तुलसिदास सोइ चाह सजीवनि बिषम बियोग ब्यथा बड़ि भानी॥ ५ ॥

“Kṣemakarī, I give myself for you—speak your lovely words! Mother, when will Sitā, Rāma, and Lakṣmaṇa return safe and well to Ayodhyā's capital? (1)

Moon-faced, vermilion-hued, and fair-eyed, the Vedas proclaim you a releaser from grief. Goddess, be compassionate and grant the fruit of your appearance,” all the queens pray with folded hands. (2)

Hearing their love-filled words, the bird draws near and circles in graceful rings. Listening again and again to her auspicious, joyful cry in the sky cools the burning within their hearts. (3)

Auspicious limbs begin to throb in every direction; minds grow glad and the state of sorrow ends.

The wise women bow lovingly with bodies thrilled, interpreting many offerings and omens. (4)

At that moment Hanumān told Bharata the entire story of their welfare. Tulsīdāsa says that this desired life-restoring herb destroyed the terrible pain of their long separation. (5)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 21: Joy in Ayodhyā

सुनियत सागर सेतु बँधायो।
 कोसलपतिकी कुसल सकल सुधि कोउ इक दूत भरत पहुँ ल्यायो॥ १ ॥
 बध्यो बिराध, त्रिसिर, खर-दूषन सूपनखाको रूप नसायो।
 हति कबंध, बल-अंध बालि दलि, कृपासिंधु सुग्रीव बसायो॥ २ ॥
 सरनागत अपनाइ बिभीषन, रावन सकुल समूल बहायो।
 बिबुध-समाज निवाजि, बाँह दै, बंदिछोर बर बिरद कहायो॥ ३ ॥
 एक-एकसों समाचार सुनि नगर लोग जहँ तहँ सब धायो।
 घन-धुनि अकनि मुदित मयूर-ज्यों, बूझत जलधि पार-सो पायो॥ ४ ॥
 “अवधि आजु” यों कहत परस्पर, बेगि बिमान निकट पुर आयो।
 उतरि अनुज-अनुगनि समेत प्रभु गुर-द्विजगन सिर नायो॥ ५ ॥
 जो जेहि जोग राम तेहि बिधि मिलि, सबके मन अति मोद बढ़ायो।
 भेंटी मातु, भरत भरतानुज, क्यों कहौं प्रेम अमित अनमायो॥ ६ ॥
 तेही दिन मुनिबृंद अनंदित तुरत तिलकको साज सजायो।
 महाराज रघुबंस-नाथको सादर तुलसिदास गुन गायो॥ ७ ॥

People hear that a bridge was built across the ocean. A messenger brought Bharata the full, happy news of the Lord of Kosala's welfare. (1)

Virādha, Triśirā, Khara, and Dūṣaṇa were slain; Śūrpaṇakhā's beauty was destroyed. Kabandha was killed, strength-blinded Vāli was felled, and the Ocean of Compassion established Sugrīva in his home. (2)

He accepted the refugee Vibhīṣaṇa and swept away Rāvaṇa with his entire lineage, root and branch. Honoring and protecting the assembly of gods, he made renowned his noble title, Liberator of Captives. (3)

Hearing each piece of news from one another, the townspeople ran everywhere—delighted like peacocks hearing thunder, or like drowning people who had found the far shore. (4)

As they told one another, “The term ends today,” the aerial chariot swiftly approached the city. The Lord descended with his younger brother and followers and bowed his head to the guru and the twice-born. (5)

Rāma met each person in the manner suited to them and greatly increased the joy in every heart.

He embraced his mothers, Bharata, and Bharata's younger brother—how can their boundless, guileless love be told? (6)

That very day the delighted assembly of sages immediately prepared everything for the coronation. Tulsīdāsa reverently sang the virtues of the great king, Lord of Raghu's line. (7)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 22: Rāma's Coronation

रन जीति राम राउ आए।

सानुज सदल ससीय कुसल आजु, अवध आनंद-बधाए॥ १ ॥

अरिपुर जारि, उजारि, मारि रिपु, बिबुध सुबास बसाए।

धरनि-धेनु, महिदेव-साधु, सबके सब सोच नसाए॥ २ ॥

दई लंक, थिर थपे बिभीषन, बचन-पियूष पिआए।

सुधा सींचि कपि, कृपा नगर-नर-नारि निहारि जिआए॥ ३ ॥

मिलि गुर, बंधु, मातु, जन, परिजन, भए सकल मन भाए।

दरस-हरस दसचारि बरसके दुख पलमें बिसराए॥ ४ ॥

बोलि सचिव सुचि, सोधि सुदिन, मुनि मंगल-साज सजाए।

महाराज-अभिषेक बरषि सुर सुमन निसान बजाए॥ ५ ॥

लै लै भेंट नृप-अहिप-लोकपति अति सनेह सिर नाए।

पूजि, प्रीति पहिचानि राम आदरे अधिक, अपनाए॥ ६ ॥

दान मान सनमानि जानि रुचि, जाचक जन पहिराए।

गए सोक-सर सूखि, मोद-सरिता-समुद्र गहिराए॥ ७ ॥

प्रभु-प्रताप-रबि अहित-अमंगल-अघ-उलूक-तम ताए।

किए बिसोक हित-कोक-कोकनद लोक सुजस सुभ छाए॥ ८ ॥

रामराज कुलकाज सुमंगल, सबनि सबै सुख पाए।

देहिं असीस भूमिसुर प्रमुदित, प्रजा प्रमोद बढाए॥ ९ ॥

आश्रम-धरम-बिभाग बेदपथ पावन लोग चलाए।

धरम-निरत, सिय-राम-चरन-रत, मनहु राम-सिय-जाए॥ १० ॥

कामधेनु महि, बिटप कामतरु, कोउ बिधि बाम न लाए।

ते तब, अब तुलसी तेउ जिन्ह हित सहित राम-गुन गाए॥ ११ ॥

King Rāma has returned victorious from battle, safe with his younger brother, army, and Sītā; today Ayodhyā resounds with joyful congratulations. (1)

He burned and laid waste the enemy city, slew the foe, and restored the gods to their blessed

dwellings. He removed every grief of the earth, the cows, the twice-born, and the holy. (2)
 He gave Laṅkā to Vibhīṣaṇa, established him firmly, and made him drink the nectar of his words.
 He revived the monkeys by sprinkling them with nectar and gave new life to the city's men and
 women by gazing on them with grace. (3)
 Guru, brothers, mothers, servants, and relatives met him, and all their hearts' desires were
 fulfilled. In the joy of seeing him they forgot fourteen years of sorrow in a single moment. (4)
 The sage summoned pure-hearted ministers, determined an auspicious day, and prepared the
 ceremonial articles. At the great king's coronation, the gods showered flowers and sounded their
 drums. (5)
 Kings, serpent-lords, and guardians of the worlds brought gifts and bowed their heads with
 profound love. They worshiped him; Rāma recognized their affection, honored them greatly, and
 accepted them as his own. (6)
 Understanding each petitioner's wish, he honored them with gifts and had them clothed. Their
 lakes of sorrow dried up, while the rivers and oceans of joy grew deep. (7)
 Before the sun of the Lord's majesty, the owls and darkness of hostility, misfortune, and sin fled.
 The friendly cakravāka birds and lotuses became free of sorrow, and his beautiful fame spread
 through the worlds. (8)
 Under Rāma's rule, the affairs of every family were auspicious and everyone obtained every
 happiness. Delighted brāhmaṇas bestowed blessings and increased the people's joy. (9)
 He established the divisions of the āśrama duties and set people upon the purifying Vedic path.
 They were devoted to dharma and attached to the feet of Sītā and Rāma, as though born from
 Rāma and Sītā themselves. (10)
 The earth became a wish-fulfilling cow and every tree a wish-fulfilling tree; fate opposed no one.
 Tulsī says that was so for those people then—and it is so now for those who lovingly sing Rāma's
 virtues. (11)

Laṅkākaṇḍa Song 23: Ayodhyā's Coronation Festival

आजु अवध आनंद-बधावन, रिपु रन जीति राम आए।
 सजि सुबिमान निसान बजावत मुदित देव देखन धाए॥ १ ॥
 घर-घर चारु चौक, चंदन-मनि, मंगल-कलस सबनि साजे।
 ध्वज-पताक, तोरन, बितानबर, बिबिध भाँति बाजन बाजे॥ २ ॥
 राम-तिलक सुनि दीप दीपके नृप आए उपहार लिये।
 सीयसहित आसीन सिंहासन निरखि जोहारत हरष हिये॥ ३ ॥
 मंगलगान, बेदधुनि, जयधुनि, मुनि-असीस-धुनि भुवन भरे।
 बरषि सुमन सुर-सिद्ध प्रसंसत, सबके सब संताप हरे॥ ४ ॥
 राम-राज भइ कामधेनु महि, सुख संपदा लोक छाए।
 जनम जनम जानकीनाथके गुनगन तुलसिदास गाए॥ ५ ॥

Today Ayodhyā celebrates with joyful congratulations: Rāma has conquered the enemy in battle and returned. The delighted gods deck their splendid aerial chariots, sound their drums, and hurry to behold him. (1)

In every home beautiful courtyard designs of sandalwood and gems are made, and everyone sets out auspicious jars. Banners, flags, gateways, and fine canopies are raised, while many kinds of instruments sound. (2)

Hearing of Rāma's coronation, kings from island after island come bearing gifts. Seeing him seated upon the throne with Sītā, they salute him with glad hearts. (3)

Auspicious songs, Vedic recitation, cries of victory, and the sages' blessings fill the worlds. Gods and siddhas rain flowers and praise him, while he removes every sorrow of all. (4)

Under Rāma's rule the earth became a wish-fulfilling cow, and happiness and prosperity covered the worlds. Birth after birth, Tulsīdāsa sings the virtues of Jānakī's Lord. (5)

RĀMA GĪTĀVALĪ

Uttarakāṇḍa

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 1: Rāma's Righteous Realm

बनतें आइकै राजा राम भए भुआल।
 मुदित चौदह भुअन, सब सुख सुखी सब सब काल॥ १ ॥
 मिटे कलुष-कलेस-कुलषन, कपट-कुपथ-कुचाल।
 गए दारिद, दोष दारुन, दंभ-दुरित-दुकाल॥ २ ॥
 कामधुक महि, कामतरु तरु, उपल मनिगन लाल।
 नारि-नर तेहि समय सुकृती, भरे भाग सुभाल॥ ३ ॥
 वरन-आश्रम-धरमरत, मन बचन वेष मराल।
 राम-सिय-सेवक-सनेही, साधु, सुमुख, रसाल॥ ४ ॥
 राम-राज-समाज बरनत सिद्ध-सुर-दिगपाल।
 सुमिरि सो तुलसी अजहुँ हिय हरष होत बिसाल॥ ५ ॥

Returning from the forest, King Rāma became sovereign. The fourteen worlds rejoiced, and everyone was happy with every happiness at all times. (1)

Sin, affliction, evil marks, deceit, false paths, and wicked conduct disappeared. Poverty, terrible faults, hypocrisy, vice, and famine were gone. (2)

The earth became a wish-fulfilling cow, the trees wish-fulfilling trees, and stones became masses of gems and rubies. The women and men of that time were virtuous, blessed, and filled with good fortune. (3)

Devoted to the duties of social order and life-stage, they were swan-pure in mind, speech, and dress. They served and loved Rāma and Sītā, lived saintly lives, wore pleasant faces, and spoke sweetly. (4)

Siddhas, gods, and guardians of the directions describe the society of Rāma's realm. Tulsī says that even today, remembering it brings an immense joy to the heart. (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 2: Rāma Awakens at Dawn

भोर जानकी-जीवन जागे।

सूत मागध, प्रबीन, बेनु-बीना-धुनि द्वारे, गायक सरस राग रागे॥ १ ॥

स्यामल सलोने गात, आलसबस जँभात प्रिया प्रेमरस पागे।

उनींदे लोचन चारु, मुख-सुखमा-सिंगार हेरि हारे मार भूरि भागे॥ २ ॥

सहज सुहाई छबि, उपमा न लहँ कबि, मुदित बिलोकन लागे।

तुलसिदास निसिबासर अनूप रूप रहत प्रेम-अनुरागे॥ ३ ॥

At dawn, Jānakī's Beloved awakens. Skilled heralds and bards praise him; flute and vīṇā sound at the door, and singers unfold melodious rāgas. (1)

His lovely dark body, steeped in the nectar of his beloved's love, yawns with drowsiness. Seeing his charming half-sleeping eyes and the beauty and adornment of his face, hosts of Love-gods admit defeat and flee. (2)

His beauty is naturally radiant; poets can find no comparison and gaze on it in delight. Tulsīdāsa remains day and night absorbed in loving attachment to that incomparable form. (3)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 3: Rāma's Form on the Sarayū Bank

रघुपति राजीवनयन, सोभातनु कोटि मयन,
 करुनारस-अयन चयन-रूप भूप, माई।
 देखो सखि अतुलित छबि, संत-कंज-कानन रबि,
 गावत कल कीरति कबि-कोबिद-समुदाई॥ १ ॥
 मज्जन करि सरजुतीर ठाढ़े रघुबंसबीर,
 सेवत पदकमल धीर निरमल चित लाई।
 ब्रह्ममंडली-मुनींद्रबृंद-मध्य इंदुबदन
 राजत सुखसदन लोकलोचन-सुखदाई॥ २ ॥
 बिथुरित सिररुह-वरुथ कुंचित, बिच सुमन-जूथ,
 मनिजुत सिसु-फनि-अनीक ससि समीप आई।
 जनु समीत दै अँकोर राखे जुग रुचिर मोर,
 कुंडल-छबि निरखि चोर सकुचत अधिकाई॥ ३ ॥
 ललित भ्रुकुटि, तिलक भाल, चिबुक-अधर-द्विज रसाल,
 हास चारुतर, कपोल, नासिका सुहाई।
 मधुकर जुग पंकज बिच, सुक बिलोक नीरजपर
 लरत मधुप-अवलि मानो बीच कियो जाई॥ ४ ॥
 सुंदर पटपीत बिसद, भ्राजत बनमाल उरसि,
 तुलसिका-प्रसून-रचित, बिबिध-बिधि बनाई।
 तरु-तमाल अधबिच जनु त्रिबिध कीर-पाँति-रुचिर,
 हेमजाल अंतर परि तातें न उड़ाई॥ ५ ॥
 संकर-हृदि-पुंडरीक निसि बस हरि-चंचरीक,
 निर्व्यलीक-मानस-गृह संतत रहे छाई।
 अतिसय आनंदमूल तुलसिदास सानुकूल,
 हरन सकल सूल, अवध-मंडन रघुराई॥ ६ ॥

Mother, lotus-eyed Raghupati has a body more beautiful than ten million Love-gods; he is the abode of compassion's nectar, the chosen embodiment of beauty, and the sovereign of bliss. Friend, behold his matchless radiance—the sun to the lotus forest of saints—whose lovely fame communities of learned poets sing. (1)

After bathing, the Hero of Raghu's line stands on the Sarayū's bank while steadfast devotees serve his lotus feet with pure minds. His moon-face shines amid the circle of brāhmaṇas and the assembly of great sages; the Abode of Joy delights the eyes of all the world. (2)

His masses of scattered curls, with clusters of flowers between them, are like a host of jeweled young serpents approaching the moon. Frightened, the moon seems to have coaxed two lovely peacocks to remain beside it; seeing the peacock-like earrings, the serpent-thieves shrink away. (3) His brows are graceful, the tilaka shines on his forehead, and his chin, lips, and teeth are exquisite. His smile is supremely lovely, and his cheeks and nose are beautiful. It is as though two bees sit amid lotuses, while a parrot, seeing a swarm of bees fighting upon a lotus, has gone between them to make peace. (4)

A beautiful, spotless yellow cloth and a forest garland fashioned in many ways from tulasī and other flowers shine upon his breast. Against the tamāla tree of his dark body, the garland is like a lovely row of three-colored parrots caught inside a golden net and thus unable to fly away. (5)

The bee of Hari's form dwells day and night in the lotus of Śaṅkara's heart and forever fills the mind-houses of the guileless. May Raghurāya, ornament of Ayodhyā, source of boundless joy, remover of every pain, remain gracious to Tulsīdāsa. (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 4: Raghubīra Shines on the Sarayū Bank

राजत रघुबीर धीर, भंजन भव-भीर, पीर-
 हरन सकल सरजुतीर निरखहु, सखि! सोहैं।
 संग अनुज मनुज-निकर, दनुज-बल-बिभंग-करन;
 अंग-अंग छबि अनंग अगनित मन मोहैं॥ १ ॥
 सुखमा-सुख-सील-अयन नयन निरखि निरखि नील
 कुंचित कच, कुंडल कल, नासिका चित पोहैं।
 मनहु इंदुबिंब मध्य कंज-मीन-खंजन लखि
 मधुप-मकर-कीर आए तकि तकि निज गौहैं॥ २ ॥
 ललित गंड-मंडल, सुबिसाल भाल तिलक झलक
 मंजुतर मयंक-अंक रुचिर बंक भौहैं।
 अरुन अधर, मधुर बोल, दसन-दमक दामिनि दुति,
 हुलसति हिय हंसनि चारु चितवनि तिरछौहैं॥ ३ ॥
 कंबुकंठ, भुज बिसाल उरसि तरुन तुलसिमाल,
 मंजुल मुकतावलि जुत जागति जिय जोहैं।
 जनु कलिंद-नंदिनि मनि-इंद्रनील-सिखर परसि
 धंसति लसति हंससेनि-संकुल अधिकौहैं॥ ४ ॥
 दिव्यतर दुकूल भव्य, नव्य रुचिर चंपक चय,
 चंचला-कलाप, कनक-निकर अलि! किधौं हैं।
 सज्जन-चष-झष-निकेत, भूषन-मनिगन समेत,
 रूप-जलधि-बपुष लेत मन-गयंद बोहैं॥ ५ ॥
 अकनि बचन-चातुरी तुरीय पेखि प्रेम-मगन
 पग न परत इत, उत, सब चकित तेहि समौ हैं।
 तुलसिदास यह सुधि नहि कौनकी, कहाँतें आई,
 कौन काज, काके ढिग, कौन ठाउँ को हैं॥ ६ ॥

Friend, behold steadfast Raghubīra shining on the Sarayū bank, destroyer of worldly fear and remover of every pain. His younger brother and crowds of people accompany him; he shatters demonic armies, while the beauty of every limb captivates the minds of countless Love-gods. (1) Gaze again and again upon his eyes, abodes of beauty, happiness, and virtue; his dark curling hair, lovely earrings, and nose draw the heart away. It is as though bees, makaras, and a parrot have come, each recognizing its own kind in the lotuses, fish, and wagtails set within the moon's disk. (2)

His cheeks are graceful; a tilaka gleams on his broad forehead, and his lovely curved brows resemble the moon's dark markings. His lips are red, his speech sweet, and his teeth flash like lightning; his beautiful smile and sidelong glance make the heart rejoice. (3)

His neck is conch-like and his arms are long; on his breast a fresh tulasī garland shines with a charming pearl necklace, delighting the contemplative heart. It is as though the Yamunā, crowded with rows of swans, touches an indranīla peak, plunges downward, and shines more splendidly still. (4)

Friend, is his glorious new and divine mantle a lovely cluster of campaka flowers, a mass of lightning, or a heap of gold? His body is an ocean of beauty, home to the fish of good people's eyes and filled with jewel-like ornaments; it draws the elephant of the mind in and drowns it. (5)

Hearing the companion's verbal artistry and beholding the transcendent Lord, all were absorbed in love, astonished and unable to step either forward or back. Tulsīdāsa says they no longer knew who belonged to whom, where anyone had come from, what their business was, beside whom they stood, or what place was whose. (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 5: Raghunātha Returns from the Sarayū

देखु सखि! आजु रघुनाथ-सोभा बनी।
 नील-नीरद-बरन बपुष भुवनाभरन,
 पीत-अंबर-धरन हरन दुति-दामिनी॥ १ ॥
 सरजु मज्जन किए, संग सज्जन लिए,
 हेतु जनपर हिए, कृपा कोमल घनी।
 सजनि! आवत भवन मत्त-गजबर गवन,
 लंक मृगपति ठवनि कुँवर कोसलधनी॥ २ ॥
 सघन चिक्कन कुटिल चिकुर खिलुलित मृदुल,
 करनि बिबरत चतुर, सरस सुषमा जनी।
 ललित अहि-सिसु-निकर मनहु ससि सन समर
 लरत, धरहरि करत रुचिर जनु जुग फनी॥ ३ ॥
 भाल भ्राजत तिलक, जलज लोचन, पलक,
 चारु भ्रू नासिका सुभग सुक-आननी।
 चिबुक सुंदर, अधर अरुन, द्विज-दुति सुघर,
 बचन गंभीर, मृदुहास भव-भाननी॥ ४ ॥
 श्रवन कुंडल बिमल गंड मंडित चपल,
 कलित कलकांति अति भाँति कछु तिन्ह तनी।
 जुगल कंचन-मकर मनहु बिधुकर मधुर
 पियत पहिचानि करि सिंधुकीरति भनी॥ ५ ॥
 उरसि राजत पदिक, ज्योति रचना अधिक,
 माल सुबिसाल चहुँ पास बनि गजमनी।
 स्याम नब जलदपर निरखि दिनकर-कला
 कौतुकी मनहुँ रही घेरि उडुगन-अनी॥ ६ ॥
 मेदिनिपर खरी नारि आनंद-भरी,
 निरखि बरषहिं बिपुल कुसुम कुंकुम-कनी।

दास तुलसी राम परम करुनाधाम,
काम-सतकोटि-मद हरत छबि आपनी॥ ७ ॥

Friend, behold how Raghunātha's splendor appears today! His body is the color of a blue raincloud and the ornament of the worlds; he wears a yellow garment that steals the lightning's brilliance. (1)

Having bathed in the Sarayū, he returns to the palace with holy people around him. His heart holds love for his people, compassion, and profound tenderness. Friend, the prince of Kosala advances like a lordly intoxicated elephant, yet his bearing and waist are a lion's. (2)

Thick, glossy, curling, soft locks lie scattered over his face; the accomplished Lord arranges them with his hand, producing a delicious beauty. It is as though charming young serpents quarrel with the moon for nectar, while two great serpents restrain and reconcile them. (3)

A tilaka shines on his brow; his eyes are lotuses, with lovely lashes and brows, and his handsome nose resembles a parrot's beak. His chin is beautiful, his lips red, his teeth radiant, his speech profound, and his gentle smile destroys worldly burning. (4)

His earrings adorn his spotless cheeks, spreading an extraordinary, restless, lovely radiance. They are like twin golden makaras drinking the moon's sweet rays and, recognizing their kinship, proclaiming the ocean's glory. (5)

A jeweled pendant shines on his chest with abundant light, encircled by a great necklace of elephant pearls. It is as though a curious host of stars has surrounded a ray of the sun after seeing it upon a fresh dark cloud. (6)

Women standing upon their houses, filled with delight at the sight, shower abundant flowers and particles of saffron. Tulsī, the servant, says that supremely compassionate Rāma destroys the pride of billions of Love-gods with his beauty. (7)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 6: Rāma and Sītā on the Throne

आजु रघुबीर-छबि जात नहि कछु कही।
 सुभग सिंहासनासीन सीतारवन,
 भुवन-अभिराम, बहु काम सोभा सही॥ १ ॥
 चारु चामर-व्यजन, छत्र-मनिगन बिपुल
 दाम-मुकुतावलि-ज्योति जगमगि रही।
 मनहुँ राकेस सँग हंस-उडुगन-बरहि
 मिलन आए हृदय जानि निज नाथ ही॥ २ ॥
 मुकुट सुंदर सिरसि, भालबर, तिलक-भू,
 कुटिल कच, कुंडलनि परम आभा लही।
 मनहुँ हर-डर जुगल मारध्वजके मकर
 लागि श्रवननि करत मेरुकी बतकही॥ ३ ॥
 अरुन-राजीव-दल-नयन करुना-अयन,
 बदन सुषमासदन, हास त्रय-तापही।
 बिबिध कंकन हार, उरसि गजमनि-माल,
 मनहुँ बग-पाँति जुग मिलि चली जलदही॥ ४ ॥
 पीत निरमल चैल, मनहुँ मरकत सैल,
 पृथुल दामिनि रही छाड़ तजि सहजही।
 ललित सायक-चाप, पीन भुज बल अतुल
 मनुजतनु दनुजबन-दहन, मंडन-मही॥ ५ ॥
 जासु गुन-रूप नहि कलित, निरगुन सगुन,
 संभु, सनकादि, सुक भगति दृढ़ करि गही।
 दास तुलसी राम-चरन-पंकज सदा
 बचन मन करम चहै प्रीति नित निरबही॥ ६ ॥

Today Raghubīra's beauty cannot be described. Sītā's Beloved sits gracefully upon the throne, delighting the worlds and bearing the splendor of many Love-gods. (1)

Beautiful fly-whisks and fans, a parasol, hosts of jewels, and strings of pearls blaze with light. It is as though the moon, swans, stars, and peacocks recognized their Lord within their hearts and came to meet him. (2)

A beautiful crown rests upon his head; his noble brow bears tilaka and brows, and curling locks and earrings shine supremely. The twin makaras from Love's banner seem to cling to his ears in fear of Śiva and speak of making peace. (3)

His eyes are petals of red lotus and abodes of compassion; his face houses beauty, and his smile destroys the three afflictions. Varied bracelets and necklaces adorn him, and the elephant-pearl garland on his breast is like two rows of cranes moving together toward a cloud. (4)

His spotless yellow garment lies over him like broad lightning that has abandoned its restless nature and spread across an emerald mountain. His lovely bow and arrows, mighty arms, and matchless strength accompany a human form that burns the forest of demons and ornaments the earth. (5)

He is formless yet embodied, and no one can count his virtues or forms; therefore Śiva, Sanaka and the other sages, and Śuka hold firmly to devotion. The servant Tulsī wishes always to sustain love for Rāma's lotus feet in word, mind, and deed. (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 7: Behold the Crown of Kings

राम राजराजमौलि मुनिबर-मन-हरन, सरन-
 लायक, सुखदायक रघुनायक देखौ री।
 लोक-लोचनाभिराम, नीलमनि-तमाल-स्याम,
 रूप-सील-धाम, अंग छबि अनंग को री?॥ १ ॥
 भ्राजत सिर मुकुट पुरट-निरमित मनि रचित चारु,
 कुंचित कच रुचिर परम, सोभा नहि थोरी।
 मनहुँ चंचरीक-पुंज कंजबृंद प्रीति लागि
 गुंजत कल गान तान दिनमनि रिझयो री॥ २ ॥
 अरुनकंज-दल-बरिसाल लोचन, भ्रू-तिलकभाल,
 मंडित श्रुति कुंडल बर सुंदरतर जोरी।
 मनहुँ संबरारि मारि, ललित मकर-जुग विचारि,
 दीन्हैं ससिकहँ पुरारि भाजत दुहुँ ओरी॥ ३ ॥
 सुंदर नासा-कपोल, चिबुक, अधर अरुन, बोल
 मधुर, दसन राजत जब चितवत मुख मोरी।
 कंज-कोस भीतर जनु कंजराज-सिखर-निकर,
 रुचिर रचित बिधि बिचित्र तड़ित-रंग-बोरी॥ ४ ॥
 कंबुकंठ उर बिसाल तुलसिका नवीन माल,
 मधुकर बर-बास-बिबस, उपमा सुनु सो री।
 जनु कलिंदजा सुनील सैलतें धसी समीप,
 कंद-बृंद बरसत छबि मधुर घोरि घोरी॥ ५ ॥
 निरमल अति पीत चैल, दामिनि जनु जलद नील
 राखी निज सोभाहित बिपुल बिधि निहोरी।
 नयनन्हिको फल बिसेष ब्रह्म अगुन सगुन बेष,
 निरखहु तजि पलक, सफल जीवन लेखौ री॥ ६ ॥
 सुंदर सीतासमेत सोभित करुनानिकेत,
 सेवक सुख देत, लेत चितवत चित चोरी।

बरनत यह अमित रूप थकित निगम-नागभूप,
तुलसिदास छबि बिलोकि सारद भइ भोरी॥ ७ ॥

Look upon Rāma, crown of sovereigns, stealer of great sages' minds, worthy refuge, giver of happiness, and Lord of Raghu's line. He delights the eyes of the worlds, dark as sapphire and tamāla, abode of beauty and virtue; beside the splendor of his limbs, what is the Love-god? (1)
A lovely jeweled crown of refined gold blazes on his head, and beneath it the supreme beauty of his curling hair is no small thing. It is as though a swarm of bees, enamored of a lotus grove, has pleased the sun with the melodic phrases of its humming song. (2)
His vast eyes are petals of red lotus; brows and tilaka adorn his forehead, and a supremely beautiful pair of earrings ornaments his ears. It is as though Śiva slew Love, found the twin makaras of his banner lovely, and gave them to the moon-face, where they shine on either side. (3)
His nose, cheeks, chin, and red lips are lovely and his speech is sweet. When he turns his face to look, his teeth appear like exquisite ruby peaks fashioned by the Creator inside a lotus bud after dipping them in lightning's color. (4)
Hear the image of his conch-like neck and broad breast, where bees, overcome by the fine fragrance, hum around a fresh tulasī garland. It is as though beside the Yamunā plunging from a dark-blue mountain, masses of clouds rumble and pour down sweet beauty. (5)
His perfectly pure yellow garment is like lightning that a dark cloud, after much entreaty, retained for its own adornment. This formless Brahman manifest in embodied form is the highest fruit of the eyes: stop blinking, behold him, and count your life fulfilled. (6)
The Abode of Compassion shines with beautiful Sītā, gives happiness to his servants, and steals the heart with a glance. Veda and Śeṣa grow weary describing this boundless form; Tulsīdāsa says even Śārādā is bewildered when she beholds its beauty. (7)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 8: Behold Raghunātha's Form

सखि! रघुनाथ-रूप निहारु।

सरद-बिधु रबि-सुवन मनसिज-मान भंजनिहारु॥ १ ॥

स्याम सुभग सरीर जन-मन-काम-पूरनिहारु।

चारुचंदन मनहु मरकत-सिखर लसत निहारु॥ २ ॥

रुचिर उर उपबीत राजत पदिक गजमनि-हारु।

मनहु सुरधनु नखतगन बिच तिमिर-भंजनिहारु॥ ३ ॥

बिमल पीत दुकूल दामिनि-दुति-बिनिंदनिहारु।

बदन सुषमासदन सोभित मदन-मोहनिहारु॥ ४ ॥

सकल अंग अनूप, नहि कोउ सुकबि बरननिहारु।

दास तुलसी निरखतहि सुख लहत निरखनिहारु॥ ५ ॥

Friend, behold Raghunātha's form, which humbles the pride of the autumn moon, the Aśvin twins, and the Love-god. (1)

His beautiful dark body fulfills the wishes in his people's hearts; behold the lovely sandal paste shining upon it like mist on an emerald peak. (2)

Upon his lovely breast shine the sacred thread, a jeweled pendant, and a necklace of elephant pearls, like a rainbow and hosts of stars surrounding the sun that destroys darkness. (3)

His spotless yellow mantle puts lightning's radiance to shame, while his face—abode of beauty—shines so as to enchant Love himself. (4)

Every limb is incomparable; no good poet can describe him. The servant Tulsī says that those who behold him receive happiness the moment they see him. (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 9: Paint Rāma's Face upon the Heart

सखि! रघुबीर मुख-छबि देखु।
 चित्त-भीति सुप्रीति-रंग सुरूपता अवरेखु॥ १ ॥
 नयन-सुषमा निरखि नागरि! सफल जीवन लेखु।
 मनहुँ बिधि जुग जलज बिरचे ससि सुपूरन मेखु॥ २ ॥
 भ्रुकुटि भाल बिसाल राजत रुचिर-कुंकुम-रेखु।
 भ्रमर द्वै रबिकिरनि ल्याए करन जनु उनमेखु॥ ३ ॥
 सुमुखि! केस सुदेस सुंदर सुमन-संजुत पेखु।
 मनहुँ उडुगन-निबह आए मिलन तम तजि द्वेषु॥ ४ ॥
 श्रवन कुंडल मनहु गुरु-कबि करत बाद बिसेषु।
 नासिका, द्विज, अधर जनु रह्यो मदनु करि बहु बेषु॥ ५ ॥
 रूप बरनि न सकत नारद-संभु, सारद-सेषु।
 कहै तुलसीदास क्यों मतिमंद सकल नरेषु॥ ६ ॥

Friend, behold the beauty of Raghubīra's face; trace that lovely form upon the wall of your heart with the color of perfect love. (1)

Cultivated friend, behold the beauty of his eyes and count your life fulfilled. It is as though the Creator formed two lotuses within the full moon of the sign of Aries. (2)

On his broad brow, beneath the brows, shines a lovely vermilion line; it is as though two bees brought rays of the sun to awaken the lotuses. (3)

Fair-faced friend, behold the beautiful flowers joined to the lovely region of his hair. It is as though a host of stars abandoned enmity with darkness and came to meet it. (4)

The earrings at his ears seem like Guru and Kavi—Jupiter and Venus—engaged in a profound debate, while Love has taken many forms and settled as his nose, teeth, and lips. (5)

Nārada, Śiva, Śārada, and Śeṣa cannot describe his form. Tulsīdāsa asks: how then can I, dullest king of all the slow-witted, describe it? (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 10: The Splendor of Rāghava's Face

देखौ, राघव-बदन बिराजत चारु।

जात न बरनि, बिलोकत ही सुख, मुख किधौ छबिबर नारि सिंगारु॥ १ ॥

रुचिर चिबुक, रद-ज्योति अनूपम, अधर अरुन सित हास निहारु।

मनो ससिकर बस्यो चहत कमल महँ प्रगटत, दुरत, न बनत बिचारु॥ २ ॥

नासिक सुभग मनहुँ सुक सुंदर चितवत चकि आचरज अपारु।

कल कपोल, मृदु बोल मनोहर रीझि, चित चतुर अपनपौ वारु॥ ३ ॥

नयन सरोज, कुटिल कच, कुण्डल, भ्रुकुटि, सुभाल तिलक सोभा-सारु।

मनहुँ केतुके मकर, चाप-सर गयो, बिसारि भयो मोहित मारु॥ ४ ॥

निगम-सेष, सारद, सुक, संकर, बरनत रूप न पावत पारु।

तुलसिदास कहै, कहौ, धौं कौन बिधि अति लघुमति जड़ कूर गवारु॥ ५ ॥

Behold how beautifully Rāghava's face shines! It cannot be described; merely seeing it gives delight. Is it a face, or the adornment of Beauty embodied as a noble woman? (1)

His chin is lovely, his teeth shine beyond compare, and his lips are red; behold the whiteness of his smile. It is as though a moonbeam wishes to dwell within a lotus, yet—unable to decide—appears and hides again and again. (2)

His graceful nose is like a lovely parrot's beak; beholding it, the heart is struck with boundless wonder. Wise heart, delight in his exquisite cheeks and gentle, captivating speech, and offer yourself completely. (3)

His lotus eyes, curling hair, earrings, brows, and tilaka on the beautiful forehead are the essence of splendor. It is as though Love, enchanted by him, departed after forgetting the makaras of his banner, his bow, and his arrows. (4)

Veda, Śeṣa, Śārādā, Śuka, and Śiva find no end while describing his form. Tulsīdāsa asks: how then could I—small-minded, foolish, hard-hearted, and rustic—tell it? (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 11: Rāma's Favorable Face

आज रघुपति-मुख देखत लागत सुख
 सेवक सुरुख, सोभा सरद-ससि सिहाई।
 दसन-बसन लाल, बिसद हास रसाल
 मानो हिमकर-कर राखे राजीव मनाई॥ १ ॥
 अरुन नैन बिसाल, ललित भ्रुकुटि, भाल
 तिलक, चारु कपोल, चिबुक-नासा सुहाई।
 बिथुरे कुटिल कच, मानहु मधु लालच अलि,
 नलिन-जुगल उपर रहे लोभाई॥ २ ॥
 श्रवन सुंदर, सम कुंडल कल जुगम,
 तुलसिदास अनूप, उपमा कही न जाई।
 मानो मरकत सीप सुंदर ससि समीप
 कनक मकरजुत बिधि बिरची बनाई॥ ३ ॥

Today it brings happiness to behold Raghupati's face, favorable to his servants; even the autumn moon envies its beauty. His lips are red, his teeth bright, and his pure smile delicious—as though lotus lips had coaxed the moon's rays and kept them within. (1)

His great eyes are red-tinged, his brows graceful, and tilaka shines on his forehead; his lovely cheeks, chin, and nose are beautiful. Curling locks lie scattered as though bees, greedy for nectar, remain enthralled above a pair of lotuses. (2)

His ears are beautiful and bear a matching, lovely pair of earrings. Tulsīdāsa says they are incomparable; no simile can express them. It is as though the Creator fashioned emerald shells beside the beautiful moon, each holding a golden makara. (3)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 12: Contemplate Raghubīra's Face at Dawn

प्रातकाल रघुबीर-बदन-छबि चितै, चतुर चित मेरे।
 होहिं बिबेक-बिलोचन निरमल सुफल सुसीतल तेरे॥ १ ॥
 भाल बिसाल बिकट भ्रुकुटी बिच तिलक-रेख रुचि राजै।
 मनहुँ मदन तम तकि मरकत-धनु जुगुल कनक सर साजै॥ २ ॥
 रुचिर पलक लोचन जुग तारक स्याम, अरुन सित कोए।
 जनु अलि नलिन-कोस महँ बंधुक-सुमन सेज सजि सोए॥ ३ ॥
 बिलुलित ललित कपोलनिपर कच मेचक कुटिल सुहाए।
 मनो बिधुमहँ बनरुह बिलोकि अलि बिपुल सकोतुक आए॥ ४ ॥
 सोभित श्रवन कनक-कुंडल कल लंबित बिबि भुजमूले।
 मनहुँ केकि तकि गहन चहत जुग उरग इंदु प्रतिकूले॥ ५ ॥
 अधर अरुनतर, दसन-पाँति बर, मधुर मनोहर हासा।
 मनहुँ सोन सरसिज महँ कुलिसनि तड़ित सहित कृत बासा॥ ६ ॥
 चारु चिबुक, सुकतुंड बिनिंदक सुभग सुउन्नत नासा।
 तुलसिदास छबिधाम राममुख सुखद, समन भवत्रासा॥ ७ ॥

Clever heart of mine, contemplate Raghubīra's beautiful face at dawn; then your eyes of discernment will become pure, fruitful, and cooling. (1)

Upon his broad forehead, between the formidable curved brows, a lovely line of tilaka shines. It is as though Love, aiming at the darkness of his hair, has fitted golden arrows to twin emerald bows. (2)

His two eyes have lovely lashes, dark pupils, and red and white corners. They are like bees sleeping within lotus buds upon beds made of bandhūka flowers. (3)

Dark curling locks scattered over his graceful cheeks shine as though hosts of bees, seeing lotuses within the moon, came in wonder. (4)

Golden earrings shine at his ears, hanging toward the roots of both arms. They are like two peacocks that, seeing two serpents hostile to the moon, wish to seize them. (5)

His lips are deeply red, his row of teeth excellent, and his smile sweet and captivating—like

thunderbolts taking up residence with lightning inside a golden lotus. (6)

His chin is graceful, and his beautiful high nose puts a parrot's beak to shame. Tulsīdāsa says
Rāma's face, abode of beauty, bestows happiness and quiets the fear of worldly existence. (7)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 13: Remember Raghubīra's Arms

सुमिरत श्रीरघुबीरजीकी बाहें।
 होत सुगम भव-उदधि अगम अति, कोउ लाँघत, कोउ उतरत थाहैं॥ १ ॥
 सुंदर-स्याम-सरीर-सैलतें धसि जनु जुग जमुना अवगाहैं।
 अमित अमल जल-बल परिपूरन, जनु जनमी सिँगार सविता हैं॥ २ ॥
 धारैं बान, कूल धनु, भूषन जलचर, भँवर सुभग सब घाहैं।
 बिलसति बीचि विजय-बिरुदावलि, कर-सरोज सोहत सुषमा हैं॥ ३ ॥
 सकल-भुवन-मंगल-मंदिरके द्वार बिसाल सुहाई साहैं।
 जे पूजी कौसिक-मख ऋषियनि, जनक-गनप, संकर-गिरिजा हैं॥ ४ ॥
 भवधनु दलि जानकी बिबाही, भए बिहाल नृपाल त्रपा हैं।
 परसुपानि जिन्ह किये महामुनि जे चितए कबहू न कृपा हैं॥ ५ ॥
 जातुधान-तिय जानि बियोगिनि दुखई सीय सुनाइ कुचाहैं।
 जिन्ह रिपु मारि सुरारि-नारि तेइ सीस उघारिं दिवाई धाहैं॥ ६ ॥
 दसमुख-बिबस तिलोक लोकपति बिकल बिनाए नाक चना हैं।
 सुबस बसे गावत जिन्हके जस अमर-नाग-नर सुमुखि सना हैं॥ ७ ॥
 जे भुज बेद-पुरान, सेष-सुक-सारद सहित सनेह सराहैं।
 कलपलताहुकी कलपलता बर, कामदुहहुकी कामदुहा हैं॥ ८ ॥
 सरनागत-आरत-प्रनतनिको दै दै अभयपद ओर निबाहैं।
 करि आई, करिहैं, करती हैं तुलसिदास दासनिपर छाहैं॥ ९ ॥

At the remembrance of Śrī Raghubīra's arms, the exceedingly impassable ocean of becoming grows easy: some cross it in a bound, while others sound its depth and pass over. (1)
 They seem like two streams of Yamunā plunging from the mountain of his lovely dark body, filled with immeasurable, stainless waters of strength and born from the sun of beauty. (2)
 Their arrows are currents, the bow their bank, ornaments the creatures of the water, and every graceful joint a whirlpool. Waves of victory's praises play between them, while the lotus hands shine in beauty. (3)

They stand like two vast and lovely pillars at the gateway to the mansion of blessing for every world. The sages worshiped them at Viśvāmitra's sacrifice, and Janaka, Gaṇeśa, Śiva, and Girijā honored them. (4)

They broke the bow of worldly existence and won Jānakī in marriage, leaving the kings overcome with shame; they transformed the axe-bearing Paraśurāma—who never once looked toward mercy—into a great sage. (5)

When demon women, knowing Sītā bereft, tormented her with cruel words, those arms slew the enemies and made the wives of the gods' foes bare their heads and wail aloud. (6)

Ten-headed Rāvaṇa had subdued the three worlds and distressed their guardians until they begged abjectly. Once he fell, gods, nāgas, and humans dwelt happily in their homes and sang the fame of those arms beside their fair-faced wives. (7)

The Vedas and Purāṇas, Śeṣa, Śuka, and Śārādā praise those arms with love. They are the supreme wish-fulfilling vine beyond the wish-fulfilling vine, the wish-granting cow beyond the wish-granting cow. (8)

Again and again they grant fearlessness to the afflicted and humble who take refuge, sustaining them to the very end. Tulsīdāsa says: those arms have cast their shade over their servants, do so now, and will always do so. (9)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 14: Rāma's Lotus Hands, Wish-Fulfilling Trees

रामचंद्र-करकंज कामतरु बामदेव-हितकारी।
 सियसनेह-बर बेलि-बलित बर-प्रेम बंधु बर बारी॥ १ ॥
 मंजुल मंगल-मूल मूल तनु, करज मनोहर साखा।
 रोम परन, नख सुमन, सुफल सब काल सुजन-अभिलाषा॥ २ ॥
 अविचल, अमल, अनामय, अबिरल ललित, रहित छल छाया।
 समन सकल संताप-पाप-रुज-मोह-मान-मद-माया॥ ३ ॥
 सेवहिं सुचि मुनि भृंग-बिहग मन-मुदित मनोरथ पाए।
 सुमिरत हिय हुलसत तुलसी अनुराग उमगि गुन गाए॥ ४ ॥

Rāmacandra's lotus hands are wish-fulfilling trees dear to Vāmadeva. They are entwined by the lovely vine of Sītā's affection and enclosed by the excellent garden wall of Lakṣmaṇa's pure love. (1) His exquisitely auspicious body is their root, his fingers their lovely branches, his hairs their leaves, his nails their flowers, and the fulfilled desires of good people their fruit in every season. (2) Their shade is steadfast, stainless, free from pain, dense, lovely, and without deceit; it quiets every affliction, sin, disease, delusion, pride, arrogance, and māyā. (3) Pure sages, like bees and birds, joyfully serve there and attain their desires. Remembering those hands, Tulsī's heart rejoices; surging with love, he sings their virtues. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 15: Rāma's Feet, King of Holy Fords

रामचरन अभिराम कामप्रद तीरथ-राज बिराजै।
 संकर-हृदय-भगति-भूतलपर प्रेम-अछयबट भ्राजै॥ १ ॥
 स्यामबरन पद-पीठ, अरुन तल, लसति बिसद नखस्रेनी।
 जनु रबि-सुता सारदा-सुरसरि मिलि चलीं ललित त्रिबेनी॥ २ ॥
 अंकुस-कुलिस-कमल-धुज सुंदर भँवर तरंग-बिलासा।
 मज्जहिं सुर-सज्जन, मुनिजन-मन मुदित मनोहर बासा॥ ३ ॥
 बिनु बिराग-जप-जाग-जोग-ब्रत, बिनु तप, बिनु तनु त्यागे।
 सब सुख सुलभ सद्य तुलसी प्रभु-पद-प्रयाग अनुरागे॥ ४ ॥

Rāma's delightful, desire-granting feet reign as the king of holy fords. Upon the ground of devotion in Śiva's heart, the imperishable banyan of love shines. (1)

The backs of the feet are dark, their soles crimson, and a bright row of nails gleams there—as though Yamunā, Sarasvatī, and Gaṅgā had joined and flowed as a lovely Trivenī. (2)

The marks of goad, thunderbolt, lotus, and banner are its beautiful whirlpools and playful waves.

Gods and good people bathe there, and it is the delightful dwelling of the sages' joyful minds. (3)

Tulsī says that through love for this Prayāga of the Lord's feet, every happiness becomes immediately attainable—without detachment, recitation, sacrifice, yoga, vows, austerity, or abandoning the body. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 16: Behold Raghubara's Form

रघुबर-रूप बिलोकु, नेकु मन।

सकल लोक-लोचन-सुखदायक, नखसिख सुभग स्यामसुंदर तन॥ १ ॥

चारु चरन-तल-चिह्न चारि फल चारि देत परचारि जानि जन।

राजत नख जनु कमल-दलनिपर अरुन-प्रभा-रंजित तुषार-कन॥ २ ॥

जंघा-जानु आनु कदली उर, कटि किंकिनि, पटपीत सुहावन।

रुचिर निषंग, नाभि, रोमावलि, त्रिबलि, बलित उपमा कछु आव न॥ ३ ॥

भृगुपद-चिह्न, पदिक, उर सोभित, मुकुतमाल, कुंकुम-अनुलेपन।

मनहुँ परसपर मिलि पंकज-रबि प्रगट्यो निज अनुराग, सुजस घन॥ ४ ॥

बाहु बिसाल लसित सायक-धनु, कर कंकन केयूर महाधन।

बिमल दुकूल-दलन दामिनि-दुति, यज्ञोपवीत लसत अति पावन॥ ५ ॥

कंबुग्रीव, छबि सीं, चिबुक, द्विज, अधर, कपोल, बोल, भय-मोचन।

नासिक सुभग, कृपापरिपूरन तरुन अरुन राजीव बिलोचन॥ ६ ॥

कुटिल भ्रुकुटिबर, भाल तिलक रुचि, सुचि सुंदरता श्रवन बिभूषन।

मनहुँ मारि मनसिज पुरारि दिय ससिहि चाप सर-मकर अदूषन॥ ७ ॥

कुंचित कच, कंचन-किरीट सिर, जटित ज्योतिमय बहुबिधि मनिगन।

तुलसिदास रबिकुल रबि-छबि कबि कहि न सकत सुक-संभु-सहसफन॥ ८ ॥

Mind, behold Raghubara's form for a moment: his lovely dark body, beautiful from toenail to crown, gives delight to the eyes of every world. (1)

The four lovely marks on his soles recognize his servants and eagerly bestow the four aims of life. His nails shine like drops of frost upon lotus petals, tinted by the crimson light of the rising sun. (2)

His shanks and knees call plantain stems to mind; bells encircle his waist and a lovely yellow cloth adorns him. No comparison can approach his handsome quiver, navel, line of hair, and three graceful folds. (3)

Bhṛgu's footprint, a jeweled pendant, a pearl necklace, and saffron unguent shine upon his chest—as though lotus and sun had met and revealed their mutual love and abundant fame. (4)

Bow and arrows grace his mighty arms; precious bracelets and armlets adorn his hands and arms.

A stainless cloth eclipses lightning's splendor, and a most sacred sacrificial thread shines upon him. (5)

His neck is conch-like; his chin, teeth, lips, cheeks, and speech are beauty's limit, and his words dispel fear. His nose is graceful, and his fresh crimson lotus eyes brim with compassion. (6)

His excellent curved brows, the lovely tilaka on his forehead, and the pure beauty of his ear ornaments shine as though Śiva, after burning Love, gave Love's faultless bow, arrow, and makara emblem to the moon. (7)

His hair curls beneath a golden crown set with many kinds of radiant jewels. Tulsīdāsa says that neither poets, Śuka, Śiva, nor thousand-hooded Śeṣa can describe the beauty of Rāma, the sun of the solar line. (8)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 17: Behold Raghupati's Incomparable Beauty

देखो रघुपति-छबि अतुलित अति।

जनु तिलोक-सुषमा सकेलि बिधि राखी रुचिर अंग-अंगनि प्रति॥ १ ॥

पदुमराग रुचि मृदु पदतल धुज-अंकुस-कुलिस-कमल यहि सूरति।

रही आनि चहुँ बिधि भगतनिकी जनु अनुरागभरी अंतरगति॥ २ ॥

सकल-सुचिह्न-सुजन-सुखदायक, ऊरधरेख बिसेष बिराजति।

मनहुँ भानु-मंडलहि सँवारत धरयो सूत बिधि-सुत बिचित्रमति॥ ३ ॥

सुभग अँगुष्ठ, अंगुली अबिरल, कछुक अरुन नख-ज्योति जगमगति।

चरन-पीठ उन्नत नत पालक, गूढ़ गुलुफ, जंघा कदलीजति॥ ४ ॥

काम तून-तल-सरिस जानु जुग, उरु करिकर करभहि बिलखावति।

रसना रचित रतन चामीकर, पीत बसन कटि कसे सरसावति॥ ५ ॥

नाभी सर, त्रिवली निसेनिका, रोमराजि सैवल-छबि पावति।

उर मुकुतामनि-माल मनोहर मनहु हंस-अवली उड़ि आवति॥ ६ ॥

हृदय पदिक, भृगु-चरन चिह्न, बर-बाहु बिसाल जानुलगि पहुँचति।

कल केयूर पूर कंचन-मनि, पहुँची मंजु कंजकर सोहति॥ ७ ॥

सुजव सुरेख सुनख अंगुलिजुत सुंदर पानि मुद्रिका राजति।

अंगुलित्रान-कमान-बानछबि सुरनि सुखद, आसुरनि उर सालति॥ ८ ॥

स्याम सरीर सुचंदन-चरचित पीत दुकूल अधिक छबि छाजति।

नील जलदपर निरखि चंद्रिका दुरनि त्यागि दामिनि जनु दमकति॥ ९ ॥

यज्ञोपवीत पुनीत बिराजत गूढ़ जत्रु बनी पीन अंस तति।

सुगढ़ पुष्ट उन्नत कृकाटिका, कंबु-कंठ-सोभा मन मानति॥ १० ॥

सरद-समय-सरसीरुह-निंदक मुख सुषमा कछु कहत न बानति।

निरखतही नयननि निरूपम सुख, रबिसुत-मदन-सोम-दुति निदरति॥ ११ ॥

अरुन अधर, द्विजपाँति अनूपम, ललित हँसनि जनु मन आकर्षति।

बिद्रुम-रचित बिमानमध्य जनु सुरमंडली सुमन-चय-बरसति॥ १२ ॥

मंजुल चिबुक, मनोरम हनुथल, कल कपोल, नासा मन मोहति।

पंकज-मान-बिमोचन लोचन, चितवनि चारु अमृत-जल सींचति॥ १३ ॥
 केस सुदेस, गंभीर बचन बर, श्रुति-कुंडल-डोलनि जिय जागति।
 लखि नवनील पयोद, रवित सुनि, रुचिर मोर जोरी जनु नाचति॥ १४ ॥
 भौहैं बंक मयंक-अंक-रुचि, कुंकुमरेख भाल भलि भ्राजति।
 सिरसि, हेम-हीरक-मानिकमय मुकुट-प्रभा सब भुवन प्रकासति॥ १५ ॥
 बरनत रूप पार नहिं पावत निगम-सेष-सुक-संकर-भारति।
 तुलसिदास केहि बिधि बखानि कहै यह मन-बचन अगोचर मूरति॥ १६ ॥

Behold Raghupati's utterly incomparable beauty—as though the Creator gathered the loveliness of the three worlds and placed it in each graceful limb. (1)

On his soft soles, lovely as rubies, the marks of banner, goad, thunderbolt, and lotus seem to embody the love-filled inward paths of the four kinds of devotees. (2)

All the auspicious marks delight good people, but the upward line shines especially—as though the ingenious Viśvakarmā laid down a measuring cord while fashioning the solar orb. (3)

His great toe is lovely, his fingers close-set, and the light of slightly crimson nails glitters. The upper foot is raised to protect the humble, the ankles are concealed, and the shanks resemble plantain stems. (4)

His knees resemble the base of Love's quiver; his thighs make elephant trunks and young elephants despair. A yellow garment, woven with golden jewels, is drawn charmingly around his waist. (5)

His navel is a lake, the three folds its stairway, and the line of hair has the beauty of water moss. The lovely pearl necklace on his chest seems a flight of swans arriving. (6)

A jeweled pendant and Bhṛgu's footprint rest upon his heart; his mighty arms reach to his knees. Graceful armlets filled with gold and gems shine beside his lovely lotus hands. (7)

Fine, well-lined hands with beautiful nails and fingers bear rings. Finger guards, bow, and arrows delight the gods but pierce the hearts of demons. (8)

His dark body is anointed with fine sandal paste, and a yellow cloth spreads still greater splendor—as though lightning abandoned the distant moonlight and flashed upon a dark-blue cloud. (9)

A sacred thread shines across him; his collarbones are concealed, his shoulders broad and full, his nape well-formed, strong, and high, and his conch-like neck captivates the mind. (10)

Words cannot express the beauty of his face, which shames an autumn lotus. The moment the eyes behold it they gain unequaled joy, while it scorns the radiance of Yamunā's son, Love, and the moon. (11)

His lips are crimson, his row of teeth incomparable, and his lovely smile seems to draw the mind—as though a company of gods showered heaps of flowers within a coral pavilion. (12)

His chin is graceful, jaw enchanting, cheeks lovely, and nose bewitching. His eyes humble the pride of lotuses, and his beautiful glance sprinkles the nectar of immortality. (13)

Hair adorns his head, his excellent words are deep, and the movement of earrings at his ears awakens the heart—like a lovely pair of peacocks dancing at the sight and sound of a fresh blue cloud. (14)

Curving brows dark as the moon's mark and a fine vermilion line shine upon his brow; the radiance of the gold crown set with diamonds and rubies illuminates every world. (15)

The Vedas, Śeṣa, Śuka, Śiva, and Bhāratī cannot reach the limit of his form while describing it. Tulsīdāsa asks: how can I describe this embodiment beyond mind and speech? (16)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 18: Rāma on the Swing

आली री! राघोके रुचिर हिंडोलना झूलन जैए॥
 फटिक-भीति सुचारु चहुँ दिसि, मंजु मनिमय पौरि।
 गच काँच लखि मन नाच सिखि जनु, पाँचसर-सुफँसौरि॥
 तोरन-बितान-पताक-चामर-धुज सुमन-फल घौरि।
 प्रतिछाँह-छबि कबि-साखि दै प्रति सों कहै गुरु हौं रि॥ १ ॥
 मदन-जयके खंभ-से रचे खंभ सरल बिसाल।
 पाटीर-पाटि बिचित्र भँवरा बलित, बेलन लाल॥
 डाँडो कनक कुंकुम-तिलक-रेख-सी मनसिज-भाल।
 पटुली पदिक रति-हृदय जनु कलधौत कोमल माल॥ २ ॥
 उनये सघन घनघोर, मृदु झरि सुखद सावन लाग।
 बगपाँति, सुरधनु, दमक दामिनि हरित भूमि-बिभाग॥
 दादुर मुदित, भरे सरित-सर, महि उमग जनु अनुराग।
 पिक-मोर-मधुप-चकोर-चातक-सोर उपबन बाग॥ ३ ॥
 सो समौ देखि सुहावनो नवसत सँवारि-सँवारि।
 गुन-रूप-जोबन-सींव सुंदर चलीं झुंडनि झारि॥
 हिंडोल-साल बिलोकि सब अंचल पसारि-पसारि।
 लागीं असीसन राम-सीतहि सुख-समाजु निहारि॥ ४ ॥
 झूलहिं, झुलाबहिं, ओसरिन्ह गावैं सुहो, गौंडमलार।
 मंजीर-नूपुर-बलय-धुनि जनु काम-करतल-तार॥
 अति मुचत श्रमकन मुखनि, बिथुरे चिकुर, बिलुलित हार।
 तम तड़ित उडुगन अरुन बिधु जनु करत ब्योम-बिहार॥ ५ ॥
 हिय हरषि, बरषि प्रसून निरखति बिबुध-तिय तून तूरि।
 आनंद-जल-लोचन, मुदित मन, पुलक तनु भरि पूरि॥
 सब कहहिं, अविचल राज नित, कल्यान-मंगल भूरि।
 चिर जियौ जानकिनाथ जग तुलसी-सजीवनि-मूरि॥ ६ ॥

Friend, let us go swing on Rāghava's lovely swing. Crystal walls stand beautifully on every side, with charming jeweled gateways. Seeing the polished glass, the peacock-mind dances, as though before Love's exquisite snare. Festoon, canopy, banner, fly-whisk, standard, flowers, and fruit are fashioned there; their reflected images call the poet as witness and tell their originals, "I am greater than you." (1)

Straight, massive pillars rise like victory columns of Love. A sandalwood seat hangs from fanciful hooks, with a red roller; its golden rod is like the vermilion tilaka-line on Love's brow, and its platform like a jeweled pendant and delicate silver necklace upon Rati's heart. (2)

Dense dark clouds have gathered and pleasant Śrāvaṇa begins with gentle rain. Rows of cranes, the rainbow, and flashing lightning adorn the green earth. Frogs rejoice, rivers and lakes are full, and the land seems to surge with love, while cuckoos, peacocks, bees, cakoras, and cātakas resound through groves and gardens. (3)

Seeing that lovely season, beautiful women—the limit of virtue, beauty, and youth—adorn themselves anew and come in throngs. Beholding the swing pavilion and the blissful company of Rāma and Sītā, each spreads her garment and begins to bless them. (4)

They swing and take turns pushing one another, singing in Sūho and Gauḍa Malāra. The sound of small cymbals, anklets, and bracelets is like the rhythm in Love's hands. Sweat pours over their faces, curls scatter, and necklaces tangle—as though darkness, lightning, stars, the rising sun, and the moon wander through the sky. (5)

Heavenly women watch with joyful hearts, shower flowers, and break straws to ward off the evil eye. Tears of bliss fill their eyes, their minds rejoice, and their bodies overflow with horripilation. All say, "May this abundant realm of welfare and blessing remain forever unshaken. Long live Jānakīnātha, the life-giving embodiment of Tulsī." (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 19: Ayodhyā in the Rains

कोसलपुरी सुहावनी सरि सरजूके तीर।
 भूपावली-मुकुटमनि नृपति जहाँ रघुबीर॥
 पुर-नर-नारि चतुर अति, धरमनिपुन, रत-नीति।
 सहज सुभाय सकल उर श्रीरघुबर-पद-प्रीति॥
 श्रीरामपद-जलजात सबके प्रीति अबिरल पावनी।
 जो चहत सुक-सनकादि, संभु-बिरंचि, मुनि-मन-भावनी॥
 सबहीके सुंदर मंदिराजिर, राउ-रंक न लखि परै।
 नाकेस-दुरलभ भोग लोग करहिं, न मन बिषयनि हरै॥ १ ॥
 सब रितु सुखप्रद सो पुरी, पावस अति कमनीय।
 निरखत मनहिं हरत हठि हरित अवनि रमनीय॥
 बीरबहूटि बिराजहीं, दादुर-धुनि चहु ओर।
 मधुर गरजि घन बरषहिं, सुनि सुनि बोलत मोर॥
 बोलत जो चातक-मोर, कोकिल-कीर, पारावत घने।
 खग बिपुल पाले बालकनि कूजत उड़ात सुहावने॥
 बकराजि राजति गगन, हरिधनु, तड़ित दस दिसि सोहहीं।
 नभ-नगरकी सोभा अतुल अवलोकि मुनि-मन मोहहीं॥ २ ॥
 गृह-गृह रचे हिंडोलना, महि गच काँच सुठार।
 चित्र बिचित्र चहू दिसि परदा फटिक-पगार॥
 सरल बिसाल बिराजहीं बिद्रुम-खंभ सुजोर।
 चारु पाटि पटि पुरटकी झरकत मरकत भौर॥
 मरकत भँवर डाँड़ी कनक मनि-जटित दुति जगमगि रही।
 पटुली मनहु बिधि निपुनता निज प्रगट करि राखी सही॥
 बहुरंग लसत बितान मुकुतादाम-सहित मनोहरा।
 नव-सुमन-माल-सुगंध लोभे मंजु गुंजत मधुकरा॥ ३ ॥
 झुंड-झुंड झूलन चलीं गजगामिनि बर नारि।
 कुसुंभि चीर तनु सोहहीं, भूषन बिबिध सँवारि॥

पिकबयनी मृगलोचनी सारद ससि सम तुंड।
 रामसुजस सब गावहीं सुसुर सुसारंग गौंड॥
 सारंग गौंड-मलार, सोरठ, सुहो सुधरनि बाजहीं।
 बहु भाँति तान-तरंग सुनि गंधरब किंनर लाजहीं॥
 अति मचत, छूटत कुटिल कच, छबि अधिक सुंदरि पावहीं।
 पट उड़त, भूषन खसत, हँसि-हँसि अपर सखी झुलावहीं॥ ४ ॥
 फिरि फिरि झूलहिं भामिनी अपनी अपनी बार।
 बिबुध-बिमान थकित भए देखत चरित अपार॥
 बरषि सुमन हरषहिं उर, बरनहिं हरिगुन-गाथ।
 पुनि पुनि प्रभुहिं प्रसंसहीं 'जय जय जानकिनाथ॥'
 जय जानकीपति बिसद कीरति सकल-लोक-मलापहा।
 सुरबधू देहिं असीस, चिरजिव राम, सुख-संपति महा॥
 पावस समय कछु अवध बरनत सुनि अघौघ नसावहीं।
 रघुबीरके गुनगन नवल नित दास तुलसी गावहीं॥ ५ ॥

Lovely Kosalapuri stands on the bank of the Sarayū, where Raghubīra—crown jewel among rows of kings—is sovereign. The city's women and men are highly discerning, skilled in dharma, and devoted to right conduct; by their very nature every heart loves Śrī Raghubara's feet. Their ceaseless, purifying love for Śrī Rāma's lotus feet is desired by Śuka, Sanaka and the others, Śiva, Brahmā, and the sages. Every house and courtyard is beautiful, with no visible distinction between king and pauper. The people enjoy pleasures rare even for Indra, yet their minds are not carried away by sense objects. (1)

The city gives joy in every season, but is especially lovely in the rains. Its charming green earth seizes the mind at sight. Velvet mites shine, frogs sound on every side, clouds rain with gentle thunder, and peacocks answer again and again. Cātakas, peacocks, cuckoos, parrots, and many pigeons call; the many pet birds of children coo and fly beautifully. Rows of cranes and the rainbow rule the sky, while lightning adorns all ten directions. The unequalled beauty of sky and city enchants even sages' minds. (2)

In every house swings are built; polished glass floors shine and patterned curtains hang on crystal walls in every direction. Straight, massive coral pillars stand firm, while emerald hooks glitter above lovely gold-covered seats. Emerald hooks and gem-set golden rods blaze with light, and each platform seems to display the Creator's own perfect skill. Multicolored canopies hung with strings of pearls shine beautifully, and bees, enticed by the fragrance of fresh flower garlands, hum

sweetly. (3)

Troop after troop of stately, elephant-gaited women goes to swing, their bodies bright in safflower-red garments and adorned with many ornaments. Cuckoo-voiced, doe-eyed, and moon-faced, they sing Rāma's fame sweetly in Sāraṅga and Gauḍa. Sāraṅga, Gauḍa Malāra, Sorāṭha, and Sūho resound beautifully; hearing the many waves of melody, gandharvas and kinnaras grow ashamed. The swinging grows lively, curling hair comes loose, and the women gain still greater beauty; clothes fly, ornaments slip, and laughing friends push one another. (4)

Again and again each woman takes her turn to swing, while the gods' aerial cars stand transfixed watching the boundless play. Showering flowers, the gods rejoice and recount Hari's virtues, repeatedly praising the Lord: "Victory, victory to Jānakīnātha! Victory to Jānakīpati, whose stainless fame destroys the impurity of every world." Heavenly women bless him: "Long live Rāma; may his happiness and prosperity be great." Hearing even this brief account of Ayodhyā in the rains destroys hosts of sins. Tulsī, the servant, daily sings Raghubīra's ever-new virtues. (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 20: The Festival of Lamps

साँझ समय रघुबीर-पुरीकी सोभा आजु बनी।
 ललित दीपमालिका बिलोकहिं हित करि अवधधनी॥ १ ॥
 फटिक-भीत-सिखरन-पर राजति कंचन-दीप-अनी।
 जनु अहिनाथ मिलन आयो मनि-सोभित सहसफनी॥ २ ॥
 प्रति मंदिर कलसनिपर भ्राजहिं मनिगन दुति अपनी।
 मानहुँ प्रगटि बिपुल लोहितपुर पठइ दिये अवनी॥ ३ ॥
 घर घर मंगलचार एकरस हरषित रंक-गनी।
 तुलसिदास कल कीरति गावहिं, जो कलिमल-समनी॥ ४ ॥

This evening Raghubīra's city has taken on marvelous beauty. The Lord of Ayodhyā lovingly beholds the graceful rows of lamps. (1)

Lines of golden lamps shine upon the summits of crystal walls, as though the jeweled, thousand-hooded Lord of Serpents had come to meet him. (2)

Above the finials of every palace, clusters of gems blaze with their own light, as though countless auspicious worlds had been manifested and sent down to earth. (3)

Auspicious observances fill every home, and pauper and wealthy alike rejoice as one. Tulsīdāsa sings the Lord's holy fame, which quiets the impurities of the Kali age. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 21: Spring Revels in Ayodhyā

अवध नगर अति सुंदर बर सरिताके तीर।
 नीति-निपुन नर-तिय सबहिं धरम-धुरंधर, धीर॥ १ ॥
 सकल रितुन्ह सुखदायक, तामहँ अधिक बसंत।
 भूप-मौलि-मनि जहँ बस नृपति जानकीकंत॥ २ ॥
 बन उपबन नव किसलय, कुसुमित नाना रंग।
 बोलत मधुर मुखर खग पिकबर, गुंजत भृंग॥ ३ ॥
 समय बिचारि कृपानिधि, देखि द्वार अति भीर।
 खेलहु मुदित नारि-नर, बिहँस कहेउ रघुबीर॥ ४ ॥
 नगर-नारि-नर हरषित सब चले खेलन फागु।
 देखि राम छबि अतुलित उमगत उर अनुरागु॥ ५ ॥
 स्याम-तमाल-जलदतनु निरमल पीत दुकूल।
 अरुन-कंज-दल-लोचन सदा दास अनुकूल॥ ६ ॥
 सिर किरीट श्रुति कुंडल, तिलक मनोहर भाल।
 कुंचित केस, कुटिल भ्रू, चितवनि भगत-कृपाल॥ ७ ॥
 कल कपोल, सुक नासिक, ललित अधर द्विज जोति।
 अरुन कंज महँ जनु जुग पाँति रुचिर गज-मोति॥ ८ ॥
 बर दर-ग्रीव, अमितबल बाहु सुपीन बिसाल।
 कंकन-हार मनोहर, उरसि लसति बनमाल॥ ९ ॥
 उर भृगु-चरन बिराजत, द्विज-प्रिय चरित पुनीत।
 भगत हेतु नर बिग्रह सुरबर गुन-गोतीत॥ १० ॥
 उदर त्रिरेख मनोहर, सुंदर नाभि गँभीर।
 हाटक-घटित, जटित मनि कटितट रट मंजीर॥ ११ ॥
 उरु अरु जानु पीन, मृदु, मरकत खंभ समान।
 नूपुर मुनि-मन मोहत, करत सुकोमल गान॥ १२ ॥
 अरुनबरन पदपंकज, नखदुति इंदु-प्रकास।
 जनक-सुता-करपल्लव-लालित बिपुल बिलास॥ १३ ॥

कंज-कुलिस-धुज-अंकुस-रेख चरन सुभ चारि।
 जन-मन-मीन हरन कहँ बंसी रची सँवारि॥ १४ ॥
 अंग अंग प्रति अतुलित सुषमा बरनि न जाइ।
 एहि सुख मगन होइ मन फिरि नहि अनत लोभाइ॥ १५ ॥
 खेलत फागु, अवधपति, अनुज-सखा सब संग।
 बरषि सुमन सुर निरखहिं सोभा अमित अनंग॥ १६ ॥
 ताल, मृदंग, झाँझ, डफ बाजहिं पनव-निसान।
 सुघर सरस सहनाइन्ह गावहिं समय समान॥ १७ ॥
 बीना-बेनु-मधुर-धुनि सुनि किनर-गंधर्ब।
 निज-गुन गरुअ हरुअ अति मानहिं मन तजि गर्ब॥ १८ ॥
 निज-निज अटनि मनोहर गान करहिं पिकबैनि।
 मनहुँ हिमालय-सिखरनि लसहिं अमर-मृगनैनि॥ १९ ॥
 धवल धामतें निकसहिं जहँ तहँ नारि-बरूथ।
 मानहुँ मथत पयोनिधि बिपुल अपसरा-जूथ॥ २० ॥
 किंसुकबरन सुअंसुक सुषमा सुखनि समेत।
 जनु बिधु-निबह रहे करि दामिनि-निकर निकेत॥ २१ ॥
 कुंकुम सुरस अबीरनि भरहिं चतुर बर नारि।
 रितु सुभाय सुठि सोभित देहिं बिबिध बिधि गारि॥ २२ ॥
 जो सुख जोग, जाग, जप, अरु तीरथतें दूरि।
 राम-कृपातें सोइ सुख अवध गलिन्ह रह्यो पूरि॥ २३ ॥
 खेलि बसंत कियो प्रभु मज्जन सरजूनीर।
 बिबिध भाँति जाचक जन पाए भूषन चीर॥ २४ ॥
 तुलसिदास तेहि अवसर माँगी भगति अनूप।
 मृदु मुसुकाइ दीन्हि तब कृपादृष्टि रघुभूप॥ २५ ॥

Ayodhyā is exceedingly beautiful upon the bank of the excellent river; all its women and men are skilled in conduct, stalwart in dharma, and steadfast. (1)
 It brings joy in every season, but spring surpasses them all, for Jānakākānta, crown jewel of kings, dwells there as sovereign. (2)

Fresh shoots fill forests and groves, flowers open in many colors, sweet-voiced birds and splendid cuckoos call, and bees hum. (3)

Seeing the favorable time and the great crowd at his gate, Raghubīra, treasure of compassion, smiled and said, “Women and men, rejoice and play Holi.” (4)

All the city's women and men joyfully set out to play; beholding Rāma's incomparable beauty, love surged within their hearts. (5)

His body is dark as tamāla or raincloud, clothed in spotless yellow silk; his eyes are petals of crimson lotus, forever gracious to his servants. (6)

A crown rests on his head, earrings at his ears, and a lovely tilaka on his brow; his hair curls, his brows curve, and his glance bestows compassion on devotees. (7)

His cheeks are graceful, his nose parrot-like, his lips lovely, and the light of his teeth shines between them like two rows of fine elephant pearls within a crimson lotus. (8)

His conch-like neck is excellent and his long, full arms possess measureless strength. Lovely bracelets and necklaces adorn him, and a forest garland shines upon his chest. (9)

Bhṛgu's footprint rests upon his breast; he loves brahmins and his conduct is pure. The supreme god beyond qualities and senses assumes human form for his devotees. (10)

Three lovely lines cross his abdomen and his deep navel is beautiful; a gold-fashioned, gem-set girdle rings at his waist. (11)

His thighs and knees are full and smooth like emerald pillars; anklets singing delicately enchant the minds of sages. (12)

His lotus feet are crimson and his nails shine like the moon, lovingly caressed in abundant play by the tender hands of Janaka's daughter. (13)

The four auspicious marks—lotus, thunderbolt, banner, and goad—upon his feet are like a carefully fashioned hook for catching the fish of his servants' minds. (14)

The incomparable beauty of every limb cannot be described. Once the mind is immersed in this joy, no other place can entice it. (15)

The Lord of Ayodhyā plays Holi with his younger brothers and friends, while gods shower flowers and behold his beauty, equal to countless Loves. (16)

Cymbals, mṛdaṅgas, large cymbals, frame-drums, small drums, and kettledrums resound, while graceful, melodious shawms sing in keeping with the season. (17)

Hearing the sweet sound of vīṇā and flute, kinnaras and gandharvas abandon pride and regard even their own great gifts as very slight. (18)

Cuckoo-voiced women sing beautifully upon their several terraces, like doe-eyed heavenly women shining upon Himalayan peaks. (19)

Companies of women emerge here and there from their white mansions, like throngs of apsaras rising as the ocean is churned. (20)

Wearing beautiful safflower-colored garments and filled with delight, they seem like hosts of moons dwelling within companies of lightning. (21)

The clever, excellent women fill water syringes with fragrant abīra and kuṅkuma and, in the lovely custom of the season, trade many kinds of playful ritual abuse. (22)

The bliss beyond yoga, sacrifice, recitation, and pilgrimage fills Ayodhyā's lanes through Rāma's grace. (23)

After playing spring Holī, the Lord bathed in Sarayū's waters, and supplicants received many kinds of garments and ornaments. (24)

At that moment Tulsīdāsa asked for incomparable devotion; Raghunātha smiled gently and granted it with a compassionate glance. (25)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 22: The King of Kings Plays Spring Holī

खेलत बसंत राजाधिराज। देखत नभ कौतुक सुर-समाज॥ १ ॥
 सोहैं सखा-अनुज रघुनाथ साथ। झोलिन्ह अबीर, पिचकारि हाथ॥ २ ॥
 बाजहिं मृदंग, डफ, ताल, बेनु। छिरकैं सुगंध भरे मलय-रेनु॥ ३ ॥
 उत जुबति-जूथ जानकी संग। पहिरे पट भूषन सरस रंग॥ ४ ॥
 लिये छरी बेत सोंधैं बिभाग। चाँचरि झूमक कहैं सरसराग॥ ५ ॥
 नूपुर-किंकिनि-धुनि अति सोहाइ। ललना-गन जब जेहि धरहूँ धाइ॥ ६ ॥
 लोचन आँजहिं फगुआ मनाइ। छाड़हिं नचाइ, हाहा कराइ॥ ७ ॥
 चढ़े खरनि बिदूषक स्वाँग साजि। करैं कूति, निपट गई लाज भाजि॥ ८ ॥
 नर-नारि परसपर गारि देत। सुनि हँसत राम भाइन समेत॥ ९ ॥
 बरषत प्रसून बर-बिबुध-बृंद। जय-जय दिनकर-कुल-कुमुदचंद॥ १० ॥
 ब्रह्मादि प्रसंसत अवध बास। गावत कलकीरति तुलसिदास॥ ११ ॥

The King of Kings plays the spring festival while the assembly of gods watches the marvel from the sky. (1)

Friends and younger brothers shine beside Raghunātha, with abīra in their bags and water syringes in their hands. (2)

Mṛdaṅgas, frame-drums, cymbals, and flutes resound as fragrant water mixed with sandal dust is sprayed. (3)

On the other side, companies of young women stand with Jānakī, wearing richly colored garments and ornaments. (4)

Carrying cane switches, they search the lanes and sing lively Cāñcarī and Jhūmaka melodies. (5)

The music of anklets and waist-bells is exceedingly lovely whenever the women run and seize someone. (6)

They blacken the captive's eyes, demand a Holī gift, make him dance, and release him only after he cries out and pleads. (7)

Buffoons in costume ride upon donkeys and utter every kind of jest, their shame having fled completely. (8)

Women and men exchange playful abuse, and Rāma laughs to hear it together with his brothers.

(9)

Excellent hosts of gods shower flowers, crying, “Victory to the moon that opens the lotus of the solar race!” (10)

Brahmā and the others praise residence in Ayodhyā, while Tulsīdāsa sings the Lord's holy fame.

(11)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 23: The Bliss of Ayodhyā

देखत अवधको आनंद।

हरषि बरषत सुमन दिन दिन देवतनिको बृंद॥ १ ॥

नगर-रचना सिखनको बिधि तकत बहु बिधिबृंद।

निपट लागत अगम, ज्यों जलचरहि गमन सुछंद॥ २ ॥

मुदित पुरलोगनि सराहत निरखि सुखमाकंद।

जिनके सुअलि-चख पियत राम-मुखारबिंद-मरंद॥ ३ ॥

मध्य ब्योम बिलंबि चलत दिनेस-उडुगन-चंद।

रामपुरी बिलोकि तुलसी मितत सब दुख-द्रंद॥ ४ ॥

Beholding Ayodhyā's bliss, hosts of gods rejoice and shower flowers day after day. (1)

The Creator studies its countless details to learn how the city was fashioned, yet finds the task utterly inaccessible—like a water creature trying to roam freely upon land. (2)

Delighted, he praises the people of the city as he beholds that treasury of beauty, for the bees of their lovely eyes drink nectar from the lotus of Rāma's face. (3)

The sun, stars, and moon linger as they cross the middle sky to behold Rāma's city. Tulsī says that seeing it destroys every conflict of sorrow. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 24: Rāma's Reign

पालत राज यों राजा राम धरमधुरीन।
 सावधान, सुजान, सब दिन रहत नय-लयलीन॥ १ ॥
 स्वान-खग-जति-न्याउ देख्यो आपु बैठि प्रबीन।
 नीचु हति महिदेव-बालक कियो मीचुबिहीन॥ २ ॥
 भरत ज्यों अनुकूल जग निरुपाधि नेह नवीन।
 सकल चाहत रामही, ज्यों जल अगाधहि मीन॥ ३ ॥
 गाइ राज-समाज जाँचत दास तुलसी दीन।
 लेहु निज करि, देहु निज-पद-प्रेमपावन पीन॥ ४ ॥

Thus King Rāma, bearer of dharma's burden, governs his realm—vigilant, wise, and ever absorbed in righteous policy. (1)

The discerning Lord personally sat in judgment over the dog, the bird, and the ascetic; he struck down the low offender and restored the brahmin's child from death. (2)

Like Bharata, the whole world loved the Lord with causeless, ever-new affection. Everyone desired Rāma alone, as fish desire only unfathomable water. (3)

Having sung of the royal assembly, poor servant Tulsī petitions: take me as your own and give me the purifying, steadfast love of your feet. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 25: Rāma Contemplates Sītā's Exile

संकट-सुकृतको सोचत जानि जिय रघुराउ।
 सहस द्वादस पंचसतमें कछुक है अब आउ॥ १ ॥
 भोग पुनि पितु-आयुको, सोउ किए बने बनाउ।
 परिहे बिनु जानकी नहि और अनघ उपाउ॥ २ ॥
 पालिबे असिधार-ब्रत, प्रिय प्रेम-पाल सुभाउ।
 होइ हित केहि भाँति, नित सुबिचारु, नहि चित चाउ॥ ३ ॥
 निपट असमंजसहु बिलसति मुख मनोहरताउ।
 परम धीर-धुरीन हृदय कि हरष-बिसमय काउ?॥ ४ ॥
 अनुज-सेवक-सचिव हैं सब सुमति, साध सखाउ।
 जान कोउ न जानकी बिनु अगम अलख लखाउ॥ ५ ॥
 राम जोगवत सीय-मनु, प्रिय-मनहि प्रानप्रियाउ।
 परम पावन प्रेम-परमिति समुझि तुलसी गाउ॥ ६ ॥

Knowing a crisis of righteousness had arisen, Raghurāu reflected within: of my twelve thousand five hundred years, only a little now remains. (1)

Then my father's remaining span must be lived, and that arrangement must be fulfilled; yet apart from leaving Jānakī, there is no other blameless means. (2)

I must keep a vow sharp as a sword's edge, while cherishing love is my beloved nature. Constantly considering how good may be secured, the heart finds no delight. (3)

Even amid this utter perplexity, loveliness shone upon his face. Could joy or grief ever sway the heart of the supreme pillar of fortitude? (4)

His younger brothers, servants, and ministers were all wise, and his friends were holy; yet none but Jānakī understood this inaccessible, unseen design. (5)

Rāma watched over Sītā's heart, while his life-beloved watched the heart of her beloved.

Understanding the supreme measure of their utterly pure love, Tulsī sings. (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 26: Rāma Resolves upon the Separation

राम बिचारि कै राखी ठीक दै मन माहिं।
 लोक-बेद-सनेह पालत पल कृपालहि जाहिं॥ १ ॥
 प्रियतमा, पति देवता, जिहि उमा रमा सिहाहिं।
 गुरुविनी सुकुमारि सिय तियमनि समुझि सकुचाहिं॥ २ ॥
 मेरे ही सुख सुखी, सुख अपनो सपनहुँ नाहिं।
 गेहिनी-गुन-गेहिनी गुन सुमिरि सोच समाहिं॥ ३ ॥
 राम-सीय-सनेह बरनत अगम सुकबि सकाहिं।
 रामसीय-रहस्य तुलसी कहत राम-कृपाहिं॥ ४ ॥

After deep reflection, Rāma fixed the decision firmly within his mind; every moment of the compassionate Lord now passed in preserving worldly duty, Vedic duty, and love. (1)

She was his beloved, regarding her husband as deity; Umā and Ramā envied her fidelity. Knowing Sītā, jewel among women, to be pregnant and exceedingly delicate, he hesitated. (2)

She rejoices only in my happiness and never dreams of happiness for herself. Remembering the virtues of his wife, the very home of virtues, he sank into grief. (3)

Even great poets hesitate to describe the inaccessible love of Rāma and Sītā. Tulsī speaks their secret only by Rāma's grace. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 27: Lakṣmaṇa Receives Rāma's Command

चरचा चरनिसों चरची जानमनि रघुराइ।
 दूत-मुख सुनि लोक-धुनि घर घरनि बूझी आइ॥ १ ॥
 प्रिया निज अभिलाष रुचि कहि कहति सिय सकुचाइ।
 तीय-तनयसमेत तापस पूजिहों बन जाइ॥ २ ॥
 जानि करुनासिंधु भाबी-बिबस सकल सहाइ।
 धीर धरि रघुबीर भोरहि लिए लषन बोलाइ॥ ३ ॥
 ‘तात तुरतहि साजि स्यंदन सीय लेहु चढ़ाइ।
 बालमीकि मुनीस आश्रम आइयहु पहुँचाइ’॥ ४ ॥
 ‘भलेहि नाथ,’ सुहाथ माथे राखि राम-रजाइ।
 चले तुलसी पालि सेवक-धरम अवधि अघाइ॥ ५ ॥

Raghurāi, jewel among the wise, conferred secretly with his agents. Having heard public opinion from the messengers and learned what was said from house to house, he returned home. (1)
 “Beloved, tell me the desire dear to you.” Sītā answered shyly, “I wish to go to the forest and honor the ascetics together with their wives and children.” (2)
 The ocean of compassion saw every circumstance made ready under the power of what was to be. Holding firm, Raghubīra summoned Lakṣmaṇa at dawn. (3)
 “Dear brother, prepare the chariot at once, seat Sītā upon it, and convey her to the hermitage of the great sage Vālmīki.” (4)
 “Very well, Lord.” Lakṣmaṇa raised his good hands to his head in grief, accepted Rāma’s command, and departed, fulfilling a servant’s duty to its utmost limit. (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 28: Sītā Is Entrusted to Vālmīki

आइ लषन लै सौंपी सिय मुनीसहि आनि।
 नाइ सिर रहे पाइ आसिष जोरि पंकजपानि॥ १ ॥
 बालमीकि बिलोकि व्याकुल लषन गरत गलानि।
 सरबबिद बूझत न, बिधिकी बामता पहिचानि॥ २ ॥
 जानि जिय अनुमानही सिय सहस बिधि सनमानि।
 राम सदगुन-धाम-परमिति भई कछुक मलानि॥ ३ ॥
 दीनबंधु दयालु देवर देखि अति अकुलानि।
 कहति बचन उदास तुलसीदास त्रिभुवन-रानि॥ ४ ॥

Lakṣmaṇa arrived and entrusted Sītā to the great sage. Bowing his head, he received the sage's blessing and stood with lotus hands joined. (1)

Seeing Lakṣmaṇa distraught and wasting away with remorse, all-knowing Vālmīki recognized fate's hostility and asked him nothing. (2)

Understanding everything inwardly by inference, he honored Sītā in a thousand ways, yet felt some sorrow: Rāma is the abode and utmost limit of every virtue. (3)

Beholding her compassionate brother-in-law, friend of the lowly, the queen of the three worlds became exceedingly agitated and spoke these sorrowful words, says Tulsīdāsa. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 29: Sītā's Message to Lakṣmaṇa

तौलों बलि, आपुही कीबी बिनय समुझि सुधारि।
 जौलों हों सिखि लेउँ बन रिषि-रीति बसि दिन चारि॥ १ ॥
 तापसी कहि कहा पठवति नृपनिको मनुहारि।
 बहुरि तिहि बिधि आइ कहिहै साधु कोउ हितकारि॥ २ ॥
 लषनलाल कृपाल! निपटहि डारिबी न बिसारि।
 पालबी सब तापसनि ज्यों राजधरम बिचारि॥ ३ ॥
 सुनत सीता-बचन मोचत सकल लोचन-बारि।
 बालमीकि न सके तुलसी सो सनेह सँभारि॥ ४ ॥

Dear one, until I have lived four days in the forest and learned the sages' way, you yourself must carefully understand, refine, and present my petition. (1)

What message of entreaty could I, now an ascetic woman, send to kings? Yet I trust that, just as before, some benevolent holy person will come and speak in my favor. (2)

Compassionate Lakṣmaṇa, do not suddenly cast me from memory. Regard it as royal duty and continue to care for me as you would all the women ascetics. (3)

Hearing Sītā's words, every eye released a stream of tears. Tulsī says even Vālmiki could not master himself before such love. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 30: Lakṣmaṇa Departs in Silence

सुनि ब्याकुल भए, उतरु कछु कह्यो न जाइ।
 जानि जिय बिधि बाम दीन्हों मोहि सरुष सजाइ॥ १ ॥
 कहत हिय मेरी कठिनाई लखि गई प्रीति लजाइ।
 आजु अवसर ऐसेहू जौं न चले प्रान बजाइ॥ २ ॥
 इतहि सीय-सनेह-संकट उतहि राम-रजाइ।
 मौनही गहि चरन, गौने सिख-सुआसिष पाइ॥ ३ ॥
 प्रेम-निधि पितुको कहे मैं परुष बचन अघाइ।
 पाप तेहि परिताप तुलसी उचित सहे सिराइ॥ ४ ॥

Hearing her, Lakṣmaṇa became distraught and could utter no reply. Within he understood: hostile fate, enraged, has given me this punishment. (1)

He said in his heart: seeing my hardness, even Love has grown ashamed, since at such a moment as this my life still does not sound its departure. (2)

On one side stood the anguish of love for Sītā; on the other, Rāma's command. Silently he clasped her feet, received counsel and blessing, and went. (3)

I spoke harsh words without restraint to my father, who was a treasury of love. Tulsī says that for that sin this fitting anguish had to be borne to its end. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 31: Lakṣmaṇa's Remorse

गौने मौनही बारहि बार परि परि पाय।
 जात जनु रथ चीर कर लछिमन मगन पछिताय॥ १ ॥
 असन बिनु बन, बरम बिनु रन, बच्यौ कठिन कुघाय।
 दुसह साँसति सहनको हनुमान ज्यायो जाय॥ २ ॥
 हेतु हौं सियहरनको तब, अबहु भयो सहाय।
 होत हठि मोहि दाहिनो दिन दैव दारुन दाय॥ ३ ॥
 तज्यो तनु संग्राम जेहि लागि गीध जसी जटाय।
 ताहि हौं पहुँचा कानन चल्यो अवध सुभाय॥ ४ ॥
 घोरहृदय कठोर-करतब सृज्यो हीं बिधि बायँ।
 दास तुलसी जानि राख्यो कृपानिधि रघुराय॥ ५ ॥

Again and again Lakṣmaṇa fell at her feet, then went away silently, submerged in remorse like a cloth effigy riding in the chariot. (1)

I survived the forest without food, battle without armor, and the terrible blow of the śakti.

Hanumān restored me to life in vain, only so I might bear this unbearable torment. (2)

Then I became a cause of Sītā's abduction; now again I have become an instrument of her exile.

Even my favorable day stubbornly turns into cruel fate's hard stroke. (3)

For her the renowned vulture Jaṭāyu gave his body in battle; I, by contrast, have brought her to the forest and now travel naturally back toward Ayodhyā. (4)

Hostile fate must have fashioned me hard-hearted for harsh deeds. Servant Tulsī says compassionate Raghurāi knew this and kept me for them. (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 32: Vālmīki Consoles Sītā

पुत्रि! न सोचिए आई हों जनक-गृह जिय जानि।
 कालिही कल्यान-कौतुक, कुसल तव, कल्यानि॥ १ ॥
 राजरिषि पितु-ससुर प्रभु पति, तू सुमंगलखानि।
 ऐसेहू थल बामता, बड़ि बाम बिधि की बानि॥ २ ॥
 बोलि मुनि कन्या सिखाई प्रीति-गति पहिचानि।
 आलसिन्हकी देवसरि सिय सेइयहु मन मानि॥ ३ ॥
 न्हाइ प्रातहि पूजिबो बट बिटप अभिमत-दानि।
 सुवन-लाहु, उछाहु दिन दिन, देबि, अनहित-हानि॥ ४ ॥
 पाप-ताप-बिमोचनी कहि कथा सरस पुरानि।
 बालमीकि प्रबोधि तुलसी, गई गरुड़ गलानि॥ ५ ॥

Daughter, do not grieve. Hold within your heart that you have come to Janaka's own home.

Auspicious lady, a festival of blessing and your welfare will come very soon. (1)

Your father and father-in-law are royal sages, the Lord himself is your husband, and you are a mine of every blessing. If adversity appears even here, fate's nature must be exceedingly perverse.

(2)

Understanding the course of love, the sage called Sītā his daughter and instructed her: worship with devoted mind the divine river that grants blessed passage even to the indolent. (3)

Bathe at dawn and worship the banyan that grants cherished desires. Goddess, you will gain sons, joy will increase day by day, and misfortune will be destroyed. (4)

Tulsī says Vālmīki consoled her with delightful ancient tales that release sin and anguish, and her heavy despondency departed. (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 33: Sītā in Vālmīki's Hermitage

जबतें जानकी रही रुचिर आश्रम आइ।
 गगन, जल, थल बिमल तबतें, सकल मंगलदाइ॥ १ ॥
 निरस भूरुह सरस फूलत, फलत अति अधिकाइ।
 कंद-मूल, अनेक अंकुर स्वाद सुधा लजाइ॥ २ ॥
 मलय मरुत, मराल-मधुकर-मोर-पिक-समुदाइ।
 मुदित-मन मृग-बिहग बिहरत विषम बैर बिहाइ॥ ३ ॥
 रहत रबि अनुकूल दिन, ससि रजनि सजनि सुहाइ।
 सीय सुनि सादर सराहति सखिन्ह भलो मनाइ॥ ४ ॥
 मोद बिपिन बिनोद चितवत लेत चितहि चोराइ।
 राम बिनु सिय सुखद बन, तुलसी कहै किमि गाइ॥ ५ ॥

From the time Jānakī came to dwell in the lovely hermitage, sky, water, and earth became pure and gave every blessing. (1)

Even sapless trees flowered sweetly and bore abundant fruit, while many kinds of tubers, roots, and shoots put nectar to shame with their taste. (2)

The Malaya breeze, swans, bees, peacocks, and cuckoos moved in companies; joyful deer and birds abandoned bitter enmity and roamed together. (3)

The sun remained favorable by day and the moon lovely as a companion by night. Hearing this from her friends, Sītā graciously praised them and accepted their kindness. (4)

The forest's delightful play stole the heart at a glance; yet how could Tulsī sing that the forest was pleasing to Sītā without Rāma? (5)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 34: The Birth of Lava and Kuśa

सुभ दिन, सुभ घरी, नीको नखत, लगन सुहाइ।
 पूत जाये जानकी द्वै, मुनिबधू, उठी गाइ॥ १ ॥
 हरषि बरषत सुमन सुर गहगहे बधाए खजाइ।
 भुवन, कानन, आश्रमनि रहे मोद-मंगल छाइ॥ २ ॥
 तेहि निसा तहँ सत्रुसूदन रहे बिधिबस आइ।
 माँगि मुनिसों बिदा गवने भोर सो सुख पाइ॥ ३ ॥
 मातु-मौसी-बहिनिदूतें, सासुतें अधिकाइ।
 करहिं तापस-तीय-तनया सीय-हित चित लाइ॥ ४ ॥
 किए बिधि-ब्यवहार मुनिबर बिप्रबुंद बोलाइ।
 कहत सब, रिषिकृपाको फल भयो आजु अघाइ॥ ५ ॥
 सुरुख ऋषि, सुख सुतनिको, सिय-सुखद सकल सहाइ।
 सूल राम-सनेहको तुलसी न जियतें जाइ॥ ६ ॥

On an auspicious day, at an auspicious hour, beneath a favorable star and lovely ascendant, Jānakī gave birth to two sons and the sages' wives rose in song. (1)

Rejoicing, the gods showered flowers as festive instruments sounded, and delight and blessing spread through worlds, forests, and hermitages. (2)

By fate Śatrusūdana came and stayed there that very night. Having received that joy, he took leave of the sage and departed at dawn. (3)

The wives and daughters of the ascetics served Sītā with devoted hearts, surpassing even mothers, aunts, sisters, and mothers-in-law. (4)

The great sage summoned the brahmins and performed every prescribed rite and custom.

Everyone said, “Today the fruit of the sage's grace has become complete.” (5)

The sage's favor, the happiness of sons, and every other aid brought Sītā comfort; yet Tulsī says the thorn of love for Rāma did not leave her living heart. (6)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 35: The Childhood Rites of Lava and Kuśa

मुनिबर करि छठी कीन्हीं बारहेंकी रीति।
 बन-बसन पहिराई तापस, तोषि पोषे प्रीति॥ १ ॥
 नामकरन सुअन्नप्रासन बेद बाँधी नीति।
 समय सब रिषिराज करत समाज साज समीति॥ २ ॥
 बाल लालहिं, कहहिं 'करिहैं राज सब जग जीति'।
 राम-सिय-सुत, गुर-अनुग्रह, उचित, अचल प्रतीति॥ ३ ॥
 निरखि बाल-बिनोद तुलसी जात बासर बीति।
 पिय-चरित-सिय-चित-चितेरो लिखत नित हित-भीति॥ ४ ॥

The great sage performed the sixth-day observance and then the twelfth-day rite, clothing ascetics in forest garments and satisfying and sustaining them with love. (1)
 At the proper times the king of sages assembled the community and all that was needed to perform the Vedic disciplines of naming, first feeding, and the other rites. (2)
 Caressing the boys, people said, "They will conquer the whole world and reign." They were Rāma and Sītā's sons and possessed the guru's grace; such unwavering confidence was fitting. (3)
 Tulsī says Sītā's days passed in watching the children's play, yet the painter of her mind continually portrayed the deeds of her beloved upon the wall of love. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 36: Lava and Kuśa at Play

बालक सीयके बिहरत मुदित-मन दोउ भाइ।
 नाम लव-कुस राम-सिय अनुहरति सुंदरताइ॥ १ ॥
 देत मुनि मुनि-सिसु खेलौना, ते लै धरत दुराइ।
 खेल खेलत नृप-सिसुन्हके बालबृंद बोलाइ॥ २ ॥
 भूप-भूषन-बसन-बाहन, राज-साज सजाइ।
 बरम-चरम, कृपान-सर, धनु-तून लेत बनाइ॥ ३ ॥
 दुखी सिय पिय-बिरह तुलसी, सुखी सुत-सुख पाइ।
 आँच पय उफनात सींचत सलिल ज्यों सकुचाइ॥ ४ ॥

Sītā's two sons roam the forest playing with joyful hearts. Named Lava and Kuśa, their beauty resembles Rāma and Sītā. (1)

When the sage gives them toys meant for sages' children, they take and hide them. Calling many boys together, they play the games of princes. (2)

They fashion royal ornaments, garments, vehicles, and regalia, and make armor, shields, swords, arrows, bows, and quivers. (3)

Tulsī says Sītā grieved in separation from her beloved yet rejoiced in the happiness of her sons, like milk that rises over flame but subsides when sprinkled with water. (4)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 37: Bharata's Fidelity to Rāma's Love

कैकेयी जौलों जियति रही।

तौलों बात मातुसों मुँह भरि भरत न भूलि कही॥ १ ॥

मानी राम अधिक जननीते, जननिहुँ गँस न गही।

सीय-लषन रिपुदवन राम-रुख लखि सबकी निबही॥ २ ॥

लोक-बेद-मरजाद दोष-गुन-गति चित चख न चही।

तुलसी भरत समुझि सुनि राखी राम-सनेह सही॥ ३ ॥

As long as Kaikeyī lived, Bharata never once forgot himself and spoke openly with his mother. (1)
Yet Rāma honored her above even his own mother, and Kausalyā held no resentment toward her.
Seeing Rāma's disposition, Sītā, Lakṣmaṇa, and Śatrughna all maintained their duty toward her.
(2)

Bharata did not direct mind or eye toward worldly or Vedic convention, nor toward the movement of fault and merit. Tulsī says he understood and heard only Rāma's love and preserved it truly. (3)

Uttarakāṇḍa Song 38: The Deeds of Raghunātha

रघुनाथ तुम्हारे चरित मनोहर गावहिं सकल अवधबासी।
 अति उदार अवतार मनुज-बपु धरे ब्रह्म अज अबिनासी॥ १ ॥
 प्रथम ताड़का हति, सुबाहु बधि, मख राख्यो द्विज, हितकारी।
 देखि दुखी अति सिला सापबस रघुपति बिप्रनारि तारी॥ २ ॥
 सब भूपनको गरब हर्यो, हरि भंज्यो संभु-चाप भारी।
 जनकसुता समेत आवत गृह परसुराम अति मदहारी॥ ३ ॥
 तात-बचन तजि राज-काज सुर चित्रकूट मुनिबेष धर्यो।
 एक नयन कीन्हों सुरपति-सुत, बधि बिराध रिषि-सोक हर्यो॥ ४ ॥
 पंचबटी पावन राघव करि सूपनखा कुरूप कीन्हों।
 खर-दूषन संहारि कपटमृग-गीधराज कहूँ गति दीन्हों॥ ५ ॥
 हति कबंध, सुग्रीव सखा करि, बेधे ताल, बालि मारयो।
 बानर-रीछ सहाय, अनुज सँग सिंधु बाँधि जस बिस्तारयो॥ ६ ॥
 सकुल पुत्र दल सहित दसानन मारि अखिल सुर-दुख टारयो।
 परमसाधु जिय जानि बिभीषन लंकापुरी तिलक सारयो॥ ७ ॥
 सीता अरु लछिमन सँग लीन्हें औरहु जिते दास आए।
 नगर निकट बिमान आए, सब नर-नारी देखन धाए॥ ८ ॥
 सिव-बिरंचि, सुक-नारदादि मुनि अस्तुति करत बिमल बानी।
 चौदह भुवन चराचर हरषित, आए राम राजधानी॥ ९ ॥
 मिले भरत, जननी, गुर, परिजन चाहत परम अनंद भरे।
 दुसह-बियोग-जनित दारुन दुख रामचरन देखत बिसरे॥ १० ॥
 बेद-पुरान बिचारि लगन सुभ महाराज अभिषेक कियो।
 तुलसिदास जिय जानि सुअवसर भगति-दान तब माँगि लियो॥ ११ ॥
 श्रीसीतारामचन्द्रार्पणमस्तु

Raghunātha, all the people of Ayodhyā sing your captivating deeds: the unborn, imperishable Brahman, supremely generous, took human form as an avatāra. (1)

First you slew Tāḍakā and Subāhu and, friend of the brahmins, protected the sacrifice; seeing the brahmin's wife suffering as a stone beneath the curse, Raghupati delivered her. (2)

Hari broke mighty Śiva's bow and humbled the pride of every king; returning home with Janaka's daughter, he utterly crushed Paraśurāma's arrogance. (3)

At his father's word he left the kingdom for the gods' work and wore an ascetic guise at Citrakūṭa; he left Indra's son one-eyed, slew Virādhā, and ended the sages' grief. (4)

Rāghava sanctified Pañcavaṭī and disfigured Śūrpaṇakhā; destroying Khara and Dūṣaṇa, he granted a blessed end to the deceptive deer and the king of vultures. (5)

He slew Kabandha, befriended Sugrīva, pierced the palm trees, and killed Vālī; aided by monkeys and bears, he bridged the ocean with his younger brother and spread his fame. (6)

He killed ten-headed Rāvaṇa with his clan, sons, and army and removed every sorrow of the gods; knowing Vibhīṣaṇa inwardly as supremely holy, he crowned him in Laṅkā. (7)

Taking Sītā and Lakṣmaṇa and all the other servants who had come, he approached the city by aerial car, and every woman and man ran to see him. (8)

Śiva, Brahmā, Śuka, Nārada, and other sages praised him with stainless speech; all moving and unmoving beings in the fourteen worlds rejoiced as Rāma entered his capital. (9)

Bharata, the mothers, the guru, and all the family—longing for him and filled with supreme joy—met him; at the sight of Rāma's feet they forgot the terrible anguish born of unbearable separation. (10)

Having consulted Veda and Purāṇa, the great king's consecration was performed at an auspicious hour. Recognizing the favorable moment within his heart, Tulsīdāsa then asked for the gift of devotion. (11)

May this be offered to Śrī Sītā-Rāmacandra.