

ऋतुसंहारः

RITU SANHARA,

OR,

ASSEMBLAGE OF SEASONS,

ASCRIBED TO

KALIDASA;

MEMORABLE FOR BEING THE FIRST WORK EVER PRINTED IN
SANSKRIT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT INTO ENGLISH
FOR THE FIRST TIME,

BY

SATYAM JAYATI.

“These as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God.”

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PREFACE.

THIS little poem, which bears, I believe erroneously, the name of the celebrated Kálidása, has never before been translated into English. With the exception of a poetic paraphrase of the "Varsha," or Rains, in the "Asiatic Journal," of 1817, which bears the impress of Wilson, I believe it to be unknown to English readers.

"It is remarkable for being the first work that was ever printed in the original Sanscrit, under the superintendence of Sir William Jones. It bore the title of 'The Seasons, a Descriptive Poem by Cálidás, in the Original Sanscrit, Calcutta, 1792.'"

As they had no Devanagari type, it was printed in Bengali characters. Sir William remarks—"Every couplet in the following poem exhibits an Indian landscape, always beautiful, sometimes highly coloured, but never beyond nature."

I think I have given the general sense of the original, and I trust it may be found useful to the young student who intends to cast his lot in the East.

The plan I have pursued, and which I recommend to those who wish to understand the original, is this—
Having written the first line of the stanza thus—

Nitāntalākshārasarāgalohitair,

proceed to analyse it word for word, thus—

Nitanta, excessively.

Laksha, gum lac.

Rasa, juice.

Raga, red.

Lohita, red dye, saffron, henna.

Nitambininam charanaih sunūpuraih,

Nitambininam, of Callipygians.

Charanaih, the two feet.

Sunūpuraih, the beautiful ornaments.

Excessively gum lac juice red dyed with henna or saffron,

The two feet of Callipygians, the beautiful ornaments.

This, by referring to verse 5, it will be seen has been rendered—

With rosy henna's, thick and scented juice,

The charming feet of maids of wanton forms

Stained crimson bright, adorned with precious rings.

I have never mutilated the original, which has

frequently been done by translators from a false delicacy, but which I consider to be an unpardonable act. Passages which would not bear the meaning being given in English have been veiled under the Latin translation of Professor Bohlen.

These passages, with one exception, are voluptuous digressions, with which the greater part of Indian poetry is loaded, and have nothing to do with the descriptions of the Seasons. They cannot be said to treat of Love, that is, the pure passion which we understand, which was unknown to the world before the introduction of the religion of Jesus.

When the pure and limpid stream which He introduced began to flow and slowly to spread its waters among the nations, it was not allowed to pursue its course uncontaminated. Into its bed the corrupt rivers of Paganism very soon forced their way; ignorance, encouraged by priestly interest, and gross superstition added their polluted waters, and thus, under the name of Christianity, it has flowed down to us a compound of Paganism, priestly falsehood, and mediæval superstition, by which in a great measure the light of a pure and *rational* religion is obscured.

But although thus invaded, the original stream

refused to mix with these impure elements, and like a golden thread, it still meanders in all its pristine beauty, shedding its light and influence upon mankind.

This influence will be at once perceived if we compare the manner in which this subject of the Seasons has been treated by the Christian Thomson and his Indian rival. The one always looks up from nature to nature's God.

Hail Source of Being! Universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
 To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
 Continual climb; who with a master-hand
 Hast the great whole into perfection touched.

When the other, while he describes tropical nature with a master hand, speaks solely to the sensual feelings, above which he never rises; in short, he describes nature, and forgets its Author. His idea of Love is well expressed in these splendid lines of Thomson—

“ Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

The meaning of the words Ritu Sanhara is an Assembly of Seasons, of which the Hindus reckon six, viz., Summer, Rains, Autumn, Winter, Dew, Spring.

To those who have been in the East the accuracy of the poet's description will be at once apparent, while those who have not had that advantage though less in a position to judge, may still see that the picture is well drawn, however little justice may have been done to the original in this attempt at an English version.

SATYAM JAYATI.

ऋतुसंहारः

RITU SANHARA.

TO THE MOST DIVINE KRISHNA, ADORATION.

GRISHMA ; SUMMER.

1.

Now is the time of heat ! a raging sun (2)
Burns through the day, till pleasant night
Cool and refreshing spreads its sable veil.
The sleeping surface of the limpid pools
Is oft disturbed by plunging bathers, faint
With heat, with amorous dalliance tired.

2.

Behold the shades of night, pierced by the rays
Of many a star, and there the spotted moon
Shines on yon palace, through whose portals wide
The watered Kus-Kus sheds its sweet perfume, (3)
While languid maidens, decked with shining gems,
Disclose their beauties, courting the cool air.

3.

Within the marble halls, ambrosial gales,
Of all sweet odours, ravish every heart,
While brimming cups, high-crowned with sparkling wine,
Inflame the souls, deep-pierced by Kama's darts.
These are the joys that suit the sultry months,
That tender lovers taste at midnight's hour.

4.

Clad in light silks voluptuous forms recline,
With breasts exhaling sandal wood's perfume.
Fresh from the bath, with undulating locks,
And strings of pearls hung on their rounded arms,
The amorous damsels quench the fires of love
In ardent hearts, inflamed by summer's sun.

5.

With rosy henna's thick and scented juice
The charming feet of maids of wanton forms
Stained crimson bright, adorned with precious rings,
That sweetly tinkle as they walk along,
Like to the Red-wing's song beside the pools,
Excite men's hearts to praise the god of love.

6.

With scented breasts, exhaling sweet perfumes,
And flowery chaplets hung with precious pearls,
Wove with sweet jessamine all newly plucked
And slender waists set off with golden zones—
Where is the heart so cold as not to glow
With fond desire, when gazing on such charms.

7.

When, from their fair and graceful necks of snow, (4)
Moved by the heat, the finely woven lawn
Falls and displays their beauties to the youths :
Each, at the sight, inflamed by tender love,
Chooses a bride, all unarrayed and fair,
Clad with the robes of love and youth alone.

8.

The gales of perfume, wafted by their fans,
Float o'er their even breasts all hung with pearls,
While songs harmonious, answer to the harp,
And warbling birds their melody combine
To rouse from drowsy sleep the god of love,
And cause fresh pain in anxious lover's breasts.

9.

This is the season when refreshing eve
 Borrows its beauty from the lovely moon,
 When sprightly maidens court the hearts of youth
 With side-long glances, lips that melt in smiles (5)
 Well understood by minds reciprocal,
 Who love to bask in beauty's genial sun.

10.

The marble palace glimmers through the night
 Whitened by the ray of him, the Moon God (6)
 Who without let, contemplates the scene
 Of forms voluptuous, wrapt in balmy sleep ;
 And as the peep of dawn shuts out the view,
 White with regret he hides his pallid face.

11.

Now clouds of dust, on wheeling whirlwinds borne,
 O'ertake the travelling swains, oppressed with heat ;
 No more they see the earth, by torrid rays (7)
 Parched and burnt up, while many anxious thoughts
 Of fair ones far away, disturb their minds
 With sad reflections, separation's pangs.

12.

Faint with the heat, the graceful young gazelle,
With tongue all dry with thirst, seeks turbid pools
Leaving his native woods,—with nostril spread
And head high raised, he views the gathering clouds
Which all the sky obscure,—like painted eyes
Of beauteous damsel stained of Kohl's dark hue.

13.

Tortured by ardent rays of burning day,
Burnt by the heated dust that fills the paths,
Urging its tortuous way, the hooded snake,
With languid pace, and head low bowed in dust,
Fears not its bitter enemy to meet,
And in the peacock's shadow seeks relief.

14.

His force and courage spent, the king of beasts,
Urged by a raging thirst—with muzzle seamed
With many a wound; faint, with hanging tongue,
And mane disordered floating o'er its head,—
Fails to attack the elephant, its prey,
Who near it stands unnoticed and secure.

15.

Finding all sources dry, no rain to wet
His parched up throat, burnt by the rays
Shed by the lord of light—with burning thirst
Seeking a drop of moisture, all in vain.
The ivory tusker wanders far and near
Nor fears the thick-maned lion's dormant rage.

16.

The painted peacock pants beneath the beam,
Which like a sacrificial fire consumes
Its very life ; listless and faint it views
Its food the serpent, resting in the shade
By the broad circle of its spreading tail
Cast on the dust, and leaves it undisturbed.

17.

Troops of wild boars, tormented, rush to tanks,
And in the thickened slime, covered with weeds,
Plunge their long muzzles, digging in the earth,
Seeking for shelter from the burning heat
Which flames in splendour from the radiant sun :
Such is its power to scorch at midday's hour.

18.

Before the sun, all clad in acrid rays
Which like a garland compass it around,
The hopping frog deserts the dried-up marsh,
Nor fears the thirsty serpent; drawing near,
It seeks the shade made by the parasol
Spread by the hooded Naja o'er its head.

19.

With brilliant diadem upon its head,
Split by the torch of day, the hooded snake
Burnt by the sun, whose fire like poison acts,
Licks with its trembling tongue the coming air;
Subdued by thirst, no more it wages war
With race of frogs, but languid pants in pain.

20.

Choked with dead fish, deserted by the stork,
All trod by troops of elephants, who crowd
Hustling each other in their eager haste,
The spacious tank becomes a slimy pool,
Strewed with water lilies, crushed and torn,
No more adhering to the tender stalks.

21.

Urged by the flaming heat—with mouths in foam,
And hanging tongues—the shaggy buffaloes,
With muzzles pointing to the tardy wind,
From mountâin caves expelled by ardent thirst,
Searching for water, rove in dusky bands,
In vain essaying pangs of drought t' assuage.

22.

Perched on the leafless trees pant all the birds—
And crawling apes seek shade beneath the bush
That lines the mountains steep and rocky side,
While herds of bulls in search of water range,—
And swarms of locusts, sailing through the air,
Haste to the wells the precious drop to sip.

23.

And now a fearful sight—the forest burns,
The raging flame, urged by a rising wind,
Licks up the tender shrubs, the forest leaves,
Scorched by the god of day, add fuel apt
To spread the conflagration—from the heights
The trembling shepherd views the reddened plain.

24

Like blushing buds of Safflower full displayed
 Fanned by the breeze, behold a rapid flame,
 Which in its fell embrace includes all trees,
 Spreads o'er a vast expanse with giant strides.
 Far as the eye can reach, on every side,
 One vast combustion occupies the plain.

25.

Borne on a rushing wind the spreading fire
 Roars in the mountain caves,—the dry bamboos
 In crackling clumps, dissolve before the flame,
 Which still increases with unconquered rage,
 Follows the river's bank amid the grass,
 The forest beasts o'ertakes, and quick consumes.

26.

Behold the cotton grove with noble trees,
 Yellow as gold the creeping fire appears
 Within their hollow trunks;—then, bursting forth,
 The writhing branches wither in the heat :
 Urged by the furious wind, on every side
 The flame meanders through the forest wide.

27.

The stately elephant, the king of beasts,
And crawling crocodile, burnt by the flame,
Subdue their hostile rage, and, like to friends,
Together fly the woods, with eager haste,
And seek the river bed, where slowly flows
The stream, divided by large isles of sand.

DEDICATION.

And may'st thou, Krishna, pass the sultry months
Midst Lotus forests rich with limpid streams,
Whose wave voluptuous bathes thy sacred feet,
While fragrant flowers shed perfume through the air ;
And still each night upon thy palace roof (8)
With tender maidens pass thine hours in joy.



VARSHA ; THE RAINS.

1.

Behold the time of clouds surcharged with rain,
 Like to a furious elephant they rise,
 Or mighty monarch hurrying to the war :
 In place of standards, see the lightning's flash,
 And rolling thunder answers to the drum.
 This is the time, my Life, that's dear to love. (9)

2.

On every side the sky is charged with clouds,
 Like Lotus petals dyed of deepest blue :
 Of rounded shape they gather and increase,
 Like turgid breasts of nursing mothers swell,
 And still they blacken, even as the eyes
 Of radiant beauty, stained with dusky Kohl.

3.

Beneath the weight of moisture sinking low,
While all the feathered race of Chatackas
By thirst tormented, beg a drop to taste.
With pleasing sound that strikes the listening ear,
And causes joy to vibrate through each heart,
The cloud advance is marked with pouring rain.

4.

Now peals the dreadful thunder with a crash
And in the mirky cloud appears the bow
The radiant bow of Indra, whose blue string
Is formed by vivid lightning's lurid flash,
And arrows are of pelting hailstones made,
Filling the traveller's mind with ceaseless pangs.

5.

The mushroom buttons springing, hide the earth,
And sprouting flowers, like lapis lazuli,
Powder the fields, which glitter as the neck
Of some fair virgin clad with brilliant gems ;
While " Indra's shepherds," scattered o'er the ground,
Cause all the earth to shine with sparkling rays. (10)

6.

The painted peacocks, urged by strong desire,
Seek out their mates, while humming swarms of bees
Follow their outspread tails, which seem like flowers :
Buzzing they kiss the shining spots in vain,
But give no rest to the tormented birds,
Who flocked together, form a general dance.

7.

Now like immodest women, that assail
And court with shameless face the other sex,
The swollen rivers leave their deep-cut beds,—
Impure with mud, they roll their turbid course,
Bearing down trees uprooted from their banks,
Far out to distant ocean's boundless wave.

8.

The sprouting grass, the tender shooting buds,
Now glad each eye, while young gazelles
Browse on the lotus plant, whose prickly leaf
Wounds their soft mouths as eagerly they feed :
All nature smiles, the trees put on their leaves,
And bursting blossoms fill the heart with joy.

9.

The graceful antelopes, whose lovely eyes,
Like lotus flowers, set off their antlered heads,
In timid herds advance and quit their woods,
Covering the vast expanse of sandy plains ;
Viewing the scene, the gazer's soul is lost
In admiration, mixed with love and joy.

10.

In spite of thunder, whose repeated claps
Through all the vault of heaven echo loud,
Though night her veil spread over every path,
Except when lit by lightning's transient flash,
Urged by strong passion, timid maidens haste
To meet their lovers at the appointed place.

11.

When from the cloud the thunder's dreadful voice
Fills every beating heart with dire alarm,
The wakened wife, forgetful of offence
From faithless husband—thinks of nought but fear,
And, with her trembling arms around him clasped,
Locks him, still sleeping, in a close embrace. (11)

12.

Those who, alone, sleep on deserted couch,
Lament their absent lords, and seized with fear,
They tear the garlands from their perfumed heads,
Washing their rosebuds lips with bitter tears
Shed by soft eyes, more beautiful to see
Than sweet Nymphæas, of a heavenly blue.

13.

Like serpent crawling on its tortuous path
Yellow and turbid, mixed with dust and flies,
Another torrent comes,—the race of frogs
Look on in awe, while on it speeds its course,
Threatening t' engulf them as it rushes by
With jaws expanded like a vast abyss.

14.

The startled bees desert the clumps of flowers
Whose opened petals fed their sharp desire,
With sound harmonious, flying where they see
The dancing peafowl, in whose wheel-like tails
They hope to find fresh lotus for their prey—
All ears are ravished with their pleasing hum.

15.

The forest elephants are seized with rage,
 Hearing the crashing thunder in the cloud,
 They utter piercing cries, their shining tusks,
 White as the spotless lotus, *opertæ sunt*
Uriginis guttis, apum examine conjunctis.

16.

Weighed down by heavy rain, the sinking clouds
 Descend, and kiss the rugged granite rocks,
 Whose ravines pour down streams on every side,
 Breaking the solitude, while peafowl flock
 All on the mountain slopes, exciting joy,
 And filling hearts with thoughts of fond desire.

17.

Embalmed with incense, when with well-washed flowers,
 Kadambas, Sardjas, Nipas, Katakas—
 Fresh from their marriage with the rainy clouds,
 Which shed their moisture on their opened buds.
 Where is the mind that does not bow to love,
 Fanned by the spicy breeze, from such a source?

18.

With wavy tresses flowing to their hips,
With fragrant earrings formed of opening flowers,
With lips that smell of honey, and with breasts
On which the pearl in orient lustre glows,
The maids of form divine in every heart
Dreams of voluptuous joy and love inspire.

19.

Now all things flow, rain, trumpet, and are green—
, Rivers and clouds and elephants and woods,
And all life muses, dances, seeks to pair
Alike, deserted lovers, peafowl, apes (12)

20.

Girt with convolvuli of lightning's flash,
Adorned with Sakra's bow the heavy cloud— (13)
And beauteous forms of women decked with gems,
And slender waists with diamonds enriched
Attract the thoughts of those who, far away
From absent loves, sigh for remembered joy.

21.

To richest pendants in the rosy ear,
Kadamba crowns, and fresh-blown Keçera,
And Ketaki that decks the lovely heads
Of blooming beauty, gracefully are joined
The chastest pearls, plucked from the verdant bough
Of fragrant Kakuba, to deck their heads. (14)

22.

With bodies balmed with sandal wood's perfume,
And heavy locks entwined with full-blown flowers,
Midst pealing thunder, hies the lovely maid,
Leaving the home paternal, without fear ;
Urged by strong love she braves the pelting storm
To meet the youth, and share the genial couch.

23.

Dark as the petals of the Lotus blue,
The clouds sore charged with rain to earth descend,
Bearing the bow of Indra on their face,
And urged by gentle zephyrs as they float,
Cause tender thoughts of married dames to dwell
On absent husbands, travelled far away.

24.

Now that the grateful showers have calmed the heat
 That raged and dried up all the forest wide,
 It seems to show its joy by opening flowers
 Which spring to life throughout its broad expanse ;
 The waving branches seem to dance for joy,
 And buds of Ketakis burst into smiles.

25.

This is that month that in its escort brings
 The rolling clouds, which lover-like prepare
 The crowns of Bakula, with jasmin twined,
 T' adorn the head—and new-blown flowers,
 Kadamba ear-rings, plucked by youthful brides, (15)
 And half-closed Yuthikas with drooping heads.

26.

Now on the rosy nipples of their breasts—
 A twin pair, charming—strings of orient pearls
 Are hung by radiant beauty, while they deck
Tenerrima candida vestimenta in amplis natium globulis;
limpidæ porro aquæ guttarum adpersione largam
capillorum copiam et in ventre crinium fasciæ venus-
tatem. (16)

27.

Impregnated with dew, and cool and fresh
From union with the drops of new shed rain,
The waving trees bowed down with weight of flowers,
Shed perfume through the air ; and all around,
Scattering its pollen, the sweet Ketakis
Fill all the thoughts of parted lovers' hearts.

28.

Borne down by weight of waters, " let us rest
On yonder heights," thus say the clouds—
Bent by their burden, when their gentle showers
Fall on Vindya's mount, and pleasure bring
To parched-up rocks, long tortured by the ray—
The cruel flame shed by the summer's fire.

DEDICATION.

O Thou with every grace that charms the hearts
And minds of maids—exempt from care,
Parent of trees, and buds, and creepers sweet,
May'st thou this season of the genial rains
Which give fresh life to animated beings,
Taste fond delight in all that thou desir'st.



SARAD; AUTUMN.

1.

Her lotus face with full-blown Kaças clad,
 Clinking her anklets with a joyful sound
 Midst amorous songs of swans;—and in her hand
 Holding a wand of half-ripe rice, on which
 Her finely moulded limbs lean for support—
 Behold the Autumn comes like lovely bride.

2.

With brilliant Kaças now all meadows smile,
 And nights are fresh with dew; on all the streams,
 Float graceful swans, and on each tank
 The verdant water-lily. Now bend the trees,
 Weighed down by clustering Saptatchādas; (17)
 With jasmin snow, are all the gardens white.

3.

The limpid rivers, gemmed with golden fish,
 And on whose banks the snowy-plumaged birds,
 Seem like a necklace of the purest pearls,
 Flow through long isles of sand, which strike the eye,
 Like rounded limbs of fair ones ; slow they roll
 Like lovely maidens decked in wreathed smiles.

4.

The clouds, now void of water, glide their course
 In rapid flight, by hundreds sweeping past,
 White as the Lotus fibre ; all the sky
 Enveloped in their folds, while urged along
 By rushing winds, like to a king appears,
 By hundred fly-flaps fanned on sultry day. (18)

5.

Heaped in dark masses in the radiant sky,
 The clouds like hills of shining Kohl repose ;
 Blushing with pollen, reddens all the earth,
 From sweet Bandukha's flower, while all the fields
 Are white with rice. Oh where's the youth whose heart
 Beats not, responsive, to such lovely view ?

6.

Now when a gentle zephyr stirs the boughs,
Covered with opening buds and full blown flowers
Distilling honey, which the murmuring bees,
Drunk with desire, in eager rapture sip ;—
Is there a soul that Kovidara's dyes (19)
Excites not softly to the thoughts of love ?

7.

Now free from clouds which hid the lovely moon,
Clad with soft rays, as in a spotless robe,
The night takes out her jewels, which she finds
In all the countless multitude of stars,—
Like to a youthful maid who, day by day,
Reveals fresh charms, till perfect growth is gained.

8.

The snapping ducks disturb the tranquil face
Of shining rivers, on whose banks
Is seen the stalking crane, while lotus dyes,
Reflected on the wave, delight each eye ;
Borne on the breeze, the swan's melodious song
Fills every heart with thoughts of joy and love.

9.

Feast of all eyes, full garlanded with rays
Which ravish every heart, the splendid moon
(Which causes gentle rain and dew to fall),
Burns the fair bodies of the charming wives,
Deep in whose hearts a barbed arrow lies,
With absence poisoned, of their longed-for lords.

10.

The rice stems bending under weight of fruit,
And stately mangoes waving in the breeze,
Which wafts the perfume of the forest flowers,
And shakes the water-lily, now full blown—
Stirs up the spirits of the eager youth
Longing to taste the sweets of fervent love.

11.

In amorous couples now the stately swans
Sport on the tanks, whose shining face
Glow with bright nenuphar and lotus flowers;
While gentle airs disturb the limpid wave,
And smiling ripples o'er its surface glide,
Causing each heart to beat with blissful thoughts.

12.

No more the painted bow displays its hues
In the dark bosom of the floating cloud ;
No more the brilliant standard of the sky
With vivid flashes lightens up the night ;
No more the crane pursues its rapid flight,
Nor peacocks gaping lift their heads on high.

13.

Now dance no more the peafowl left by love,
Who wings his flight to seek the verdant spots
Where slim flamingos trill their plaintive song.
And Çri, bright goddess ruling over flowers
Deserts Ardjounas ripe, and Sardjas blown
To smile on lonely Saptatchādas buds.

14.

With sweet Cephalika, whose perfume shed
Delights each soul ; with warbling birds
Perched on its boughs, the fragrant groves
Beneath whose shade the lotus-eyed gazelles
Are grouped ; fill every mortal heart
With tender longings, and impatient love.

15.

When dawns the day, keen blows the rising wind,
Shaking the Padmas and Koumoundas flowers,
Still gathering cold from contact with their buds,
Causing to shiver the young blooming maid,
When drops of hoar-frost on the rustling leaves
Fall on her head, from agitated boughs.

16.

Now all the fields with verdant rice crops smile,
And herds of cows in graceful groups recline ;
The bright flamingo and the sober crane
Awake the echo with their pleasing strain ;
All nature's face thus clad in beauty's robe,
Inspires the world with universal joy.

17.

The graceful gait of women yields the palm,
When by the pool the red flamingo walks ;
The lovely moon must hide her vanquished head,
And pale her ray, before Nymphæas blown ;
E'en eyes of beauty yield to Lotus blue,
And tender glances to the smile of waves. (20)

18.

The violet creepers, bending under flowers,
Eclipse, O fair ones, e'en thy rounded arms,
Adorned with gems ; and charming lips,
Set off by whiteness of the loveliest teeth,
Must own themselves effaced and overcome
By new-blown Jasmin and Asoka's flower.

19.

In raven locks that mock the blackest cloud,
Is wreathed fresh jasmin, by the lovesick maids,
And on their charming ears, so white and small,
Where hang rich pendants formed of pearl or gold,
They place the flower of shining Nenuphar
Mixed with fair Lotus, of a various hue.

20.

With hearts elate with joy, now smiling dames
Their swelling breasts perfume with sandal oil,
And on the rounded globes hang strings of pearls,
While on the ample hips the tinkling bells,
Hung to the girdle, take their wonted place,
And golden anklets deck their lotus feet.

21.

Beneath a cloudless sky, all gemmed with stars,
 The goddess Fortune, beauteous as the day,
 Across the sparkling wave pursues her course ;
 The em'rald river glitters in the sun,
 While bright Nymphæas cover all its banks,
 And royal swans float o'er its smiling face.

22.

Fresh from the lotus beds, the Autumn wind
 Breathes perfume through the air, while fleeting clouds
 Leave all the starry sky serene and clear ;
 Turbid no more, the crystal rivers flow,
 And variegated skies are bright with stars,
 While spotless rays proclaim the Queen of Night.

23.

With hands like lilies, held in lover's grasp,
 And faces lovely, far above the moon,
 The slender maidens, redolent of flowers
 New culled from fragrant beds, seek out their homes ;
 No more they join in harmony of song.—
 Relentless Mādāna asserts his power.

24.

Post voluptatis eximiæ palpitationem, cum amicibus congressæ juveniles amantes, incomparabilem hilaritatem libenter prædicando et maxima oris jucunditate adfectæ per mediam noctem versantes, lusum in autumno enarrant præ gaudio.

25.

Now at the peep of dawn, Nymphæas red
 Open their lips like lovely smiling maids ;
 But when the star of night sinks in the west,
 Nymphæas, white, close quick their charming mouths,
 Like to the lips of wives whose smiles depart (21)
 When dear loved husbands leave their pleasant homes.

26.

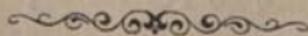
The travelled lover weeps as he surveys
 The red Banduka, like to ruby lips,
 And in Nymphæas bright his fancy sees
 The glance of radiant eyes ; while flutt'ring wings
 Of swans, drunk with desire, bring to his mind
 The tinkling zones of sweetly-smiling maids.

27.

The goddess Çri now comes, as autumn dawns, (22)
And moonlike beauty grants to woman's face,
And water-lilies grace, to smiling mouths
While the Banduka's dyes of purest red.
She gives to lips that ravish every soul,
And cause each heart with happiness to beat.

DEDICATION.

O may this season, with its lotus mouth,
And loving eyes like blue-bells newly born,
And smiling robe of purest Kaça's flowers,
Joined with the radiant smile, like lotus white—
This Autumn season, like a loving maid,
Grant thee, of souls the joy supreme of all!!



HEMANTA ; WINTER.

1.

Behold the Winter with its pleasant fruits
 And shooting buds, while Lodhra flowers in bloom
 disclose their beauties, mid the ripened rice,
 And faded lotus flowers, give place to snow.

2.

Now lovely maids adorn their breasts no more,
 And hang no garlands of cold jessamine,
 Bright as the morn, around their graceful necks,
 Nor paint their swelling charms with saffron juice.

3.

Non amplius in geminis lacertis lascivientium con-
 junguntur armilla et brachiorum ornamenta, neque
 natibus rotundis novum amiculum, nec tenue pectorale
 protuberantibus mammis imponitur.

4.

Non pulchris cingulis, auro margaritisque variegatis
latera circumdant fœminæ, neque compedibus, cygni
tinnitum superantibus, pedum nymphæas, liliū aqua-
ticum splendore vincentes.

5.

Membra jam illinunt pulvere fragrante; vultus ne-
lumbia condecorant fuco, et capita agallocho nigro per-
fumigant ad amoris festum uxores.

6.

Voluptatis consummatione tritæ, perpallidisque genis
et gaudii felicitatem adeptæ, graciles mulieres paullu-
lum subrident, labia dentium acumine fissa, dolore ad-
fecta videntes.

7.

Per cadentem pruina, graminis cuspidibus adhæ-
rentem, matutino tempore ingemit quasi hiems, visi-
tando illam turgentibus mammis ac femorum sede feli-
citer ornatam, cujus tormentis dolore vexata est.

8.

Now all the land is rich with full-grown rice,
 And herds of antelopes adorn the plains,
 While through the air the curlew's plaintive cry,
 To soft desire disposes every heart.

9.

The water plants, upon the limpid lakes
 Which glow with blue nymphæas, and the song
 Of Kādamba and thrush, with twittering notes, (23)
 Delight the minds of men, remote from cares.

10.

The sweet Priangū, shaken by the breeze,
 Whose breath is icy from the recent snow,
 Turns white with cold, as pales a maiden's cheek
 When from her side her loved one must depart.

11.

Amantes, florum succi fragrantia bene odorum os
 habentes et membris, per suspiriorum adflatum suaveo-
 lentibus, corporibus se invicem adfigentibus decum-
 bentes, dormiunt Cupidinis telo saucii.

12.

Per labia, dentium notis insignita et mammas unguium fissuris striatas vehemens juvenilium mulierum Veneris exercitatio designatur.

13.

Sole oriente pulchra quædam, speculum manu tenens exornat sibi oris nelumbium, et labium, cujus succus per dilectissimum exhaustus, dentium acumine fissum haud curans observat.

14.

Aliæ, corpore per voluptatis lusionis fatigationem fractæ, binos oculos per noctis vigiliam rubicundos, et tremulos ac confusos comarum nodos habentes, in cubiculis somnum adeunt, temperati solis radiis calefactæ.

15.

Aliæ vero delicatulæ puellæ comæ ornatum curant, immaculatam vittam, grata fragrantia circumfusam, in capite disponendo, nubi nigræ similibus capillorum antiis insignitæ et membris tenerrimis, tumidarum altarumque mammarum mole inclinatis, incedentes.

16.

Alia, corpus quo gravisus est amicus, inspiciendo, gaudio plena, ornatorum labiorum, rubore pulchra, novum vestimentum induit, sese incurvans et cunctando per dissolutos cincinnos oblique circumspiciens.

17.

Alia denique mulieres, paullatim per voluptatis lusionis fatigationem dolorem nactæ, membris tenerrimis languidiores factæ et compressis amplis femoribus mammisque molestatae, unctionem pergratam instituunt.

18.

Now may this season, dear, to maidens fair,—
While all the fields are rich with full-grown rice,
And plaintive curlew's song floats on the breeze,—
Crown all thy fond desires, with full delight.



SISIRA ; DEW.

1.

O THOU whose beauteous limbs allure the sight
 Hear ! tis the time of Dew, so dear to love.
 Behold the earth, it teems with growing rice
 And song of wakened curlew sweetly sounds.

2.

Now houses closed, while Surya's ray prevails,
 And tender virgins, clad in heavy robes,
 Proclaim the season dear to every heart,
 By every lover honoured and desired.

3.

Now fragrant sandal, cooled by Chandra's ray,
 Nor roofs of houses lighted by the moon,
 Nor breezes cold, with long continued frost,
 Afford delight, or animate the mind.

4.

The nights now bitter with the falling snow,
 And wet with dew shed by the God of night,
 Though clad in beauty by the pallid stars,
 Are dear no more to votaries of love.

5.

Adsumtis betele, unguento et sertis, florum succi
 fragrantia oris nelumbium saturantes et pergrati nigri
 agallochi odore suaveolentes, intrant cubiculum deside-
 rantes mulieres.

6.

Impetuosæ uxores, videndo maritos offensionis reos,
 sæpe reprehensos, trementes, timore pusillanimos, vo-
 luptatem appetentes, offensionis oblitæ sunt.

7.

Per exoptatas cupiditates et voluptates vehementer
 ac diu in longis noctibus perquam exeruciatae, nova
 juventute gaudentes uxores circa noctis finem lente
 obambulant, lassitudine dolentibus femoribus præditæ.

8.

Pectus nitida tunica comprimentes, colorato serico investientes femora et flores comis internectentes, mulieres decorant quasi hiemis adventum.

9.

Per lascivientium fæminarum mammas, croci colore fuscas, feliciter colendas, nova juventute turgentes, exhausti pectore juvenes lavant se, de frigore haud solliciti.

10.

Vinum per suaveolentem halitum tremulæ loto simile, mentem capiens, Cupidinis desiderium expergefaciens, temulentum, optimum, in noctibus hilares cum amatis bibunt mulieres.

11.

Die exorto mulier una, extincta voluptatis libidine, per mariti compressionem tumidas factas mammarum papillas habens; ipsius corpus, quo dilectissimus fruitus est, inspiciens, ex cubiculo evadit vestem post se trahens.

12.

Concutiens comam, agallochi fragrantis suffitu orna-

am florum sermo destitutam, crispas antias habentem, amans puella, gravibus natibus et profundo umbilico insignis, statura pulchra, amore splendens, vel matutino tempore dormitoriam vestem relinquit.

13.

Labiis pulchris rubicundis, ut aurum et nelumbium splendentibus; luminibus ad auris lobum protensis, rubicundos angulos habentibus; vultibus lunæ similibus et capillis in humeros dependentibus, mulieres aliæ nunc matutino tempore in gynæceo commorantur veluti Fortunæ deæ.

14.

Ampliarum coxarum pondere vexatæ, statura paululum vacillantes, sensim sensimque uberum molis lassitudinem experiuntur delicatulæ illæ, et nuperam voluptatis temporis togam nocturnam deponendo vestem adsumunt diei convenientem.

15.

Unguium notis insignitas mammarum papillas videntes, labellorum surculi margines dentibus fissos tangentes et honoratissima fragrantia fucantes, juveniles fœminæ solis ortus tempore faciem exornant.

16.

Sisiri tempestas hæc, eximii sacchari mutationem efficiens, dulci oryza et arundine saccharifera pulchra, permagnæ voluptatis lusum præbens, in amore versantis calorem incitans et puellarum, ab amatis relictarum, mentem excrucians, vobis semper saluti sit.



SPRING.

1

Behold the warrior of Spring approach,
Pointing his arrows with bright mango flowers ;
Whose bowstring's formed of rows of clustering bees,
To wound all hearts, O loved one, with desire.

2.

Now trees put forth their flowers, and all the lakes
Cover their limpid waves with lilies bright ;
Young maidens melt to love, and scented gales,
And charming days and nights proclaim the Spring.

3.

This is the season when the verdant banks
Of lakes and pools put on their jewelled zones ;
And troops of maids, more brilliant than the moon,
Seek shady mango groves, weighed down with flowers.

4.

In mammis gratiosarum sarta, candido santalo humida; in oribus betele fragrantem halitum et in lateribus cingula habentes procedunt absque timore ad Anangi felicitatem.

5.

Amiculis sericis, auri colore rubris, adornantur lascivientium nates rotundæ, et tenuibus pectoralibus, croci colore flavis, pectoris vascula.

6.

In auribus selectum Karnicârûm, in capillis nigrisque nodis Asocum et in verticibus florentia nova jasmina gerentes, mulieres eunt ad amici connubium.

7.

Finito gaudio, in unguento delibatis ludentium fœminarum vultibus, aureo nelumbio similibus, diffunditur emanans sudor, margaritarum in modum formatus.

8.

Relaxantes vinculis soluta membra, per Kandarpum confusa, vel desiderio trepidant uxores, etsi cupidi amantes propinque versantur.

9.

Attamen macera, pallida, tremebunda, quovis momento oscitationi dedita Anangus iste reddit corpora uxorum turbæ, quarum absentes sunt mariti.

10.

Anangus nunc multis modis commoratur: tremulus in mulierum oculis vino languidis, in genis pallidus, in mamis durus, in statura curvus, in natibus crassus.

11.

Corpora semper somno languida, loquelam quodammodo vino titubantem et lumina obliquis ciliorum jactibus spectantia Cupido mulieribus tribuit.

12.

A fœminis voluptate lassatis, in mammarum pulchras papillas unguenta ex Priyangu, Kâliyaco et croco delibantur, et santalum, musco conjunctum, illinitur. (23)

13.

Gravia vestimenta celeriter deponendo amantes, Cupidinis telo sauciæ, corpora laccæ succo tingunt et suaveolente nigro agallocho perfumigant.

14.

Drunk with sweet mango sap the Kokila (24)
Hot kisses showers upon its darling flower ;
While on the lotus dwells the murmuring bee,
And folds its lover in a fond embrace.

15.

Bending with clusters of sweet blushing buds,
The florid branches of the mango wave,
Moved by a gentle breeze that stirs the minds
Of lovely women to the joys of love.

16.

Asoka's flower like coral in its hue, (25)
Mixed with the buds that deck the waving boughs
Seen by the virgin throng, cause youthful hearts
To think of cares of love, while sad they gaze.

17.

The sight of tender Atimucti flowers,
Around which hover swarms of drunken bees
Kissing the sprouting boughs which Zephyrs wave,
The minds of lovers fill with anxious thoughts.

18.

Seeing the thorny Kuruvakas bough,
With flowers surpassing lips of absent maids,
The hearts of youth feel suddenly the smart
Of showers of darts, shed by Kandarpa's bow.

19.

Now in spring time the Parijati red
Covers the earth like ruddy flames of fire ;
Kusaka blossoms weigh down every grove,
Like blushing bride in scarlet mantle clad.

20.

What youth inflames not bright Kusaka's flower,
Who loves not hues of Karnikaru sweet,
When through the grove the nightingale is heard
Filling all hearts, O fair one, with delight.

21.

When the male Kokila lifts up its voice,
All men discourse in accents, tuned to love,
And modest maids, in secret chambers hid,
Feel the soft influence shoot through their hearts.

22.

Stirring the flowery Saha Kara's boughs,
 Bearing the cuckoo's notes to fields afar,
 Delighting hearts of all, a gentle breeze
 Breathes with delight to see the hoar frost cease.

23.

The gardens sweet with jasmin, like the smile
 Of lovely virgins, captivate the hearts
 Of holy men, pure minded ; how much more
 Of those, whose minds are tainted with desire ?

24.

With golden zones, and bosoms wreathed with flowers,
 And tender bodies faint from Kama's fire,
 In Madhu's month, mid sounds of birds and bees, (26)
 The maids of beauty, hearts of men subdue.

25.

Seeing the mountain tops all decked with flowers,
 While twittering birds rejoice in all their clefts,
 And rocky ledges filled with murmuring bees ;
 The hearts of men are filled with joyful glee.

26.

Viewing Sah'kara's tree all red with flowers
The maddened lover closes ears and nose ; (27)
He cries aloud, abandoned to despair,
From thinking of his loved one, far away.

27.

The gentle murmur of the drunken bee,
And cuckoo's note, heard in the mango grove,
Act like the flowery dart of potent love,
And light desire in every female heart.

28.

The weary exile turns aside to view
The waving mango's florid flowers of gold ;
The sight affects his heart with wild desire
As if transfixed by Mādāna's sharp dart.

29.

Now even charms of maids, must yield to Spring,
Their silvery voices to the cuckoo's note,
Their pearly teeth to jasmin's snowy hue,
Their rosy fingers to the coral buds.

30.

Fair as Nymphæa—decked with orient pearls,
 With lovely breasts exhaling sweet perfume,
 The charming women, languid with desire,
 Enchain in Spring the hearts of holiest men.

31.

Nectare fragrans oris nelumbium; bini oculi cum
 tremulis pupillis; pulchra coma, novis Kuruvacis im-
 pleta; pergrave mammarum par et denique natium
 globus: dic annon hoc tempore omnia hæc mulierum
 sint venusta.

32.

Now hearts susceptible drink in the sound
 Of gentle Zephyrs breathing through the trees,
 While cuckoo's gentle song, and honey flies
 With drowsy murmurs melt the soul to love.

33.

The balmy evenings with the moon at full,
 The Kokila's complaint borne on the breeze,
 The humming swarms, and flowing cups of wine,
 Form potent helpmates to the flower-armed god.

34.

And may this season, sacred Kama's choice—
Distilling nectar from its coral lips,
Joined with the murmur of the drunken bee—
And jasmin teeth and fair Nymphæa face,
While fragrant Zephyrs whisper through the groves,
Where grows Agurū (sacred flower of love)— (28)
Afford thee, Krishna, durable delight,
And joys continuous, till the end of time.

THE END.



The following is the poetical rendering of the Varsha or Rains, which appeared in the "Asiatic Journal" for 1817, it is, no doubt, the work of Wilson.

THE RAINS.

Friend of desire, the Sovereign of the rain
Approaches! Dearest with his stately train,
Like mighty elephants, the clouds on high
Advance, and lightnings wave along the sky
His flickering banner ; while the monarch's fame
Deep rolling thunders, as his drum, proclaim,

Now spreads o'er all a dark and changing hue.

Here like the water lily's deepest blue,
And there like Surmah's fracture tints display
Metallic lustre through the lowering day;
The thirsty Chataka impatient eyes
The promised water of the labouring skies,
Where heavy clouds, with low melodious song,
In slow procession, murmuring, move along.

As soothing shades imagined bliss inspire,
The lonely lover burns with vain desire.
For like the tyrant of the youthful breast,
The air of Indra's radiant bow possesseth,
Strings it with lightning—points the rain-drop dart,
And aims unerring at the heedless heart;

THE RAINS.

Now like a smiling fair, whose shapely neck
Encircling rows of radiant jewels deck,
The Earth with coral buds and blossoms gleams,
And wears the glow-worm's diamond shining beams.
In amorous sport the peacock train advance
To frame, with spreading tails, the joyous dance,
Whose graceful frolics pleasing thoughts impart,
And whisper love to every youthful heart.
Fast now the turbid torrents, as they sweep
The shelving vallies to rejoin the deep,
And, like the fair one, prodigal of charms,
Who hastes to yield them to her lover's arms,
Bound o'er each obstacle with headlong force,
And banks and trees demolish in their course ;
On every side, the eye delighted sees
New shoots and foliage—verdant shrubs and trees,
And o'er the renovated grass appear
The favorite blossoms of the browsing deer ;
And who can mark, unconscious of delight,
The wavy forest freshening on the sight,
Or, wandering fearlessly through the grove and lawn,
The soft and lotus-eyed, and half-confiding fawn.

Thick, murky clouds, the cope of heaven pervade,
And spread on earth impenetrable shade ;
Above the lightning's momentary ray,
Conducts the dauntless lover on his way,
Aroused from slumber by the awful sound,
When midnight's thunders hoarsely roll around,
Forgetting past offence and recent strife,
Close to her husband clings the trembling wife ;

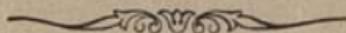
Or should her lord be absent from her arms,
 For him she feels a thousand fond alarms,—
 Heedless of dress, a prey to tenderest fears,
 Breathless and sad she sits, with silent tears
 Fast from her lotus-eyes the torrents flow,
 And stain those lips that like the Bimba glow.

Borne with the falling current blades of grass,
 With dust distained, and insects speckled, pass,
 And whirling tortuously down the stream,
 To frightened frogs like snakes terrific seem;
 The bee with busy and delighted song,
 To seek the blooming lotus speeds along;
 But wandering giddily arrests his sail
 Where the pleased peacock spreads his gaudy tail:
 Wild roves the elephant, inflamed with love,
 And the deep sound reverberates from above,
 His tusks the bees in gathering clusters trace,
 And sip the moisture trickling o'er his face.
 Now dancing peacocks, and descending rills,
 Sprung from new sources, decorate the hills;
 And bending clouds, their tardy progress stop
 To kiss the Lotus on the mountain-top:
 Who does not love the sweetly breathing breeze,
 With odours shaken from the trembling trees,
 Rich with the perfume of new budding flowers,
 And cooled with gelid drops and gentle showers.

The kindly season, with a husband's pride,
 Adorns the earth, his fresh and blooming bride,
 For her each perfume and each bud combines,
 Weaves the bright band, or vernal garland twines

Around her neck the flowery knot is laced,
And budding zones wind soft around her waist,
Each charm's soft down refreshing moisture knows,
And heaven's bright mantle graceful round her flows;
Cooled by soft rains, along the shaded skies,
Diffusing peace and joy the zephyr flies,
The clouds that fertilizing dews distend,
Their course to Vind'hya's lofty summit bend,—
'Twas there they gathered many a watery store,
And there again their watery wealth they pour,
With timely succour grateful showers distil,
And quench the flames that parch the friendly hill.

Such is the season whose varying glow,
Can brighter beauty on our fair bestow,
Whose care the blossom and the branch protects,
And winding creepers to support, directs,
Who soothes the frame, re-animates the mind,
And sheds new life—new vigour on mankind.



NOTES.

(1) It has not been thought necessary to give the systematic names of the Indian flowers mentioned in this poem; few care to know that "Bandhuka" is the "Pentapetes phœnicea," etc.

(2) "Tis raging noon."—*Thomson*.

(3) The Kus-kus is that fragrant weed which grows at the bottom of tanks in India; it is woven into a kind of frame, and being kept wet, it cools the air that passes through it, the original has "Jalyantra," which means a machine for raising water.

(4) "As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swelled by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn,
And fair exposed she stood."—*Thomson*.

(5) "In side-long glances from her downcast eye,"
—*Thomson*.

(6) Among the Hindūs the Moon is a gentleman.

(7) In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief, thence hot ascending steams,
And keen reflexion pain.—*Thomson*.

(8) It is a well-known custom throughout the East to sleep on the roof of the house.

(9) The poet is supposed to be describing the season to the girl that he loves,—thus he says, "My Life."

(10) Indra's shepherds, "Indragopa," this is used to indicate the presence of swarms of fire-flies which go by that name among the peasants.

(11) "Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem
Et dominam tenero detinuisse sinu."

(12) This verse is said to be spurious.

(13) The rainbow.

(14) These are the names of well-known Indian flowers.

(15) Kadamba ear-rings. The Kadamba is an orange-coloured flower, with a very fragrant smell, which young girls often twine in their ear ornaments.

(16) This "Tenerrima candida vestimenta" is the dukúla, a cloth of very fine transparent texture, of the same nature as the Coan silk of the ancient Romans.

(17) Saptatchāda means the "seven-leaved."

(18) These fly-flaps are large hand-fans or paukahs, the shaft of which rests on the ground while it is waved by a servant; the fringe has much the appearance of clouds passing over the moon in a tempest.

(19) Kovidāra is a kind of Ebony with a variegated blossom, the beauty of which reminds the young lover of the beauty of his mistress.

(20) The ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of Æschylus.

(21) This alludes to the fact of the Red Water Lily opening its flower in the morning, while the White Lily always closes at nightfall.

(22) The goddess Çri is the Ceres of the Roman mythology.

(23) The Kadamba is a kind of goose.

(24) The Priyangu, and Kaliyaka are ointments, extracted from fragrant woods of the nature of sandal wood.

(25) Kokila—the Indian Cuckoo.

(26) The Asoka flower causes young girls to think of the cares of love, because the word means "without care." In the Mahābhārata, when Damayanti, the fair daughter of Bhīma, is lost in the forest, she addresses an Asoka tree thus—

"Satyanāmā bhāvāsoka asokah soka-nāsanah,"

Truly named art thou Asoka, O Asoka, destroyer of grief,

or as it would read in the literal meaning of the original

Truly art thou named "Without grief," O without grief, grief destroyer;

but the play of words is on Asoka, bhavasoka Asoka, soka-nasanah.

(27) Atimucti, the name of a beautiful creeper. *Ati* means "very much, in a high degree," and *Mucti* means "to free, to deliver in a high degree," as, the soul from the body; hence, the name of Atimucti suggests anxious thoughts.

(28) Sáhakara, the sweet Mango. He stops his nose and ears, not to smell the fragrance of the blossoms, or hear the sweet murmur of the bees, which was a common act of Indian lovers according to their poets; thus in the "Gita Govinda," Crishna does the same from love of Radha:—

"Deprived of thee, dear Radha, Crishna sighs,
Adorned with silvan crown he wastes from grief;
The bees soft murmur give him no delight,
He stops his ears, and will not hear the sound."

(29) Agūrū, the black aloe was used in sacrifices to Kandarpa, it is the Lign aloe of the Old Testament, which appears to be merely a corruption of Lignum Aloes. I believe it is identical with what we now call Angelica, which word there can be no doubt is derived from Agūrū,— thus we find:—

אֲגַלְלוֹחִים — *ἀγάλλοχον* — Agallochum — Angelica. See Numbers xxiv. 6; Prov. vii. 17; Psalm xlv. 9; Cant. iv. 14.

9.6.

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