

<p><b>गीत रामायण</b> लेखक — गजानन दिगंबर माडगूळकर</p>		<p><b>The Chronicle of Rama in Song</b> Author — Gajanan Digambar Madgulkar</p>	
स्वये श्री रामप्रभू ऐकती	swaye shree raamaprabhu aikatee	Lord Rama Himself Listens	3
दशरथा घे हे पायसदान	dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana	Dasharath, Take This Gift	6
राम जन्माला ग सखी	raama janmalaa ga sakhee	Rama is Born, Friends	8
ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा	jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa	Give Me Your Eldest Son, O Dasharath	11
आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले	aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale	Today, I Became Curse Free	14
स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे	swayaMwara jhaale seeteche	Sita Chose Her Groom	16
जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	Where Raghav Is, There Sita Is	20
नकोस नौके परत फिरू ग	nakosa nauke parata firuu ga	Don't Turn Back, Ferry	23
बोलले इतुके मज श्रीराम	bolale ituke maja shreeraama	Rama Spoke So to Me	26
माता न तू वैरिणी	maataa na tuu wairiNee	You Are Not a Mother, Enemy	29
पराधीन आहे जगती	paraadheen aahe jagatee	The Mortal is Bound to Fate	32

पळविलि रावणे सीता	paLawili raawaNe seetaa	Ravana Kidnapped Sita	36
सेतु बांधा रे सागरी	setu bandhaa re saagaree	Build a Bridge Over the Sea	38
लीनते, चारुते, सीते	leenate, chaarute, seete	Modest, Beautiful Sita	41
प्रभो, मज एकच वर द्यावा	prabho, maja ekacha wara dyaawaa	Lord, Grant Me a Single Boon	44
मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाऊ कुठे	maja saanga lakshmaNaa, jauu kuThe	Tell Me Lakshman, Where to Go	46
गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	gaa baLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Sing, Lads, the Chronicle of Rama	49

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

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

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

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

स्वये श्री रामप्रभू ऐकती	swaye shree raamaprabhu aikatee	Lord Rama Himself Listens
स्वये श्री रामप्रभू ऐकती कुश लव रामायण गाती	swaye shree raamaprabhu aikatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee	Lord Rama himself listens. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.
कुमार दोघे एक वयाचे सजीव पुतळे रघुरायाचे पुत्र सांगती चरित पित्याचे ज्योतिने तेजाची आरती कुश लव रामायण गाती	kumaara doghe eka wayaache sajeeva putaLe raghuraayaache putra saangatee charita pityaache jyoteene tejaachee aaratee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee	Two boys of one age, Living statues of King Raghu, Sons tell the father's story. The worship of brilliance by flames. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.
राजस मुद्रा, वेष मुनींचे गंधरवच ते तपोवनींचे	raajasa mudraa, veSha muneemche gandharwacha te tapowaneemche valmeekemchya bhaava manemche	Regal countenances, appearance of monks, Those surely heavenly singers from the

<sup>1</sup> See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ashwamedha>

<p>वाल्मीकींच्या भाव मनीचे मानवी रूपे आकारती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>maanavee roope aakaaratee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>ascetic world Manifest Valmiki's sentiments In human form. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>
<p>ते प्रतिभेच्या आम्रवनातिल वसंत-वैभव-गाते कोकिल बालस्वरांनी करुनी किलबिल गायने ऋतुराजा भारिती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>te pratibhechyaa aamrawanaatila vasanta-vaibhava-gaate kokila baalaswaraaMnee karunee kilabila gaayane RRituraajaa bhaaritee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>They are cuckoos singing spring's glory In the mango groves of virtuosity. Twittering in child's tones, By song overwhelm the king of seasons. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>
<p>फुलांपरी ते ओठ उमलती सुगंधसे स्वर भुवने झुलती कर्णभूषणे कुण्डल डुलती संगती वीणा झंकारिती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>phulaaMparee te oTha umalatee sugandhase swara bhuvane jhulatee karNabhooShaNe kunDala Dulatee sangatee weeNaa jhankaaritee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>Those lips are like blooming flowers. Like fragrance, notes sway into the hall. Ear-adorning ornaments swing. The accompanying veena drones. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>
<p>सात स्वरांच्या स्वर्गामधुनी नऊ रसांच्या नऊ स्वर्धुनी यज्ञ-मंडपी आल्या उतरुनी संगमी श्रोतेजन नाहती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>saata swaraaMchyaa swargaamadhunee naoo rasaaMchyaa naoo swardhunee yaGYa-maMDapee aalyaa utarunee sangamee shrotejana naahatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>Out of the heaven of the seven notes Nine rivers of nine moods Came cascading into the sacrificial hall. The audience bathed at their confluence. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>
<p>पुरुषार्थाची चारी चौकट त्यात पहाता निजजीवनपट प्रत्यक्षाहुनि प्रतिमा उत्कट प्रभुचे लोचना पाणावती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>puruSharthaachee chaaree chaukaTa tyaata pahaataa nijajeewanapaTa pratyakShaahuni pratimaa utkaTa prabhuche lochana paaNaawatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>Seeing his own life arrayed Inside all four facets of humanity, The image more profound than the actual, The Lord's eyes well up. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>

<p>सामवेदसे बाळ बोलती सर्गामागुन सर्ग चालती सचीव, मुनिजन, स्त्रिया डोलती आसवे गाली ओघळती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>saama-vedase baaLa bolatee sargaamaaguna sarga chaalatee sacheeva, munijana, striyaa Dolatee aasave gaalee oghaLatee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>The children declare in <i>saama-veda</i> form. One stanza comes after the other. Men, monks, women sway. Tears flow down cheeks. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>
<p>सोडुनि आसन उठले राघव उठुन कवळिती अपुले शैशव पुत्रभेटिचा घडे महोत्सव परि तो उभयां नच माहिती कुश लव रामायण गाती</p>	<p>soDuni aasana uThale raaghava uThuna kavaLitee apule shaishava putrabheTichaa ghaDe mahotsava pari to ubhayaan nacha maahitee kusha lava raamaayaNa gaatee</p>	<p>Leaving the throne, Raghav rises. Risen, embraces his own childhood. Neither knows this is A festive occasion of reunion of father and sons. Kush, Lav sing Rama's chronicle.</p>

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

In a thundering yet sweet voice, Agni told Dasharath

दशरथा घे हे पायसदान	dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana	Dasharath, Take This Gift
दशरथा घे हे पायसदान तुझ्या यज्ञि मी प्रकट झालो हा माझा सन्मान	dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana tujhyaa yaGYi mee prakaTa jhaalo haa maajhaa sanmaana	Dasharath, take this gift of porridge. It is my honor to emerge from your <i>yadña</i> .
तव यज्ञाची होय सांगता तृप्त जाहल्या सर्व देवता प्रसन्न झाले नृपा तुझ्यावर श्रीविष्णू भगवान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान	tawa yaGYaachee hoyaa saaMgataa trupta jaahalyaa sarwa devataa prasanna jhaale nrupaa tujhyaawara shreeviShNuu bhagawaana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana	May your <i>yadña</i> conclude now, All the goddesses are satisfied. Lord Vishnu is pleased with you, O king. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.
श्रीविष्णूंची अज्ञा महणुनी आलो मी हा प्रसाद घेउनि या दानासि या दानाहुन अन्य नसे उपमान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान	shreeviShNuMchee aGYaa mhaNunee aalo mee haa prasaada gheuni yaa daanaasi yaa daanaahuna anya nase upamaana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana	At Lord Vishnu's command, I have come bearing this blessing. Nothing is equal to or better than this gift. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.
करांत घे ही सुवर्णस्थाली	karaata ghe hee suwarNasthaalee de raaNyaaMnaa kSheera aatalee	Take this pot of gold in your hands. Serve your queens the porridge in it.

<p>दे राण्यांना क्षीर आतली कामधेनुच्या दुग्धाहुनही ओज हिचे बलवान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान</p>	<p>kaamadhenuchyaa dugdhaahunahee oja hiche balawaana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana</p>	<p>Its essence is more powerful than Kamadhenu's<sup>2</sup> milk. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.</p>
<p>राण्या करितिल पायसभक्षण उदरी होईल वंशारोपण त्यांच्या पोटी जन्मा येतिल योद्धे चार महान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान</p>	<p>raaNyaa karitila paayasabhakShaN udaree hoila waMshaaropaNa tyaanchyaa poTee janmaa yetila yoddhe chaara mahaan dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana</p>	<p>Your queens will consume the porridge. In their wombs, your lineage will be seeded. From their bellies will be born four mighty warriors. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.</p>
<p>प्रसवतील त्या तीनही देवी श्रीविष्णूंचे अंश मानवी धन्य दशरथा, तुला लाभला देवपित्याचा मान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान</p>	<p>prasawateela tyaa teenah devii shreeviShnuuMche aMsha maanawee dhanya dasharathaa, tulaa laabhalaa devapityaachaa maana dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana</p>	<p>All three queens will conceive Human portions of Lord Vishnu. Blessed Dasharath, you have gained the honor of god-fatherhood. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.</p>
<p>कृतार्थ दिसती तुझी लोचने  कृतार्थ मीही तुझ्या दर्शने दे आज्ञा मज नृपा, पावतो यज्ञी अंतर्धान दशरथा घे हे पायसदान</p>	<p>krutaartha disatee tujhee lochane krutaartha meehee tujhyaa darshane  de aaGYaa maja nrupaa, paawato yaGYee aMtardhaan dasharathaa ghe he paayasadaana</p>	<p>Your eyes show gratitude. I too am deeply grateful for having seen you. Dismiss me, O king, so that I can disappear into the <i>yadña</i>. Dasharath, take this gift of porridge.</p>

<sup>2</sup> The miraculous "cow of plenty" that fulfills all the desires of her owner. See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kamadhenu>

The declaration of Agni proved true. The grace of the porridge enabled all three queens to become pregnant. At the appropriate time, they delivered. Kausalya bore Rama. Sumitra bore Lakshman and Shatrughna. Kaikayi bore Bharat. These four radiant sons fulfilled Dasharath's wish. The joy of the palace knew no bounds. The happiness of the people of the town was overflowing.

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

राम जन्माला ग सखी	raama janmalaa ga sakhee	Rama is Born, Friends
चैत्रमास त्यात शुद्ध नवमि ही तिथी गंधयुक्त तरिहि वात उष्ण हे किती दोन प्रहरी का ग शिरी सूर्य थांबला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	chaitramaasa tyaata shuddha nawami hee tithee gaMdhayukta tarihi waata uShNa he kitee dona prahari kaa ga shiree surya thaaMbalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	In the month of Chaitra, the ninth day, first phase of the moon, Winds fragrant but yet so warm. At midday, oh! the sun stopped! Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!
कौसल्याराणि हळू उघडी लोचने दिपुन जाय माय स्वतः पुत्र-दर्शने ओघळले आसु, सुखे कण्ठ दाटला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	kausalyaaraaNi haLuu ughaDi lochane dipuna jaaya maaya swataH putra-darshane oghaLale aasu, sukhe kaNTha daaTala raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	Queen Kausalya slowly opened her eyes. The mother was awed when she beheld her son. Tears flowed and her throat swelled with joy. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!
राजगृही येई नवी सौख्य पर्वणी पान्हावुन हंबल्यार् धेनु अंगणी दुंदभिचा नाद तोच धुंद कोदला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	rajagruhee yeii nawee saukhya-parwaNee paanhaawuna haMbarlyaa dhenu aMgaNee duMdabhichaa naada tocha dhuMda koMdala raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama	A new season of happiness arrived at the royal household. Expressing milk, cows lowed in the courtyard. The drone of kettle drums resounded. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!



	janmalaa	
पे'गुळ्या आतपात जागत्या कळ्या 'काय काय' करित पुन्हा उमलल्या खुळ्या उच्चरवे वायु त्यास हसुन बोलला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	peMguLalyaa aatapaata jaagatyaa kaLyaa kaaya kaaya karita punhaa umalalyaa khuLyaa uchcharawe waayu tyaasa hasuna bolalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	In the drowsy atmosphere, awakening buds bloomed, Going, "What? What?" the dim-wits. A vigorous wind laughed at them and stated, "Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!"
वार्ता ही सुखद जधी पोचली जनी गेहातुन राजपथी धावले कुणी युवतींचा संघ एक गात चालला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	waartaa hee sukhada jadhee pochalee janee gehaatuna raajapathee dhaawale kuNee yuwateeMchaa sangha eka gaata chaalalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	When these happy tidings reached the public, Some ran from their houses along the highways. A procession of maidens went singing, "Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!"
पुष्पांजलि फेकि कुणी, कोणी भूषणे हास्याने लोपविले शब्द, भाषणे वाद्याचा ताल मात्र जलद वाढला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	puShpaanjali pheki kuNee, koNee bhuuShaNe haasyaane lopawile shabda, bhaaShaNe waadyaachaa taala maatra jalada waaDhalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	Some threw flowers, and some, golden ornaments. Words and speeches filled with laughter. The tempo of instruments increased in excitement. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!
वीणारव नूपुरात पार लोपले कर्ण्यांचे कंठ त्यात अधिक तापले बावरल्या आम्रशिरी मूक कोकिला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला	veeNaarawa nuupuraata paara lopale karNyaanche kaMTha tyaata adhika taapale baawaralyaa amrashiree muka kokilaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa	The sound of veenas was lost in ankle-bells. The throats of horns grew heated. The speechless cuckoo in the mango grove was bewildered. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!
दिग्गजही हलुन जरा चित्र पाहती गगनातुना आज नवे रंग पोहती	diggajahee haluna jaraa chitra paahatee gaganaatuna aaja nawe ranga pohatee motyaanchaa chura narbhee bharuna	The very directions shifted to see the scene. Today, new colors swam through the

<p>मोत्यांचा चुर नभी भरून राहीला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला</p>	<p>raaheelaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa</p>	<p>heavens. Fragments of pearls filled the sky. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!</p>
<p>बुडुनि जाय नगर सर्व नृत्य गायनी सूर, रंग, ताल यात मग्न मेदिनी डोलतसे तीहि, जरा, शेष डोलला राम जन्मला ग सखी राम जन्मला</p>	<p>buDuni jaaya nagara sarwa nrutya gaayanee soora, ranga, taala yaata magna medinee Dolatase teehi, jaraa, sheSha Dolalaa raama janmalaa ga sakhee raama janmalaa</p>	<p>The whole town was immersed in dance and song. Earth drowned in an ocean of notes, colors, rhythms. She swayed a bit. Shesha<sup>3</sup> swayed. Rama is born, friends, Rama is born!</p>

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<sup>3</sup> Referring to the mythical giant serpent that upholds the earth. See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shesha>.

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

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

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

ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा	jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa	Give Me Your Eldest Son, O Dasharath
ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा यज्ञ-रक्षणास योग्य तोची सर्वथा	jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa yaGYa-rakShaNaasa yogya tochee sarwathaa	Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath! He, of all, is capable of guarding our <i>yadña</i>
मायावी रात्रिचर कष्टविती मजसि फार कैकवार करुन यज्ञ नाहि सांगता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा	maayaawee raatriMchara kaShTawitee majasi phaar kaikawaara karuna yaGYa naahi saangataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa	Insidious nocturnal beings Torment me greatly. Despite repeated attempts, I cannot complete the <i>yadña</i> . Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!
शाप कसा देऊ मी दीक्षित तो नित्य क्षमी सोडतोच तो प्रदेश याग मोडता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा	shaapa kasaa deuu mee deekShita to nitya kShamee soDatocha to pradesha yaaga moDataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa	How can I curse them? The director of the sacrifice must be ever forgiving. I just leave that place after every interruption. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!

<p>आरंभिता फिरुन यज्ञ आणिति ते फिरुन विघ्न प्रकटतात मण्डपात कुण्ड पेटता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>aaraMbhitaā phiruna yaGYa aaNiti te phiruna wighna prakaTataata maNDapaata kuNDa peTataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei  dasharathaa</p>	<p>When the <i>yadña</i> starts anew, They bring a new obstacle, Reappear where I light the holy fire. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>वेदीवर रक्तमांस फेकतात ते नृशंस नाचतात स्वैर सुखे मंत्र थांबता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>vedeewara raktamaaNsa phekataata te nrushaMsa naachataata swaira sukhe mantra thaaMbataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>Those vandals throw blood, flesh at the sacred <i>yadña</i> base, and dance hysterically when we conclude the mantras. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>बालवीर राम तुझा देवो तयां घोर सजा सान जरी बाळ तुझा थोर योग्यता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>baalaweera raama tujhaa dewo tyaaM ghora sajaa saana jaree baaLa tujhaa thora योग्यता jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>Let your child warrior Rama Exact punishment upon those howlers. Though your child is young, his prowess is grand. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>शन्कित का होसि नृपा मुनि मागे राजकृपा बावरसी काय असा शब्द पाळता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>shankita kaa hosi nrupaa muni maage raajakrupaa baawarasee kaaya asaa shabda paaLataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>Why so apprehensive, O king? A sage asks for a royal favor. Why are you tentative in keeping your word? Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>प्राणाहुन वचनि प्रीत रघुवंशी हीच रीत दाखवी बघ राम स्वतः पूर्ण सिद्धता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>praaNaahuna wachani preeta raghuwaMshee heecha reeta daakhawee bagha raama swatah purNa siddhataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>A promise is dearer than life: Such is the noble Raghu legacy. See, Rama shows himself fully prepared. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>कौसल्ये, रडसि काय</p>	<p>kausalye, raDasi kaaya bhiru kashee veeramaaya</p>	<p>Kausalya, why do you weep? Can a warrior's mother be weak hearted?</p>

<p>भीरु कशी वीरमाय उभय वंश धन्य रणी पुत्र रंगता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>ubhaya waMsha dhanya raNee putra rangataa  jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>Both families gain honor when the son distinguishes himself.  Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>मारीच तो, तो सुबाहु राक्षस ते दीर्घबाहु ठेवितील शस्त्र पुढे राम पाहता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>maaricha to, to subaahu raakShasa te deerghabaahu Thewiteela shastra puDhe raama paahataa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>That Marich, that Subahu, Those mighty-armed demons Will put their weapons down upon seeing Rama. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>
<p>श्रीरामा, तूच मान घेइ तुझे चापबाण येतो तर येउ दे अनुज मागुता ज्येष्ठ तुझा पुत्र मला देइ दशरथा</p>	<p>shreeraamaa, tuucha maana ghei tujhe chaapabaaNa yeto tara yeu de anuja maagutaa jyeShTha tujhaa putra malaa dei dasharathaa</p>	<p>O Rama, you listen, Take your bow and arrow. Let your brother follow if he wishes. Give me your eldest son, O Dasharath!</p>

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

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

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

आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले	aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale	Today, I Am Curse Free
रामा, चरण तुझे लागले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले	raamaa, charaNa tujhe laagale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale	O Rama, by the touch of your feet, Today, I am curse free.
तुझ्या कृपेची शिल्प-सत्कृती माझी मज ये पुन्हा आकृती मुक्त जाहले श्वास चुंबिती पावन ही पाउले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले	tujhyaa krupechee shilpa-satkrutee maajhee maja ye punhaa aakrutee mukta jaahale shwaasa chumbitee paawana he paule aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale	A beautiful sculpture, formed by your grace, I have my own form again. Freed, my breath kisses your holy feet. Today, I am curse free.
पुन्हा लोचन लोभे दृष्टि दिससि मज तु, तुझ्यात सृष्टि गोठगोठले अश्रु तापुन गालावर वाहिले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले	punhaa lochana lobhe druShTi disasi maja tu, tujhyaata sruShTi gotThagoThale ashru taapuna gaalaawara wahile aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale	Eyes gain sight again, I see you and Creation in you, Frozen tears melt and flow on cheeks. Today, I am curse free.
श्रवणांना ये पुनरपि शक्ति मना उमगली अमोल उक्ति	shrawaNaaMnaa ye punarapi shakti manaa umagalee amola ukti "uuTha ahalye" ase kuNeese	Ears have strength again. Mind deciphered the invaluable words, "Arise, O Ahalya" as someone's

<p>“ऊठ अहल्ये” असे कुणीसे करुणावच बोलले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले</p>	<p>karuNaawacha bolale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale</p>	<p>compassionate speech. Today, I am curse free.</p>
<p>फुलकित झाले शरीर ओणवे तुझ्या पदांचा स्पर्श जाणवे चरणधुळीचे कुंकुम माझ्या भाळासी लागले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले</p>	<p>phulakita jhaale sharira oNawe tujhyaa padaMchaa sparsha jaaNawe charaNadhuLeeche kuMkuma maajhyaa bhaaLaasee laagale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale</p>	<p>My bowing body thrilled, Feeling the touch of your feet. The dust of your feet became vermillion on my forehead. Today, I am curse free.</p>
<p>मौनालागी स्फुरले भाषण श्रीरामा तू पतीतपावन तुझ्या दयेने आज हलाहल अमृतात नाहले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले</p>	<p>maunaalaagee sphurale bhaaShaNa shreeraamaa tuu pateetapaawana tujhyaa dayene aaja halaahala amrutaata naahale aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale</p>	<p>Silence bursts into speech, "O Rama, the redeemer of the fallen, By your mercy, poison melts into nectar of immortality today. Today, I am curse free.</p>
<p>पतितपावन श्रीरघुराजा काय बांधु मी तुमची पूजा पुनर्जात हे जीवन अवघे पायावर वाहिले आज मी शापमुक्त जाहले</p>	<p>patitapaawana shreeraghuraajaa kaaya baaMdhu mee tumachee pujaa punarjaata he jeewana awaghe paayaawara waahile aaja mee shaapamukta jaahale</p>	<p>Raghu king, redeemer of the fallen, How can I worship you? This entire life, born again, is placed at your feet." Today, I am curse free.</p>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

स्वयंवर ज्ञाले सीतेचे

**swayaMwara jhaale  
seeteche**

**Sita Chose Her Groom**



<p>आकाशाशी जडले नाते धरणीमातेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>aakaashaashee jaDale naate dharaNeemaateche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>The sky united with Mother Earth Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>श्रीरामानी सहज उचलिले धनु शंकराचे पूर्ण जहाले जनकनृपाच्या हेतु अन्तरीचे उभे ठाकले भाग्य सावळे समोर दुहितेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>shreeraamaanee sahaja uchalile dhanu shaMkaraache purNa jahale janakanrupaachyaa hetu antareeche ubhe Thaakale bhaagya saawaLe samora duhiteche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>Shri Rama effortlessly lifted Shankar's bow. King Janak's heart's longings were fulfilled. His daughter's dark-skinned fortune stood before him. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>मुग्ध जानकी दुरुन न्याहळी राम धनुर्धारी नयनमाजी एकवटुनिया निजशक्ती सारी फुलु लागले फुल हळु हळु गाली लज्जेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>mugdha jaanakee duruna nyaahaLee raama dhanurdhaaree nayanamaajee ekawaTuniyaa nijashaktee saaree phulu laagale phula haLu haLu gaalee lajjeche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>Mesmerized Janaki beheld, from afar, bow-wielding Rama, Concentrating all her power into her eyes. Flowers began to flower slowly in the blusher's cheeks. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>उंचावुनिया जरा पापण्या पाहत ती राही तडिताघातापरी भयंकर नाद तोच होई श्रीरामानी केले तुकडे दोन धनुष्याचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>uMchaawuniyaa jaraa paapaNyaa paahata tee raahee taDitataaghaataaparee bhayaMkara naada tocha hoi shreeraamaanee kele tukaDe dona dhanuShyaache swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>Lifting her lashes slightly, she kept looking. Then came the sound of a terrible thunderclap. Lord Rama made two fragments out of the bow. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>अंधारुनिया आले डोळे, बावरले राजे मुक्त हासता भूमीकन्या मनोमनी लाजे</p>	<p>aMdhaaruniyaa aale DoLe, baawarale raaje mukta haasataa bhuumeekanyaa</p>	<p>Eyes dimmed, kings were bewildered. Smiling openly, Earth-daughter blushed in her heart of hearts.</p>

<p>तृप्त जाहले संचित लोचन क्षणात जनकाचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>manomaneelaaaje trupta jaahale sachiMta lochana kShaNaaata janakaache swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>Janaka's distraught eyes were satisfied in a moment. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>हात जोडुनी म्हणे नृपति तो विश्वामित्रासी “आज जानकी अर्पियली मी दशरथ-पुत्रासी” आनंदाने मिटले डोळे तृप्त मैथिलीचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>haat joDunee mhaNe nrupati to vishwaamitraasee “aaja jaanaki arpiyalee mee dasharatha-putraasee” aanandaane miTale DoLe trupta maithileeche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>With folded hands, that king declared to Vishwamitra, “Today, I offer Janaki to the son of Dasharath.” Fulfilled Maithili's eyes closed with joy. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>पित्राज्ञेने उठे हळू ती मंत्रमुग्ध बाला अधिर चाल ती अधिर तीहुनी हातीची माला गौरवर्ण ते चरण गाठती मन्दिर सौख्याचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>pitraaGYene uThe haLuu tee mantramugdha baalaa adhira chaala tee adhira teehunee haatiichee maalaa gaurawaNa te charaNa gaaThatee mandir saukhyaache swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>With her father's blessing, that spellbound maiden slowly rose. The bridal garland in her hand was more eager than her eager gait. Fair complexioned feet reached the abode of happiness. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>नीलाकाशी जशी भरावी उषःप्रभा लाल तसेच भरले रामांगी मधु नूपुरस्वस्ताल सभामण्डपी मीलन झाले माया-ब्रम्हाचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>neelaakaashee jashee bharaawee uShaHprabhaa laala tasecha bharaale raamaangee madhu nuupuraswarataala sabhaamaNDapee meelana jhaale maayaa-bramhaace swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>As the indigo sky fills with scarlet at dawn So Rama's frame was filled with the rhythm of sweet ankle bells. In the court was the meeting of transience with permanence. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>झुकले थोडे राम, जानकी घाली वरमाला गगनामाजी देव करांची करती करताला</p>	<p>jhukale thoDe raama, jaanakee ghaalee waramaalaa gaganaamaajee dewa karaaMchee</p>	<p>Rama leaned forward a little, Janaki bestowed the bridal garland. In the heavens, the gods' hands heartily</p>

<p>त्यांच्या कानी गजर पोचले मंगल वाद्यांचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>karitee karataalaa tyaanchyaa kaanee gajara pochale maMgala waadyaaMche swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>applauded. A crescendo of joyous instruments reached their ears. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>
<p>अंश विष्णुचा राम, धरेची दुहिता ती सीता गन्धर्वांचे सूर लागले जयगीता गाता आकाशाशी जडले नाते ऐसे धरणीचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे स्वयंवर झाले सीतेचे</p>	<p>aMsha wiShNuchaa raama, dharechee duhitaa tee seetaa gandharwaaMche suura laagale jayageetaa gaataa swayaMwara jhaale seeteche, swayaMwara jhaale seeteche</p>	<p>Vishnu's incarnation Rama, Earth's daughter Sita, Heavenly singers hit the notes, singing triumphant songs. Thus the sky united with Earth. Sita chose her groom, Sita chose her groom</p>

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

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

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

जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	Where Raghav Is, There Sita Is
निरोप माझा कसला घेता? जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	niropa maajhaa kasalaa ghetaa? jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	Why are You taking leave of me? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.
ज्या मार्गी हे चरण चालती त्या मार्गी मी त्यांच्या पुढती वनवासाची मला न भीति संगे आपण भाग्य विधाता  जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	gyaa maargee he charaNa chaalatee tyaa margee mee tyaanchyaa puDhatee vanavaasaachee malaa na bheeti sange aapaNa bhaagya vidhaataa jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	On what path these feet walk On that path I will follow them. I have no fear of forest exile With You securing my luck. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.
संगे असता नाथा, आपण प्रासादाहुनि प्रसन्न कानन शिळेस म्हणतिल जन सिंहासन रघुकुल शेखर वरी बैसता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	sange asataa naathaa, aapaNa praasaadaahuni prasanna kaanana shiLesa mhaNatila jana siMhaasana raghukula shekhara waree baisataa jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	When You are with me, Lord, The forest is more pleasing than a palace. People will call "throne" even a stone Upon which sits the Raghu clan garland. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

<p>वनी श्वापदे, क्रूर निशाचर भय न तयांचे मजसी तिळभर पुढती मागे दोन धनुर्धर चाप त्यां करी पाठिस भाता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता</p>	<p>wanee shwaapade, kruura nishaachara bhaya na tayaaMche majasee tiLabhara puDhatee maage dona dhanurdhara chaapa tyaaM karee paaThisa bhaataa jethe raaghava tethe seetaa</p>	<p>Forest predators, vicious demons, I have not a bit of fear of them. Before and behind, two archers, Quiver-backed, will threaten them. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.</p>
<p>ज्या चरणांच्या लाभासाठी दडले होते धरणीपोटी त्या चरणांचा विरह शेवटी? काय दिव्य हे मला सांगता? जेथे राघव तेथे सीता</p>	<p>jyaa charaNaaMchyaa laabhaasaaThee daDale hote dharaNeepoTee tyaa charaNaanchara wiraha shewaTee? kaaya diwya he malaa saangataa jethe raaghava tethe seetaa</p>	<p>For the gain of what feet I was concealed in the earth's womb, Separation from those feet finally? What is this ordeal you ask of me? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.</p>
<p>कोणासाठी सदनी राहू? का विरहाच्या उन्हात न्हाऊ? का भरतावर छत्रे पाहू? दास्य करू का कारण नसता? जेथे राघव तेथे सीता</p>	<p>koNaasaaThee sadanee raahu? kaa wirahaachyaa unhaata nhaauu? kaa bharaataawara chhatre paahu? daasya karu kaa kaaraNa nasataa? jethe raaghava tethe seetaa</p>	<p>For whom should I remain in the palace? Why should I suffer the blaze of separation? Why should I see the royal canopy over Bharat? Should I slave when there is no reason? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.</p>
<p>का कैकयि वर मीळवी तीसरा? का अपुल्याही मनी मंथरा का छळिता मग वृथा अंतरा एकटीस मज का हो त्यजिता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता</p>	<p>kaa kaikayi wara miLawee tisaraa kaa apulyaahee manee manthara kaa chhaLitaa maga wruthaa antaraa ekaTeesa maja kaa tyajitaa jethe raaghava tethe seetaa</p>	<p>Why did Kaikayee get a third boon? Why is Manthara in Your head too? Then why do You torture with unnecessary separation? Why do you abandon me alone? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.</p>
<p>विजनवास या आहे दैवी ठोक होते मला शैशवी सुखदूःखांकित जन्म मानवी</p>	<p>wijanawaasa yaa aahe daiwee Thaauka hote malaa shaishawee sukhaduhkhaankita janma maanawee dukhka sukhache preeti laabhataa</p>	<p>This forest exile was a fate Known to me since childhood. Human birth is filled with contentment and misery.</p>

दूःख सुखाचे प्रीति लाभता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	In love, misery is contentment. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.
तोडा आपण, मी न तोडिते शत जन्मांचे अपुले नाते वनवासासी मीही येते जाया-पति का दोन मानिता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	toDaa aapaNa, mee na toDite shata janmaanचे apule naate wanawaasaasee meehee yete jaayaa-pati kaa dona maanita jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	You sever—I am not severing— Our relationship of a hundred lifetimes. I too shall enter forest exile. Why do you consider husband and wife dual? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.
पतीच छाया, पतीच भूषण पातीचरणांचे अखंड पूजन हे आर्यांचे नारीजीवन अंतराय का त्यात आणिता जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	pateecha chhaayaa, pateecha bhuuShaNa pateecharaNaaचे akhaNDa poojana he aaryaanche naareejeewana antaraaya kaa tyata aaNitaa jethe raaghava tethe seetaa	Husband is shadow. Husband is ornament. Complete worship is of the husband's feet. This is the proper woman's life. Why do you bring separation into that? Where Raghav is, there Sita is.
मुक राहता का हो आता? कितीदा ठेऊ चरणी माथा? असेन चुकले कुठे बोलता क्षमा करावी जानकिनाथा जेथे राघव तेथे सीता	muka raahataa kaa ho aataa? kiteedaa Theuu charaNee maatha? asena chukale kuThe bolataa kShamaa karaawee jaanakinaatha jethe raghava tethe seetaa	Why do You remain silent? How often must I place my head on your feet? If I have erred in my speech, Forgive, Janaki-lord. Where Raghav is, there Sita is.

The prayers of the townsfolk could not obstruct Rama's chariot. With his brother Lakshman and his wife Janaki, Rama left Ayodhya.

That night, no fire was stoked, no light was lit, no food was cooked in any home in Ayodhya. Like a sea without water, that Raghu town was saddened.

After crossing Ayodhya's border, Rama turned in her direction and saluted her. The chariot continued on its way.

Rama arrived at Shrungawirpur on the banks of the Ganga. The head of the village welcomed them warmly. They spent the night under a tree.

At dawn, ferrymen prepared a boat. Rama, Lakshman, and Sita stepped into the boat. Upon its launch, it turned, and wave upon wave began to push it back to shore. The ferryman and his fellows began to sing,

<b>नकोस नौके परत फिरू ग</b>	<b>nakosa nauke parata phiru ga</b>	<b>Don't Turn Back, Ferry</b>
नकोस नौके परत फिरू ग, नकोस गंगे उर भरू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	nakosa nauke parata phiru ga, nakosa gange ura bharu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	Don't turn back, ferry. Don't flood, Ganga. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
जय गंगे जय भागीरथी जय जय राम दाशरथी श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	jaya gange jaya bhagirathee jaya jaya raama dasharathee shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	Hail Ganga! Hail Bhagirathi! Hail hail Rama, son of Dasharath! Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
ही दैवाची उलटी रेघ माथ्यावरचा ढळवू मेघ	hee daiwaachee ulaTee regha maathyaawarachaa DhaLawoo megha bhaagya aapule apulyaa haate	This is a reversal of fortune, An overhead rolling cloud. With our fate in our hands, let us push it

भाग्य आपुले अपुल्या हाते अपुल्यापासुन दूर करू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	apulyaapaasuna doora karuu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	away. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
श्री विष्णूचा हा आवतार भव - सिन्धुच्या करतो पार तारका त्याला तारून नेऊ पदस्पर्शान्ते सर्व तरु श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	shree viShNoochaa haa awataara bhawa - sindhuchyaa karato paar taaraka tyaalaa taaruna neuu padasparShaanne sarwa taru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	This incarnation of Lord Vishnu takes us across the Sindhu of existence. Stars to him will we deliver. By the touch of his feet, we will navigate all. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
जिकडे जातो राम नरेश सुभग सुभग तो दक्षिण देश ऐल अयोध्या पडे अहल्या, पैल उगवतील कल्पतरु श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	jikaDe jaato raama naresha subhaga subhaga to dakShiNa desh aila ayodhyaa paDe ahalyaa, paila ugawatila kalpataru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	Where goes king Rama, Lucky, lucky is that southern country. This side, Ayodhya will become Ahalya. That side, <i>kalpataru</i> <sup>4</sup> trees will grow. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
कर्तव्याची धरुनी कास राम स्वीकारी हां वनवास दासच त्याचे आपण, का मग कर्तव्यासी परत सरू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	kartawyaachee dharunee kaasa raama swikaaree haa wanawaasa daasacha tyaaache aapaNa, ka mag kartawyaasee parata saru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	Holding fast to responsibility, Rama accepts this forest exile. We are but his servants. Then why would we shirk our responsibilities? Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
अतिथी असो वा असतो राम पैल लाविणी अपुले काम भलेबुरे ते राम जाणता, आपण अपुले काम करू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू	atithee aso wa asato raama paila laawiNee apule kaama bhalebure te raama jaaNataa, aapaNa apule kaama karu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu	Be they guests or be it Rama, Ferrying them is our job. Rama understands good and evil. Let us do our job. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.
गंगे तुझा हां मंगल योग भगीरथ आणि तुझा जलौघ	gange tujhaa haa mangala yoga bhagiratha aaNi tujhaa jalaugh	O Ganga, this is an auspicious occasion for you

<sup>4</sup> Wish-fulfilling trees. See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kalpataru>



<p>त्याचा वंशज नेसी तूही दक्षिण-देशा अमर करू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू</p>	<p>tyaachaa waMshaja nesee tuuhee dakshiNa-deshaa amara karu shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu</p>	<p>Bhagirath, who brought you here--- Immortalize the southern country by transporting his descendant. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.</p>
<p>पावन गंगा, पावन राम श्रीरामाचे पादन नाम त्रिदोषानाशी प्रवास हां प्रभु, नाविका आम्ही नित्य स्मरू श्रीरामाचे नाम गात या श्रीरामाला पार करू</p>	<p>paawana gangaa, paawana raamaa shreeraamaache paadana naam tridoShanaashee prawaasa ha prabhu, naawika aamhee nitya smaru shreeraamaache naama gaata yaa shreeraamaalaa paara karu</p>	<p>Purifier Ganga, purifier Rama. Lord, we ferrymen will always remember this purifying journey made While chanting Lord Rama's name. Singing Lord Rama's name, let us take Lord Rama across.</p>

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

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

बोलले इतुके मज श्रीराम	bolale ituke maja shreeraama	Rama Spoke So to Me
शेवटी करिता नम्र प्रणाम बोलले इतुके मज श्रीराम	shewaTee karitaa namra praNaama bolale ituke maja shreeraama	Finally, making respectful obeisance, Rama spoke so to me:
अयोध्येस तू परत सुमंता कुशल अमुचे कथुनी ताता पदवंदन करि माझ्याकरिता तात चरण ते बंदनीय रे शततीर्थाचे धाम	ayodhyesa tuu parata sumaMtaa kushala amuche kathunee taataa padawaMdana kari maajhyaakaritaa taata charaNa te waMdaneeya re shatateerthache dhaama	"You return to Ayodhya, Sumanta. Relate our well-being to father. Revere his feet on my behalf. Father's feet, home of a hundred holy rivers, are worthy of reverence.
अंतःपुरी त्या दोघी माता अतीव दुःखी असतील सूता धीर देइ त्या धरुन शांतता सौख्य आमुचे सांगून त्यांच्या शोका देइ विराम	antahpuree tyaa doghee maataa ateewa dukhee asateela sootaa dheera dei tyaa dharuna shaaMtataa sauhya aamuचे saaMguna tyaaMchyyaa shokaa dei wiraam	"Those two mothers, in the harem, Must be extremely sorrowful, O charioteer. Keeping calm, give them courage. Give relief to their sadness by telling of our contentment.
सांग माउली कौसल्येसी सुखात सीता सुत वनवासी पूजित जा तू नित्य अग्निशी तुझिया श्रवणी सदा असावा मुनिवरघोषित साम	saaMga maulee kausalyeese sukhaata seeta suta wanawaasee poojita jaa tuu nitya agnishee tujhiyaa shrawaNee sadaa asaawaa muniwaraghoShita saama	"Tell respected mother Kausalya, 'Sita and your son are happy in the forest. Worship Agni always. May monks' chanting of the <i>sama-veda</i> be always in your hearing.

<p>वडिलपणाची जाणीव सोडुनी सवतींशी करि वर्तन जननी मग्न पतीच्या रहा पूजनी तव हृदयाविन त्या जीवासी अन्य नसे विश्राम</p>	<p>waDilapaNaachee jaaNeewa soDunee sawateeMshee kari wartana jananee magna pateechyaa rahaa puujanee tawa hRidayaaawina tyaa jeewaasee anya nase wishraam</p>	<p>“Abandoning awareness of parenthood, Live with the other wives. Keep serving your husband who is absorbed in the citizenry. Outside of your heart, that soul has no refuge.</p>
<p>राजधर्म तू आठव आई अभिषिक्ताते गुण वय नाही दे भरतासी मान प्रत्यही पढव सुमंता, विनयाने हे, सांगुन माझे नाम</p>	<p>raajadharm tuu aaThawa aae abhiShiktaate guNa waya naahee de bharataasee maana pratyah paDhawa sumaMtaa, winayaane he, saaMguna maajhe naama</p>	<p>“Remember your royal duties, O mother. The coronated one has no age or inherent qualities. Give Bharata every respect.’ Affirm this humbly, Sumanta, in my name.</p>
<p>सांग जाउनी कुमार भरता हो युवराजा, स्वीकार सत्ता प्रजाजनांवर ठेवी ममता भोग सुखाचा अखण्ड घेई, मनी राही निष्काम</p>	<p>saaMga jaaunee kumaara bharataa ho yuwaraajaa, sweekaara sattaa prajaajanaaMwara Thewee mamataa bhoga sukhaachaa akhaNDa gheii, manee raahee niShkaama</p>	<p>“Go and tell prince Bharata, ‘Become the crown prince. Accept authority. Hold love for the populace. Experiencing happiness completely, remain free from desire in your heart</p>
<p>छत्र शिरावर तुझ्या पित्याचे पाळच वत्सा वचन तयांचे सार्थक कर त्या वृद्धपणाचे राज्य नीतीने करुन वाढवी रघुवंशाचे नाम</p>	<p>chhatra shiraawara tujhyaa pityaache paaLacha watsaa wachana tayaaMche saarthaka kara tyaa vRiddhapaNaache raajya neeteene karuna waaDhawe raghuwaMshaache naama</p>	<p>“Father’s royal canopy is over your head. Hold to his promise, son. Make his old age significant. By politics, make the Raghu dynasty’s name greater.</p>
<p>काय सांगणे तुज धीमंता उदारधी तू सर्व जाणता पुत्रवियोगिनि माझी माता तुझ्या वर्तने तिला भासवी भरत तोच श्रीराम</p>	<p>kaaya saaMgaNe tuja dheemaMtaa udaaradhee tuu sarwa jaaNataa putrawiyogini majhee maataa tujhyaa wartane tilaa bhaasawee bharata tocha shreeraama</p>	<p>“Why am I telling you, sensible one? Most generous, you, knowing everything. My mother, separated from her son-- By your behavior, let her feel that Bharata is Rama.”</p>
<p>बोलत बोलत ते गहिवरले</p>	<p>bolata bolata te gahivarale kamalanayani tyaa aasuu bharale</p>	<p>As he spoke, he was overcome with emotion.</p>

<p>कमलनयनि त्या आसू भरले करुण दृश्य ते अजुन न सरले गंगातीरी सौमित्रीसह उभे जानकी राम</p>	<p>karuNa dRishya te ajuna na sarale gangaateeree saumitreesaha ubhe jaanakee raama</p>	<p>Tears filled those lotus eyes. That sorry sight has not gone away: Standing with the son of Sumitra on the banks of the Ganga, Janaki and Rama.</p>
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Vasishtha sent servants to fetch Bharat, but he wisely kept the news of Dasharath's death secret. Thinking that Rama may be named heir, Bharat happily left and arrived in Ayodhya.

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

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

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

माता न तू वैरिणी	maataa na tuu vairiNee	You Are Not a Mother, Enemy
<p>अश्वपतीची नव्हेस कन्या, नव्हेस माझी माय धर्मत्म्यांच्या वंशी कृत्या निपजे, नांदे काय? वध नाथाचा करील मूढे पतिव्रता का कुणी? माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>ashwapateechee nawhesa kanyaa, nawhesa maajhee maaya dharmatmyaanchyaa waMshee krutyaa nipaje, naaMde kaaya wadha naathaachaa kareela muuDhe patiwrataa kaa kuNee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>You are not the daughter of Ashwapati. You are not my mother. Can a witch be born to, or assimilate with, a righteous lineage? Would any dedicated wife cause her lord's death, fool? You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>शाखे सह तू वृक्ष तोडीला, फळां इच्छिसि वाढ आत्मघातक ज्ञानाचे या गातील भार पवाड स्वीकारीन मी राज्य तुझ्यास्तव, किर्ती होइल दुणी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>shaakhe saha tuu vrikSha toDeelaa, phaLaM icchisi waaDha aatmaghaataka jnaanaache ya gaateela bhaara pawaaDa sweekaareena me raajya tujhyaastawa, kirtee hoila duNee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>You broke the tree and its branches, wanting fruits to grow. Bards will sing ballads of this suicidal scheme: I will accept the kingdom for your sake and my fame will be doubled. You are not a mother, enemy.</p>

<p>वनात भ्रात्या धाडिलेस तू, स्वर्गि धाडिले तात श्रीरामाचे वल्कल देता का नच जळले हात? उभी न राही पळभर येथे, काळे कर जा वनी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>wanaata bhraatyaa dhaaDilesa tuu, swargi dhaaDile taata shreeraamaante walkala detaa kaa nacha jaLale haata ubhee na raahee paLabhara yethe, kaaLe kara jaa wanee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>You sent Brother to the forest, to heaven you sent Father. Why did your hands not burn when giving Rama's tree-bark garments? Without standing here a moment, blacken your face and go to the forest. You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>निराधार हा भरत पोरका, कुठे आसरा आज निपुत्रिके, तू मिरव लेवुनी वैधव्याचा साज पडो न छाया तुझी पापिणी, सदनी, सिंहासनी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>niraadhaara ha bharata porakaa, kuThe aasaraa aaja niputrike, too mirawa lewunee waidhavyaachaa saaja paDo na chhaayaa tujhee paapiNee, sadanee, sinhaasane maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>Helpless is this orphan Bharat. Where is support today? Childless woman, dress like a widow and flaunt it. Sinful one, let not your shadow fall in the palace, on the throne. You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>तुला पाहता तृषार्ता होते या खड्गाची धार श्रीरामांची माय परी तू, कसा करू मी वार कुपुत्र म्हणतिल मला कैकयी, माता दोघीजणी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>tulaa paahataa truShaarta hote yaa khaDgaachee dhaara shreeraamaanchee maaya paree tuu, kasaa karu mee waara kuputra mhaNatila malaa kaikayee, maataa dogheejaNee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>Seeing you, the edge of this sword becomes thirsty. How can I harm you, who are like Rama's mother? Kaikayee, both my mothers will call me a disgraceful son. You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>कसा शांतवू शब्दाने मी कौसल्येचा शोक सुमित्रेस त्या उदासवाणे गमतिल तिन्ही लोक कुठल्या वचने नगरजनांची करू मी समजावणी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>kasaa shaaMtawuu shabdaaMne mee kausalyechaa shoka sumitresaa tyaa udaasawaaNe gamatila tinhee loka kuThalyaa wachane nagarajanaancee karu mee samajaawaNee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>How can I soothe, with words, Kausalyaa's sadness? For grief-stricken Sumitra, all three worlds will be dulled. With what words can I console the citizens? You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>वनाहुनीही उजाड झाले रामाविण हे धाम</p>	<p>wanaahuneehee ujaaDa jhaale raamaawiNa he dhaam</p>	<p>More desolate than a wilderness has this palace become, without Rama.</p>

<p>वनात हिण्डुन धुडुन आग्निन परत प्रभु श्रीराम नका आडवे येउ आता कुणी माझिया पणी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>wanaata hiNDuna dhuDuna aaNina parata prabhu shreeraama nakaa aaDawe yeu aataa kuNee maajhiyaa paNee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>Having wandered through the forest, I will Seek out and bring back Lord Rama. Let no one now obstruct my resolve. You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>चला सुमंता द्या सेनेला एक आपुल्या हाक श्रीरामाला शोधयास्तव निघोत नजरा लाख अभिषेकास्तव घ्या संगती वेदजाणते मुनी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>chala sumantaa dyaa senelaa eka aapulyaa haaka shreeraamaalaa shodhaayaastawa nighota najaraa laakha abhiShekaastawa ghyaa sangatee wedajaaNate mune maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>Come, Sumanta, give the army our summons. To search for Rama, let us take hundreds of thousands of eyes. For the coronation, bring along monks versed in the vedas You are not a mother, enemy.</p>
<p>असेल तेथे श्रीरामाचा मुकुट अर्पिणे त्यास हाच एकला ध्यास, येथुनी हीच एकली आस कालरात्रसी रहा इथे तू आक्रंदत विजनी माता न तू वैरिणी</p>	<p>asela tethe shreeraamaachaa mukuTa arpiNe tyaa haacha ekalaa dhyas, yethunee heecha ekalee aasa kaalaraatrasee rahaa ithe tuu aakraMdata wijanee maataa na tuu vairiNee</p>	<p>Present his crown to Rama, wherever he is: This is the only goal; henceforth, this is the only wish. Like the black night, you stay here lamenting alone. You are not a mother, enemy.</p>

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

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

Then, all-knowing Rama said to Bharat,

पराधीन आहे जगती	paraadheena aahe jagatee	The Mortal is Bound to Fate
दैवजात दुःखे भरता दोष ना कुणाचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	daiwajaata dukhe bhataa doSha naa kuNaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	The living are born to grief, Bharat. It is no one's fault. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
माय कैकयी ना दोषी नव्हे दोषी तात राज्यत्याग काननयात्रा सर्व कर्मजात खेळ चललासे माझ्या पूर्वसंचिताचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	maaya kaikayee naa doShee nawhe doShee taata raajyatyaaga kaananayaatraa sarwa karmajaata kheLa chalaase maajhyaa poorwasamchitaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra maanawaachaa	Mother Kaikayi is not at fault. Father is not at fault Renunciation of the kingdom and forest journey are all born out of <i>karma</i> , The playing out of my account of merit and demerit from previous lives. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.
अन्त उन्नतीचा पतनी होई या जगात सर्व संग्रहाचा वत्सा, नाश हाच अन्त वियोगार्थ मीलन होते नेम हा जगाचा पराधीन आहे जगती पुत्र मानवाचा	anta unnateechaa patanee hoi ya jagaata sarwa samgrahaachaa watsaa, naasha haacha anta wiyogaartha meelana hote nema ha jagaachaa paraadheena aahe jagatee putra	What rises, eventually falls, in this world. Everything accumulated, son, is eventually destroyed. Meeting only to part is the rule of this world. The mortal, son of man, is bound to fate.



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

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



With his warrior instincts stoked by recognition of those flowers, Rama continued searching for Sita. On his way, he encountered a great bird, lying on the ground, covered in blood. Thinking it was a demon who had devoured Sita, Rama aimed an arrow at it. Then, vomiting foam and blood, that king of birds Jatayu said to Rama,

पळविलि रावणे सीता	paLawili raawaNe seetaa	Ravana Kidnapped Sita
मरणोन्मुख त्याला का रे मारिसी पुन्हा रघुनाथा अडविता खलासी पडलो, पळविलि रावणे सीता	maraNonmukhee tyaalaa kaa re maarisee punhaa raghunaathaa aDawitaa khalaasee paDalo, paLawili raawaNe seetaa	Raghu-lord, why do you strike, again, one about to die? Obstructing him, I fell, expired. Ravana kidnapped Sita.
पाहिली जधी मी जाता रामाविण राज्ञी सीता देवरही संगे नव्हता मी बळे उडालो, रामा, रोधिले रथाच्या पंथा	paahilee jadhee mee jaataa raamaawiNa raJnee seetaa dewarahee saMge nawhataa mee baLe uDaalo, raamaa, rodhile rathaachyaa paMthaa	When I saw Queen Sita going without Rama... Nor was brother-in-law with her. I flew mightily, Rama, blocked the chariot's path.
तो नृशंस रावण कामी नेतसे तिला का धामी जाणिले सारे मनी मी चावले तयाच्या हाता, हाणिले हे पंख माथा	to nrushaMsa raawaNa kaamee  netase tilaa kaa dhaamee jaaNile saare manee mee chaawale tayaachyaa haataa, haaNile he paMkha maathaa	That nefarious lustful Ravana...  Why he must be taking her home... I knew fully in my heart. I bit his hand, hit his head with these wings.
रक्षिण्या रामराज्ञीसी झुंजलो घोर मी त्यासी तोडिले कवचमुकुटासी लावु नच दिधले बाणा, स्पर्शु ना दिधला भाता	rakShiNyaa raamaraaJneesee jhuMjalo ghora mee tyaasee toDile kawachamukuTaasee laawu nacha didhale baaNaa, sparshu naa didhalaa bhaataa	To protect Rama's queen, I fought him violently, Broke breastplate and crown, Didn't allow him to set an arrow, didn't allow him to touch quiver.

<p>सर्वांगा दिधले डंग्व वज्रासम मारित पंग्व खेळलो द्रंद्र निःशंक पाडला सारथि खाली, खाइ तो खराच्या लाथा</p>	<p>sarwaaMgaa didhale DaMkha wajraasama maarita paMkha kheLalo dwaMdwa nihshanka paaDalaa saarathi khaalee, khai to kharaachyaa laathaa</p>	<p>Delivered blows to his whole body, Pummeling wings like thunderbolts. Fearlessly I clashed with him. Threw down the charioteer who ate mule kicks.</p>
<p>सारुनी दूर देवीस मोडिला रथाचा आंस भंगिले उभय चक्रास ठेचाळुनि गर्दभ पडले, दुसर्याच्या थटुनी प्रेता</p>	<p>saarunee doora deweesa moDilaa rathaachaa aaMsa bhaMgile ubhaya chakraasa ThechaLuni gardabha paDale, dusryaachyaa thaTunee pretaa</p>	<p>Moving the queen away, Broke the chariot's axle, Shattered both wheels. Colliding mules fell, one tripping over the other's corpse.</p>
<p>लोळले छत्रहि खाली युद्धाची सीमा झाली मी शर्थ, राघवा, केली धावला उगारुन खड्गा पौलस्ती चावित दाता</p>	<p>loLale chhatrahi khaalee yuddhaachee seemaa jhaalee mee shartha, raaghawaa, kelee dhaawalaa ugaaruna khaDgaa paulastee chaawita daataa</p>	<p>The royal canopy, too, sprawled down. It was a profuse battle. I bested him, Raghav. He pounced, brandishing sword, gnashing teeth.</p>
<p>हे पंग्व छेदिल्यावरती मी पडलो धरतीवरती ती थरथर कापे युवती तडफडात झाला माझा, तिज कवेत त्याने घेता</p>	<p>he paMkha chhedilyaawaratee mee paDalo dharateewaratee tee tharathara kaape yuwatee taDaphaDaata jhaalaa maajhaa, tija kaweta tyaane ghetaa</p>	<p>After these wings were severed, I fell upon the earth. That maiden shook trembling. I floundered as he took her in his arms.</p>
<p>मम प्राण लोचनी उरला मी तरी पाहिला त्याला तो गगनपथाने गेला लाडकी तुझी सम्राज्ञी आक्रंदत होती जाता</p>	<p>mama praaNa lochani uralaa mee taree paahilaa tyaalaa to gaganpathaane gelaa laaDakii tujhee samraJnee aakraMdata hotee jaataa</p>	<p>My life force remained in my eyes. At least I saw him. He went along the skyway. Your dear queen was shrieking as she went.</p>

When all Lanka was aflame, Hanuman calmly doused his tail in the sea, and returned through the sky to Rama. Rama positively identified the gem given by Sita and embraced Hanuman in extreme joy.

With countless monkeys, Rama and Lakshman left for the south. They all reached the shores of the ocean. Rama wondered how to make a crossing of the ocean. For three days, he meditated on the ocean and finally, frustrated, drew his weapon upon it. Fearing Rama's arrows, the ocean displayed its manifestation. Respectfully, it said to Rama, "In your army, there is a monkey named Nala. He is the son of Vishwakarmi. Have him build a bridge. I will gladly support it on my chest."

Rama gave an order to Nala and, singing, the monkeys began building a bridge on the ocean.

सेतु बांधा रे सागरी	setu baaMdhaa re saagaree	Build a Bridge Over the Sea
गिरिराजांचे देह निखळूनी गजांगशा त्या शिळा उचलुनी जलात द्या रे जवे ढकलुनी सेतुबन्धने जोडून ओढा समीप लंकापुरी	giriraajaaMche deha nikhaLuunee gajaaMgashaa tyaa shiLaa uchalunee jalaata dyaa re jawe Dhakalunee setubandhane joDuna oDhaa sameepa laMkaapuree	Grabbing the bodies of king-hills, Lifting those elephantine boulders, Push them quickly into the water. Connecting cables, draw Lanka closer.
फेका झाडे, फेका डोंगर पृथ्वी झेलिल त्यांना सागर ओढा पृथ्वी पैलतटावर वडवाग्नी तो धरील माथी सेतु शेषापरी	phekaa jhaaDe, phekaa DoMgara pruShTee jhelila tyaaMnaa saagara oDhaa pruThWee pailataTaawara waDawaagnee to dhareela maathee setu sheShaaparee	Throw trees, throw mountains. The ocean will catch them on its back. Pull the earth on the other shore. Vadavagni <sup>5</sup> will hold the bridge on his head like Shesha <sup>6</sup> .

<sup>5</sup> The mythical form of the fire god Agni, who lives under the ocean.

<sup>6</sup> Referring to the mythical giant serpent that upholds the earth. See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shesha>.

<p>रामभक्ति ये दादुनि पोटी शततीर्थांच्या लवल्या पाठी सत्कार्यांच्या पथिकासाठी श्रीरामाला असेच घेती वानर पाठीवरी</p>	<p>raamabhakti ye daaTuni poTee shatateerthaaMchyaa lawalyaa paaThee satkaaryaachyaa pathikaasaaThee shreeraamaalaa asecha ghetee waanara paaTheewaree</p>	<p>Let devotion to Rama swell in your gut! The backs of a hundred holy rivers bowed For those on the path of good works. Just so, the monkeys take Rama on their backs.</p>
<p>नळसा नेता सहज लाभता कोटी कोटी हात राबता प्रारंभी घे रूप सांगता पाषाणच हे पहा लीलया तरती पाण्यावरी</p>	<p>naLasaa netaa sahaja laabhataa koTee koTee haata raabataa praaraMbhee ghe rupa saaMgataa paaShaaNachha he pahaa leelayaa taratee paaNyaawaree</p>	<p>Easily finding a leader like Nala, With millions of hands laboring, The end shaped in the beginning. Behold! Boulders are lightly floating on the water.</p>
<p>चरण प्रभुचे जळात शिरता सकळ नद्यांना येई तीर्थता आरंभास्तव अधिर पूर्तता शिळा होउनी जडू लागल्या, लाटा लाटांवरी</p>	<p>charaNa prabhuche jaLaata shirataa sakaLa nadyaaMnaa yeii teerthataa aarambhaastawa adhira puurtataa shiLaa hounee jaDoo laagalyaa, laaTaa laaTaaMwaree</p>	<p>As the Lord's feet entered the water, All the rivers gained sanctity. Ready and eager to begin, Becoming boulders, waves built upon waves.</p>
<p>गर्जा, गर्जा हे वानरगण रघुपती राघव, पतीतपावन जय लंकारी, जानकिजीवन युद्धाआधी झडू लागु द्या स्फूर्तीच्या भेरी</p>	<p>garjaa, garjaa he waanaragaNa raghupatee raaghawa, pateetapaawana jaya laMkaaree, jaanakijeewana yuddhaaadhee jhaDu laagu dyaa sphoorteechyaa bheree</p>	<p>Roar, roar O monkey troop! "Lord of the Raghus, Raghav, redeemer of the fallen! Hail Lanka-foe, soul of Janaki!" Before the war, let inspiring bugles resound.</p>
<p>सेतू नच हा क्रतु श्रमांचा विशाल हेतु श्रीरामाचा महिमा त्यांच्या शुभनामाचा थबकुनि बघति संघकार्य हे स्तब्ध दिशा चारी</p>	<p>setuu nachha haa kratu shramaaMchaa wishaala hetu shreeraamaachaa mahimaa tyaaanchyaa shubhanaamaachaa thabakuni baghati saMghakaarya he stabdha dishaa chaaree</p>	<p>Not a bridge, this, a sacrifice of labor for Rama's great purpose, The majesty of his holy name. The very four directions stop short, stupefied, and stare at this collaboration.</p>
<p>भुभुःकारुनी पिटवा डंका विजयी राघव, हरली लंका</p>	<p>bhubhuHkaarunee piTawaa DaMkaa wijayee raaghava, haralee laMkaa</p>	<p>Loudly beat the drums. Rama triumphs, Lanka loses.</p>

मुक्त मैथिली, कशास शंका  
सेतुरूप हा झोतच शिरला दुबळया अंधारी

mukta maithilee, kashaasa shankaa  
seturupa haa jhotacha shiralaa dubalyaa  
amdhaaree

No doubt, Maithili is free.  
A blaze in the form of this bridge entered  
the feeble darkness.



Rama ordered Vibhishana to conduct Ravana's last rites. Rama said, "Enmity ends at death. What is done is done. Therefore, conduct his last rites. He was as much mine as he is yours." There was a flood of grief in Ravana's harem. Rama removed his war garb, and assumed his peacetime clothing.

He commanded Hanuman, "O monkey general, convey to Janaki the news of our victory."

Extreme joy left Sita speechless when she heard the news as told by Maruti. She said only, "I wish for an audience with my gracious husband."

Hanuman relayed Sita's situation to Rama, whose eyes welled. He commanded Vibhishana, "Bring Sita to me immediately."

Sita came before Rama. Husband and wife saw each other's faces. King of kings Ramachandra, in peaceful tones, said to Janakanandinee,

लीनते, चारुते, सीते	leenate, charute, seete	Modest, Beautiful Sita
कित्ती यत्ने मी पुन्हा पाहिली तूते लीनते, चारुते सीते	kitee yatne mee punhaa paahilee tuute leenate, charute, seete	After such ordeals I see you again, Modest, beautiful Sita.
संपले भयानक युद्ध दंडिला पुरा अपराध मावळला आता क्रोध मी केले जे, उचित नृपते होते लीनते, चारुते सीते	saMpale bhayaanaka yuddha daMDilaa puraa aparaadha maawaLalaa aataa krodha mee kele je, uchita nrupate hote leenate, charute, seete	The dreadful war is over. The crime was thoroughly punished. The wrath has now subsided. What I did was properly kingly. Modest, beautiful Sita.

<p>घेतली रानी मी प्राण नाशिला रिपु, अपमान उंचावे फिरुनी मान तदा भाग्याने वानर ठरले जेते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>ghetalee raanee mee praaNa naashilaa ripu, apamaana uMchaawe phirunee maana tada bhaagyaane waanara Tharale jete leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>I took lives on the battlefield, Destroyed the enemy, the outrage. I can hold up my head high again. With your luck the monkeys proved champions.  Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>
<p>शब्दांची झाली पूर्ती निष्कलंक झाली कीर्ति पाहिली प्रियेची मूर्ति मी शौर्याने वाकविले दैवाते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>shabdaanchee jhaalee poortee niShkalanka jhaalee keerti paahilee priyechee murti mee shauryaane waakawile daiwaate leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>Promises were fulfilled. Reputations became spotless. I saw my beloved's image. I, by bravery, humbled destiny. Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>
<p>तुजसाठी सागर तरला तो कृतार्थ वानर झाला सुग्रीव यशःश्रील्याला सुरललनाही गाती मंगल गीते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>tujasaaThee saagara taralaa to krutaartha waanara jhaalaa sugreewa yashaHshreelyaalaa suralalanaahee gaatee mangala geete leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>For you who swam across the ocean, That monkey was gratified: Sugreev wore a wealth of success. Even goddesses sing joyous songs. Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>
<p>हे तुझ्यामूळे गे झाले तुजसाठी नाही केले मी कलंक माझे धुतले गतलौकिक गे लाभे रघुवंशाते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>he tujhyaamuLe ge jhaale tujasaaThee naahee kele mee kalanka maajhe dhutale gatalaukika ge laabhe raghuwaMshaate leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>This happened because of you. It was not done for you. I washed all my blames. Restored the lost reputation of the Raghu dynasty. Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>
<p>जो रुग्णाइत नेत्रांचा दीपोत्सव त्याते कैचा मनि संशय अपघाताचा</p>	<p>jo rugNaaita netraancha deepotsawa tyaate kaichaa mani saMshaya apaghaataachaa mee wishwaasoo kewi tujhyaawara</p>	<p>For one with biased eyes, What is a festival of lights? Suspecting betrayal in my heart, How can I trust in you, my wife?</p>

<p>मी विश्वासू केवि तुझ्यावर कान्ते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>kaante leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>
<p>तो रावण कामी कपटी तु वसलिस त्याच्या निकटी नयनान्सहा पापी भृकुटी मज वदवेना स्पष्ट याहुनी भलते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>to raawaNa kaamee kapaTee tu wasalisa tyaachyaa nikaTee nayanaaNsaaha paapee bhrukuTee maja wadawenaa spaShTa yaahunee bhalate leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>That Ravan, lustful, vicious... You dwelt in his vicinity. His brows as sinful as his eyes... I cannot speak more explicitly than this. Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>
<p>मी केले निजकार्यासी दशदिशा मोकळ्या तुजसी नच माग अनुज्ञा मजसी सखी, सरले ते दोघांमधले नाते लीनते, चारुते सीते</p>	<p>mee kele nijakaaryaasee dashadishaa mokaLyaa tujasee nacha maaga anuGYaa majasee sakhee, sarale te doghaaNmadhale naate leenate, charute, seete</p>	<p>I did my duty. The ten directions are open to you. Ask not for my permission. My friend, the relationship between us is no more. Modest, beautiful Sita.</p>

The citizens of Ayodhya took Rama to his palace. At an appropriate time, Rama and Sita were crowned king and queen. The reign of Rama commenced.

Rama honored Sugreeva, Angadha, and the entire monkey army. Indeed, he adopted Sugreeva as his younger brother, and asked him to return to Kishkindha. He showered Vibhishana with honors, and requested that he return to Lanka. While this parting ceremony was in progress, Hanuman came before Rama. Holding tightly to Rama's feet, he said with great emotion,

प्रभो, मज एकच वर द्यावा	prabho, maja ekacha wara dyaawaa	Lord, Grant Me a Single Boon
प्रभो, मज एकच वर द्यावा या चरणांच्या ठायी माझा निश्चल भाव रहावा	prabho, maja ekacha wara dyaawaa yaa charaNAMchya Thayee maajhaa nischala bhaawa rahaawaa	Lord, grant me a single boon. Let my faith remain unmoving at these feet.
कधि न चळावे चंचल हे मन श्रीरामा, या चरणांपासुन जोवरि भूवर रामकथानक तोवर जन्म असावा	kadhi na chaLaawe chaMchala he mana shreeraamaa, yaa charaNaaMpaasun jowari bhoowara raamakathanaka towara janma asaawaa	Let this flighty mind never wander, O Rama, away from these feet. Let me live as long as Rama's story is on earth.
रामकथा नित वदने गावी रामकथा या श्रवणी यावी श्रीरामा, मज श्रीरामाविण दुसरा छंद नसावा	raamakathaa nita wadane gaawee raamakathaa yaa shrawaNee yaawee shreeraamaa, maja shreeraamaawiNa dusara ChaMda nasaawaa	May Rama's story be always sung by my mouth. May Rama's story come to these ears. O Rama, may I have no occupation but Rama.
पावन अपुले चरित्र वीरा सांगु देत मज देव अप्सरा श्रवणार्थी प्रभु, अमरपणा या दीनासी यावा	paawana apule charitra weeraa saaMgu deta maja dewa apsaraa shrawaNaarthee prabhu, amarapaNaa yaa deenaasee yaawaa	Hero, your history sanctifies. Let gods and heavenly nymphs tell it to me. To hear it, lord, let this immortality come to this supplicant.

<p>मेघासम मी अखण्ड प्राशिन असेल तेथुन श्रीरामायण मेघापरि मी शतधारिनी करीन वर्षावा</p>	<p>meghaasama mee akhaNDa praashina asela tethuna shreeraamaayaNa meghaapari mee shatadhaariMnee kareena warShaawaa</p>	<p>Like a cloud, I will drink the complete Chronicle of Rama from wherever it is. Like a cloud, I will make a hundred-stream shower.</p>
<p>रामकथेचे चिंतन गायन ते रामाचे अमूर्त दर्शन इच्छामात्रे या दासाते रघुकुलदीप दिसावा</p>	<p>raamakatheche chiMtana gaayana te raamaache amoorta darshana icChaamaatre yaa daasaate raghukuladeepa disaawaa</p>	<p>Meditation upon and singing of Rama's story: That is Rama's unmanifest presence. By mere wish, let this servant see the light of the Raghu lineage.</p>
<p>जोवरि हे जग, जोवरि भाषण तोवरि नूतन नित रामायण सप्तस्वरांनी रामकथेचा स्वाद मला द्यावा</p>	<p>jowari he jaga, jowari bhaaShaNa towari nutana nita raamaayaNa saptaswaraaMnee raamakathechaa swaada malaa dyaawaa</p>	<p>While this world, while utterance exists, The chronicle of Rama is always new. May the seven notes give me the taste of Rama's story.</p>
<p>असंख्य वदने, असंख्य भाषा, सकलांची मज एकच आशा श्रीरामाचा चरित्र गौरव त्यानी सांगावा</p>	<p>asaMkhya wadane, asaMkhya bhaaShaa, sakalaaMchee maja ekacha aashaa shreeraamaachaa charitra gaurawa tyaanee saaMgaawaa</p>	<p>Countless mouths, countless languages, From all I have but one expectation: The honorable story of Rama should be told by them.</p>
<p>सूक्ष्म सूक्ष्मतम देह धरुनी फिरेन अवनी, फिरेन गगनी स्थली स्थली पण रामकथेचा लाभ मला व्हावा</p>	<p>sookShma sookShmatama deha dharunee phirena awanee, phirena gaganee sthalee sthalee paNa raamakathechaa laabha malaa whaawaa</p>	<p>Taking subtler and subtler bodies, I shall roam the earth, roam the skies. Let me, though, receive the tale of Rama in every place.</p>

Sita told Rama her cravings. Rama respected her wishes with humor. He said, "I will fulfill your wishes sooner than soon."

On the day following this pleasant exchange between husband and wife, a spy named Bhadra told Rama, "Your highness, the entire population thanks you for your great works of building the bridge and killing Ravana, but..."

He hesitated to continue.

"But what? Tell the truth, the whole truth, without fear."

Bhadra replied, "One thing the people do not understand is why Rama took back, as his wife, Sita, who lived with Ravana. They also do not understand how you can be happy, loving her?"

Guardian of the people, Rama was dejected. He ordered Lakshman, "O Lakshman, take Janaki near Valmiki's ashram and leave her there."

Lakshman took Janaki into the woodlands. Sita thought her cravings were being fulfilled. When Lakshman sternly told her what was happening, her sorrow overflowed without bound. She sobbed to Lakshman,

<b>मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाऊ कुठे</b>	<b>maja saanga lakShmaNaa, jaa kuThe</b>	<b>Tell Me Lakshman, Where to Go</b>
मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाऊ कुठे? पतिचरण पुन्हा मी पाहू कुठे?	maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaa kuThe? paticharaNa punhaa mee paahuu kuThe?	Tell me Lakshman, where to go? Where can I see my husband's feet again?
कठोर झाली जेथे करुणा	kaThora jhaalee jethe karuNaa	Where compassion has become

<p>गिळी तमिस्त्रा जेथे अरुणा पावक जिंके जेथे वरुणा जे शाश्वत त्याचा देठ तुटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>giLee tamistraa jethe aruNaa paawaka jiMke jethe waruNaa je shaashwata tyachaa deTha tuTe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>calloused, Where darkness has swallowed the morning sun, Where fire has won over Varuna<sup>7</sup>, The stem of the everlasting is broken. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>व्यर्थ शिणविले माता जनका मी नच जाय, नव्हे कन्यका निकषच मानी कासे कनका सिद्धीच तपाला आज विटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>wyartha shiNawile maataa janakaa mee nacha jaaya, nawhe kanyakaa nikaShacha maanee kaase kanakaa siddheecha tapaalaa aaja wiTe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>In vain did I make mother and Janaka toil, I am neither wife nor daughter, Touchstone assays gold worthless, Attainment is fed up of struggle today. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>अग्नी ठरला असत्यवक्ता नास्तिक ठरवी देवच भक्ता पतिव्रता मी तरी परित्यक्ता चरणिंच्या धरेसी कंप सुटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>agnee Tharalaa asatyawaktaa naastika Tharawee dewacha bhaktaa patiwrataa mee tari parityaktaa charaNiMchyaa dharesee kaMpa suTe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>Agni proved a false witness. God judged a devotee atheist. Faithful wife, I am yet abandoned. Earth underfoot releases a tremor. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>प्राण तनुतुन उडू पाहती अवयव का मग भार वाहती? वाहतसे मज श्रीभागिरथी अडखळे अंतिचा विपळ कुठे? मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>praaNa tanutuna uDuu paahatee awayawa kaa maga bhaara waahatee? baahatase maja shreebhaagirathee aDakhaLe aMtichaa wipaLa kuThe? maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>Soul looks to fly out of body, Why are limbs bearing the burden? Bhagirathi carries me. Where is the final moment stuck? Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>सरले जीवन, सरली सीता पुनर्जात मी आता माता</p>	<p>sarale jeewana, saralee seetaa punarjaata mee aataa maataa jagena raghukula-deepaakaritaa</p>	<p>Life is over, Seeta is over, Reborn am I as a mother. I will live for the light of the Raghu race.</p>

<sup>7</sup> The ocean god. See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Varuna>

<p>जगेन रघुकुल-दीपाकरिता फल धरी रूप हे सुमन मिटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>phala dharee rupa he sumana miTe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>This flower closes, transforming into fruit. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>वनात विजनी मरुभूमीवर वाढवीन मी हा वंशाकुर सुखात नांदे राजा रघुवर जानकी जनातुन आज उठे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>wanaata wijanee marubhoomeewara waaDhaweena mee haa waMshaakura sukhaata naaMde raajaa raghuwara jaanakee janaatuna aaja uThe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>In a forest lonely, on barren land, I will raise the progeny of the dynasty. May the king, the greatest of the Raghus, live happily, While Janaki is banished from people. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>जाई देवरा पुरा मागुती शिरसे माझे स्वर मज रुपती पती न राघव केवळ नृपती बोलता पुन्हा ही जीभ थटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>jaaee dewaraa puraa maagutee shirase maajhe swara maja rupatee patee na raaghawa kewaLa nrupatee bolataa punhaa hee jeebha thaTe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>Go back to town, O brother-in-law, My own words pierce my skull. Not a husband, Raghav is solely a king. Saying it again, this tongue knots<sup>8</sup>. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>
<p>इथुन वंदिते मी मातांना प्रणाम पोचवि रघुनाथांना आशिर्वच तुज घे जाताना आणखी ओठी ना शब्द फुटे मज सांग लक्ष्मणा, जाउ कुठे?</p>	<p>ithuna waMdite mee maataaMnaa praNaama pochawi raghunaathaaMnaa aashirwacha tuja ghe jaataanaa aaNakhee oThee naa shabda phuTe maja saaMga lakShmaNaa, jaau kuThe?</p>	<p>I bow before the mothers from here. Convey obeisance to the lord of the Raghus. Take my blessings before leaving. Further words spring not from lips. Tell me Lakshman, where to go?</p>

<sup>8</sup> Referring to the previous line in which the same word is used for husband, *patee*, as well as king, *nru-patee*.



Leaving this question unanswered, the son of Sumitra left the pregnant Sita on the other side of the Ganga, and returned with difficulty. Rama tended to his royal duties. Sita entered the service of the great soul, Valmiki, who cared for her like a daughter. Soon, she gave birth to twin sons. To protect them from the influence of evil spirits, Valmiki circled the boys' bodies with enchanted *lav* and *kush* grass. Thus, they began to be called Lav and Kush. Under Valmiki's guidance, they grew out of childhood and began to look like men. They were twelve years of age.

Rama, lord of Ayodhya, was ruling responsibly. He decided to begin the foremost sacrifice, the Rajasuya<sup>9</sup>. For that ceremony, a thousand kings, monks, and citizens collected in Ayodhya. Valmiki had also arrived with his pupils, the young heroes, Lav and Kush. All-seeing Valmiki commanded Lav and Kush,

गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	<b>gaa baLaaMno shree raamaayaNa</b>	<b>Sing, Lads, the Chronicle of Rama</b>
रघुराजाच्या नगरी जाउन गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	raghuraajaachyaa nagaree jaauna gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Traveling to the city of king Raghu, Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.
मुनिजन-पूणित सदानांमधुनी नराधिपांच्या निवासस्थानी उपमार्गातुन, राजपथातुनि मुक्त दरवळो तुमचे गायन गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	munijana-poonita sadanaaMmadhune naraadhipaaMchya niwaasasthaanee upamaargaatuna, raajapathaatuni mukta darawaLo tumache gaayana gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Through sage-blessed houses, On the estates of nobility, Freely diffuse byways and highways With your song. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.
रसाळ मूले, फले सेवुनी रसाळता घ्या स्वरात भरुनी अचुक घेत जा स्वरां मिळवुनी	rasaaLa mule, phale sewunee rasaaLataa ghyaa swaraata bharunee achuka ghet jaa swaraaM miLawunee laya-taalaaMche paaLaa bandhana	Savoring juicy roots and fruits, Fill voices with sweetness. Orchestrate the notes exactly. Observe the strictures of rhythm and

<sup>9</sup> See <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rajasuya>

लय-तालांचे पाळा बन्धन गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	beat. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.
नगरि लाभता लोकमान्यता जाइल वार्ता श्रीरघुनाथां उत्सुक होउन श्रवणकरिता करवित्तील ते तुम्हा निमंत्रण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	nagari laabhataa lokamaanyataa jaaila waartaa shreeraghunaathaam utsuka houna shrawaNakaritaa karawiteela te tumhaa nimaMtraN gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Gaining celebrity in the city. News will travel to the lord of the Raghus. Eager will he be for a listening. He will cause an invitation to be made. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.
सर्गक्रम घ्या पुरता ध्यानी भाव उमटु दया स्पष्ट गायनी थोडे थोडे गात प्रतिदिनी पूर्ण कथेचे साधा चित्रण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	sargakrama ghyaa purataa dhyaanee bhaawa umaTu dyaa spaShTa gaayanee thoDe thoDe gaata pratidinee puurNa katheche saadhaa chitraNa gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Complete each stanza in order, single-mindedly. Let the song clearly illuminate the sentiments. Singing little by little, each day, Execute the composition of the complete story. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.
नका सांगु रे नाव ग्राम वा स्वतःस माझे शिष्यच म्हणवा स्वरात ठेवा हास्य गोडवा योग्य तेवढे बोला भाषण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	nakaa saaMgu re naawa graama waa swataHs maajhe shiShyacha mhaNawaa swaraata Thewaa haasya goDawaa yogya tewadhe bolaa bhaaShaNa gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	Tell not name nor origin. Identify yourselves only as my pupils. Keep smiling sweetness in your voices. Utter only appropriate speech. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.
स्वये ऐकता नृप शत्रुंजय संयत असु द्या मुद्रा अभिनय काव्य नव्हे, हा अमृतसंचय आदरील त्या रघुकुलभूषण गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण	swaye aikataa nrupa shatruMjaya saMyata asu dyaa mudraa abhinaya kaawya nawhe, haa amrutasaMchaya aadareela tyaa raghukulabhooShaNa gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa	When the king, victor over foes, himself is listening, Keep composed your facial expressions. Not just poetry, this bounty of nectar of immortality Will honor the jewel of the Raghu dynasty. Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

नच स्वीकरा धना कांचन  
नको दान रे, नको दक्षिणा  
काय धनाचे मूल्य मुनिजनां  
अवघ्या आशा श्रीरामार्पण  
गा बाळांनो श्री रामायण

nacha sweekaraa dhanaa kaaMchana  
nako daana re, nako dakShiNaa  
kaaya dhanaache moolya munijanaaM  
awaghyaa aashaa shreeraamaarpaNa  
gaa baaLaaMno shree raamaayaNa

Accept not money nor gold,  
No donation nor remunerations.  
What value of wealth to ascetics?  
All hopes are in dedication to Rama.  
Sing, lads, the chronicle of Rama.

## About the Author

Gajanan Digambar Madgulkar (October 1, 1919 – December 14, 1977) was a prominent poet, lyricist, writer and actor. These popular poems were excerpted and transcribed from his original collection of 56.

Transcriptions and Marathi introductions are from *Geet Ramayan* by G. D. Madgulkar, 9th edition, published by the Government of India

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## Transliteration

Transliteration allows people unfamiliar with Devanagari script to find the translation for songs while they are performed.

Transliteration has been done using the ITRANS scheme. The strict rules of this scheme produces results that are unconventional, but represent the original script without ambiguity.

## Online Resources

Google Docs: <http://docs.google.com>

Google Transliterate:  
<http://google.com/transliterate>

Online version of *A dictionary, Marathi and English* by James Thomas Molesworth:  
<http://dsal.uchicago.edu/dictionaries/molsworth/>

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