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MAHA·BHÁRATA

BOOK NINE

SHALYA

VOLUME ONE



Translated by

JUSTIN MEILAND

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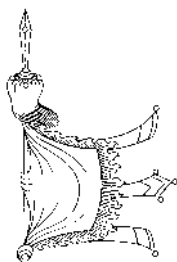
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A *sandhi* grid is printed on the inside of the back cover

3-5

SURRENDER REJECTED

3.1 Ś RṆU RĀJANN avahito yathā vṛtto mahān kṣayah
 Kurūṇāṃ Pāṇḍavānāṃ ca samāsādyā paras|param.
 nihate sūta|putre tu Pāṇḍavena mah”|ātmanā,
 vidruteṣu ca sainyaṣu samānīteṣu c’ â|sakṛt,
 ghore manuṣya|dehānām ājau nara|vara|kṣaye.
 yat tat Karṇe hate Pārthaḥ siṃha|nādam ath’ âkarot
 tadā tava sutān rājan prāviśat su|mahad bhayam.
 na sandhātum anikāni na c’ âiv’ âtha parākrame
 āsīd buddhir hate Karṇe tava yodhasya kasya cit.

3.5 vaṇijo nāvi bhinnāyām a|gādhe viplavā iva
 a|pāre pāram icchanto hate dvīpe Kirīṭinā.
 sūta|putre hate rājan vitrastāḥ śara|vikṣatāḥ
 a|nāthā nātham icchanto mṛgāḥ siṃh’|ârditā iva.
 bhagna|śṛṅgā iva vṛṣāḥ śīrṇa|damṣṭrā iv’ ôragāḥ
 pratyupāyāma* sāy’|âhne nirjitāḥ Savyasācinā.

hata|pravīrā vidhvastā nikṛttā niśitaiḥ śaraiḥ
 sūta|putre hate rājan putrās te prādravaṃs tataḥ.
 vidhvasta|kavacāḥ sarve kāndīśīkā vicetasāḥ
 anyonyam abhinighnanto vīkṣamāṇā bhayād diśaḥ.

3.10 «mām eva nūnaṃ Bībhatsur mām eva ca Vṛkodaraḥ
 abhiyāt’ îti» manvānāḥ petur mamluś ca Bhārata.

SÁNJAYA said:

LISTEN CAREFULLY, Your Majesty, to how a great slaughter 3.1
took place between the Kurus and the Pándavas
after they clashed together.

When the heroic Pándava had killed the charioteer's son,
and the troops were repeatedly fleeing and rallying, there
was a terrible carnage of human bodies in battle and the de-
struction of excellent men.* When the son of Pritha shouted
a lion-roar at Karna's slaughter, a huge fear overtook your
sons, Your Majesty. Indeed, after Karna died, not one of
your warriors had the resolve to control their regiments, let
alone show courage in battle.

They were like merchants who were without rafts after 3.5
being shipwrecked in the ocean, and who sought the shore
in the boundless sea after their island had been destroyed
by diadem-adorned Árjuna. Wounded by arrows and ter-
rified after the death of the charioteer's son, they yearned
for a leader—leaderless as they were—and were like deer
hounded by a lion, Your Majesty. Like bulls with broken
horns or snakes that had had their fangs removed, we re-
turned in the evening, defeated by Savya-sachin.

When their hero was slaughtered, your sons fled at the
death of the charioteer's son, crushed and lacerated by sharp
arrows, O king. Fearfully looking in every direction, they
even began to kill each other as they all ran away madly,
their armor destroyed. Thinking, "It is I whom Bibhátu* 3.10
is chasing! It is I whom Vrikódara* is chasing!," they fell
and languished, descendant of Bharata.

asvān anye gajān anye rathān anye mahā|rathāḥ
 āruhya java|sampannāḥ pādātān prajahur bhayāt.
 kuñjaraiḥ syandanā bhagnāḥ sādinaś ca mahā|rathaiḥ.
 padāti|saṅghās c' āśv' |āughaiḥ palāyadbhir bhṛśaṃ hatāḥ.

vyāla|taskara|saṃkīrṇe s' |ārtha|hīnā yathā vane
 tathā tvadīyā nihate sūta|putre tad" ābhavan.
 hat' |ārohās tathā nāgās chinna|hastās tath" āpare
 sarvaṃ Pārtha|mayam lokam apaśyan vai bhay' |ārditāḥ.

3.15 tān prekṣya dravataḥ sarvān Bhīmasena|bhay' |ārditān
 Duryodhano 'tha svaṃ sūtaṃ hā|hā|kṛtv" āivam abravīt:

«n' ātikramiṣyate Pārtho dhanuṣ|pāṇim avasthitam
 jaghane yuddhyamānaṃ māṃ. tūrṇam asvān pracodaya!
 samare yudhyamānaṃ hi Kaunteyo māṃ Dhanañjayaḥ
 n' ōtsahet' āpy atikrāntuṃ velām iva mah" |ārṇavaḥ.
 ady' Ārjunaṃ sa|Govindaṃ māninaṃ ca Vṛkodaram
 nihatya śiṣṭāñ śatrūṃs ca Karṇasy' ān|rṇyam āpnuyām.»

tac chrutvā Kuru|rājasya śūr' |ārya|sadṛśaṃ vacaḥ
 sūto hema|paricchannāñ śanair asvān acodayat.

3.20 gaj' |āśva|ratha|hīnās tu pādātās c' āiva māriṣa
 pañca|viṃśati|sāhasrāḥ prādravañ śanakair iva.
 tān Bhīmasenaḥ saṃkruddho Dhṛṣṭadyumnaś ca Pārṣataḥ
 balena catur|aṅgeṇa parikṣipy' āhanac charaiḥ.
 pratyayudhyaṃs tu te sarve Bhīmasenaṃ sa|Pārṣatam
 Pārtha|Pārṣatayoś c' ānye jagṛḥus tatra nāmanī.

SURRENDER REJECTED

Abandoning the foot soldiers in their fear, some mighty warriors climbed swiftly onto horses, others onto elephants, and others onto chariots. Chariots were crushed by elephants, and horsemen by huge chariots. Hordes of infantrymen were brutally killed by packs of fleeing horses.

When the charioteer's son died, your soldiers resembled people that had lost their caravan in a forest full of animals and thieves. Elephants that had lost their riders, or that had had their trunks lopped off, viewed the entire world as being permeated by the son of Pritha, so stricken were they with fear. When he saw that his men were all fleeing and stricken 3.15 with fear of Bhima-sena, Dur-yódhana shouted loudly and said this to his charioteer:

“The son of Pritha will not overcome me if I stand in the rear and fight, bow in hand. Drive on the horses quickly! Dhanan-jaya,* the son of Kunti, will not be able to conquer me when I fight in battle, just as the great ocean cannot surpass the shore. Today I will remove my debt to Karna by killing Árjuna and Go-vinda,* as well as proud Vrikódara and my other enemies, too.”

Hearing the king of the Kurus say these words—so suitable to a heroic noble—the charioteer gently urged on his gold-decked horses.

Then, my lord, twenty-five thousand foot soldiers slowly 3.20 advanced forward, men who had lost their elephants, horses and chariots. Angry Bhima-sena and Dhrishta-dyumna, the grandson of Príshata, surrounded these troops with their fourfold army and began to slaughter them with their arrows. The foot soldiers, however, all fought back against

akrudhyata raṇe Bhīmas tair mṛdhe pratyavasthitaiḥ.
so 'vatīrya rathāt tūrṇaṃ gadā|pāṇir ayudhyata.

na tān ratha|stho bhūmi|ṣṭhān dharm'|āpekṣi Vṛkodarah
yodhayām āsa Kaunteyo bhuja|vīryam upāśritaḥ.

3.25 jāta|rūpa|paricchannāṃ pragṛhya mahatīm gadām
nyavadhīt tāvakān sarvān daṇḍa|pāṇir iv' Ântakaḥ.

pādātayo hi saṃrabdhās tyakta|jīvita|bāndhavāḥ
Bhīmam abhyadravan saṃkhye pataṅgā iva pāvakaṃ.

āsādyā Bhīmasenaṃ te saṃrabdhā yuddha|dur|madāḥ
vineśuḥ sahasā drṣṭvā bhūta|grāmā iv' Ântakam.

śyena vad vyacarad Bhīmaḥ khaḍgena gadayā tathā
pañca|viṃśati|sāhasrāṃs tāvakānām vyapothayat.

hatvā tat puruṣ'|ānīkaṃ Bhīmaḥ satya|parākramaḥ
Dhṛṣṭadyumnaṃ puraskṛtya punas tasthau mahā|balaḥ.

3.30 Dhanañjayo rath'|ānīkam anvapadyata vīryavān
Mādrī|putrau ca Śakuniṃ Sātyakiś ca mahā|balaḥ
javen' ābhyapatan hrṣṭā ghnanto Dauryodhanaṃ balaṃ.
tasy' āśva|vāhān su|bahūṃs te nihatya śitaiḥ śaraiḥ
tam anvadhāvaṃs tvaritās; tatra yuddham avartata.

SURRENDER REJECTED

Bhima·sena and the grandson of Príshata; some even challenged them by calling out their names.

Bhima became filled with battle-fury against these men who confronted him in war. Descending quickly from his chariot, he fought them, mace in hand. Relying on the strength of his arms, Vrikódara, the son of Kunti, fought according to the rules of warfare by not standing on his chariot against men that stood on the ground. Taking his enormous gold-covered mace, he slew all your soldiers as if he were Death wielding his staff. 3.25

At their kinsmen's loss of life, the enraged foot soldiers charged against Bhima in battle, like moths flying into a flame. When they attacked Bhima·sena in their rage, the troops—although difficult to conquer in battle—perished as soon as they saw him, like creatures who look upon Death. Bhima swooped like a hawk with his sword and mace, and crushed those twenty-five thousand of your troops. After destroying that division of men, mighty Bhima—who has truth as his strength—once again took up position behind Dhrishta·dyumna. 3.25

Powerful Dhanan·jaya, meanwhile, moved against the chariot division, while mighty Sátyaki and the sons of Madri* swiftly rushed with joy against Shákuni, slaughtering Dur·yódhana's army as they did so. After slaying multitudes of Shákuni's horsemen with their sharp arrows, they quickly charged against Shákuni himself. A battle then ensued in that area. 3.30

tato Dhanañjayo rājan rath'ānīkam agāhata
 viśrutam triṣu lokeṣu Gāṇḍīvaṃ vyākṣipan dhanuḥ.
 Kṛṣṇa|sārathim āyāntam dṛṣtvā śveta|hayam ratham
 Arjunam c' āpi yoddhāram tvadīyaḥ paryavārayan.
 viprahīna|rath'āśvās ca śaraiś ca parivāritāḥ
 pañca|viṃśati|sāhasrāḥ Pārtham ārchan padātayaḥ.
 3.35 hatvā tat puruṣ'ānīkam Pañcālānām mahā|rathaḥ
 Bhīmasenam puras|kṛtya na cirāt pratyadṛśyata,
 mahā|dhanur|dharāḥ śrīmān a|mitra|gaṇa|mardanaḥ
 putraḥ Pañcāla|rājasya Dhṛṣṭadyumno mahā|yaśāḥ.
 pārāvata|sa|varṇ'āśvam kovidāra|vara|dhvajam
 Dhṛṣṭadyumnam raṇe dṛṣtvā tvadīyaḥ prādravan bhayāt.

Gāndhāra|rājam śīghr'āstram anusṛtya yaśasvinau
 a|cirāt pratyadṛśyetām Mādri|putrau sa|Sātyakau.
 Cekitānaḥ Śikhaṇḍī ca Draupadeyās ca māriṣa
 hatvā tvadīyam su|mahat sainyam śaṅkhān ath' ādhaman.
 3.40 te sarve tāvakān prekṣya dravato vai parān|mukhān
 abhyadhāvanta nighnanto vṛṣāñ jītvā vṛṣā iva.

sen'āvaśeṣam tam dṛṣtvā tava putrasya Pāṇḍavaḥ
 avasthitaṃ Savyasācī cukrodha balavan nṛ|pa.
 tata enam śarai rājan sahasā samavākirat
 rajasā c' ōdgaten' ātha na sma kiñ cana dṛśyate.
 andhakārīkṛte loka śarībhūte mahī|tale
 diśaḥ sarvā mahā|rāja tāvakāḥ prādravan bhayāt.

SURRENDER REJECTED

Dhanan-jaya penetrated the chariot division, Your Majesty, firing his Gandíva bow, which is renowned throughout the three worlds. Seeing the white-horsed chariot approaching, with Krishna as its driver and Árjuna as its warrior, your soldiers surrounded it. Twenty-five thousand infantrymen confronted the son of Pritha, even though they were deprived of their horses and chariots and enveloped by arrows. But Dhrishta-dyumna—that famous prince of Panchála who wields a mighty bow, that glorious destroyer of enemy hordes and great warrior of the Panchálas—was soon seen slaughtering that division of troops with Bhima-sena in front of him. Your troops fled in fear when they saw Dhrishta-dyumna in battle, his horses the color of pigeons and his standard made of fine *kovidára* material. 3.35

Sátyaki and the glorious sons of Madri were soon seen attacking the king of Gandhára, whose weapons are swift. Chekitána, Shikhándin and the sons of Dráupadi destroyed your great army, my lord, and then blew their conches. On seeing that all your men were fleeing with their backs turned, they chased after them, killing them like bulls conquering bulls. 3.40

The Pándava Savya-sachin then grew angry when he saw the remainder of your son's army still standing firm, mighty king. He violently covered them with arrows, Your Majesty, and nothing was visible from the dust that arose. The world became dark and the earth turned into arrows. And your men fearfully fled in every direction, great king.

bhajyamāneṣu sarveṣu Kuru|rājo viśāṃ pate
pareṣāṃ ātmanaś c' āiva sainye te samupādravat.

3.45 tato Duryodhanaḥ sarvān ājuhāv' ātha Pāṇḍavān
yuddhāya Bharata|śreṣṭha devān iva purā Baliḥ.
ta enam abhigarjantaṃ sahitāḥ samupādravan
nānā|śastra|srjaḥ kruddhā bhartsayanto muhur muhuḥ.
Duryodhano 'py a|saṃbhṛāntas tān arīn vyadhamac charaiḥ.
tatr' ādbhutam apaśyāma tava putrasya pauruṣam
yad enam Pāṇḍavāḥ sarve na śekur ativartitum.

n' ātidūr'|āpayātaṃ ca kṛta|buddhiṃ palāyane
Duryodhanaḥ svakaṃ sainyaṃ apaśyad bhṛṣa|vikṣatam.
tato 'vasthāpya rāj'|ēndra kṛta|buddhis tav' ātma|jaḥ
harṣayann iva tān yodhāṃs tato vacanam abravīt:

3.50 «na taṃ deśaṃ prapaśyāmi pṛthivyāṃ parvateṣu ca
yatra yā tān na vo hanyuḥ Pāṇḍavāḥ; kiṃ sṛtena vaḥ?
sv|alpaṃ c' āiva balaṃ teṣāṃ Kṛṣṇau ca bhṛṣa|vikṣatau.
yadi sarve 'tra tiṣṭhāmo dhruvaṃ no vijayo bhavet.
viprayātāṃs tu vo bhinnān Pāṇḍavāḥ kṛta|kilbiṣān
anusṛtya haniṣyanti. śreyo naḥ samare vadhaḥ.

sukhaḥ sāmgrāmiko mṛtyuḥ
kṣatra|dharmeṇa yudhyatām.
mṛto duḥkhaṃ na jānīte.

pretya c' ān|antyam aśnute.
śṛṇvantu kṣatriyāḥ sarve yāvanto 'tra samāgatāḥ:
dviṣato Bhīmasenasya vaśam eṣyatha vidrutāḥ;

SURRENDER REJECTED

When all his soldiers were scattered in this way, the king of the Kurus began to attack both the enemy's troops and his own, O lord of the people.

Dur-yódhana then challenged all the Pándavas to fight, 3-45
best of Bharatas, just as Bali* challenged the gods in the past. Enraged, the Pándavas grouped together and attacked Dur-yódhana as he roared, deriding him repeatedly and hurling various weapons at him. Dur-yódhana, however, did not waver but dispersed the enemies with his arrows. We then witnessed your son's remarkable courage in that battle, as all the Pándavas failed to overpower him.

On seeing that his troops were heavily wounded and intent on flight—although not yet very far away—Dur-yódhana restrained them, king of kings. With a resolute mind, your son then made a speech to his soldiers, as if gladdening them:

“I do not see any place on the earth or in the mountains 3-50
where the Pándavas have not killed you. What then is the use of your fleeing? Their army is only very small and the two Krishnas are heavily wounded. If we all stand firm here, our victory should be certain. The Pándavas will pursue and kill you, if you commit the sin of fleeing and breaking up. It is better for us to die in battle.

Happiness comes from death in battle for those who fight according to the warrior code. A dead man knows no suffering. After he dies, he attains eternity. Let all the warriors gathered here listen: if you flee, you will fall under the control of the enemy Bhima-sena. You must not abandon the practices of your ancestors! There is no worse action for a warrior than flight. For there is no better path to heaven, 3-55

3.55 pitā|mahair ācaritaṃ na dharmam hātum arhatha.
 n' ānyat karm' āsti pāpīyāḥ kṣatriyasya palāyanāt.
 na yuddha|dharmāc chreyān hi
 panthāḥ svargasya Kauravāḥ.
 su|ciren' ārjitāl lokān
 sadyo yuddhāt samaśnute.»

tasya tad vacanaṃ rājñāḥ pūjayitvā mahā|rathāḥ
 punar ev' ābhavartanta kṣatriyāḥ Pāṇḍavān prati
 parājayam a|mṛṣyantaḥ kṛta|cittās ca vikrame.
 tataḥ pravavṛte yuddham punar eva su|dāruṇam
 tāvakānāṃ pareṣāṃ ca dev'|āsura|raṇ'|ōpamam.

Yudhiṣṭhira|purogāṃś ca sarva|sainyena Pāṇḍavān
 anvadhāvan mahā|rāja putro Duryodhanas tava.

SAÑJAYA uvāca:

4.1 PATITĀN RATHA|nīdāṃś ca rathāṃś c' āpi mah"ātmanām
 raṇe ca nihatān nāgān dṛṣṭvā pattimś ca māriṣa,
 āyodhanaṃ c' ātighoraṃ Rudrasy' ākrīḍa|saṃnibham
 a|prakhyātim gatānāṃ tu rājñāṃ śata|sahasraśaḥ,
 vimukhe tava putre tu śok'ōpahata|cetasi
 bhṛś'ōdvigneṣu sainyeṣu dṛṣṭvā Pārthasya vikramam
 dhyāyamāneṣu sainyeṣu duḥkham prāpteṣu Bhārata,
 balānāṃ mathyamānānāṃ śrutvā ninadam uttamam
 abhijñānaṃ nar'|ēndrānāṃ vikṣataṃ prekṣya saṃyuge,
 4.5 kṛp"āviṣṭaḥ Kṛpo rājan vayah|śīla|samanvitaḥ
 abravīt tatra tejasvī so 'bhisṛtya jan'|ādhipam
 Duryodhanaṃ manyu|vaśād vākyaṃ vākya|viśāradaḥ:
 «Duryodhana nibodh' ēdaṃ yat tvāṃ vakṣyāmi Kaurava.
 śrutvā kuru mahā|rāja yadi te rocate 'n|agha.

SURRENDER REJECTED

Káuravas, than the code of war. Through battle, one instantly attains worlds that others obtain after a long time.”

Applauding the king’s words, those great, martial charioteers once again advanced against the Pándavas, unable to endure defeat and their hearts set on valor. Once again a gruesome battle took place between your troops and the enemy, like a battle between the gods and demons.

Your son Dur-yódhana and all his soldiers then attacked the Pándavas, who were led by Yudhi-shthira, Your Majesty.

SÁNJAYA said:

MY LORD, WHEN Kripa saw the fallen chariots and chariot platforms of the heroes, as well as the elephants and infantrymen that had been slaughtered in battle. And when he saw the horrific battlefield, which resembled Rudra’s playground, and the ignominious end of hundreds and thousands of kings. And when, descendant of Bharata, Kripa saw the valor of the Partha, while your son on the other hand fled—his mind destroyed by grief—and your troops brooded in anguish and utter despair. And when he heard crushed soldiers screaming loudly and saw the shattered mementos of kings in battle. Then, Your Majesty, splendid Kripa—who is compassionate, mature and virtuous—approached King Dur-yódhana and angrily addressed him with these words, skilled as he was in speech:

“Dur-yódhana, descendant of Kuru, listen to what I have to say! And after you have listened, act—if it so pleases you, O faultless, great king.

na yuddha|dharmāc chreyān vai panthā rāj' |ēndra vidyate
 yaṃ samāsritya yudhyante kṣatriyāḥ kṣatriya' |rṣabha.
 putro bhrātā pitā c' āiva svasrīyo mātulas tathā
 sambandhi|bāndhavās c' āiva yodhyā vai kṣatra|jīvinā.
 vadhe c' āiva paro dharmas tath" ā|dharmah palāyane.
 te sma ghorāṃ samāpannā jīvikāṃ jīvit' |ārthinaḥ.

tad atra prativakṣyāmi kiñ cid eva hitaṃ vacaḥ:

4.10 hate Bhīṣme ca Droṇe ca Karṇe c' āiva mahā|rathe,

Jayadrathe ca nihate tava bhrātṛṣu c' ān|agha

Lakṣmaṇe tava putre ca kiṃ śeṣaṃ paryupāsmahe?

yeṣu bhāraṃ samāsādya rājye matim akurmahi.

te samtyajya tanūr yātāḥ śūrā Brahma|vidāṃ gatim.

vayaṃ tv iha vinā|bhūtā guṇavadbhir mahā|rathaiḥ

kṛpaṇaṃ vartayiṣyāma* pātayitvā nṛ|pān bahūn.

sarvair api ca jīvadbhir Bībhatsur a|parājitaḥ.

Kṛṣṇa|netro mahā|bāhur devair api dur|āsadaḥ.

Indra|kārmuka|tuly' |ābham Indra|ketum iv' ōcchritam

vānaraṃ ketum āsādya saṃcacāla mahā|camūḥ.

4.15 siṃha|nādāc ca Bhīmasya Pāñcajanya|svanena ca

Gāṇḍīvasya ca nirghoṣāt saṃhṛṣyanti manāṃsi naḥ.

carant" āiva mahā|vidyun muṣṇantī nayana|prabhām

alātam iva c' āviddham Gāṇḍīvaṃ samadrṣyata.

jāmbūnada|vicitraṃ ca dhūyamānaṃ mahad dhanuḥ

drṣyate dikṣu sarvāsu vidyud abhra|ghaneṣv iva.

śvetās ca vega|saṃpannāḥ śāsī|kāśa|sama|prabhāḥ

SURRENDER REJECTED

King of kings, there is no better path to heaven than the code of war. It is this that warriors follow when they wage battle, bull-like kshatriya. A warrior can fight against his son, brother, father, nephew, uncle, kinsmen or relatives. It is right to be intent on slaughter and wrong to be concerned with fleeing. Warriors practice a terrifying way of life if they want to survive.

Let me give you some useful advice on this matter.

If Bhishma, Drona and the great warrior Karna are dead, 4.10
and if Jayad-ratha, your brothers and your son Lákshmana
have been killed, what is there left for us to do, faultless
king? It was on these heroes that we placed the burden
when we set our hearts on kingship. They have left their
bodies and reached the realm of the Brahma-knowers. We,
on the other hand, will slaughter many kings and then lead
a miserable existence in this world, separated from these
virtuous warriors.

Even while all these men were alive, Bibhátsu was un-
conquered. Even the gods would find it difficult to attack
mighty-armed Árjuna, who has Krishna for his eyes. Our
huge army trembled when it approached Árjuna's monkey-
banner, which was raised like the banner of Indra and shone
like Indra's bow.* Our senses were robbed by Bhima's lion- 4.15
roar, by the blare of the Pancha-janya conch,* and by the
noise of the Gandíva* bow. Quivering like lightning and
blinding our eyes,* the Gandíva seemed to be wielded* like
a firebrand. When that great bow shakes, glittering with
gold, it can be seen in every direction, like lightning in rain
clouds. Speedy white horses are yoked to Árjuna's chariot;
splendid as the moon or *kasha* grass, they seem to devour

pibanta iva c' ākāśam rathe yuktās tu vājinah.
 uhyamānās ca Kṛṣṇena vāyun" ēva balāhakāḥ
 jāmbūnada|vicitr'āṅgā vahante c' Ārjunaṃ raṇe.

4.20 tāvakam tad balaṃ rājann Arjuno 'stra|viśāradaḥ
 gahanam śisīre kakṣam dadāh' āgnir iv' ōlbaṇah.
 gāhamānam anīkāni Mah"ēndra|sadṛṣa|prabham
 Dhanañjayam apaśyāma catur|daṃṣṭram iva dvi|pam.
 vikṣobhayantaṃ senām te trāsayantaṃ ca pārthivān
 Dhanañjayam apaśyāma nalinīm iva kuñjaram.
 trāsayantaṃ tathā yodhān dhanur ghoṣena Pāṇḍavam
 bhūya enam apaśyāma siṃham mṛga|gaṇān iva.
 sarva|loka|mah"ēṣv|āsau vṛṣabhau sarva|dhanvinām
 āmukta|kavacau Kṛṣṇau loka|madhye viceratuḥ.

4.25 adya sapta|daś'āhāni vartamānasya Bhārata
 saṃgrāmasy' āti|ghorasya vadhyatām c' ābhito yudhi.
 vāyun" ēva vidhūtāni tava sainyāni sarvataḥ
 śarad|ambho|daljālāni vyaśīryanta samantataḥ
 tām nāvam iva paryastām vāta|dhūtām mah"ārṇave
 tava senām mahā|rāja Savyasācī vyakampayat.

kva nu te sūta|putro 'bhūt? kva nu Droṇah sah'ānugah?
 aham kva ca kva c' ātmā te Hārdikyaś ca tathā kva nu?
 Duḥśāsanaś ca te bhrātā bhrātṛbhiḥ sahitaḥ kva nu
 bāṇa|gocara|saṃprāptaṃ prekṣya c' āiva Jayadratham
 4.30 sambandhinas te bhrātṛmś ca sahāyān mātulāms tathā
 sarvān vikramya miṣato lokam ākramya mūrdhani?

SURRENDER REJECTED

the sky. Driven by Krishna, as clouds are by the wind, their legs glittering with gold, the horses carry Árvjuna on the battlefield.

Árvjuna—skilled in archery—scorched that army of yours, 4.20
Your Majesty, like a violent fire incinerates a thick and dry forest in the winter. We saw Dhanan·jaya penetrating your regiments like a four-tusked elephant, splendid as great Indra. We saw Dhanan·jaya throwing your army into confusion and terrifying the kings, like an elephant disturbs a lotus pond. We saw the Pándava once again terrifying the warriors with the sound of his bow, like a lion terrifies herds of deer. The two Krishnas—the greatest archers in the entire world and bulls of all bowmen—rampaged in everyone’s midst, clad in armor.

Today, descendant of Bharata, is the seventeenth day of 4.25
this terrible, ongoing war and of men being slaughtered everywhere in battle. Your troops have been scattered on all sides, like clusters of autumn clouds dispersed in every direction by the wind. Your army has been shaken by Savya·sachin, great king, like a boat tossed about by the wind and reeling on the vast ocean.

Where was that charioteer’s son of yours? Where was Dro-
na and his followers? Where was I? Where were you? Where
was Krita·varman, the son of Hrídika? And where was your
brother Duhshásana and his brothers, when Árvjuna saw
that Jayad·ratha was within range of his arrows and—under 4.30
their very eyes—attacked all your relatives, brothers, allies
and uncles, and strode across everyone’s head?

Jayadratho hato rājan kiṃ nu śeṣam upāsmāhe?
 ko h' īha sa pumān asti yo vijesyati Pāṇḍavam?
 tasya c' āstrāṇi divyāni vividhāni mah"ātmanah.
 Gāṇḍīvasya ca nirghoṣo dhairyāṇi harate hi nah.
 naṣṭa|candrā yathā rātriḥ sen"ēyaṃ hata|nāyakā
 nāga|bhagna|drumā śuṣkā nad"īv' ākulatāṃ gatā.

dhvajinyāṃ hata|netrāyāṃ yath"ēṣṭaṃ śveta|vāhanaḥ
 cariṣyati mahā|bāhuḥ kakṣeṣv agnir iva jvalan.

4.35 Sātyakeś c' āiva yo vego Bhīmasenasya c' ōbhayoḥ
 dārayec ca girīn sarvān śoṣayec c' āiva sāgarān.
 uvāca vākyaṃ yad Bhīmaḥ sabhā|madhye viśāṃ pate
 kṛtaṃ tat sa|phalaṃ tena, bhūyaś c' āiva kariṣyati.
 pramukha|sthe tadā Karṇe balaṃ Pāṇḍava|rakṣitaṃ
 dur|āsadaṃ tadā guptaṃ vyūḍhaṃ Gāṇḍīva|dhanvanā.

yuṣmābhis tāni cīrṇāni yāny a|sādhūni sādhuṣu
 a|kāraṇa|kṛtāny eva. teṣāṃ vaḥ phalam āgatam.
 ātmano 'rthe tvayā loko yatnataḥ sarva āhr̥taḥ.
 sa te saṃśayitas tāta ātmā ca Bharata|r̥ṣabha.

4.40 rakṣa Duryodhan' ātmānaṃ. ātmā sarvasya bhājanam.
 bhinne hi bhājane tāta diśo gacchati tad|gatam.
 hīyamānena vai sandhiḥ paryeṣṭavyaḥ samena ca
 vighraho vardhamānena. matir eṣā Bṛhaspateḥ.

SURRENDER REJECTED

If Jayad-ratha has been killed, Your Majesty, what is there left for us to do? What man in this world can conquer the Pándava? The weapons of that hero are divine and diverse. The noise of his Gandíva bow robs us of our courage. Your army is like a moonless night, now that its leader is dead. It is in disarray, like a dried-up river in which the trees have been broken by elephants.

Like a fire burning in dry forests, mighty-armed Árjuna will roam as he likes with his white horses through your leaderless army. The power of both Sátyaki and Bhima 4.35 could burst through every mountain and dry up the oceans. The words that Bhima said in the assembly hall have been fulfilled, lord of the people, and he will fulfill them still further.* Even when Karna stood at our head, their arrayed army was still difficult to defeat, guarded as it was by the Gandíva bow and protected by the Pándavas.

You have committed deeds that are wicked for good people to do and that were performed without reason. The fruit of these actions of yours has now arrived. You zealously rallied together the entire world for your own cause. Now it and yourself, my child, are in danger, bull of the Bharatas. Protect yourself, Dur-yódhana; for you are the vessel of everything. 4.40 When a vessel is broken, my boy, all that is in it disperses everywhere. A balanced man should seek peace when he is weak and conflict when he is strong; this is the creed of Brihas-pati.

te vayam Pāṇḍu|putrebhyo

hīnāḥ sva|bala|śaktitaḥ.

tad atra Pāṇḍavaīḥ sārḍham

sandhiṃ manye kṣamaṃ prabho.

na jānīte hi yaḥ śreyaḥ śreyasaś c' āvamanyste

sa kṣipraṃ bhraśyate rājyān na ca śreyo 'nuvindati.

praṇipatyā hi rājānaṃ rājyaṃ yadi labhema hi

śreyaḥ syān, na tu maudhyena rājan gantuṃ parābhavam.

4.45

Vaicitravīrya|vacanāt kṛpā|śīlo Yudhiṣṭhiraḥ

viniyuñjīta rājye tvāṃ Govinda|vacanena ca.

yad brūyādd hi Hṛṣīkeśo rājānaṃ a|parājitam

Arjunaṃ Bhīmasenaṃ ca sarve kuryur a|saṃśayam.

n' ātikramiṣyate Kṛṣṇo vacanaṃ Kauravasya tu

Dhṛtarāṣṭrasya manye 'haṃ n' āpi Kṛṣṇasya Pāṇḍavaḥ.

etat kṣemam ahaṃ manye tava Pārthair na vigraham.

na tvāṃ bravīmi kārpaṇyān na prāṇa|parirakṣaṇāt.

pathyaṃ rājan bravīmi tvāṃ. tat parāsuḥ smariṣyasi.»

iti vṛddho vilapy' āitat Kṛpaḥ Śāradvato vacaḥ

dirgham uṣṇaṃ ca niḥśvasya śusoca ca mumoha ca.

SURRENDER REJECTED

As for the strength of our army, we have been weakened by the sons of Pandu. Given our situation, I think that peace with the Pándavas is appropriate, my lord. Those who do not know what is good and who disregard what is good quickly lose their kingship and do not acquire the good. If by bowing to King Yudhi-shthira we keep our kingship, that would be good. It would not be good to be defeated out of foolishness, Your Majesty.

Yudhi-shthira is compassionate and would entrust you with kingship if Vichítira-virya's son* and Go-vinda request it. Whatever Hrishi-kesha* says to the undefeated king, or to Árjuna and Bhima-sena, will certainly be followed by everyone. Krishna will not go against the words of the Káurava Dhrita-rashtra; nor do I think that the Pándava will disobey Krishna. The safe thing, I believe, is for you not to fight against the sons of Pritha. I tell you this not out of weakness nor in order to save my life. I am telling you what is appropriate, Your Majesty; you will remember this when you are about to die.” 4.45

Lamenting in this way and breathing out long and hot sighs, old Kripa, the son of Sharádvat, grieved and then fainted.

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Halfway through the immense eighteen-book, hundred-thousand-verse MAHA-BHÁRATA, Book Nine is the fourth of the epic's five war books. Amidst inauspicious omens, Shalya leads the depleted Káurava army into battle against his sister's sons. His story is completed in this first volume.

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