

Focus Passages for Hour 25

**NB: The line numbers below cover all the text on each indicated book page, including its header and footer.**

***Divine Yet Human Epics Focus Passage 1 (page 94, lines 9–25)***

*Murmidónōn d' epí te klisías kai nêas hikésthēn,  
tòn d' heûron phréna terpómenon phórmingi ligeíēi,  
kalēi daidaléēi, epì d' argúreon zugòn êēn,  
tēn áret' ex enárōn pólin Eētíōnos oléssas·  
tēi hó ge thumòn éterpen, áeide d' ára kléa andrôn.  
Pátroklos dé hoi oîos enantíos hêsto siōpêi,  
dégmenos Aiakídēn, hopóte léxeien aeídōn.*

They came upon the Myrmidons' shelters and ships  
and lighted on him delighting in the clear sounds of a  
beautifully wrought, silver-bridged lyre  
that he had got from the spoils of Eëtion's city after destroying it.  
With the lyre, his heart's delight, [Achilles] was singing of the  
glorious deeds of men;  
and only Patroclus was sitting opposite him in silence,  
waiting for the moment when this scion of Aeacus would cease  
singing.

*Iliad 9.185–191*

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***Divine Yet Human Epics Focus Passage 2 (page 121, lines 2–19)***

ô gúnai, ouk án tís se brotôn ep' apeírona gaían  
neikéoi· ê gár seu kléos ouranòn eurùn hikáneí,  
hós té teu è basilêos amúmonos, hós te theoudès  
andrásin en polloîsi kai iphthímoisín anássōn  
eudikías anékhēisi, phérēisi dè gaía mélaina  
puroùs kai krithás, bríthēisi dè déndrea karpôí,  
tiktēi d' émpeda mēla, thálassa dè parékhēi ikhthûs  
ex euēgesíēs, aretōsi dè laoi hup' autoû.

My lady, no mortal on the boundless earth  
could have quarrel with you, for certainly your glory reaches wide-  
spread heaven—  
as does that of a blameless king, a god-fearing man who,  
as the lord among many noble men,  
upholds good laws; and the black earth bears  
wheat and barley, and the trees are loaded with fruit,  
and the sheep bear young continuously, and the sea provides fish  
because of his good leadership; and his people thrive under him.

*Odyssey 19.107–114*

***Divine Yet Human Epics Focus Passage 3 (page 142, line 28–page 143, line 39)***

rājyaṃ daśa sahasrāṇi prāpya varṣāṇi rāghavaḥ |  
śatāśvamedhān ājahre sadaśvān bhūridakṣiṇān ||  
ājānulambibāhuś ca mahāskandhaḥ pratāpavān |  
lakṣmaṇānucaro rāmaḥ pṛthivīm anvapālayat ||  
na paryadevan vidhavā na ca vyālakṛtaṃ bhayam |  
na vyādhiyaṃ bhayaṃ vāpi rāme rājyaṃ praśāsati ||  
nirdasyur abhaval loko nānarthaḥ kaṃcid asprśat |  
na ca sma vṛddhā bālānāṃ pretakāryāṇi kurvate ||  
sarvaṃ muditam evāsīt sarvo dharmaparo 'bhavat |  
rāmam evānupaśyanto nābhyahiṃsan parasparam ||  
āsan varṣasahasrāṇi tathā putrasahasriṇaḥ |  
nirāmayā viśokāś ca rāme rājyaṃ praśāsati ||  
nityapuṣpā nityaphalās taravaḥ skandhaviṣṭṛtāḥ |  
kālavarṣī ca parjanyaḥ sukhasparśaś ca mārutaḥ ||  
svakarmasu pravartante tuṣṭāḥ svair eva karmabhiḥ |  
āsan prajā dharmaparā rāme śāsati nāṅṛtāḥ ||  
sarve lakṣaṇasampannāḥ sarve dharmaparāyaṇāḥ |  
daśa varṣasahasrāṇi rāmo rājyam akārayat ||

Over the ten thousand years of his reign, Raghu's scion  
sponsored hundreds of horse sacrifices featuring the best horses and  
abundances of gifts.

With the aid of [his half-brother] Lakṣmaṇa, powerful Rāma—whose  
arms extended all the way to his knees and whose shoulders  
were strong—  
protected the earth.

No widows wailed, and neither predators  
nor diseases posed a danger, while Rāma ruled his realm.

There were no robbers in the world, adversity did not impinge on  
anyone,

and old men never performed the funeral rites of youths.

There was all manner of happiness, and everyone was focused on

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doing right.

They, training their sights right on Rāma, did not hurt one another.  
They each lived for a thousand years and had a thousand children,  
but had neither diseases nor distress, while Rāma ruled his realm.  
The trees always were flowering and fruitful as they extended their  
branches,  
the rain god sent down showers at the right times, and the touch of  
the wind god was pleasant.  
The people, who were satisfied with the very occupations in which  
they respectively engaged,  
were focused on doing right and told the truth while Rāma ruled.  
They all showed signs of success and were devoted to right-doing.  
And, for ten thousand years, Rāma ruled.

*Rāmāyaṇa* 6.116.82–90

**Divine Yet Human Epics Focus Passage 4 (page 156, line 36–page 158, line 15)**

sa tatra nivasan rājā vaidarbhīm anucintayan |  
sāyaṃ sāyaṃ sadā cemaṃ ślokaṃ ekaṃ jagāda ha ||  
kva nu sā kṣutpipāsārtā śrāntā śete tapasvinī |  
smarantī tasya mandasya kaṃ vā sādyaopatiṣṭhati ||  
evaṃ bruvantaṃ rājānaṃ niśāyāṃ jīvalo 'bravīt |  
kāṃ enāṃ śocase nityaṃ śrotum icchāmi bāhuka ||  
tam uvāca nalo rājā mandaprajñasya kasyacit |  
āsīd bahumatā nārī tasyā dṛḍhataraṃ ca saḥ ||  
sa vai kenacid arthena tayā mando vyayujyata |  
viprayuktaś ca mandātmā bhramaty asukhapīḍitaḥ ||  
dahyamānaḥ sa śokena divārātram atandritaḥ |  
niśākāle smaraṃs tasyāḥ ślokaṃ ekaṃ sma gāyati ||  
sa vai bhraman mahīṃ sarvāṃ kvacid āsādyā kiṃcana |  
vasaty anarhas tadduḥkhaṃ bhūya evānusmaṃsmaran ||  
sā tu taṃ puruṣaṃ nārī kṛcchre 'py anugatā vane |  
tyaktā tenālpapuṇyena duṣkaraṃ yadi jīvati ||  
ekā bālānabhijñā ca mārgāṇām atathocitā |  
kṣutpipāsāparitā ca duṣkaraṃ yadi jīvati ||  
śvāpadācarite nityaṃ vane mahati dāruṇe |  
tyaktā tenālpapuṇyena mandaprajñena māriṣa ||  
ity evaṃ naiśadho rājā damayantīm anusmaran |  
ajñātavāsam avasad rājñas tasya niveśane ||

While the [Niśadhan] king was living there, his thoughts kept  
returning to the lady from Vidarbha;

and, every evening, he always recited this one verse:

“Where, in the world, is that wretched, weary woman going to bed,  
hungry and thirsty,

with that dolt on her mind? And whom is she serving now?”

One night, as the king was saying this, Jīvala [Bāhuka's other assis-  
tant] said:

“Who is that woman whom you always are lamenting? I want to hear

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about her, Bāhuka.”

King Nala replied: “Some half-wit  
had a woman of whom he thought highly, and she had an even  
higher opinion of him.

Something separated that dunce from her,  
and, in his deprivation, that dullard is wandering around, gripped by  
grief,

being burned by sorrow day and night, without respite.

At night, he remembers her and sings his single verse.

That man wandered the world over, found something somewhere,  
and is living there unworthily, remembering his anguish over her  
more and more.

That woman went after that man—even into the frightful forest—  
but, having been abandoned by that man of little merit, she hardly  
can be alive.

Alone, young, not knowing her way around, unaccustomed to and  
undeserving of all of this,

and seized by hunger and thirst—she hardly can be alive.

That man of little merit, that half-wit, abandoned her  
in the huge, horrid forest, where predators always are on the prowl,  
my friend.”

This is how the king of Niṣadha remembered Damayantī  
as he hid in that [other] king’s home.

*Mahābhārata* 3.64.9–19