CHAPTER III

THE ART OF NARRATION
The entire corpus of a Mahākāvyā invariably consists of descriptions and narrations. Since technically the Mahākāvyā is of the "Prabandha" type, narration has to occupy an important position in it, for, otherwise, the thread of the story cannot be maintained. But at the same time, the poetic faculty of the author of a Mahākāvyā cannot find its fulfilment merely by narrating a series of events or incidents. He has invariably to create opportunities for introducing lengthy descriptions of objects which are grand, majestic and beautiful. It is at times, very difficult to draw a line of demarcation between the narrations and the descriptions.

So far as the present Mahākāvyā is concerned, we can distinguish narrations from descriptions on the basis of the attitude of the poetess. Those portions of this Mahākāvyā which narrate the various incidents of the story and also those which tend to carry the Kathāvastu of a Mahākāvyā further and serve as a connecting link between what precedes it and what follows it, should be counted as narrations. There is no doubt that narration holds a subordinate position in Mahākāvyā, the major portion being occupied by descriptions.
Gangādevī's Madhurāvijayam is a Mahākavya, in which descriptions occupy a major portion as compared to narrations. The narrations are very brief and are presented in a summarised form.

The method of narrative skill in this work has some resemblance with that in Raghuvamśa of Kālidāsa, Kirāthārajunīyam of Bhāravi, Śisupālavadaḥ of Māgha, Rāmayana of Vālmīki. For instance, in the first canto of the Raghuvamśa, Kālidāsa mentions Lord Śiva and Pārvatī in the following words: "I bow down to Pārvatī and the supreme Lord, the world's parents, who like word and meaning are united that I may attain right knowledge of word and sense." Similarly, the poetess Gangādevī also prays God in the first canto of Madhurāvijayam. She says, "For the sake of wisdom, I prayerfully approach God Śiva and his spouse who embody the light of universal consciousness and who bear the form of the creator's model for making man and woman." In Raghuvamśa, Dilīpa was loving his wife Sudakṣīṇā. Many were the women that claimed him as their lord, but in this wise lady and in Lākṣāṇī he found a true wife. Similarly, in Madhurāvijayam, though the King Bukka had other wives, Devāyī alone became the object of his love and was regarded even as Rohīṇī to the Moon among celestial luminaries. Dilīpa
performed the Pumsavana samskara to Sudakṣina in a manner befitting his love for his queen and the generosity of his mind, as also befitting the wealth of the ends of the quarters which he had earned by (the prowess of) his arms and the joy he felt. So it was done to Devāyī also in the Madhurāvijayam. The King Bukka who was as prosperous as Indra and who was ever bent on ameliorating the hardships of his subjects, celebrated the ceremony of pumsavana as ordered by his preceptor on the appointed time on a scale befitting his royal rank.

In Raghuvamsā, Kālidāsa has explained very beautifully Sudakṣina's Garbhalaksana i.e., pregnancy, due to which her body has changed a lot. She was wearing a few (i.e., limited number of) ornaments on account of the attenuation of her frame with contenance pale as the Lodhra flower, she looked like the night bordering on moon, in which the stars require a search, owing to the moon having pale light.

Similarly, in Madhurāvijayam, poetess Gaṅgadevi explained the Garbhalaksana of Devāyī like this: The queen put aside her jewels. Her face was some what pale like the sara reed and her form unusually slender. She shone like a river in autumn with lotuses gone and with the globe of the moon reflected on its watery surface.
In Raghuvamśa Kālidāsa has explained the Garbhābhivrddhi of Sudakśinā very beautifully. He says As days rolled on, her full and plump breasts, with dark nipples, put to shame, as it were, the loveliness of two charming lotus-buds surmounted by black bees.  

Similarly in Madhurāvijayam, Gaṅgādevi described the changes of Devāyī's body like this: Her breasts, with black nipples surpassed in their attractiveness the Cakravāka couple with a bit of blue Utpala flower in their beaks.

Dilīpa was blessed with a son who was named as Raghu. Rituals connected with the birth of the son were performed by Dilīpa as ordained by the royal preceptor. This great son Raghu shone more like a jewel from the mine when duly polished.

Similarly, in Madhurāvijayam, Bukkarāja also performed for Kamparāja on an auspicious day the Jāta-kārma rites of the child, as directed by the royal priest and the child grew in splendour like the god of fire that witnessed those rites.

As there is Daśaratha in Raghuvamśa, so is the King
Bukka in the Madhurāvijayam. In Raghuvamsā the Lord of kings on account of the four princes who were portions of Viṣṇu, appeared like the celestial elephant Airāvatā with his four tusks that had blunted the edge of demon's swords, like Viṣṇu himself with his four arms as long as a yoke and like politics accompanied by four political expedients, the use or adoption of which is inferred from the success attained.\textsuperscript{13}

Similarly, in Madhurāvijayam Gangādevī also explained the personality of Bukkaraṇa like this. The king, with his three children, shone like Śiva with his three eyes, the moon, the sun, and the fire, or like statesmanship, with its three unfailing aspects, power, daring the counsel, or like life with its three ends, virtue, wealth and enjoyment.\textsuperscript{14}

In Raghuvamsā Rāma loosed arrow piercing Rāvaṇa's breast, entered the earth as if to bear the glad tidings to the serpent world.\textsuperscript{15}

Similarly, in the Madhurāvijayam, the poetess describes the sunsetting as below. The sun as if anxious to inform the serpent King who bore this earth (Śesa) that his burden would soon be lightened, sank in haste into the nether regions.\textsuperscript{16}
In Raghuvamsa, as the naked swords of nailed warriors fighting desperately, fell upon the huge tusks of elephants, (sparks of) fire rose which the frenzied elephants quenched with water sprayed from their trunks. 

Similarly, in the descriptions of the orderly march of the Kamparaja's forces, she states that particles of the dust fanned out by big war elephants flapping their ears were kept back by the rain of spray from the trunks of elephants. 

In the Raghuvamsa, when Kuśa left Ayodhya and went to Kuśavatī from where he began to administer the presiding deity of Ayodhya appeared before Kuśa at night and implored him to save her. This may be read in detail as below:

"Once, when it was still midnight, people were asleep and lamps were burning mildly, Kuśa awoke and saw in his sleeping chamber a woman, never seen before, dressed like one whose husband is gone on travel.

"Standing before him, of the refulgence of Indra, who was the conqueror of his foes, whose royal wealth was common to the good people and who had friends and relations, she folded her hands having first hailed him victory."
"Then the astonished son of Daśarath (i.e., Kuśa), leaving the bed by the forepart of his body, spoke to her, who had, like a reflection into a mirror, entered the palace, though the bar of its gate was long since undrawn.

"Finding access in a sheltered home, your power of yoga undiscerned, your wear the form of one woebegone, like a lotus-vine, in winter's chill outrage, who art thou, O fair.

"Woman, whose wife art thou and what is the reason of your coming to me so promptly, tell me; for Raghu's mind is averse to stranger's wife.

"That faultless woman spoke: "Know me, O Lord, to be Lordless, presiding deity of the city, whose citizens where raised by your father prone to repair to heaven;

"That I have been brought to a pitiful plight, out of a splendour, vying with that of Alaka with a prosperity, engendered by good rule, that enables people to indulge in festivities, while thou of the family of the sun descended race rulest the earth, so happy and blissful under thy lead."
"With hundreds of its turrets shattered, and with ramparts demolished, my place bemocks the day's end, whose sun is sunk in setting while fierce winds have scattered the clouds.

"That royal highway, the haunt of Abhisārikas, gleaming with tinkling anklets digit with gleaming meteors in their cavernous mouths, is now the haunt of female jackals.

"The waters in swimming pools which imitated the solemn music of drums when beaten by the finger of damsels (at the time of water-sports) are now crying, being beaten by the horns of wild bisons.

"The sporting peacocks, living on the trees because of the breach of their perching rods, and bereft of their dance in consequence of the absence of the music of drums, are reduced to the wild peacocks, as they had only the remnants of their plumage as it was singed and ruined by flaming meteors.

"On the stairways wide, where gorgeous damsels planted their lovely feet, which with paint they semared, there, now the Tigers plant their feet, and leave their pub-marks, ugly, soaked in the blood, in the carnage of the deer they killed (in raging fury).
"Elephants in the pantings as entered into lotusbeds and as being proffered with snicks of lotus-stalks by their mates (now) bear the blows of the enraged lions having their (elephants') temples smashed by the blows of their lions' goad-like nails.

"The sloughs of snakes become the covering upper garment of the breasts of the statues of women on the columns, which have dusky appearance and the lines of colour on which have been disfigured.

"By the lapse of time, the stately mansions with grass overlaid, their whitewash turned grey, do not reflect the rays of the moon, though serene like ropes of pearls.

"My garden creeper, whose flowers were plucked by damsels, bending their boughs with compassion, are now tortured by monkeys of the forest and by wild pulindas.

"The lattics displaying no light of lamps at night and void of the lustre of the faces of the beautiful ladies during day, are now covered with the cob-webs of spiders with the lines of smokes completely destroyed."
"I am afflicted on seeing the waters of Sarayu not coming into contact with perfumed powders, with sandy beds void of the rites of Bali offerings and having on their sides huts made of canes (now) deserted.

"Therefore, deign you to leave your present habitation and come to me, the capital of your royal family, as did your father before you, having shuffled off his mortal coil, which on purpose he assumed, to attain Visnu's form.

"Saying 'So be it', the foremost of the Raghus accepted her submission happily, and the city, too, with her face bright and serene, in her human form, disappeared."\textsuperscript{19}

The Madhurāvijayam also contains a similar narration where the presiding deity of Madhura explains the atrocities of the Muslims and implores Kampana to save from them. This narration follows as below:

"In Srirangam the lord of serpents is seen warding off the tumbling debris of brick with his bood lest their fall disturb the sleep of yoga in which Hari is wrapped up there.

"When I look at the state of the temples of other gods also my distress knows no bounds. The foldings of their door
are eaten up by wood worms. The arches over their inner sanctuaries are rent with wild growths of vegetation.

"Those temples which were once resonant with the sounds of mridanga drums are now echoing the fearful howls of fackals.

"The river Kāverī, uncurbed by proper bunds or dams, has become deflected very much from her time-honoured course, and flows in all sorts of wrong directions as if imitating the Turuskas in their actions.

"The brāhmin-streets, where once the sacrificial smoke was even seen rising, and the chanting of the Vedas always greeted the ears, now exhude the musty odour of meat, and resound with the lion-roars of drunken Turuskas.

"I very much lament for what has happened to the groves in Madhura. The coconut trees have all been cut and in their place are to be seen rows of iron spikes with human skulls dangling at the points.

"In the highways which were once carming with the sounds of anklets of beautiful women, are now heard ear-piercing noises of brāhmins being dragged, bound in iron-fetters."
"Webs worn by spiders have since taken the place of silk veils with which the dolls adorning the outer-towers of the city were once covered. Royal court-yards which were once cool with the spraying of ice-cold sandal, now distress me, wet as they are with the tears of brahmins taken as prisoners.

"Screechings of owls in worn-out pleasure goves do not afflict me so much as the voice of parrots taught to speak Persian in the houses of Yavanas (Turuskas).

"The waters of Tāmraparni which were once white with sandal paste rubbed away from the breasts of charming girls are now flowing red with the blood of cows slaughtered by the miscreants.

"Earth is no longer the producer of wealth. Nor does Indra give timely rains. The God of death takes his undue toll of what are left lives of undestroyed by the Yavanas.

"I am very much distressed by looking at the tearful faces of Dravidas, their lips parched by hot sighs, and their hair worn in utter disorder.

"The Kali age deserves now deepest congratulations for being at the zenith of its power; for, gone is sacred learning;
hidden is refinement; hused is the voice of Dharma; destroyed is discipline, and discounted is nobility of birth.

"Having thus narrated the sickening career of the Yavanas, she (the strange woman that appeared before Kampana) by her wonderful power of magic caused a terrible looking sword to appear.

"In its shining silver sheath and handle, it looked like a serpent that had recently sloughted. In its darkish brilliance it resembled the agaru paste that one might imagine on the person of Bhadrakali whose advent marks the end of this universe. With the images of burning lamps reflected in its surface, it looked like a fresh cloud bright with lightning within it. This sword, efficacious in drawing tears of sorrow from the eyes of enemies' spouses, she placed before the king, as if it were the personification of the prosperity - Goddess of Colas and Pāndyas and began to further address him thus:

"O King, in olden times, this sword was made by Visvamitra with the melted splinters of all divine missiles, and he have it as a present to God Siva for the destruction of asuras.

"And that God gave it as a boon to the Pāndya king,
pleased with his severe austerities, and his successors had it for a long time and were the unchallenged rulers of their earth.

"Sage Agastya, seeing that the Pândya race has lost its old virility by the wearing influence of time, has not sent this scimitar to you, O powerful king.

"You are by nature daring and wedded to risky enterprises. The possession of this weapon will make you formidable in battle. Forest fire is terrible enough, and if high winds also assist it, who can gauge its all-consuming ferocity?

"By the wonderful virtue of being armed with this weapon you will never flag in the field of battle; nor would any harm result from enemy missiles such as sword, disc or bow.

"As you wave this lightening-like sword in battle, not even the god of death can dare oppose you, let alone, others.

"Do you now proceed to southern Madhura and destroy the cruel king of Yavanas who is the enemy of the world, even as Sri Kṛṣṇa killed, the demonic Kaṁsa who once ruled there (northern Madhurā).
"Not for the first time will you now be wearing this bracelet on your hand, which has been even on prior occasions, the emblem of your vow of protecting the three worlds, bracelet which none but you can wear.

"Do you scatter the heads of Turuskas, heads with those swinging turfts, those bloodshot eyes, those ferocious beards and furious-browed foreheads.

"May the Sun of your prowess in battle wipe off the smile of moon-light of the face of the drunken Yavana ladies.

"Dharma is in great distress by being now subjected to the scorching influence of the evil-natured Yavanas, and earth in consequence looks parched, as it were; and so my you, by the rain of enemies' blood, allay the latter's sufferings.

"May this sword of yours feast the evil spirits such as katas, putanas and Yatudhanas with the blood flowing down from the headless trunks of your evil adversaries.

"May you erect many a pillar of triumph in the middle of Ramasetu by dealing destruction to the Turuska lord who is wedded to nothing but evil doings and who therefore is to be
regarded as the thorny shrub of the three worlds.

"The Kaveri like a tamed female elephant will regain her normal course in the proper place only if when you become supreme Governor, O Your Majesty."20

Moreover, the description of the battle occurring twice in the Madhuravijayam is in consonance with the descriptions of battle between Raghu and Indra, Aja and his enemy kings, as also the between Rama and Ravana. The description of Kampana's battle with the Sambuvaraya king forms the fourth canto. It runs into the following heads.

1. Preparations for the march on the Sambuvaraya territory
2. Prince Kampana starts on the campaign. He is accompanied by the Cola, Kerala and Pandya kings.
3. The orderly march of the Karnata forces.
4. Prince Kampana at first struck camp at Mulagal and then arrived in Virinchipuram for the fight
5. The siege of Padaividu the stronghold of the Sambuvaraya. The defeat of the Tamil forces.
6. The battle on Rājagambiramalai. The defeat and destruction of the Sambuvaraya by Kampana.

These points have been described in detail as below:
"When the divine sun, the sustainer of lotuses, and the unequalled lamp of universe, rose the next day, the prince woke up from his sleep, and after duly performing the morning rites of worship, ordered his generals to get the army ready for marching.

"Then, like the noise of the ocean, churned with the mountain of Mandhara, the sound of war-drums beaten by drum-sticks arose at the beginning of the march.

"The sound grew louder and louder, and filled the skies as if it emanated from Candisa's damaru (drum) beaten at the time of the Great Deluge.

"It raised echoes from the caverns in the mountains as if to scare the fear-ridden enemies who might otherwise take shelter in them.

"As the uproar entered the bowels of earth, Sesa closed his eyes (which were also his ears), and he became both blind and deaf by a single act.

"The army at once got ready with each of its units, viz., elephants, horses and foot soldiers, suitably covered and
dressed; elephants with carpets on their backs, horses fully caparisoned and men protected in their mailed coats.

"There mustered hundreds of formidable war-elephants with ichor streaming forth from their extensive temples.

"Horses with foaming mouths, and swift as wind, were seen bounding like waves in the army-ocean.

"There gathered in no time, hosts of footmen from different countries, armed with swords, daggers, lances and bows.

"Wearing suitable ornaments, kings renowned for the might of their arm, waited near the outer gate awaiting the arrival of their overlord (Kampana).

"The space of the sky was completely filled with uplifted umbrellas resembling white lotuses in the river of the army, and also looking like the play mirrors of the Goddess of Victory.

"Should the stirring period of the march be compared to the advent of the autumnal season, the fly-whisks waving by the side of kings appeared like swans hovering about.
"The rays of the sun never left their natural redness, as the colour of the sparking gems set in royal crowns, beautiful as a cluster of flowers, was ceaselessly mingling with them.

"As the passage of the sky was completely blocked by the flags flying aloft, Aruna experienced much difficulty in conducting the charior of the sun across.

"Fed by the neighing of the horses, intensified by the loud trumpeting of the elephants and extended by the sound of the instruments of war-music (war-drums) the din that arose was something inconceivable.

"The king who had himself knowledge of the appropriate hour, however, awaited with his retinue, the formal fixing of the auspicious moment by his loyal priests.

"His throbbing right hand foretold the auspicious event of the forthcoming embrace by the Goddess of Valour, before everybody else.

"Brahmins chanting the Atharva Veda, augmented the chances of his victory with their (hearty) blessings, just as the sacrificioal fire is made to glow by oblations sanctified by hymns."
"The king now came out of his palace and had a good look at his tall agile horse saddled in readiness near the outer gate.

"Like an ally of Garuḍa, like the next of kin of the mind, and like a friend of Vāyu, the agile animal looked like Speed itself in its aggregate.

"As if the horse felt that the space of the earth was inadequate for the demonstration of his great speed which was faster than even that of the mind, he seemed extending it by constantly beating with his hoofs.

"Excelling the horse of Indra in speed, he appeared to be attacking his own image reflected in the crystal walls (which he was facing).

"With neigh attended with white foam, he seemed to mock at Hanuman who took great pride in having merely crossed the saltish ocean.

"With the bit in his mouth looking like a serpent, and with the wing-like cover (on his back) sparkling with the colour of tender foliage, he seemed to imitate Garuda even in
his bodily form.

"The wind, blowing from the end of his waving tail which attended on him, was like a disciple taking secret lessons in speed.

"By raising his head up, and letting it down again, frequently, to keep his swiftness in bounds, he appeared to be offering salutations to the Goddess of Victory standing in front of him.

"With the heaps of dust raised by his hoofs, the regions of the sky were rendered like floor; and his served to give the lie direct to the claims of the sun's horses that they trod on airy tract.

"The king mounted the horse, the personification of strength, and (in his elation) felt as if the entire kingdom of the earth had already passed into his hands.

"With numberless troops pouring in from all directions, the king, with his view unconcealed, crossed the outer gate.

"With crowns on their bent heads, with their hands folded (in reverence), the monarchs of earth saluted him, as he
emerged, seated on the back of his horse.

"With shouts of joy on seeing him, the Cola, Kerala and Pāṇḍya monarchs assumed the role of staff-bearers, and chose to walk in front of him.

"Like a row of clouds raining drops of water on a mountain, the respectable matrons of the town, showered the customary parched grain on him.

"As he marched in state, king Kampana caused a quiver in the hearts of his rivals, and tuned to the direction of the quarter which had the Malaya mountains for its boundary.

"Leading such a huge army, the great hero looked like the eastern wind dragging behind it a string of heavy clouds.

"The load of the earth having become lightened by heaps of dust rising up, Āḍiśeṣa managed to bear the weight of the royal army.

"The dust that rose up acted simultaneously as an eclipse of both the sun of prowess and the moon of fame of the enemy (and thus effected a double eclipse at the same time).
"The aggregate of dust caused the illusion of a huge dung heap capable of manuring the creepers of (Kampana's) fame that had begun to sprout out in all the quarters.

"Under the pretext of being hidden away by the dust, the sun (in fact) fled to some unknown quarter, afraid that he might be pierced through by warriors transformed into gods in the approaching conflict (Warriors who go to vīra-swarga after a heroic end may pierce the sun in their journey to that destination).

"As if apprehending early extinction, grains of dust entered the pores of glands of lordly elephants through which ichor was coming out.

"The collection of dust plunged into the great oceans having been subjected, as it were, to unbearable heat when trying to absorb the rays of the sun.

"Water particles sprayed from the trunks of female elephants gave the shape of a fine hail to the cloud of dust raised by the marching army.

"Particles of dust fanned out by big war-elephants
flapping their ears were kept back by the rain of spray from the trunks of elephants.

"The army which looked like the grand confluence of all the seven oceans at the time of Mahā pralaya (the Great Deluge) began its orderly march with a great uproar.

"Caught up in the temples of great elephants overflowing with ichor, dust no longer rose, though the ground was continuously being broken by the toe-like hoofs of horses.

"The cool breeze, cool by reason of its contact with fine drops of water from the waves of the Tungabhadra, proved quite welcome for the onward march of the army.

"King Kampana reached Muluvayıpattanam after crossing the Karnata country within five or six days (i.e., after a march of five or six days).

"In that city he was biding his time; and when the appropriate hour arrived he started to launch his attack against the Sambuvarāya ruler.

"The dust raised by his army made both the Palar and the fame of the Sambuvaraya monarch look dirty."
"King Kampana struck camp with his army near Virinchinagara (Virinchipuram) where the branches of the trees were being shaken by the wind proceeding from the (waves) ripples of the Palar.

"Having come in all readiness, king Kampana started to lay siege to the town of the Lord of the Tamils, like the dewy season blocking up the course of the sun with intermittent snow.

"The arrayed forces of both the Karnata and the Tamil kings attacked each other, like two oceans brought against each other by stormy winds at the time of the Great Deluge.

"The fight began to rage, foot-soldiers falling on foot-soldiers, elephant-herds attacking elephant-herds, troops of horses colliding with troops of horses.

"Unable to bear the lion-like roars emanating from wariorson both sides, the elephants of the quarters, with their trumpeting completely silenced, almost lost their consciousness.

"Sparks generated in large numbers by the clash of the weapons of the warriors on either side bore a close likeness to a collection of glow-worms in the darkness of the dust."
"Even like the fancied side-glances of the amourous Goddess of fight, the sharp-pointed arrows let fly against one another by bow-men fell to the ground.

"The blood-stained sword-blades waving in the hands of heroic warriors appeared like the lolling tongue of Yama eager to make a meal of them.

"In the countless rivers of blood which began to flow on all sides, the faces of soldiers cut off by the bhallā arrow looked like lotuses.

"The arms of kings severed by swords resembled the trunks of elephants but were mistaken for snakes by the eagles that snatched them away.

"The blood flowing from human trunks was very much liked by the Rakṣāsas who deftly seated themselves on the trunks of elephants as if on tops of places.

"Brave fighters sent to (everlasting) sleep by enemy arrows on the protrusion of their elephants, soon woke up on the pot-like breasts of divine damsels.

"Then the army of the Tamil king routed by the mighty forces of Kampana took to flight."
"Some men fleeing in great disorder let fall their weapons in great terror and swore they would never fight again.

"Others, feigning death, dropped down; but fearing the presence of jackals, they at once rose up and started running pell-mell, affording no small mirth to the Karnāta forces.

"Yet others, mistaking a mirage for water (river) made futile attempts to cross it with a boat improvised out of the shields which they had forgotten to abandon (in their flight).

"There were still others who in their flight mistook their own shadows for the pursuing enemy in the extremity of their fright and began to prostrate before them, biting their fingers.

"King Kampana, then converted the Tamil king's town into an encampment for his own forces, and from there began to lay siege to the hill fortress named Rājagambhīra (Rājagambīrammalai) in which the enemy had sought asylum.

"The sound of his war-drums raised echoes from every cave of the hill and it looked as if the hill itself had begun to yell out in fright.
"With flags flying in the direction of high winds, the hill (fort) gave the impression that it was greeting king (Kampana) and welcoming him with its arms (the flags) to come to its top.

"Again, fierce fighting commenced between the two sides, and the weapons falling down and shooting up, lit up both earth and sky by their resplendence.

"Heads severed by arrows resembled palmyra-fruits as they fell down from the ramparts and caused an illusion of balls belonging to the Deity of War (for playing with).

"Like messengers (tax-collectors) sent by the stronghold itself claiming the tolls for the entry (of the Karnata troops) the stones let down from catapults fell just in front of the king.

"The hill, with the houses lit up by the fire from the missiles of bow-men, looked like holding lamps in readiness for the happy ceremony of haratī to mark the auspicious victory of the king.

"The ascent of the hill was accomplished by heroic men by
means of rows of lances planted as ladders and climbing up to the tops of sala trees.

"With all means (and chances) of (escape) coming out completely blocked, the stronghold was subjected to such great distress that the embryos of women, big with children, slipped out at the very sight of the fierce troops jumping in, and people immersed in the river of blood of the slain prayed for their lives.

"The Sambuvarāya monarch, with drawn sword, came out of his palace in great anger, even as a snake with its lolling tongue might come out of a mole-hill.

"Though many a soldier of valour eagerly came forward to fight saying, "let me do it", king Kampana preferred to face the Sambuvarāya himself.

"With the forepart of their bodies bent and eyes fixed, the two kings, sword in hand, stood still for a moment like a picture on a piece of painting.

"The gods were thankful for the total absence of winking in their eyes, as they were looking on with fixed gaze, the
flight (of the two heroes), their bodies divided at the waist.

"Kampana's sword, reflecting as it did, the image of the Sambuvarâya monarch, looked like a pregnant daughter about to give birth to a husband for the celestial nymphs.

Then escaping deftly a sword thrust, king Kampana despatched the Sambuvarâya (monarch) as a guest to Indra's city.

"Having thus reduced (killed) the Sambuvarâya in the field of battle, king Kampana received the decree of his father that he should rule (the territory thus conquered). With the fame of his victory duly established in Kânci, he inaugurated a just and prosperous rule over Tundirâmândalam destroying all confusion in castes and religious orders." 21

So also, Kampana's second and final battle with the Turuska king, form the concluding or the ninth canto of the Madhurâvijayâm. It follows as below.

"Bow-men severed the hands of elephant riders with Ardhachandra arrows; and they fell down in the pool of blood in the battle field like serpents in the sacrificial fire of Parîkshît's son.
"Pearls from the broken heads of elephants in rut attacked by heroic warriors, fell down blood-tinged like sparks produced in sudden collision.

"No sooner did a horseman begin to return after having cut with his sword the frontal globe of an elephant than that elephant was seen seizing his horse between his legs and squeezing him.

"The blood flowing from the wounded frontal globes of elephants was seen, being drunk through their trunks by some night-prowling demons in great glee, spitting the pearls that also came with the blood stream.

"Birds of prey with a view to taste the inner flesh entered into the body of a dead elephant making it quiver; jackals that mistook it for sign of life fled away, though they very much loved to feast on the body.

"Just as the heads cut by wheels were about to fall down, they were snatched away quite afresh with life by Rakshasa women who desired to wear them as wreath on their ears."
"A certain elephant having seized by the foot, and thrown up a warrior with his trunk, wanted to catch him again, as he fell, with his pair of tusks.

"A certain brave warrior thrown up by his adversary's elephant alighted on his back with his sword with which he despatched the enemy rider, and installed himself in his place.

"A certain warrior, after having been killed by the rain of arrows of his angry adversary, became a god and from his place in swarga rained flowers upon the latter praising his valour with genuine delight.

"A certain warrior was struck with a (double-edged) lance by his opposing foe, and by embracing the latter with the same lance sticking in his body, wounded him. This act evoked great admiration. Who is there that is not moved by real exhibition of daring qualities?

"Two warriors, meeting in single combat, cut each other's head with their swords after a long fight; leaving their bodies there, they went up together at once to celestial regions as close friends."
"Some royal warriors, like lions, wandered in the field of battle, and tore the heads of their adversaries with their sharp nails as if the latter were opposing elephants.

"With one blow of his sword he (king) split in two both the elephants and their riders with their coat of mail. Their bodies, lying mingled, gave but a slender clue for distinguishing the ranks of elephants from those of foot soldiers.

"The king, by smiting the elephants on their globes, produced many a river of blood scattering the pearls on their head like sands.

One thought, by looking at them, that there was not only one Tāmraparni river but several hundreds of Tāmraparnis.

"The heads of other elephants he pierced with his javelins and pearls came out from them. This reminded one of Subrahmanya boring a hole in the kramōca mountain through which hosts of swans came out.

"The agile king cut and wounded the bodies of those that opposed him, even as a hyena destroys, with his sharp nails,
deer caught in front of him.

"The brave king pounded the turbaned heads of his enemies with his mace in such a way that the eyes which came out of the sockets sank again in their old places.

"When the king, thus began to work destruction in the enemy ranks with his several weapons, the opposing army fled before him and disappeared like rains in the huge fires that are started at the end of universe (Pralaya).

"Not even Parasurama, Rama, Bhima or Arjuna provided such entertainment as the king did to that sage (Narada) who always loved the sight of good battle.

"Then seeing all his Turuska forces routed in battle, the Yavana king, stringing his fearful bow, met the king Kampa in single combat even as Vritra did the kind of the gods.

"The warriors regarded him as the embodiment of both anger and intoxication, his eyes red with the drink of vīra-pana, and knitted brows on his forehead fearful to look at.
"His jewelled tuft in a line of unbroken brilliance as he rode on his fast horse looked like the wreath of his smoking anger which was about to blaze.

"The sound produced by his forceful stringing of the bow seemed as if it were emanating from the anklets of the Goddess of Victory, who, after having deserted him so long, was now returning to him in haste.

"The brave king Kampa delighted in his having an opponent like the Suratrāna (Sultan) who had by his valour reduced the Colas and Pāṇḍyas and despoiled the wealth of Vīra Ballala (the Third).

"The two proud opponents fought in a manner befitting the respective might of their arms, by showering arrows on each other with their bows bent up to their ears.

"The king of the Yavanas warded off the arrows let fly by king Kampa, which were like the side glances of the Goddess of Heroism. And the king, similarly, checked the Parasīka's (Persian's) arrows which resembled the eye-darts of Yama's sister."
"King Kampa let fly against the Yavana king his arrows that had, like serpents, drunk the life-breaths of Keralas, like fire had consumed the lords of the Vanya Kingdom, and like the sun had destroyed the dark Āndras.

"The scratches caused by the Yavana king's arrow on the person of king Kampa shone like the nail marks of the Goddess of Victory that was so passionate to enjoy her privacy.

"The crow banner of the Yavana king which looked like the typification of the crown of Kali age was destroyed by king Kampa, and with that the former's hope of victory also.

"The king, with his arrow, cut the bow-string of the Turuska king who was, in his fury, raining arrows at the former. It was as if the knife was laid on the auspicious chord round the neck of the Rājyalakṣmī (kingly prosperity) of the Turuṣkas.

"The Turuṣka hero blazing with anger, then threw away his bow, and hastily drew out his terrible sword that was hanging on the side of his horse's saddle.

"Determined to make an end of the Yavana king, king Kampa
also armed himself with that sword which Agastya had sent him, and which looked as terrible as Yama himself.

"That sword, grew-coloured like poisoned fumes as it was being waved by the hand of king Kampa, looked like a serpent about to drink the life-breath from the Yavana's body.

"Seated on his agile horse, king Kampa, who was the glory of the Karnataka race, avoiding the sword blow aimed by the Yavana, cut off in an instant the head of the latter.

"The head of the Suratrana (Sultan) fell on the ground, the head that never knew the art of cajoling servant-like, the head that had borne the royal burden of the Turushka Sarmajya (Supremacy) and had not bowed down even to gods.

"The hero, Kampa, was astonished to see that, even after the head had fallen, the trunk on the horse-back still held the rains, checking the horse's course with one hand, while the other was uplifted to return the blow of the adversary.

"On the head of king Kampa, held high in pride, fell heaps of flowers rained from the celestial regions, and those heaps had the appearance of auspicious yellow-rice (aksata) let
fall by the Goddess of Kingly Prosperity, on Her self-chosen Lord.

"Like the beauty of the forest saved from forest-fire, like the view of the sky after the vanishing of an eclipse, or the calm appearance of the river Yamuna after the eradication of the serpent Kaliya, the region of the South shone after the overthrow of the Parasikas.

"King Kampārṇya guaranteed the safety of the remaining men in his enemy ranks and was crowned with happiness and glory." 22

Similarly, the third canto of the Raghuvamsā describes the battle between Raghu and Indra as below.

"The son of Dilīpa (i.e., Raghu) honoured by the good wiped his eyes with the holy water dripping from Nandini and thus was blessed with a vision of things veiled from sense.

"And in the east, he - this sone of the lord of men - beheld the God who clips the wings of mountains, carrying away his horse tethered by reins to his chariot, whose restiveness was ever and anon being curbed by his charioteer."
"Recognising him to be God Indra, by his hundred unwinking eyes, and his bay horses, Raghu now addressed him in a deep voice that pierced the sky, as if to win him from his purpose.

"O Lord of Gods, the wise ever describe you as the chief of those that share all sacred oblations; how is it then that you are bent upon obstructing the sacrifice of my father who is constantly engaged in sacrificial vows?"

"Being the lord of the three worlds and possessed of divine vision, you should restrain those that hate sacrificial acts; but if you yourself prove an obstacle in the acts of the righteous, them indeed, farewell to all sacred rites'"

"Be pleased, therefore, O Indra, to set free this horse who is the principal element of the great sacrifice; for great ones who point the way (taught by) the Vedas never stop to unrighteous ways.

"The Lord of the gods, hearing those bold words uttered by Raghu, wonderingly turned back his chariot and began to make the following reply.
"What you say, O son of a Kṣatriya, is true; but then those who regard their fame as their prized possession, must need guard it from their enemies; and your father seeks, by his sacrifice, to rob me of all my world-wide renown.

"As 'Puruṣottama' conveys none but Visnu, or 'Maheśvara' denotes the three-eyed God alone, even so the sages understand me by the title 'Satakratu'; these our titles do not belong to any other person.

"And therefore, following in the wake of Kapila, I carried away this your father's horse; do not make any further efforts in this regard; seek not to tread the path which the sons of Sagara trod.

"At this, the horse's protector laughed and fearlessly addressed Indra once again: 'Take your weapon if that is your resolve; for you cannot consider yourself to have achieved your object, so long as Raghu remains unconquered.'

"So he said to Indra, and as with his face raised up, he was about to place the arrow on his bow, he seemed to resemble the great God Siva by his eminent form looking very handsome in the Alidha posture (he assumed).

"Struck in the breast by Raghu's arrow breathing
defiance, the mountain-cleaver was filled with indignation and
put an unfailing dart upon his bow which for a moment becomes
the emblem of a host of fresh clouds.

"That arrow, accustomed to taste the blood of grim
demons, plunged into the broad space between the two arms of
Dilipa's son, and seemed to drink human blood, untasted before,
out of curiosity as it were.

"The prince too, brave as Kumara, planted an arrow,
bearing his own name, on the arm of Indra, the fingers of which
were hardened by the constant goading of the celestial
elephant, and which marked by leaf-like figures in paint on
Sachi's (person).

"And with another, fledged with peacock's plume he rent
the great lightning flag of Indra; whereupon Indra was greatly
enraged to him, as though he had forcibly torn the heavenly
Lakṣmī's hair.

"And now ensued a fierce fight between them who strove
for the mastery, their arrows hurrying upwards and downwards,
like so many fierce-looking winged serpents, while the siddhas
and the soldiers stood by.
"Nor could Indra, even with a ceaseless shower of missiles, repress him who possessed such irresistible fire, just as a cloud is unable to extinguish the lightning-fire released from itself.

"Then with a crescent-headed arrow, Raghu snapped asunder the bow-string of Indra, which was roaring aloud, like the ocean when churned, at his wrist smeared with yellow sandal.

"Highly incensed, he flung aside his bow, and desiring to slay his gallant foe, took up the missile used by him in clipping the wings of mountains, bright shining with a halo of light.

"Struck in the chest by that he fell to the ground along with the tears of his soldiers; but shaking off his agony in a moment he rose up with their joyous shouts.

"However, Indra was pleased with his great heroism, who for long stood in a state of hostility, a state made terrible by the use of weapons; for indeed virtues and access everywhere.

"No other person save yourself has withstood my weapon
which by its might did not suffer resistance even from mountains; know me to be pleased with you; say what you desire, save this horse," thus Indra clearly spoke to him.

"Then putting back the arrow which was not wholly drawn out of the quiver, and which by its folden feathers made his fingers radiant, the sweet-voiced prince made answer to the king of the gods.

"O Lord, if you think that the horse cannot be restored then let my father, who is hallowed by constant vows, be blessed with the entire fruit of the sacrifice, as if the rite were concluded in the proper manner.

"And O Lord of the worlds, so arrange that the king sitting in his assembly, irresistible by reason of his being a portion of the three-eyed god, hears this news from your own envoy.

"With the words 'so be it' Indra who had Matali for his charioteer, promised to grant Raghu his desire and went away as he came; and the son of Sudakṣiṇā (Raghu) too, not quite well-pleased in his heart, returned to the King's assembly hall.
"The king of men, already enlightened by a messenger of Indra greeted him and gently stroked his limbs, marked by the scars of the thunderbolt, with his hand numbed by joy.

"Thus did the lord of the Earth, whose commands deserved to be respected, perform ninety-nine sacrifices, as though they were the flight of steps whereby at the close of his life he would ascent to heaven."23

So also the battle of Aja with the enemy kings occurs in the seventh canto. The context is that - after Aja's marriage with Indumati, the enemy kings who had been already deprived of their possessions by Raghu, could not bear to see his son (Aja) winning the gem of a woman i.e., Indumati. These enemy kings obstructed him on the way, while he was taking with him the Bhoja princess, Indumati. And there fight between them takes place. It follows as below:

"Having directed a trustworthy counsellor with a large number of warriors to guard her, the prince dashed on the ranks of those enemy kings, like Sona with his rising billows, smiting the Ganges.

"Foot to foot, car to car, horse to horse, and elephant
to elephant - thus fought warriors that battle in which the antagonists were equally matched.

"And as the clarions brayed, the archers did not announce their names; for their voices were scarcely audible; but by the letters, inscribed on their shafts, they made known to each other their lofty titles.

"The dust of battle, stirred by the horses, thickened by the wheels of multitude of chariots, and spread by the flapping ears of elephants, veiled the Sun in the manner of an awning.

"The fish-shaped pennons, whose mouths were rent by the wind, devoured the growing dust raised by the hosts, so that they looked like real fishes drinking fresh maddy water.

"In that thick dust, the noise of wheels proclaimed the chariot, tinkling of danglings bells betrayed the elephants; while friend and foe were only known from shouted names of chiefs.

"The blood that streamed from horses, elephants, and warriors shone as the morning Sun in the darkness of dust that grew intense in the strife, and hemmed in the field of men's vision."
"The dust, whose root the blood had cut, and which was blown about over it (the blood), looked like smoke that had streamed up before the fire had been reduced to glowing cinders.

"Car-borne heroes, waking from their swoon that was caused by blows, rebuked their drivers, and turning their horses, angrily smote those (very warriors) who gave them wounds, recognizing them by their pennons previously marked.

"Now skilful archer's shafts, though split in mid-fight by enemy's darts, yet reached their aims, with their barbed fore-halves, through the continuity of their speed.

"In the elephant-fight, the heads of drivers, smit off by razor-keen quoits, dropped down after a while, having been caught up by the hair in the pointed extremities of hawks' talons.

"A horseman, who was the first to strike, did not again strike his foe so long as he was unable to return the blow, but waited until the latter woke from his swoon, his body reclined on his horse's neck."
"And as the naked swords of mailed warriors, fighting desperately, fell upon the huge tusks of elephants, (sparks of) fire rose which the frenzied elephants quenched with water sprayed from their trunks.

"Like Death's drinking-booth showed that field of battle abounding in the shaft-severed skulls for fruit, the fallen helmets for breakers, and blood for streams of wine.

"A female jackal snatched from birds a broken arm, which was pecked at the extremity by them; but she flung it away, although fond of flesh, as the roof of her jaw was hurt by the end of the armlet (worn on the arm).

"A certain hero, when his foeman's sword had severed his head, that very instant found himself the master of a celestial car, with a heavenly nymph clinging to his left side, and saw his (lifeless) trunk dancing on the battle-plain.

"Two other warriors, finding that each had slaughtered the other's driver, themselves became both drivers and car-borne heroes; when their horses were dead, they fought long with their maces; and when these were broken they closed in a hand-to-hand scuffle which ended in their death.
"The other heroes, who, having struck each other, breathed their last at the same moment, yet renewed their fight, even in their immortal state, being suitors to the same heavenly nymph.

"The two rival hosts swayed between victory and defeat over one another like ocean's waves that alternately swell when driven by contrary winds.

"The mighty Aja rushed at the opposing host, although they had worsted his army; wind may repel smoke, but fire will assuredly reach straw.

"That high-spirited peerless hero, car-borne and mail-clad, with his bow and quiver, repelled the kingly host, like the great boar the waves of the ocean that overflowed the shores at the end of an acon.

"He was seen on the battle-field deftly moving his right hand at the mouth of his quiver; while the string of the bow stretched but once upto this warrior's ear, seemed to produce the arrows that killed his enemies.

"He strewed the battle-field with the heads of his
enemies, severed from the neck by his Bhalla arrows - the heads which had their lips more red as they were bitten in anger, which bore frowns whose upward lines were clearly seen, and which still had the sound of defiance within them.

"With every kind of force, among which elephant were the chief, with every kind of weapon that could penetrate armours and with all their might, all those kings fell on him.

"As volleys of missiles veiled his chariot, the top of his pennon alone betrayed his presence, as the dimly shining Sun shows the mist-veiled morning.

"Then the prince, this son a universal sovereign, fair as the God of Love, and ever vigilant, now launched at the kings that sleep compelling missile, which, presided over by Gandharvas, as given to him by Priyamvada.

"Struck to sleep, the kings' armed host stood powerless to draw the bow with their hands, the helmets swerving to one shoulder, while they leaned against the staves of their flags.

"Then the prince placed on his lower lip, whose seets his bride had tasted, a conch-shell, and blew it, so that he seemed thus to drink emgodied glory, won by his own hands.
"His warriors, recognising the sound of the conch-shell, returned and saw him in the midst of his foes overpowered by sleep, like the image of the Moon bright-quivering in the midst of sleeping lotuses.

"Then, with the blood-stained points of his darts he wrote letters on their banners; 'Raghu's son now has taken from you your glory, but has spared your lives out of mercy.

"Then with one arm resting upon the end of his bow, his hair loosened by the removal of his helmet, and his brow moist with the drops of sweat, brought on by fatigue, he advanced to his timid bride and spoke:

"Look, Vaidarbi-I give you leave - look at these our foes; even infant hands may seize their weapons; it is with such feats of war that they seek to win you from my hands.'

"Then her face, recovering from the alarm, caused by the foes, shone like a mirror which has gained its transparency when damp breath is wiped away.

"Rejoicing, yet by shame overpowered, she praised him not herself, but, by the lips of her handmaids as a natural
landscape, when sprinkled over by drops of rain, thanks to the rows of cloud, by peacock's cries.

"Then he set his left food upon the heads of the kins, and faultless, bore off his flawless bride, who with the ends of her hair made rought by the dust raised by chariot and horse, shone like incarnate victory of the battle."²⁴

In like manner, the twelfth canto of the Raghuvamsa describes a fierce fight between Rama and Ravana.

"The fight between Rama and Ravana in which after a long time their valour found scope by this their mutual encounter, seemed not in vain.

"Ravana, alone, and not like what he was before, yet by his many arms, and heads and thighs appeared encircled by his mother's kin.

"Rama highly esteemed his foe, who had conquered the world's Guardians, who had worshipped God Siva by (offering up) his heads, and who had poised aloft the Kailasa mountain.

"Fiercely wroth, Ravana drove deep his arrow in his right arm, which throbbing forethold his union with Sita."
"Then an arrow, loosed by Rama, piercing Ravana's breast, entered the earth as if to bear the glad tidings to the serpent-world.

"As each matched his foes with missile for missile their zeal to triumph over their rival brew like that of two disputants who match argument with argument.

"Owing to an alternate display of valour the fortune of war wavered between them, like an altar-shaped wall set between two raging elephants.

"The volleys of shafts, that each other poured, did not endure the flowers rained down by the Gods and Demons over them when pleased with their assaults and repulses.

"Then the Demon dashed at his foe with his Sataghni mace studded with iron spikes, as if it was the club, Kutasalmai like, snatched from the God of death.

"With crescent-tipped arrows, Rama cut that (made) in twain before it reached his chariot, as easily as a plaintain-tree, and also shattered the hope of the nemies of the Gods."
"Then the matchless archer, laid across his bow that unerring Brahma missile, directing the same against him - a physic to extract the iron of grief from his beloved's heart.

"Split a hundred fold in the air, with flaming points, it looked like the body of the serpent Sesa, with its awful circle of hoods.

"With that (shaft) winged with spells, he brought down, in half a moment, the row of Ravana's heads, which did not even feel the pain of the wound.

"The line of severed necks of the demon's body that was about to fall shone like the images of the morning Sun in water, broken by wavelets.

"The minds of the Gods could yet not fully believe it, even when they saw his heads fall, for fear that those heads might join with the trunk once more.

"Then fell on Rama's head, which soon should wear the jewelled crown, a rain of fragrant flowers, poured by the Gods, which was followed by swarms of bees that with their wings, heavy with ichor, forsook the broad temples of the elephants of the guardians of the world."
Thus ends the beautiful narration of the battles in the Raghuvamsa. A few of the similarities found in the Madhuravijayam and the Raghuvamsa, may be observed as below.

1. Being impelled by his father, Dilipa, prince Raghu in the third canto called out Indra for fight, and become victorious; so too at the behest of his father, Bukka, prince Kampana in the fourth canto of the Madhuravijayam, marched against the Sambuvaraya king and was victorious.

2. Raghu's heroic deeds and his bold steps in the battle with Indra bear some resemblance with that of Kampana.

3. Though all enemy-kings get together and attacked Aja fiercely, yet Aja like Agni fought with them alone which in fact caused a sort of astonishment in his rival kins. Similarly as Kampana was marching with his powerful forces, he caused a quiver in the hearts of his rivals.

4. Seeing all his forces destroyed, the demon-king Ravana met Rama in single combat. Similarly, seeing all his Turuska forces routed in the battle, the Yavana king, stringing his bow met the king Kampana in single combat.
5. Just as Rāma experiences the throbbing in his right arm which foretold his union with Śīta (XII.90), so too, when Kampana started on campaign to Kancī, his throbbing right hand foretold the auspicious event of the forthcoming embrace by the Goddess of Valour (IV.18).

6. The rain of arrows in battle between Rāma and Rāvana, and Kampana and Sultan bears much resemblance.

7. Description of Rāvana (XII.99) and of the Sultan (IX.37) after their heads being cut off, holds much consonance with each other.

8. When Rāma in the Raghuvamsa (XII.102) and Kampana in the Madhurāvijayam (IX.38) became victorious, a rain of fragrant flowers poured from the celestial regions.

Thus, in many contexts, the Madhurāvijayam holds much resemblance with the Raghuvamsa so far as poetess's art of the narration of battle is concerned.

Though the description of the battle science appears to come under descriptive aspect, yet it is included in the narration part. As such, here, the battle scene is given in
full to realize poetess's narrative skill. In this narration, descriptive points are included as a part and parcel of the former. Hence, it leaves no confusion.

Further, it may be seen that the method of narrative skill of Gangādevī is similar to that of Vālmiki in his Rāmāyaṇa. The story of Rāmāyaṇa begins with the king Dasaśaratha, as the story of the Madhirāvījaya with Bukka. Both the kings, Daśaratha and Bukka followed the custom of having more than one wife. Kausalya was the chief queen of Daśaratha and Devayī of Bukka. Daśaratha had made Ayodhya as his capital city; so also Bukka's capital place was Vijayanagara. Rāma was the eldest son of Daśaratha, so too, Kampana was of Bukka. As Rāma had three brother - Laksmana, Bharata and Satruughna, Kampana had two brothers, Kampana and Sangama. The mandate of the father was responsible in both the cases for their respective achievements. The killing of Khara in Dandaka forest by Rāma is similar to the killing of Sambuvāryāya king in Kānci. Sage Agastya gifted some divine weapons to Rāma to facilitate his act of killing Rā-āṇa; so also a sage with the same name sent through goddess of Madhura divine weapons to Kampana for his killing Sultan of Madhura (IX.29). Rāvaṇa's capital was Ceylon while Sultan's capital was Madhura in the Southern part of India. Rāvaṇa was very trouble-some to the
world; even as Sultan was a curse to the upliftment of the society. As Rama destroyed Ravana, Kampana killed the Sultan of Madhura. Carrying away Sita by force and unlawfully was only the proximate cause in killing Ravana. But, for Rama, the ultimate goal was the establishment of Dharma, saving the world from hindrances and the upliftment of the society. Kampana too, had the same ultimate goal in killing the Sultan of Madhura. As Dilipa performed the rituals for Raghu, so Bukka did for Kampana.

Thus, there are many a points of resemblance. Gangādevī owes much of her inspiration for her works to the great epic, the Rāmāyaṇa of Vālmīki, as she mostly follows Vālmīki in the art of narration of the Madhurāvijayam. It may therefore, be said the theme of the Madhurāvijayam has been on the analogy of the themes in the Rāmāyaṇa of Vālmīki when narrative aspect of the Kāvya is taken into consideration.
1. वागर्षविव सम्पूर्वतो वागर्ष प्रतिपत्त्वे
   जातं भिलारी वन्दे पार्वतीपरमेश्वरे
   राग्हुवंश भाग भाग

2. फृष्ट: स्त्री वृषभास्मार्णा न मात्रकार्थ्यारिणी
   प्रथम प्रतिबोधाय विप्रकाशात्मको रिवा
   मधुरविजयम् भाग भाग

3. वल्कनत्मानमहरोधे महत्यपि
   चरण मेन मनस्सन्या। कृम्या च लक्ष्यापिण
   RV. I-32

4. सल्कव्यदेहु कारे तामेव मनुष्यारिणिः
   वल्कमेस्त निशानायो नृत्वशेष्वर रोहिणीमिः
   MV. I-74

5. प्राप्यावरागस्य मनः प्रत्येकदातिनाया च दिनवस्मदायः
   प्रवाहमुः पुज्यनारिके। क्षिप्रा धूर्गोऽवरः सरस्वतीवर्याचतुर्योऽत्वः
   RV. III-10

6. तदस्तः प्रवाहः प्रजाना पुरोहितोक्तं पुवस्तवक्तः
   व्यवहत काले किम्बवाहृतम्। पुः वरः पुस्तनामिः
   MV. II-13

7. शाराराजाद्वस्माथ्यमु फङ्गामु गुहे न सालक्ष्मा। लोपुमाण्डुः
   लतुप्रकाशोऽविवेकराका प्रभावक्ता। शारिनेव शार्वरी
   RV. III-2

8. मुखे न दन्वी शारणार्जने किमुक्तरकालाभिज्ञा। विन्याते
   किञ्चित्राकीबना रिवाने। भायाराजाहकै शारणदीव
   MV. II-2

9. विवेकुः गच्छतुः नितान्तविवर। तवीयमानिविशुद्धस्म हस्तक्षमः
   विराजकार भृगराभिनी नयो:। हुजातयोः। पदः कक्कोशयोः। क्रियमः
   RV. III-8

10. श्रीमायणाः भविणान्। मुखे न स्तनं। तामरस्तक्या
    शक्तिन्द्रलोकत्वेवभिष्मे। रष्याः। मनान्तोरखी। वकार
    MV. II-11
11 ख जातकमण्येष्ये लकर्षना तयोकालेश्वरुरोपस्य कृते ।
बिलशृणुर्विनिराकरिणेऽक्षः प्रयुक्त संस्कर इवार्थिक बभू । ॥ RV.III-18

12 तब: प्रतीवेदिण्ये पुरोहितेन नारेन्द्रशुनु: कृतजातकमः ।
सभ्यिलोकसंभवामहेः प्रणवेदिनेन मुखावनेन । ॥ MV.II-33

13 धुरगम इव देवतेष्वस्तवाश्रणकर्मयः इव पाणिबन्धकलयोगेश्वरः ।
हरिरश्व युग्मीयं दर्षिं करस्तदीर्घ: भृतराजिनित्यां पैशाचारेव वृंभ: ।
RV RV X-86

14 पर्युपाक्षिकस नैते: होमसुबोधगम्यते: नयं हि निरर्थाय प्रामकोल्सालयः ।
भव इव पुलमाणपी: पर्वकामार्थ कौलेश्वरिन्यं परावस्तूष्टिरभवासी ।
MV II-4

15 रामणियापि रामास्तो मिल्वा हृदयमार्गः ।
विभेन्मु व क्षमाह्रास्तु समस्यायहि इव प्रियम् ।
RV. XII-91

16 अभोरणातारिकायाचार्य्योऽविभीतः हुसो भरस्याष्ट्रः धिनेश्वरः ।
निर्वेधीविन्यव गाढ़र्म्भां रधेन पापायायामग्नतव ।
MV.III-46

17 सन्तुल्कां कर्ममूः तृतीयाेशृणासुद स्व-द्विविषिधम: पतिद्रम: ।
प्रत्यक्षमिन शरमायामुक्ति तिविन्या: कशीवरेण ।
RV.VII-48

18 तस्सनागारजन्या वर्तावलाताः विपरितान्यास्त्रेषम: ।
अध्याप्य रज्जराजिः: कशीकर्दुदिनः ।
MV.IV-43

19 Raghuvamśha XVI 4-23

20 Madhuravijayam VIII 1-36

21 Ibid., IV. I-83

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