

1: Kalidasa's Meghaduta

Meghaduta, (Sanskrit: "Cloud Messenger") lyric love poem in some verses composed by Kalidasa about the 5th century www.enganchecubano.com verse is unique to Sanskrit literature in that the poet attempts to go beyond the strophic unity of the short lyric, normally the form preferred for love poems, by stringing the stanzas into a narrative.

He demonstrated the expressive and suggestive heights of which the Sanskrit language is capable and revealed the very essence of an entire civilization. Nothing is known with certainty about the life of Kalidasa. Clearly later than the great Buddhist poet Asvaghosha 1st century , Kalidasa was celebrated as a major literary figure in the first half of the 7th century the Aihole inscription, The scholarly consensus outside India is that Kalidasa flourished in the time of Chandragupta II reigned Although he was especially fond of the Gupta capital city, Ujjain about 30 miles north of Indore in west-central India , there is no proof that he was born there. Kalidasa was a devotee of Siva, but there is no trace of sectarian narrowness in his writings. Six major works are important. Another epic poem, the Raghuvamsa, praises the origins and life of Rama. A comparison of the two poets is inevitable, and Kalidasa does not suffer. His Rama exhibits a depth of near-tragic heroism unparalleled in Sanskrit literature. This masterpiece tells of an exiled demidivinity who, in his anguish for the well-being of his bride, commissions a monsoon thunderhead to carry news of his safety to her in the north. This work is the fount of an enormously productive genre in Sanskrit and related Indic literatures. The Meghaduta alone drew 45 commentaries, more than any other Sanskrit composition. It is less satisfying than the other two because of its story. Some critics have been offended that the play carries beyond the "natural tragic climax" to a happy ending; but it is in the poetry that its true grandeur lies. The prototype is found in the Mahabharata, but the great Sakuntala is the creature of Kalidasa. There is order, delicacy, serenity, cohesion, and balance. It is appropriate that this was the literary work that first introduced India to Europe in modern times. The most convenient is Kalidasa: Shakuntala and Other Writings, translated by Arthur W. The famous translation of the Sakuntala by Sir William Jones is a classic. An excellent essay is the chapter on Kalidasa in Surendra N. De, A History of Sanskrit Literature, vol.

2: Kālidāsa - Wikipedia

This incredible piece of poetry not only makes Kalidasa one of the most important poet (or artist) from India, but also puts him amongst the literary giants of the world. Meghadutam (or simply Meghadut meaning cloud-messenger) is a verse long poem which is a delight for our senses to read.

This it obviously is not. It is fair enough to call it an elegiac poem, though a precisian might object to the term. We have already seen, in speaking of The Dynasty of Raghu, what admiration Kalidasa felt for his great predecessor Valmiki, the author of the Ramayana; and it is quite possible that an episode of the early epic suggested to him the idea which he has exquisitely treated in The Cloud-Messenger. In the Ramayana, after the defeat and death of Ravana, Rama returns with his wife and certain heroes of the struggle from Ceylon to his home in Northern India. The journey, made in an aerial car, gives the author an opportunity to describe the country over which the car must pass in travelling from one end of India to the other. The hint thus given him was taken by Kalidasa; a whole canto of The Dynasty of Raghu the thirteenth is concerned with the aerial journey. This plan is slight and fanciful. A demigod, in consequence of some transgression against his master, the god of wealth, is condemned to leave his home in the Himalayas, and spend a year of exile on a peak in the Vindhya Mountains, which divide the Deccan from the Ganges basin. He wishes to comfort and encourage his wife, but has no messenger to send her. In his despair, he begs a passing cloud to carry his words. He finds it necessary to describe the long journey which the cloud must take, and, as the two termini are skilfully chosen, the journey involves a visit to many of the spots famous in Indian story. The description of these spots fills the first half of the poem. The second half is filled with p. The proportions of the poem may appear unfortunate to the Western reader, in whom the proper names of the first half will wake scanty associations. Indeed, it is no longer possible to identify all the places mentioned, though the general route followed by the cloud can be easily traced. The peak from which he starts is probably one near the modern Nagpore. From this peak he flies a little west of north to the Nerbudda River, and the city of Ujjain; thence pretty straight north to the upper Ganges and the Himalaya. The geography of the magic city of Alaka is quite mythical. The Cloud-Messenger contains one hundred and fifteen four-line stanzas, in a majestic metre called the "slow-stepper. Though the stanza of the translation has five lines to four for the slow-stepper, it contains fewer syllables; a constant check on the temptation to padding. The analysis which accompanies the poem, and which is inserted in Italics at the beginning of each stanza, has more than one object. It saves footnotes; it is intended as a real help to comprehension; and it is an eminently Hindu device. One minor point calls for notice. This accent is historically correct, and has some foothold in English usage; besides, it is more euphonious and better adapted to the needs of the metre. As he dwells on a peak in the Vindhya range, half India separates him from his young bride. II After eight months of growing emaciation, the first cloud warns him of the approach of the rainy season, when neglected brides are wont to pine and die. IV Unable to send tidings otherwise of his health and unchanging love, he resolves to make the cloud his messenger.

Kalidasa writing The Cloud Messenger (Meghaduta), CE illustration Meghadāta (Sanskrit: मेघदूतम् literally Cloud Messenger) [1] is a lyric poem written by Kālidāsa, considered to be one of the greatest Sanskrit poets.

Translated from Sanskrit by H. Long on the mass of mead-reviving dew The heavenly exile fixed his eager view; And still the melancholy tear suppressed, though bitterest sorrow wrung his heaving breast. What must they feel, whom fate and distance part! Cheered with the thought, he culled each budding flower, And wildly wooed the fertilizing power; For who, a prey to agonizing grief, Explores not idlest sources for relief; And, as to creatures sensible of pain, To lifeless nature loves not to complain? Due homage offered, and oblations made, the Yaksha thus the Cloud majestic prayed: For, better far, solicitation fail With high desert, than with the base prevail. There shalt thou find the partner of my woes, True to her faith, and stranger to repose; Her task to weep our destiny severe, And count the moments of the lingering year: Still, as thou mountest on thine airy flight, Shall widowed wives behold thee with delight, With eager gaze, their long locks drawn apart, Whilst hope re-animates each drooping heart: Yet ere thine ear can drink what love inspires, The lengthened way my guiding aid requires. Oft on whose path full many a lofty hill Shall ease thy toils, and many a cooling rill. Rise from these streams, and seek the upper sky; Then to the north with daring pinions fly. The beauteous Sylphs shall mark thee with gaze, in doubt if by the gale abruptly torn, Some mountain-peak along the air is borne. The ponderous Elephants, who prop the skies, shall view thy form expansive with surprise; Now first their arrogance exchanged for shame, Lost in thy bulk their long unrivaled fame. Then swift proceed, nor shall the blast have force To check with empty gusts thy ponderous course. Respectful Demigods shall curious count The chattering storks in lengthening order mount: And, when thy muttering thunders speak thee near, Shall clasp their brides, half ecstasy, half fear. Will not the frequent hill retard thy flight, Nor flowery plain persuade prolonged delight? Then shall their groves diffuse profounder gloom, And brighter buds the deepening shade illumine; Then shall the ancient tree, whose branches wear The marks of village reverence and care, Shake through each leaf, as birds profanely wrest The reverend boughs to form the rising nest. Where royal Vidisa confers renown Thy warmest wish shall fruit delightful crown: Those glancing eyes, those lightning looks unseen, Dark are thy days, and thou in vain hast been. Diverging thither now the road proceeds, Where eddying waters fair Nirvindhya leads, Who speaks the language amorous maids devise, The lore of signs, the eloquence of eyes; And seeks, with lavish beauty, to arrest Thy course, and woo thee to her bridal breast. The torrent passed, behold the Sindhu glide, As though the hair-band bound the slender tide; Bleached with the withered foliage, that the breeze has showered rude from overhanging trees: To thee she looks for succour, to restore Her lagging waters, and her leafy shore. Renowned for deeds that worth and love inspire, And bards to paint them with poetic fire; The fairest portion of celestial birth. Here, as the early Zephyrs waft along, In swelling harmony, the woodland song; They scatter sweetness from the fragrant flower That joyful opens to the morning hour. Her should thy spirit with toils decay, rest from the labours of the wearying way: Hence, with new zeal, to Shiva homage pay, The god whom earth and hell and heaven obey: Here, till the sun has vanished in the west, Till evening brings its sacred ritual, rest; Then reap the recompense of holy prayer, like drums thy thunders echoing in the air. To those fond fair who tread the royal way, The path their doubtful feet explore betray, Those thunders hushed, whose shower-foreboding sound Would check their ardour, and their hopes confound. On some cool terrace, where the turtle-dove In gentlest accents breathes connubial love, Repose awhile; or plead your amorous vows Through the long night, the lightning for your souse. And vain thy struggles to escape her wiles, Or disappoint those sweetly treacherous smiles, Which glistening Sapharas insidious dart, Bright as the lotus, at thy vanquished heart. What breast so firm unmoved by female charms? Not thine, my friend: Thence, satiate, lead along the gentle breeze That bows the lofty summits of the trees; And pure with fragrance, that the earth in flowers Repays profuse to fertilizing showers; Vocal with sounds the elephants excite To Devagiri wings its welcome flight. Each lute-armed spirit from thy path retires, Lest drops ungenial damp the tuneful wires. Thick as thy drops, that in the pelting shower, Incessant hurtle round the shrinking flower. Of all the fruits that fortune yields, the best Is still the power to

succour the distressed. Shame is the fruit of actions indiscreet, And vain presumption ends but in defeat. So shall the Sarabhas, who thee oppose, Themselves to pain and infamy expose; When round their heads, amidst the lowering sky, White as a brilliant smile, thy hailstones fly. Next to the mountain, with the foot impressed of him who wears the crescent for his crest, Devoutly pass, and with religious glow Around the spot in pious circles go: Winding thy way due north through the defile, Thy form compressed, with borrowed grace shall smile: Haply across thy long and mountain way In sport may Gauri with her Shiva stray; Her serpent bracelet from her wrist displaced, And in her arms the mighty god embraced. Should thus it fortune, be it thine to lend A path their holy footsteps may ascend; Close in thy hollow form thy stores compressed, While by the touch of feet celestial blessed. Then shall the nymphs of heaven, a giddy train, Thy form an instrument of sport detain; And with the lightning, round each wrist that gleams, Shall set at liberty thy cooling streams. But should they seek thy journey to delay-- A grateful solace in the sultry day-- Speak harsh in thunder, and the nymphs shall fly Alarmed, nor check thy progress through the sky. There every palace with thy glory vies, Whose soaring summits kiss the lofty skies; Whose beauteous inmates bright as lightning glare, And tabors mock the thunders of the air; The rainbow flickering gleams along the walls, And glittering rain in sparkling diamonds falls. There lovely triflers wanton through the day, Dress all their care, and all their labour play; One while, the fluttering Lotus fans the fair, Or Kunda top-knots crown the jetty hair. These graces varying with the varying year, Sirisha blossoms deck the tender ear; Or new Kadambas, with thy coming born, The parted locks and polished front adorn. Thus graced, they woo the Yakshas to their arms, And gems, and wine, and music, aid their charms. The strains divine with art celestial thrill, And wines from grapes of heavenly growth, distil. The gems bestrew each terrace of delight, Like stars that glitter through the shades of night, There, when the Sun restores the rising day, What deeds of love his tell-tale beams display! The withered garlands on the pathway found; The faded lotus prostrate on the ground; The pearls, that bursting zones have taught to roam, Speak of fond maids, and wanderers from home. The gale that blows eternally their guide, High over Alaka the clouds divide In parted masses, like the issuing smoke of incense by the lattice-meshes broke: Scattered they float, as if dispersed by fear, Or conscious guilt spoke retribution near; Their just award for showers that lately soiled Some painted floor, or gilded roof despoiled. What though while Shiva with the god of gold Delights a friendly intercourse to hold; The Lord of Love, remembering former woe, Wields not in Alaka his bee-strung bow, Yet still he triumphs: There is the fountain, emerald steps denote, Where golden buds on stalks of coral float; And for whose limpid waves the Swans forsake, Pleased at thy sight, the mount-encircled lake. Soft from the pool ascends a shelving ground, Where shades devoted to delight abound; Where the cerulean summit towers above The golden circles of a plaintain-grove Lamented haunts! Which now in thee I view, As glittering lightnings girt thy base of blue. See where the clustering Madhavi entwines, And bright Kuruvaka the wreath confines; Profuse, Ashoka sheds its radiant flower, And budding Kesara adorns the bower: Here, when the evening twilight shades the skies, The blue-necked peacock to the summit flies, And moves in graceful circles to the tone My fair awakens from her tinkling zone. These be thy guide--and faithfully preserve The marks I give thee: Haply its honours are not now to boast, Dimmed by my fate, and in my exile lost. For when the sun withdraws his cheering rays, Faint are the charms the Kamala displays. Thence to the inner mansion bend thy sight, Diffusing round a mild and quivering light; As when, through evening shades, soft flashes play Where the bright fire-fly wings his glittering way. Lone as the widowed Chakravaki mourns, Her faithful memory to her husband turns, And sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife, Half of my soul, and partner of my life, Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold Their shrinking petals from the withering cold. I view her now! Long weeping swells her eyes, And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs. Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines, And half unseen through veiling tresses shines; As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds, A few faint rays break straggling through the Clouds. Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrows flow, And sacred sacrifice augments her woe. The falling tear, that from reflection springs, Corrodes incessantly the silvery strings; Recurring woe still pressing on the heart, The skillful hand forgets its grateful art, And, idly wandering, strikes no measured tone, But wakes a sad wild warbling of its own. At times, such solace animates her mind As widowed wives in cheerless absence find; She counts the flowers, now faded on the floor, That graced with monthly piety the door. Thence reckons up the period, since

from home, And far from her, was I compelled to roam; And deeming, fond, my term of exile run, Conceives my homeward journey is begun. Now seeking sleep, a husband to restore; And waking now, his absence to deplore; Deprived of slumber by returning woes, Or mocked by idle phantoms of repose; Till her slight form, consumed by ceaseless pain, Shews like the moon, fast hastening to its wane. Dull as the flower when clouds through ether sweep, Not wholly waking, nor resigned to sleep, Her heavy eyelids languidly unclose To where the moon its silvery radiance throws Mild through the chamber: Those charms that glittering ornaments oppress, Those restless slumbers that proclaim distress, That slender figure worn by grief severe, Shall surely gain thy sympathizing tear. For the soft breast is swift to overflow, In moist compassion, at the claims of woe. The same fond wife as when compelled to part, Her love was mine, I still possess her heart. Her well-known faith this confidence affords, Nor vain conceit suggests unmeaning words. Withhold thy thunders, lest the awful sound Her slumber banish, and her dreams confound; Where her fond arms, like winding shrubs, she flings Around my neck, and to my bosom clings. She smiles, she speaks, her misery foregoes, And deep attention on thy words bestows; For such dear tidings happiness impart, Scarce less than mutual meeting to the heart. Being, of years protracted, ail thy friend, And with my words thine own suggestions blend! Does it not breathe of thee? To speed the lagging night, "And urge impatiently the rising light: Such is my suit, and thy promise given: Fearless, upon thy friendship I rely, Nor ask that promise, nor expect reply. To thee the thirsty Chatakas complain; Thy only answer is the falling rain: And still such answer from the proceeds, Who grant our wishes, not in words, but deeds. This said, he ceased: The god of wealth, relenting, learnt his state, And swift curtailed the limit of his fate; Removed the curse, restored him to his wife, And blest with ceaseless joy their everlasting life. Share this with your friends:

4: Kalidasa: Life and Works - Online Library of Liberty

Meghaduta (literally meaning "cloud messenger") is a lyric poem written by Kalidasa, considered to be one of the greatest Sanskrit poets in India. A short poem of only stanzas, it is one of Kalidasa's most illustrious works.

They also present the Sanskrit text -- transliterated -- facing their translation, allowing for some comparison with the look and sound of the original. It is not meant to be a "critical edition"; the version they present, like AR and LN, is certainly an adequate approximation of the text. The Edgertons pay particular attention to Sanskrit poetics. The Meghaduta was written in four-line stanzas, each line having seventeen syllables, in a metre called "mandakranta" "the slowly approaching", as they translate it. The Edgertons also present their translation in unrhymed four-line stanzas cf. AR, who uses five-line rhymed stanzas, and LN, who uses six-line unrhymed stanzas. The look and feel of the original is thus presented fairly well in the translation though the sound and much of the poetry is lost. The Cloud Messenger is a poem built on an unusual premise. A yaksha "one of a class of demigods, attendants on Kubera, the god of wealth" has been sent into exile for a year "for neglect of duty". He is separated "from his dear wife", and after eight months apart from her, at the beginning of the rainy season, he decides to send a message to her -- via a passing cloud. This charming if unlikely device seems to trouble some critics believing that the poem is "overfanciful, too unreal" the Edgertons note. Kalidasa addresses the concern in the fifth stanza, admitting "what could a message mean to a cloud", but readers certainly should be willing to accept the premise. Most of the poem describes the voyage, and what the cloud will pass along the way. The end, then, describes what the cloud-messenger will find, as well as the message he has been sent to relay. The Edgertons do a good job most of the way, particularly in the stanzas conveying the message. There are a few rough spots along the way: The yaksha worries that his wife is "dispirited by sunderance from me" 84 , a jarring word-choice cf. Some word-choices are also not helped by the change in usage in the time since the translation was published -- so, for example, the unfortunate "Hanging there on networks of fiber" 69 "hung from a web of threads" LN, 67 and "hung in nets of thread" AR, II. Throughout they also show a willingness to try to imitate the run-on compounds so common in Sanskrit, often to good effect. Comparative stanzas 64, comparing the city of Alaka to the cloud -- "The palaces there compare with thee in many varied ways", etc. Among the most challenging stanzas is 98 -- "the climax of the poem" or the "tonal climax", as LN would have it. The Edgertons admit that: Usefully, however, they parse the passage in an extensive note, suggesting what is missed in their rendering. Their translation itself is not ideal, but seems a reasonable compromise: With his body thy body he enters; all-haggard body with haggard; Fevered with intensely fevered; tear-flowing with tearful; incessantly eager With eager; hotly sighing with yet more abundantly sighing; In his thoughts, far distant as he is, and the way barred by adverse fate. LN chooses a more straightforward rendering, going perhaps too far in his compromises: With body worn as thine, with pain as deep, With tears and ceaseless longings answering thine, With sighs more burning than the sighs that keep Thy lips ascorch -- doomed far from thee to pine, He too doth weave the fancies that thy soul entwine. It lacks some of the poetry of both AR and LN, but is truer in trying to preserve the uniquely Sanskrit elements of the poem.

5: Meghadūta - Wikipedia

The Meghaduta or Cloud Messenger is one of the masterpieces of Indian, indeed world literature. {1} Its odd stanzas, each of four unrhymed lines, were written in the Mandakrata {2} metre at some time between BC and AD. {3} The Mandakrata is a long metre, moving slowly like the python, with a form as follows: {4} {5}.

Early life[edit] Scholars have speculated that Kalidasa may have lived near the Himalayas , in the vicinity of Ujjain , and in Kalinga. Lakshmi Dhar Kalla , a Sanskrit scholar and a Kashmiri Pandit , wrote a book titled The birth-place of Kalidasa , which tries to trace the birthplace of Kalidasa based on his writings. He concluded that Kalidasa was born in Kashmir , but moved southwards, and sought the patronage of local rulers to prosper. Description of geographical features common to Kashmir, such as tarns and glades Mention of some sites of minor importance that, according to Kalla, can be identified with places in Kashmir. These sites are not very famous outside Kashmir, and therefore, could not have been known to someone not in close touch with Kashmir. Reference to certain legends of Kashmiri origin, such as that of the Nikumbha mentioned in the Kashmiri text Nilamata Purana ; mention in Shakuntala of the legend about Kashmir being created from a lake. This legend, mentioned in Nilamata Purana, states that a tribal leader named Ananta drained a lake to kill a demon. Ananta named the site of the former lake now land as "Kashmir", after his father Kashyapa. According to Kalla, Shakuntala is an allegorical dramatization of Pratyabhijna philosophy a branch of Kashmir Shaivism. Kalla further argues that this branch was not known outside of Kashmir at that time. According to folklore, once a scholarly princess decided to find a suitable groom by testing men in her kingdom for their intelligence. When no man could pass the test, the frustrated citizens decided to send Kalidasa, an unintelligent man, for an interview with the princess. Kalidasa fared poorly, and was greatly humiliated by the princess. Challenged by the princess, he visited a Kali temple, and was inspired to learn Sanskrit; he studied the Puranas and other ancient texts, and become a great poet. He then wrote three epics starting with the words of his insult: A section of scholars believe that this legendary Vikramaditya is not a historical figure at all. There are other kings who ruled from Ujjain and adopted the title Vikramaditya, the most notable ones being Chandragupta II r. Several Western scholars have supported this theory, since the days of William Jones and A. Narayana Sastri, believe that all the works attributed to "Kalidasa" are not by a single person. According to Srinivasachariar, writers from 8th and 9th centuries hint at the existence of three noted literary figures that share the name Kalidasa. Sastri lists the works of these three Kalidasas as follows: Sastri goes on to mention six other literary figures known by the name "Kalidasa": Krishnamoorthy, "Vikramaditya" and "Kalidasa" were used as common nouns to describe any patron king and any court poet respectively. It was among the first Sanskrit works to be translated into English , and has since been translated into many languages. A mishap befalls them when he is summoned back to court: Shakuntala, pregnant with their child, inadvertently offends a visiting sage and incurs a curse, by which Dushyanta will forget her completely until he sees the ring he has left with her. The ring is found by a fisherman who recognizes the royal seal and returns it to Dushyanta, who regains his memory of Shakuntala and sets out to find her. As an immortal, she has to return to the heavens, where an unfortunate accident causes her to be sent back to the earth as a mortal with the curse that she will die and thus return to heaven the moment her lover lays his eyes on the child which she will bear him. Translations[edit] Montgomery Schuyler, Jr. The earliest surviving commentaries appear to be those of the 10th-century Kashmirian scholar Vallabhadeva. It was first translated to English and then from English to German, where it was received with wonder and fascination by a group of eminent poets, which included Herder and Goethe. I name thee, O Sakuntala! Eastwick "Here the poet seems to be in the height of his talent in representation of the natural order, of the finest mode of life, of the purest moral endeavor, of the most worthy sovereign, and of the most sober divine meditation; still he remains in such a manner the lord and master of his creation. Chevalier Nadigar Thilagam Sivaji Ganesan played the part of the poet himself. Ashadh Ka Ek Din is a play based on fictionalized elements of Kalidasa life. Influences[edit] Kalidasa has had great influence on several Sanskrit works, on all Indian literature. The Plays of Kalidasa. Columbia University Press, Problems of Ancient India, p.

6: The Cloud Messenger - Kalidasa (trans. Franklin and Eleanor Edgerton)

The Meghaduta or Cloud Messenger is a masterpiece of Sanskrit literature, and was composed by the court poet Kalidasa some time before AD in northern India.

Staying away from his wife is the harshest punishment he could ever get. He asks the cloud to pass on the message to his wife that he too is missing her and is burning with the desire to reunite with her. And asks her to be patient for some time and they will have happy time again. This incredible piece of poetry not only makes Kalidasa one of the most important poet or artist from India, but also puts him amongst the literary giants of the world. Meghadutam or simply Meghadut meaning cloud-messenger is a verse long poem which is a delight for our senses to read. Deriving its beauty from the amazing metaphors and depictions of natural beauty, Meghadutam is a story of a Yaksha divine beings who has been cursed to live for a year in Ramagiri in Vindhya Mountains of Central India. Longing for his wife, Yaksha feels lovesick and is getting restless to communicate his feelings to Alka, his wife. So this poem is his attempt to persuade the Clouds through the pattern we realize that it is Monsoon clouds to give the message to his wife who lives in Himalayas that he will be back home soon. The Yaksha tries to influence the cloud by describing the beautiful passage that he will cover whilst reaching to the Himalayas. The remarkable point to notice is that Kalidasa being from either fourth or fifth century AD knew the pattern of Monsoon and the areas it cover. The rivers and tributaries are compared to the braids of beautiful women, the floral becomes the scent of love, the hills form the female body parts and the stories of Lord Siva suggesting that Kalidasa was probably a Shaivite are told in this spell-binding poem. In the end we can sense the pain of the Yaksha but the poem ends without getting any reply from the Cloud. Meghadutam is not just a romantic poem. It is a wonderful example of an incredible artist who has portrayed his amazing knowledge of nature, human behaviour and geography of India through words. Though I have read the translation of the poem in English, but still the beauty of the poetry managed to enchant me. It can only be imagined the wonderful feeling for those who read it in Sanskrit. But still it is important to choose a good translator so that the amazing feeling of the poem is not lost. I urge one and all to experience this beautiful read which will fill you with love and ecstasy. I am unable to locate the exact book that I read here on Goodreads, so it is a random review about the work and not the current book.

7: The Cloud-Messenger - Kalidasa (trans. Arthur W. Ryder)

Kalidasa was a Classical Sanskrit author, generally viewed as the best writer and screenwriter in the Sanskrit dialect of India. His plays and verse are principally in light of the Vedas, the Mahabharata and the Puranas.

Its manageable length also makes it a popular target for translators, and numerous English versions exist. Ryder only provides a short, two page introduction to the poem -- adequate, but very basic. They are also, as Ryder suggests, less obtrusive than foot- or endnotes. An example of their usefulness can be found in stanzas II. It is not vital information, but it is helpful -- certainly more so than, for example, LN, who notes in his Detailed Analysis about some of these stanzas that they "show the effects of separation FEE and LN, who do not break up the text -- and whose versions have and stanzas respectively. The division is a natural though not a necessary one. Ryder chose to translate the stanzas in a five-lined rendition, with an ABABB rhyme-scheme the Sanskrit does not rhyme. He believes this "gives perhaps as fair a representation of the original movement as may be, where direct imitation is out of the question. FEE and LN who both dispense with rhyme and have stanzas with four and six lines respectively. His rhyme scheme imposes considerable constraints on Ryder: Given how different a language Sanskrit is and especially given the impossibility of finding equivalents for what LN calls the "coalescing of words" that is so common in Sanskrit, he may have been right to abandon literalness and focus on lyricism. The Cloud-Messenger tells the story of a Yaksha a "divine attendant on Kubera, god of wealth" who is exiled for a year from his home and his young bride. After several months have already passed, and with the coming of the rainy season, the Yaksha asks a passing cloud to convey a message to his distant beloved. The poem covers the route the cloud would take, what it might see and encounter, and then focusses on the message and the bride itself. It is a beautiful and clever idea -- hard to ruin completely, regardless of the translation. It is a tour of much of India, as it were and it is unfortunate that Ryder, FEE, and LN all fail to provide an illustrative map suggesting the route. On this path thou shalt go, resting thy foot on mountains whenever weary; Whenever spent, drinking the pure waters of fresh streams. What lover, done with loving, can leave a girl with her lap laid bare? Love and longing, love and passion, dominate throughout, seen or at least felt in every scene, always in the air. Much of it Ryder conveys quite adequately, faltering only with the actual message that the cloud-messenger is to pass on. Where FEE, for example, there bluntly allows: Additional explanatory note might also have been useful, but the presentation is also adequate.

8: Kalidasa - Kalidasa Poems - Poem Hunter

The earliest paleographical evidence of Kalidasa is found in a Sanskrit inscription dated c. CE, found at Mandsaur's Sun temple, with some verses that appear to imitate Meghaduta Purva, 66; and the Ritusamhara V, , although Kalidasa is not named.

His delicate romantic tales leap time and place by simple suggestion and mingle courtly humour and lighthearted wit with charming sentiment and religious piety. His poems suggest but nowhere declare that he was a Brahman priest, liberal yet committed to the orthodox Hindu worldview. A Sinhalese tradition says that he died on the island of Sri Lanka during the reign of Kumaradasa, who ascended the throne in Unfortunately, there are several known Vikramadityas Sun of Valourâ€™a common royal appellation; likewise, the nine distinguished courtiers could not have been contemporaries. It is certain only that the poet lived sometime between the reign of Agnimitra, the second Shunga king c. He is apparently imitated, though not named, in the Mandasor inscription of No single hypothesis accounts for all the discordant information and conjecture surrounding this date. An opinion accepted by manyâ€™but not allâ€™scholars is that Kalidasa should be associated with Chandra Gupta II reigned c. The most convincing but most conjectural rationale for relating Kalidasa to the brilliant Gupta dynasty is simply the character of his work, which appears as both the perfect reflection and the most thorough statement of the cultural values of that serene and sophisticated aristocracy. His works are judged by the Indian tradition as realizations of literary qualities inherent in the Sanskrit language and its supporting culture. Kalidasa has become the archetype for Sanskrit literary composition. In drama, his Abhijnanashakuntala is the most famous and is usually judged the best Indian literary effort of any period. Taken from an epic legend, the work tells of the seduction of the nymph Shakuntala by King Dushyanta, his rejection of the girl and his child, and their subsequent reunion in heaven. Kalidasa remakes the story into a love idyll whose characters represent a pristine aristocratic ideal: The plot and characters are made believable by a change Kalidasa has wrought in the story: The second drama, Vikramorvashi possibly a pun on vikramaditya, tells a legend as old as the Vedas earliest Hindu scriptures, though very differently. The scene was intended in part to be sung or danced. The play unique in this respect contains datable references, the historicity of which have been much discussed. Examples of the epic are the two long poems Raghuvamsha and Kumarasambhava. These stories are mere pretext for the poet to enchain stanzas, each metrically and grammatically complete, redounding with complex and reposeful imagery. Kalidasa has perhaps done more than any other writer to wed the older, Brahmanic religious tradition, particularly its ritual concern with Sanskrit, to the needs of a new and brilliant secular Hinduism. The fusion, which epitomizes the renaissance of the Gupta period, did not, however, survive its fragile social base; with the disorders following the collapse of the Gupta Empire, Kalidasa became a memory of perfection that neither Sanskrit nor the Indian aristocracy would know again.

9: Kalidasa Meghaduta: English Translation as free ebook

the plays and poems of Kalidasa (Abhijnanashakuntala, Malavikagnimitra, Vikramorvasiya, Raghuvamsha, Meghaduta), although Kalidasa's precise date is uncertain. In the south the propagation of Sanskrit resulted in the Kiratarjuniya, an epic written by Bharavi (7th century); in Dandin's .

His plays and verse are principally in light of the Vedas, the Mahabharata and the Puranas. Much about his life is obscure, just what can be construed from his verse and plays. Kalidasa was a great Indian poet. Scholars have read all of his work to know where he was born but not perfectly found place. He is an author of two Epic poems named Raghuvamsha and KumaraSambhava. Malavikagnimitram It is story of Agnimitra. He begins to look all starry eyed at the photo of a banished hireling young lady named Malavika. He should fall back on the assistance of his jokester and play a session of subterfuge just to take a gander at the new young lady. AbhijyanaShankultanam It is story of Dushyanta. Shakuntala is the little girl of the radiant fairy Menaka and the ascetic Vishwamitra. The loner Kanva brings her up in the woods. One fine day she meets the nice looking lord Dushyanta. The couple begins to look all starry eyed and weds. In any case, game changing episodes influence the ruler to overlook his darling spouse. When the revile, which caused the wretchedness, is restricted, the ruler again recalls his beyond a reasonable doubt adored and begins hunting down Shakuntala. Vikramorvasiyam is the second of the three plays composed by Kalidasa, the first being Malavikagnimitram and the third being the observed Abhijnanashakuntalam. Raghuvamsha It is a poem about king of Raghuvamsha dynasty. In spite of the fact that a correct date of piece is obscure, the artist is dared to have prospered in the fifth century CE. It describes, in 19 sargas, the stories identified with the Raghuvamsha tradition, in particular the group of Dilipa and his relatives up to Agnivarna, who incorporate Raghuvamsha, Dasharatha and Rama. The most punctual surviving analysis composed on the work is that of the tenth century Kashmiri researcher Vallabhadeva. The most well known and broadly accessible editorial, be that as it may, is the Sanjivani, composed by Mallinatha in twelfth century. Kumarasambhavam is an epic lyric by Kalidasa. The style of depiction of spring set the standard for nature representations infesting numerous time of Indian artistic convention. Kumarasambhava fundamentally discusses the introduction of Kumara, the child of Shiva and Parvati. The time of arrangement is unverifiable, in spite of the fact that Kalidasa is thought to have lived in the fifth century. Ritusamhara It describes six seasons by narrating experiences of two lovers in each seasons. Ritusamhara is a long ballad or scaled down epic in Sanskrit by Kalidasa. The lyric has six cantos for the six Indian seasons " grishma, varsha, sharad hemanta, shishira, and vasanta. It is also translation is A Cloud Messenger. The work is separated into two sections, Purva-megha and Uttara-megha. It describes how a yaksha, a subject of King Kubera, subsequent to being ousted for multi year to Central India for ignoring his obligations, persuades a passing cloud to take a message to his better half at Alaka on Mount Kailasa in the Himalaya mountains. If there are some dead link found feel free to comment or want to contribute us or contact us or you can upload post click here.

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