

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Courtesy Vishvabharati Patrika

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खरिलिपि

ANTHOLOGY

OF

ONE HUNDRED SONGS

OF

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

IN STAFF NOTATION

VOLUME I



SANGEET NATAK AKADEMI RABINDRA BHAVAN NEW DELHI 1961

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ANTHOLOGY

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Vol. I

TRIBUTE

OF

SANGEET NATAK AKADEMI

ТО

THE MEMORY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

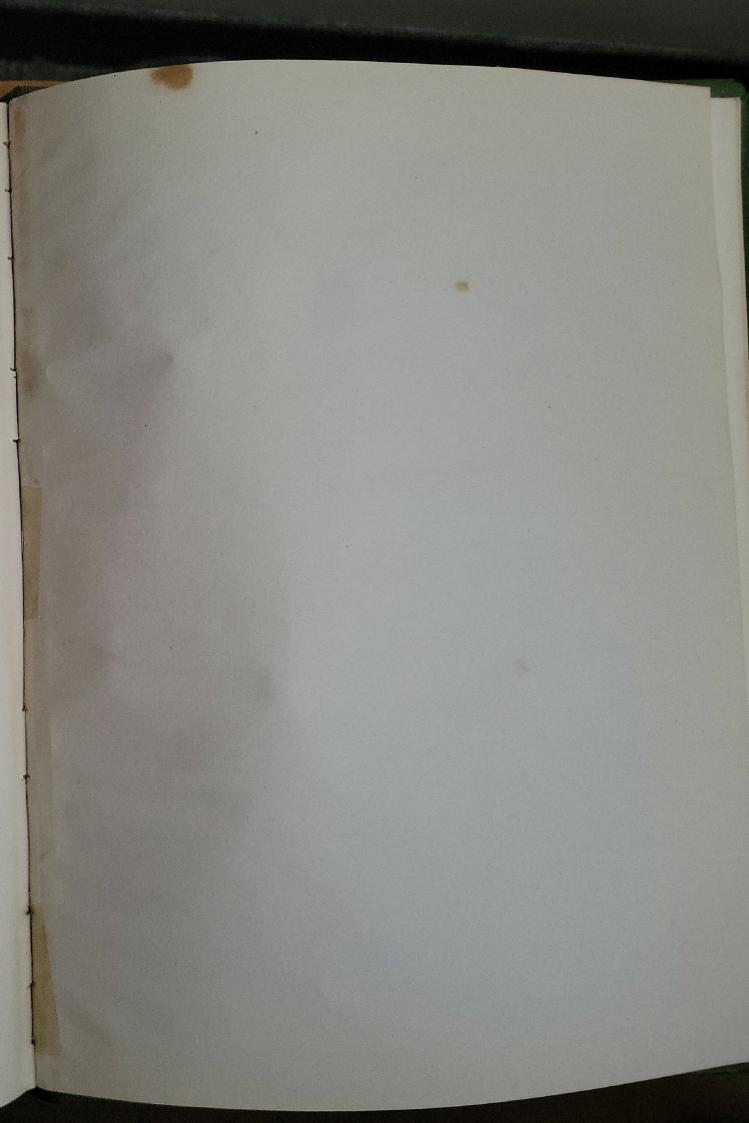
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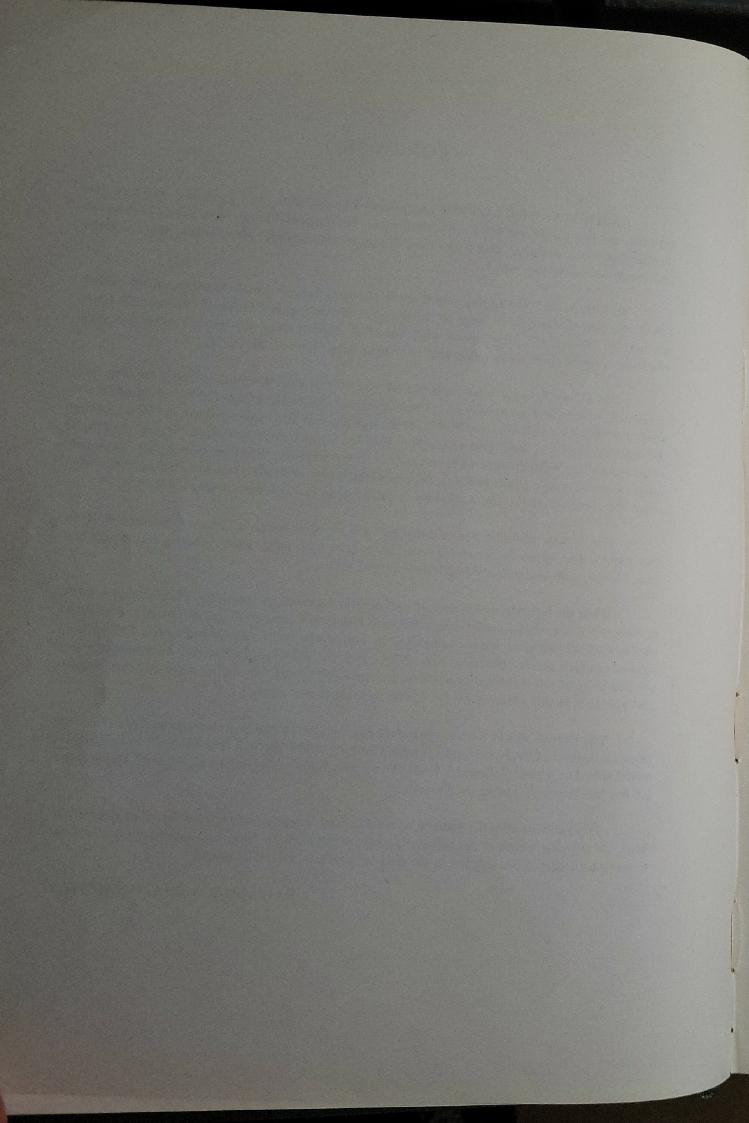
CENTENNIAL

OF

"THE POET"

1861 - 1961





INTRODUCTION

It is good to know that a list of one hundred Tagore songs had been selected for this Anthology by the late Srimati Indira Devi Chaudhurani of Santiniketan at the request of the Sangeet Natak Akademi. The selection was done a few days before her death. There was a time when the late Dinendranath Tagore, the doyen of Tagore's musicians, had a friendly discussion with Indira Devi and told her that his knowledge of Tagore's songs was more or less complete; Indira Devi slightly differed and said that her knowledge was a little more. Later on they came to terms: Dinendranath's knowledge was complete about the recent compositions but Indira Devi's was better of the past. It is true that Indira Devi knew Tagore's early songs best and that, after Dinendranath's death, she too probably knew best the later ones. So her selection of a hundred songs of Tagore had reasons to be the most sensible so far.

As far as I am aware, the only systematic attempt made so far to acquaint the Westerners with the songs of Rabindranath Tagore set in his distinctive melodies, was in *The Twenty-six Songs of Rabindranath Tagore*, jointly edited in 1935 by Dr. Arnold A. Bake and Dr. Philippe Stern. But, a mere twenty-six songs, out of more than two thousand five hundred lyrics that Rabindranath Tagore composed and set to music, can hardly be considered adequate or representative of his creative output in this field. Therefore, a demand has steadily been growing in the West for more of Tagore songs in their authentic melody. Consequently, there has also been a desire that since in these lyrics the sense is so inseparately wedded to sound, mere transcribing the melodies in staff notation may not suffice if the basic spirit of the song—its meaning—is not made available in translation.

It was in order to meet this general demand on the part of non-Bengali-knowing elements in India and abroad, that the Sangeet Natak Akademi accepted a scheme for propagating the music of Tagore on the occasion of the Tagore Centenary Celebrations.

The very first consideration was, of course, to make a representative selection out of the great wealth of Tagore songs. The selection had to be such that the songs would represent the broad subjects dealt with by Tagore viz. devotional songs, love songs, seasonal songs, patriotic songs, occasional songs, etc. The songs had to set forth his distinctive technique of adaptation of classical and folk elements of Indian music. Lastly, the selected songs had also to bring out that experimental streak, that bold break with tradition which constitutes the truly Tagorean feature of Tagore's music.

The task was not an easy one and the Akademi would have been hard put to it if a person like Indira Devi Chaudhurani was not there to lend a hand. She was more than equal to her task. Well-versed in both Western and Indian music, she had the advantage, as the Poet's favourite niece, to have an intimacy of contact with the musical genius of her uncle. As a matter of fact, right up to the late nineties of the last century, she was the faithful and steadfast custodian of

Rabindranath's songs. It was only when the vision of the 'forest-school' called the Poet away to Santiniketan, that Dinendranath Tagore took over where Indira Devi had to give up. Not that her interest ever flagged nor was she for long out of touch. Then, towards the fag-end of her life, as if to make up for all the lost time, she came and settled down at Santiniketan. The Poet was no more but his songs lived. They lived in all their vibrant beauty of melody because she came and lived at Santiniketan and became a link between the old and the new.

The task of selection over, the Akademi set about the next logical follow-up action and decided that:

- i. There should be two volumes of fifty songs each.
- ii. Each volume should be brought out in two different versions—(a) One for Westerners and (b) the other for non-Bengali-knowing Indians.
- iii. The volume meant for the Westerners should have the Bengali words written in Roman characters below the staff-notation. To help the interested in getting into the spirit of the songs, there would be sense-translation in English given after the notation.
- iv. In the volume meant for the non-Bengali-knowing Indians, the original Bengali songs will be given in Devnagri script, and the system of notation will be the same as evolved by the Akademi in consultation with experts.

Can we summarise these hundred songs? At most, we can have three ways of doing it: musically, graphically and through words and notes. I believe that musically these songs should be rendered in the most musical manner possible, that is, by notation with the help of vowels alone. Even the consonants will have to be excluded. In that case, the combination will be of ragas and raginis, the tals (rythms) being used as basic, simple accompaniments. The ragas and raginis are thus of numerous types, pure and very many of the impure varieties. Strictly speaking, that will be of the ideal type. But an important difficulty stands in the way: chronologically, it is unlikely to fit in with the musical classification. While it is true that the earlier pieces are likely to be the pure ones and attached to Chautal, Dadra, Tiwara time-cycles etc. the later ones will be of infinite variety beginning with the mixture of two, three, and four original compositions; two originals and baul, bhatiali, kirtan and pure indigenous styles. In addition, Tagore creates an entirely new mode though it is linked up with the Indian mode in spirit. In that case, musical classification becomes difficult indeed. We will have to exclude a good many of them if we are to include the purely musical classification.

The second choice is the graphical classification. Here I mean the rendering of pictorial representation. In a sense that is possible; pictures can be arranged by some shape or the other, either historically or by North and South regions or in terms of ideational groups. But the same danger appears again. Pictures are too numerous to mention and a good many of them are likely to be dropped out of the classificatory mould. For aught one can see the dangers of the graphical classification are greater than those of the musical one. The visual actions appear, in this age at least, to be stronger than the audible actions.

The third and the final choice of classification is a composite one but with emphasis on the exposition of words and notes as diphthongs. In a sense, all Tagore's music is like that. There are a few songs where the combination of notes is more stressed than in words, and a large number, in addition, emphasise words, more than notes. But in no case are the words separate from the notes. Out of two thousand five hundred songs or so the overwhelming majority bear the requisite combination of words and notes. And of these hundred songs, they are of devotional rejoicing; and of summer, rains, autumn, hemanta (mists), winter and spring, the six classical seasons. Then they are of Nataraja, that is Shiva, songs glorifying the common man, love for the tiller of the soil and the manual labourer, songs of youth and the Poet's love for his native land and his vision of the country-side, and above all, love songs. There are at least four words set to various classical tunes, two as experiments in new rythms and four on rejoicing. Personally, I feel that the experiments should have been longer because a thousand of them come out and at least a hundred come out beautifully. Barring the devotional pieces the best of them are seasonal from the point of view of a combination of words, pictures and notes.

I strongly feel that only a hundred examples are not sufficient. A few more pieces I may have missed, but even one of these hundred I would never delete. If so, can we improve on Shrimati Indira Devi Chaudhurani's selection?

1st October, 1961.

DHURJATI PRASAD MUKERJI

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

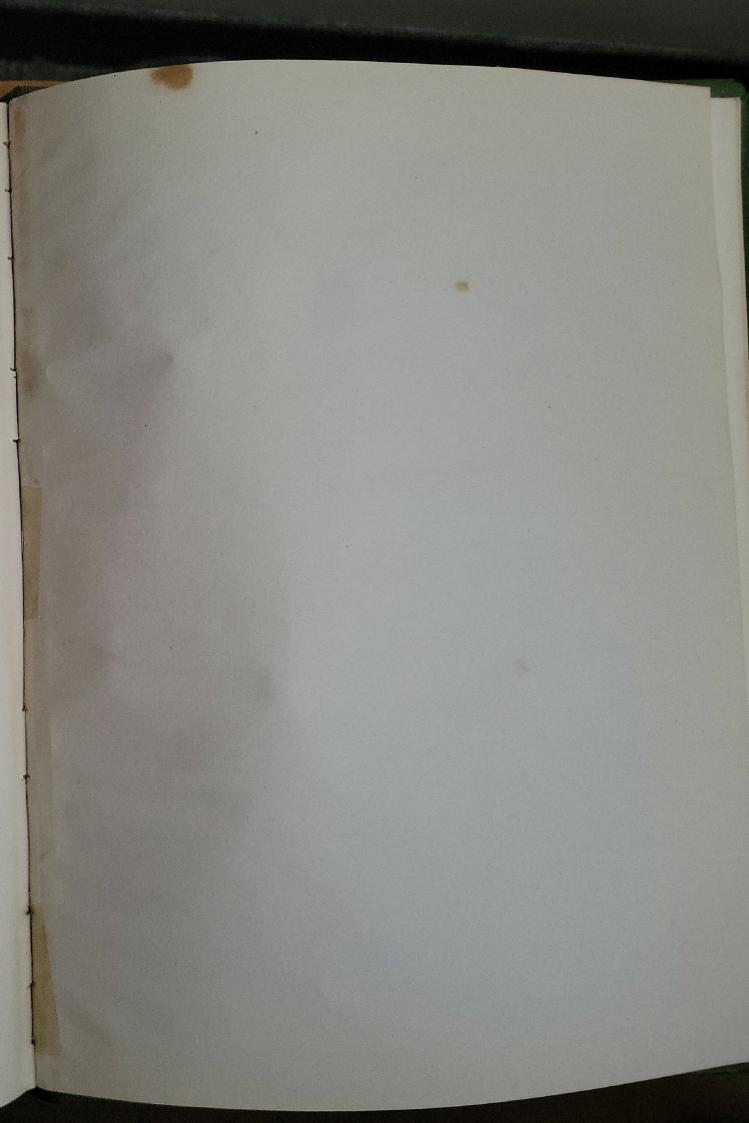
Grateful acknowledgements of the Sangeet Natak Akademi, New Delhi, the publishers of this Anthology, are due to the late Shrimati Indira Devi Chaudhurani for selecting the hundred songs; to Shrimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay for her 'Foreword'; to Professor Dhurjati Prasad Mukerji for his 'Introduction'; to Dr. Arnold A. Bake and Mr. M. Philippe Stern, whose work on Tagore songs in 1935 helped us as a model for this publication.

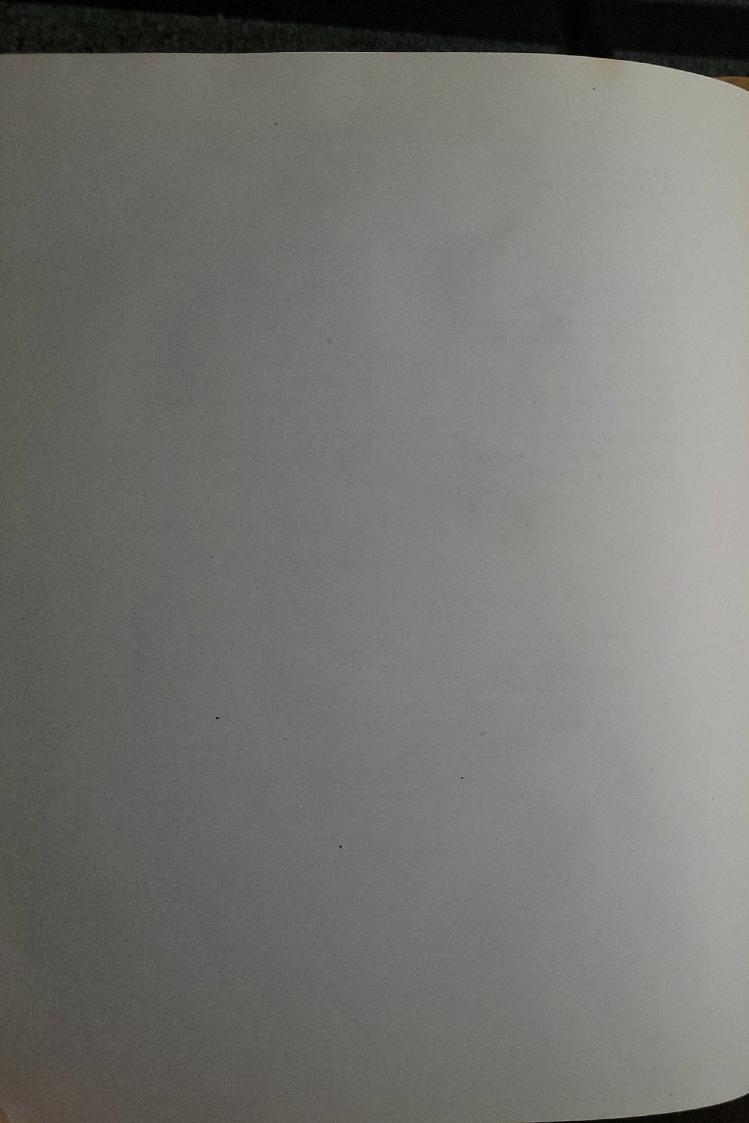
Our special thanks are due to Professor Antsher Lobo for his valuable and expert advice on the method of correcting the transcribed modal notation and for general guidance in musical and other technical matters. But for his guidance and valuable help this publication would not have seen the light of day.

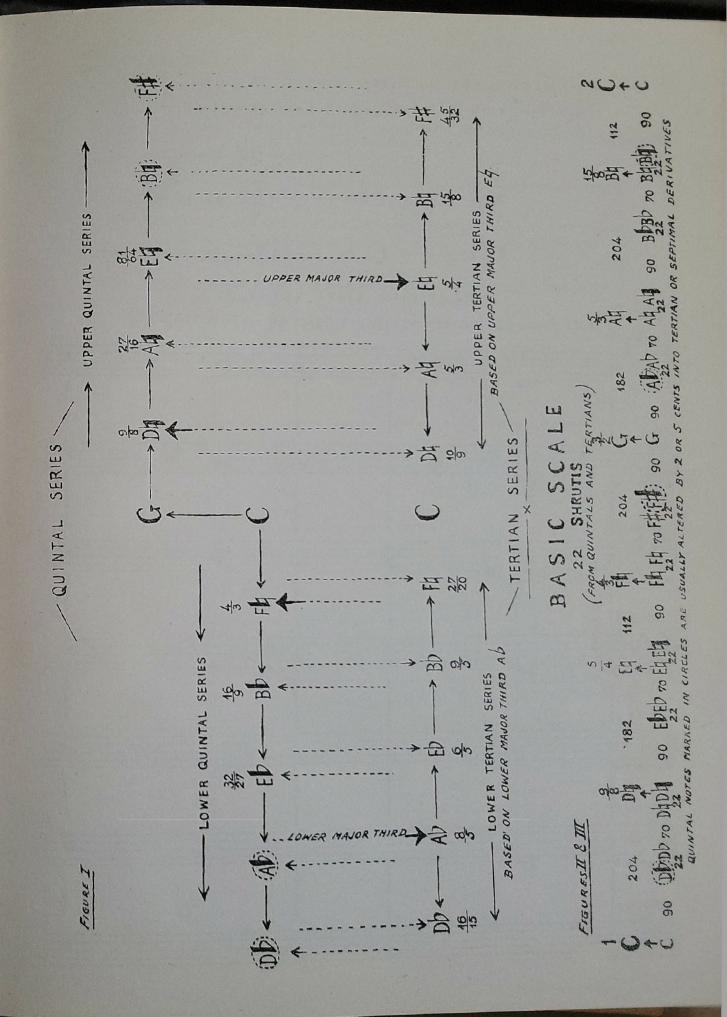
Our grateful thanks are due to Dr. (Miss) Trina Roy for transcribing in western notation the original Bengali songs of Tagore; to Shri Santidev Ghose for singing these songs in proper tempo for revision; to Shrimati Aida Lobo for editing and writing them in staff notation and to Mr. Llewellyn Charles for fairing out the notated music.

Our thanks are also due to Shri Kshitis Roy for the English translations of 33 songs and to Shri Pulin Behari Sen for helping the Akademi in procuring the English translations of the remaining 17 songs.

We are grateful to Macmillan & Co., London and to Visvabharati University for permission to use copyright material, either in the original or in the translation, and to the Music Board of the Visvabharati Society for letting us use the extant svaralipis for transcription into staff notation. The cooperation of Shri Bankey Lal, the proprietor of The Caxton Press Private Ltd., Delhi, in bringing out the book in record time can also be mentioned in this connection.



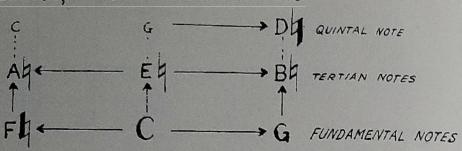


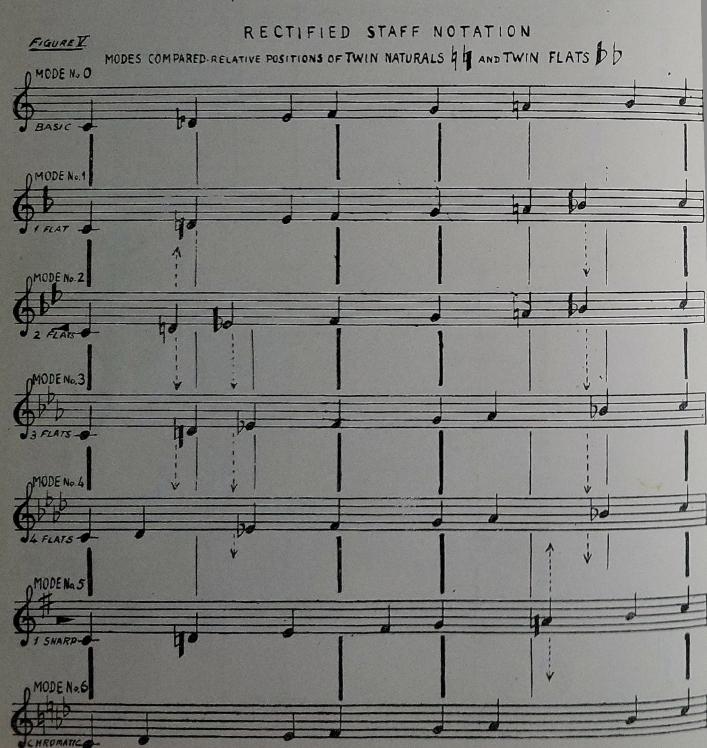


JUST INTONATION BASIC SCALE

COMBINATION OF FUNDAMENTALS AND PRIMARIES
GENERATOR, HARMONIC FIFTHS AND THIRDS

FIGURE IV





TRANSLITERATIONS

The principles followed in the phonetic method adopted in the transliteration of Bengali words are as follows:—

- Ist: the employment of English characters with their ordinary pronunciation (or one of their pronunciations if there are several) adopted as a permanent value of the character, with as sparing a use of diacritical marks as possible.
- 2nd: one sign, one sound, ("sign" here being either a single letter or a group of letters in italics, or joined by ligature).

THE VOWELS

- "a" represents always and only the sound of "a" in car, carter. Never like "a" in glad, all, hate.
- "ae" always and only for the sound "a" in English glad, man, cat. Never like "ae" in Caesar.
- "e" always to be pronounced as "a" in English as in name, gate. Not the diphthong as in South English (neim, geit).
- "i" always for the sound of "i" in police. Never as in bite, sir.
- "o" always represents "o" as in English, like the "o" in bone, stone. Not a diphthong as in South English (boun, stoun).

 This vowel occurs both as long and short in Bengali.
- "o" always represents the sound in lot and law.
- "u" represents always and only the high sound as in pull, rule. Never as in but, cut, use, busy.
- "y" always indicates the sound of "y" as in yoke, toy. Never as in Italy or my. Note: in diphthongs each element is generally distinctly sounded.

THE CONSONANTS

- "c" always and only like "ch" in English chat, chin, chase. Never like "c" in cat, tobacco. the cerebral "d", made by curling up the tip of the tongue and striking against the hard palate above the teeth-ridge. The English sound of the "d" is near enough. It resembles "rd" in South English hard.
- "d" the Italian "d" soft dental "d", made by striking the bones of the upper teeth with the tip of the tongue spread out like a fan.
- "g" always "g" hard as in get, give, go.

- "h" by itself always a voiced sound as in behind, perhaps, not the unvoiced "h" of English as in heir, honour.
- Note: In the group bh, ch, dh, dh, gh, ph, rh, th, the "h" is to be properly sounded as the words differ in meaning according as their having this post-consonantal "h" or not. Internally and finally, however, the "h" in this group is frequently dropped except in "bh".
- "j" stands for the English sound as in jam, approximately.
- "I" clear "I" as in South English, like, long, list. The dark "I" as in bottle, is unknown in Bengali.
- "n" (underlined or italics), denotes nasalisation of the vowel after which it comes, like nasalisation in French. This nasalisation has to be carefully done, as words are distinguished by this means.
- "ng" stands for the sound of "ng" in sing.
- "ngg" as in hunger, "ngk" as in sink.
- "r" is trilled "r" as in Scots English and fully pronounced before consonants and at the end of words. It is never to be slurred as in South English.
- "r" is the cerebral sound, made by curling up the tip of the tongue and taking it to the hard palate as for pronouncing the d or t, but instead of striking the tongue at the palate making the sound, letting the tongue come forward and strike the teeth-ridge with the under-side.
- "sh" is the English "sh" as in shinn, shell.
- "t" stands for the cerebral sound, made in the same way as the d. It resembles a great deal the South English "t" as in patter, mutter.
- "t" the Italian "t", stands for the soft dental "t", made like the Italian "d". There is no aspiration.
- Note: "shsh" as in shshorgo, "dd" as in ddar, "nn" as in punnero, etc., are the phonetic representations of "sv", "dv", and "ny". The second consonant intensifies the first one.

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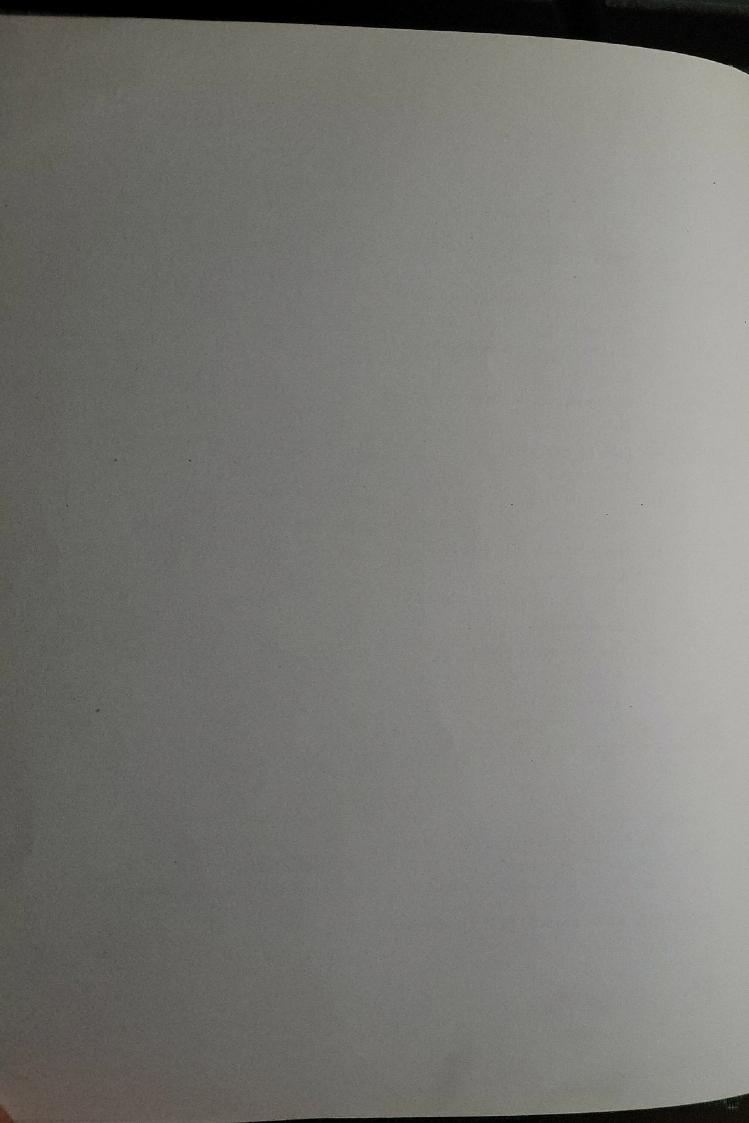
Note :

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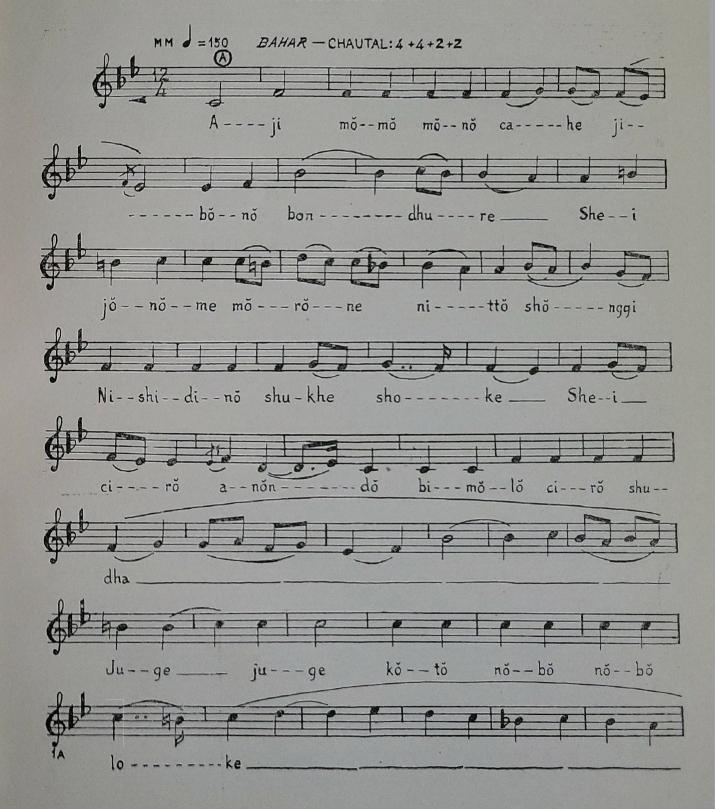
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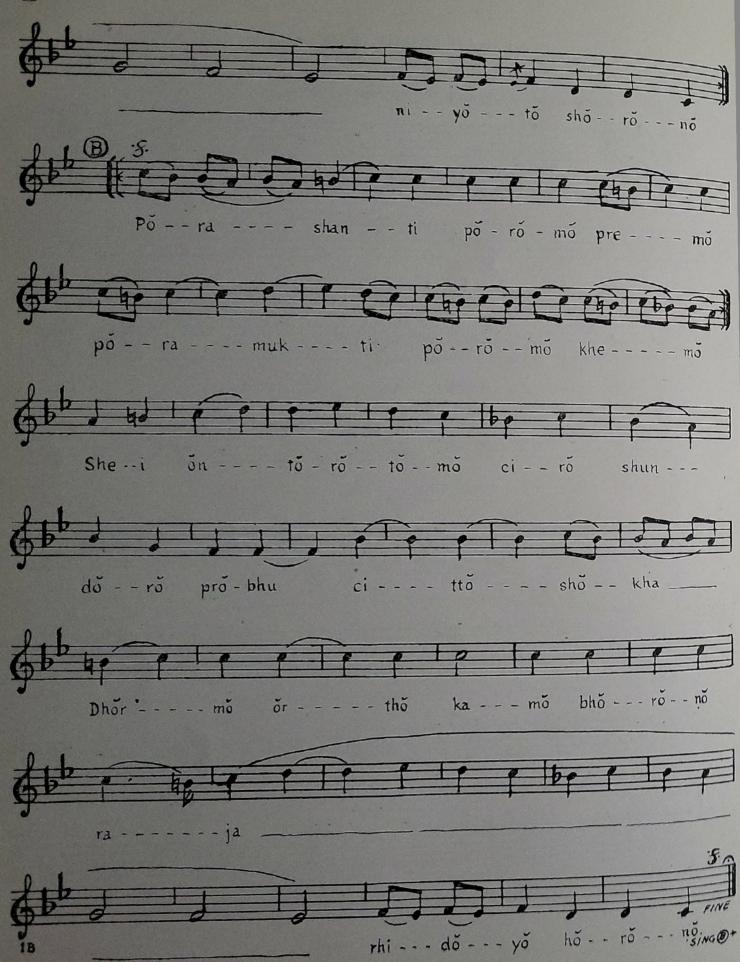
Song No. 30 is the translation of Shri K. R. Kripalini and has been incorporated with his kind permission.

The rest are translated by Shri Kshitis Roy.

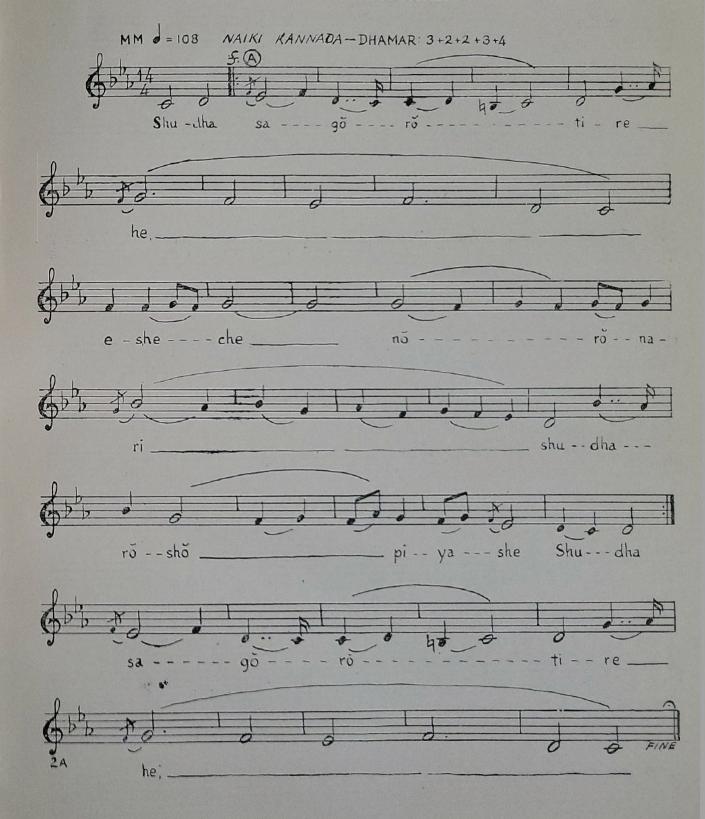


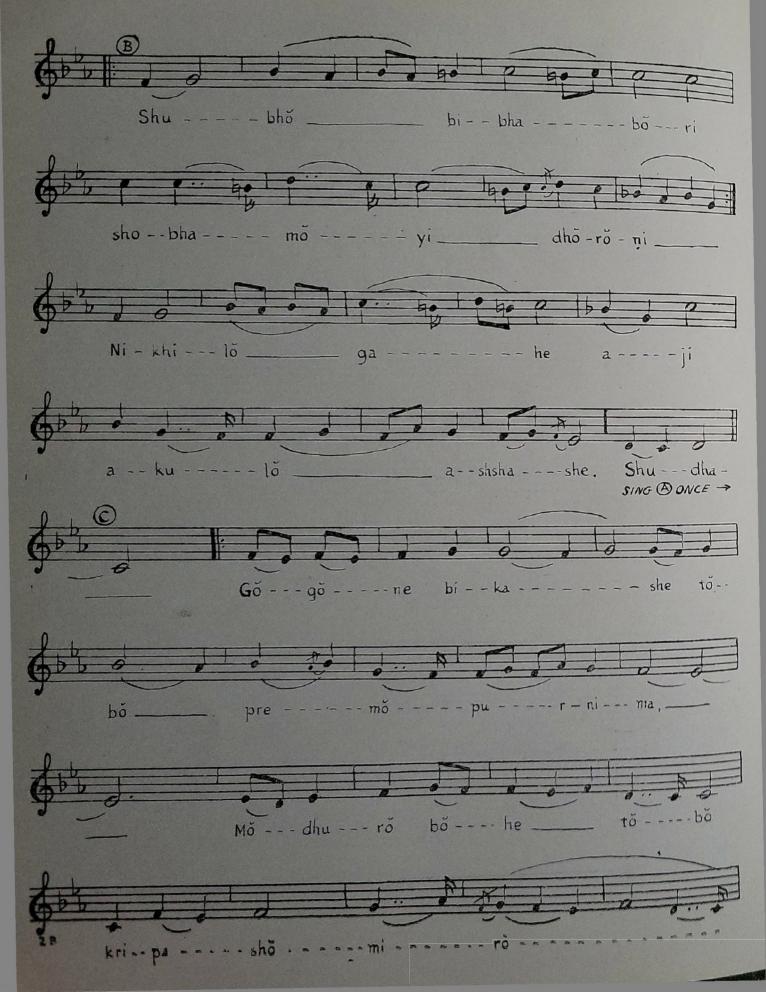
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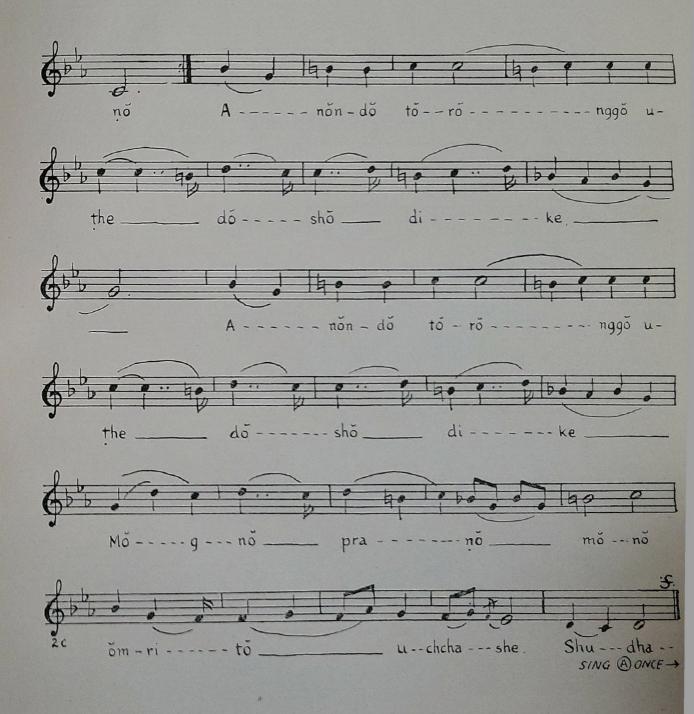




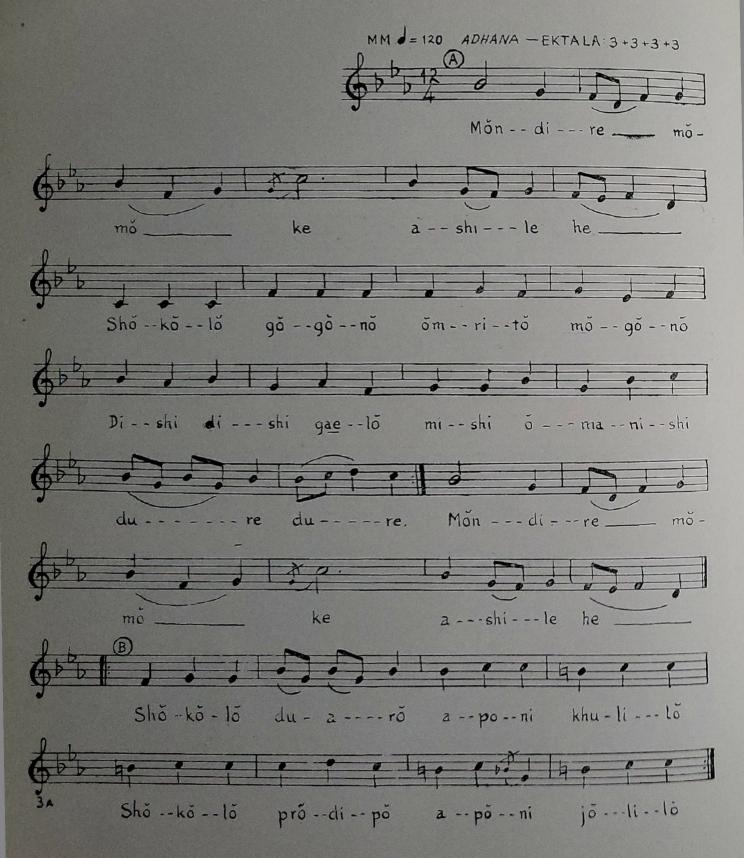
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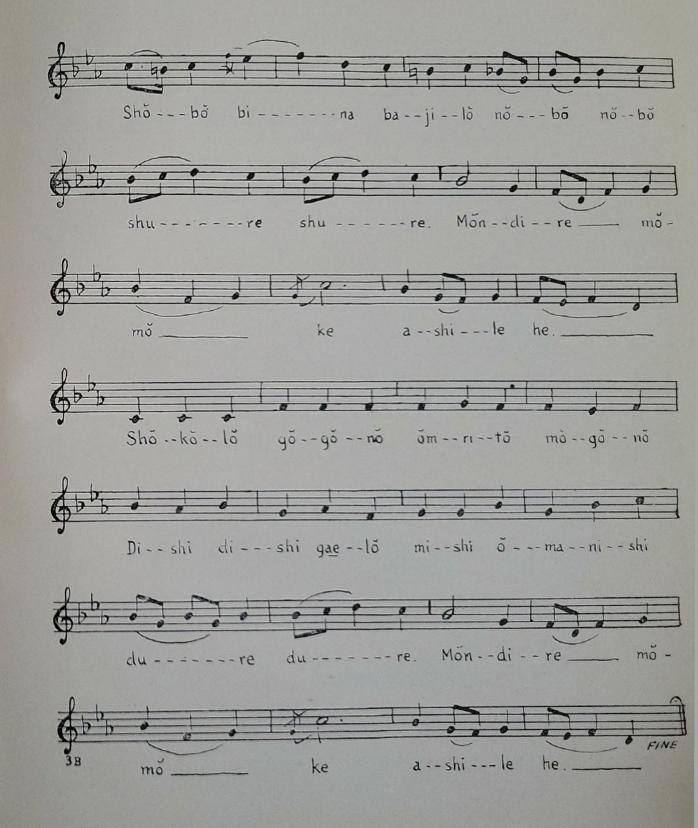




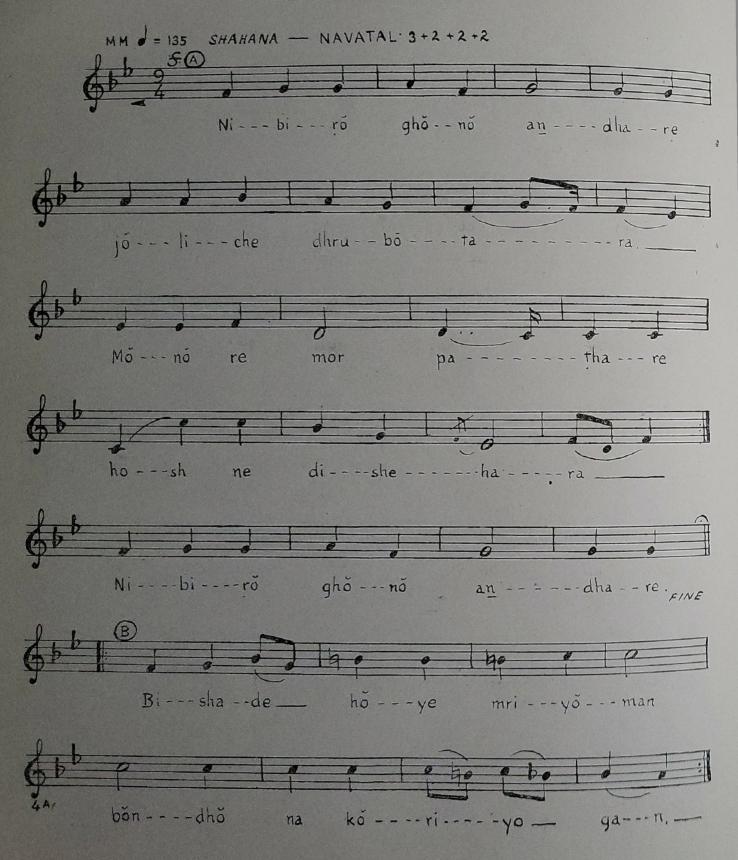


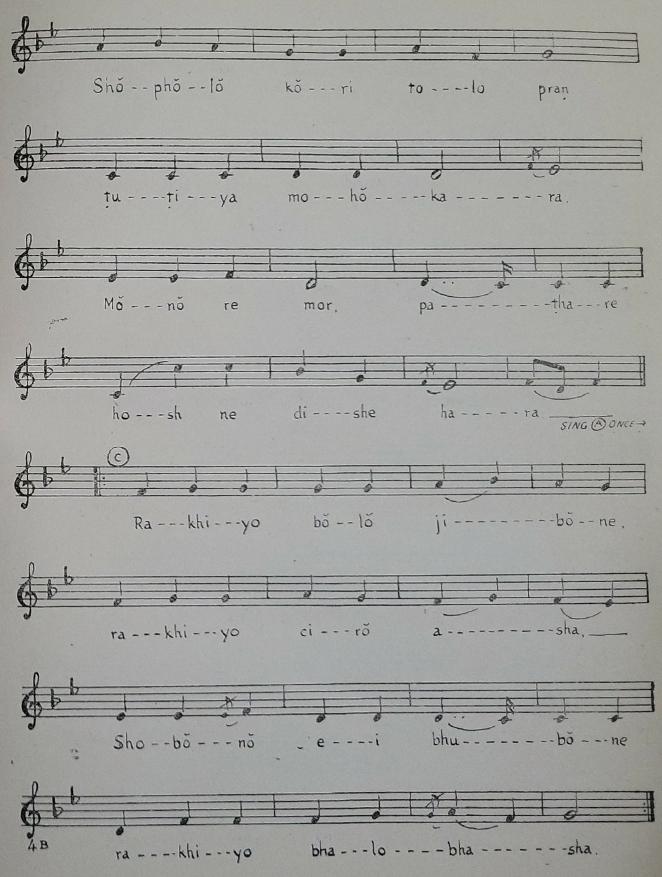
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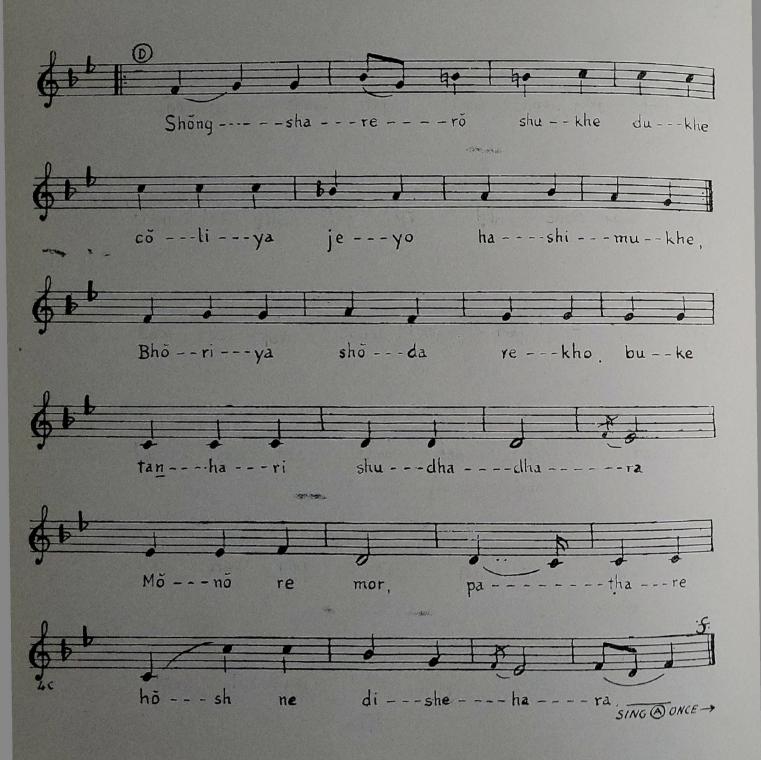




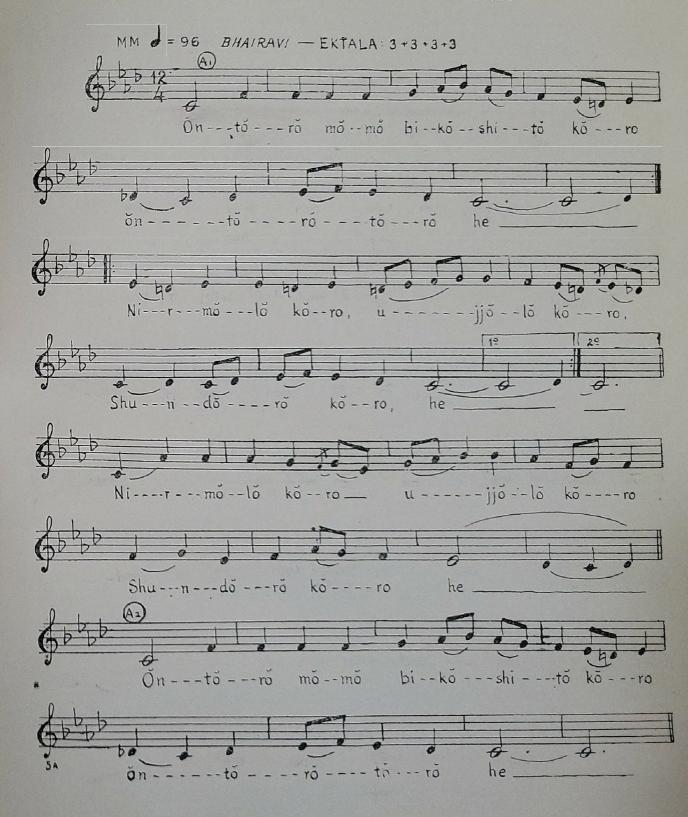
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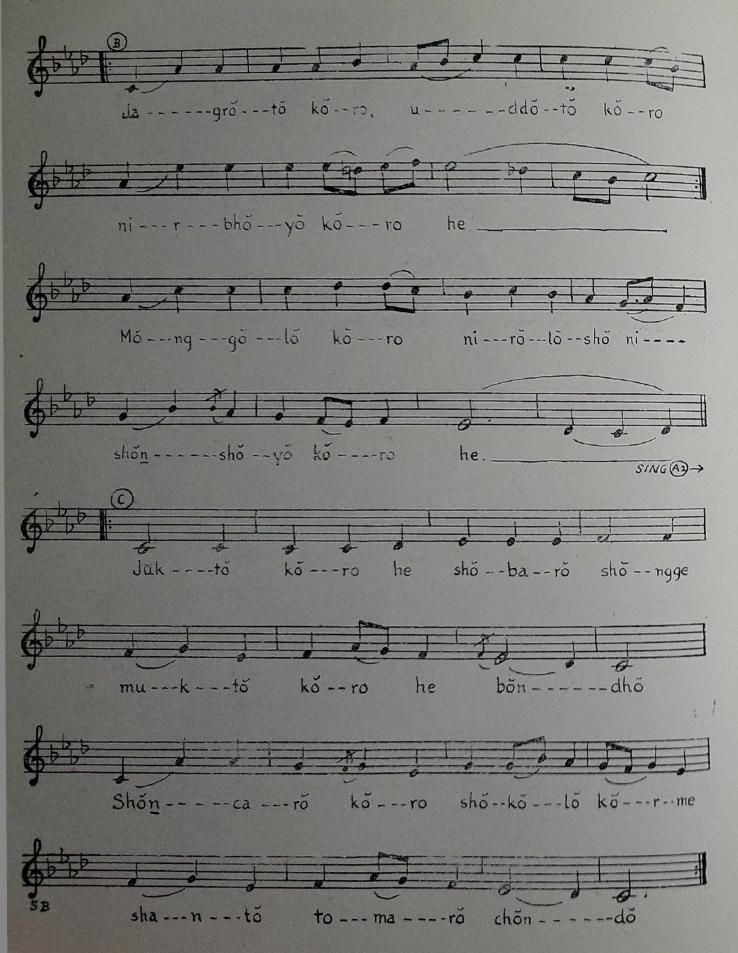


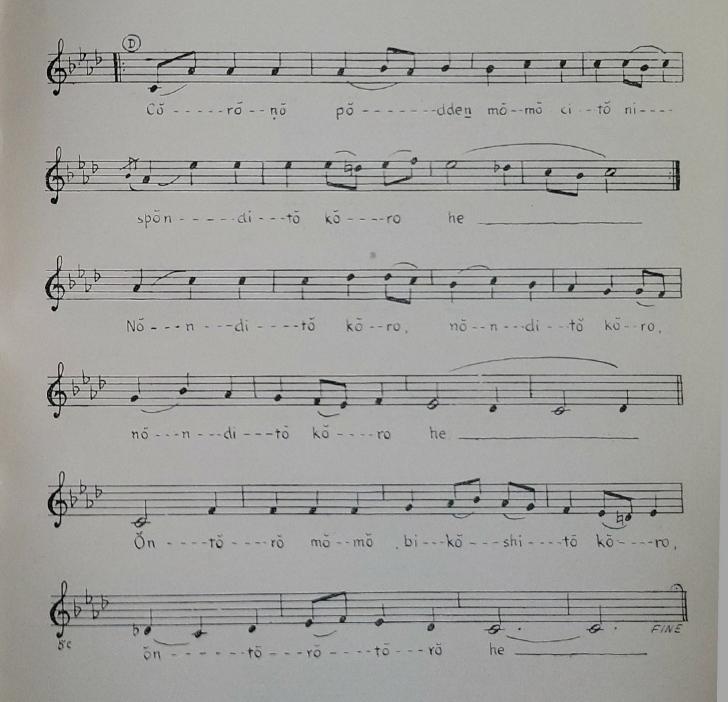




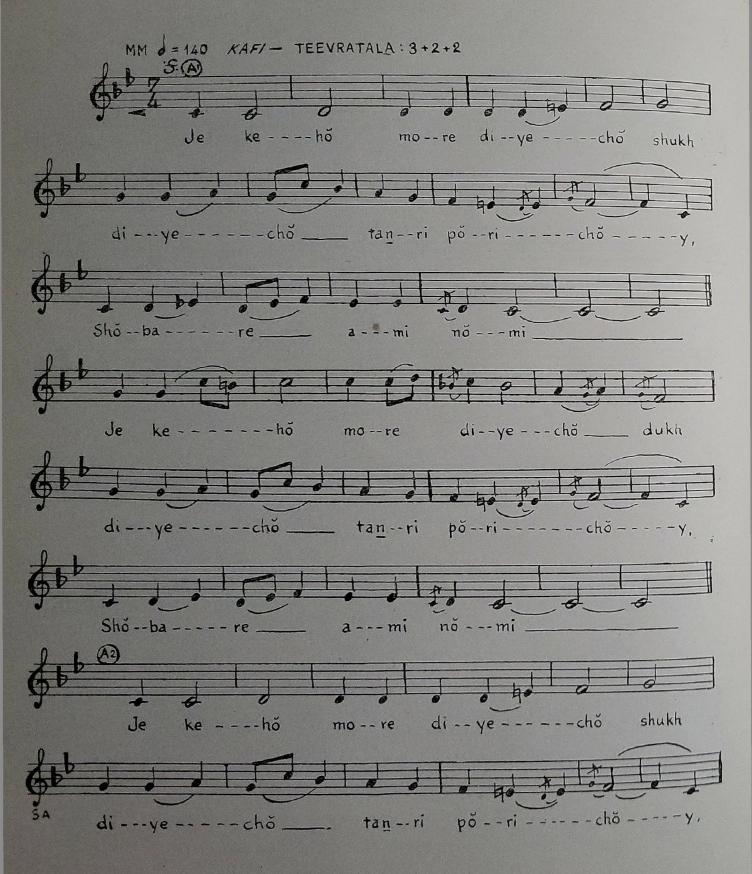
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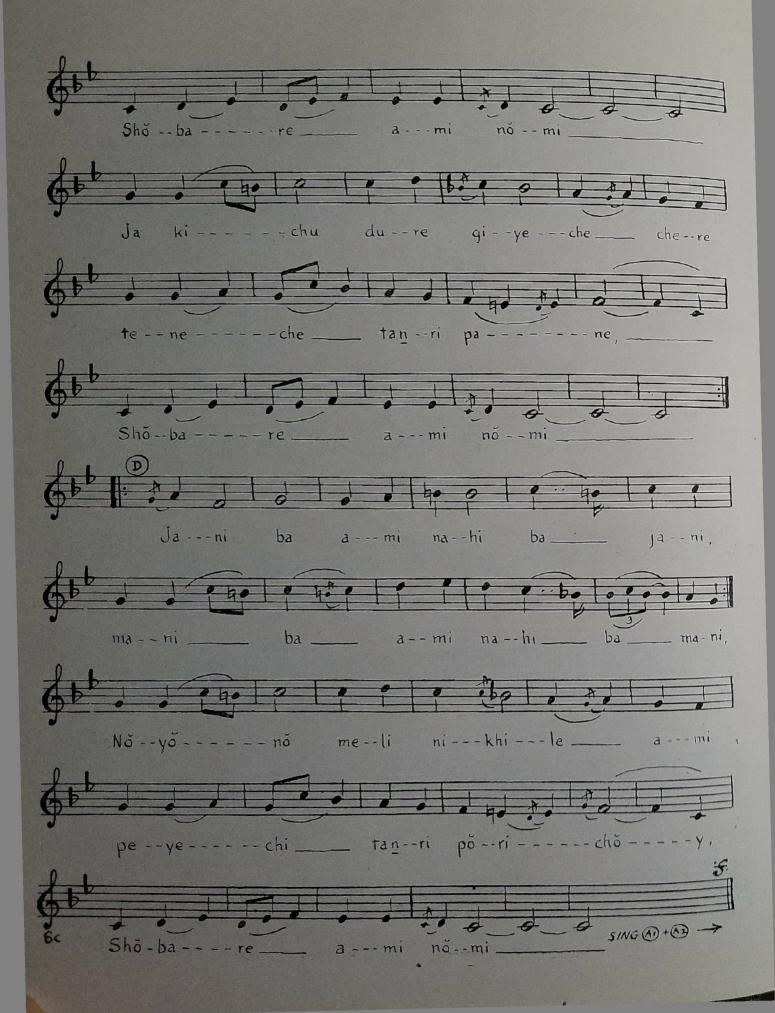




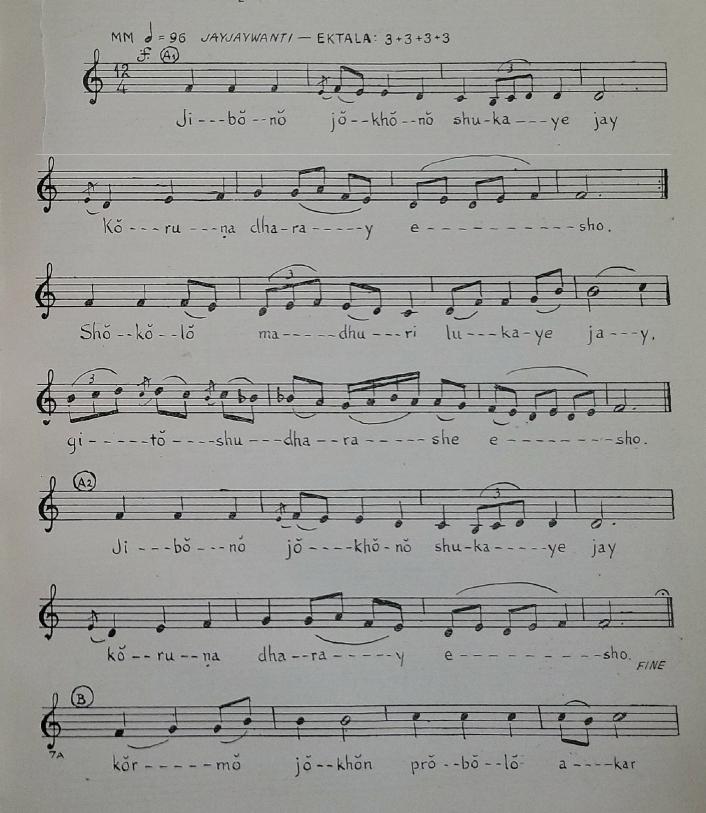
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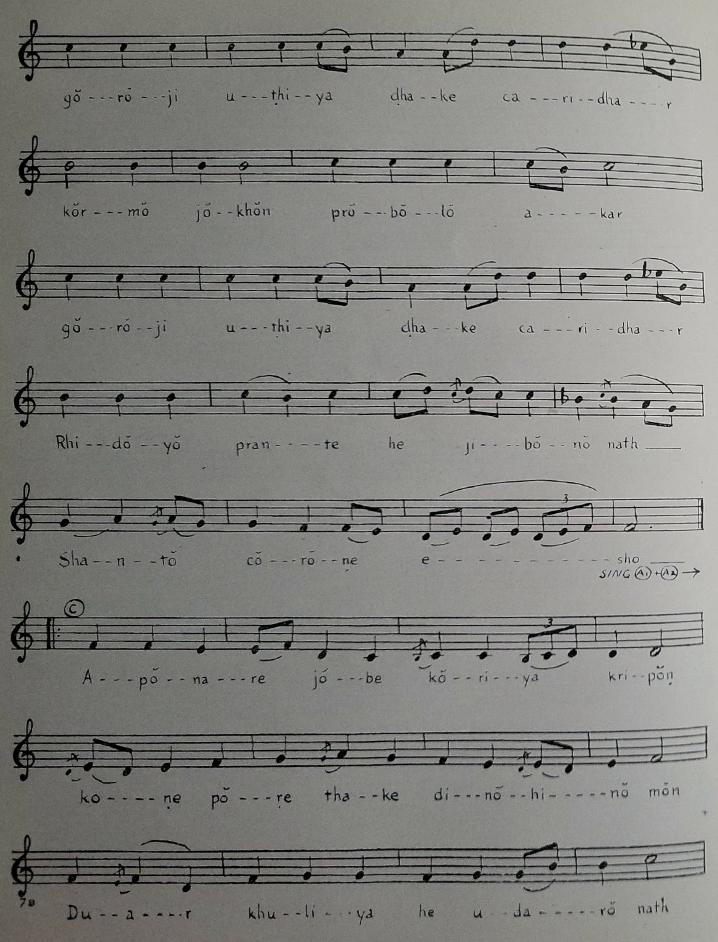


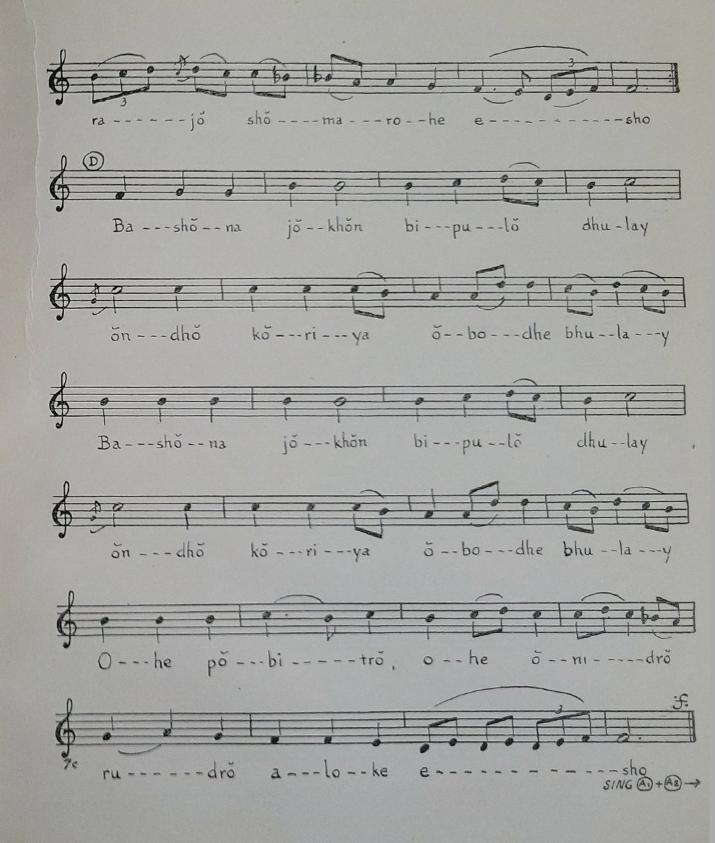




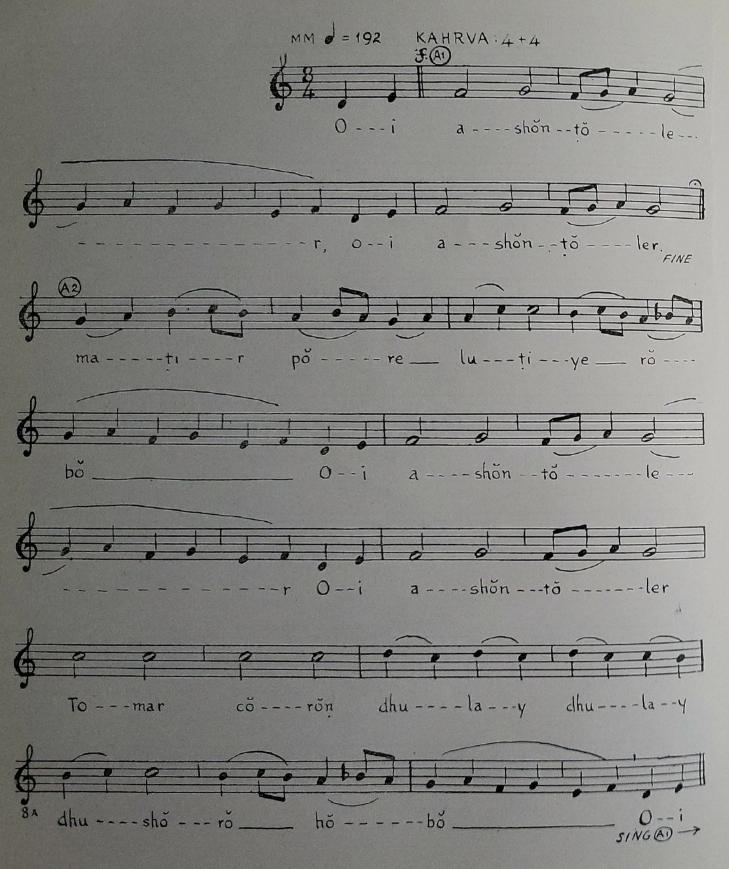
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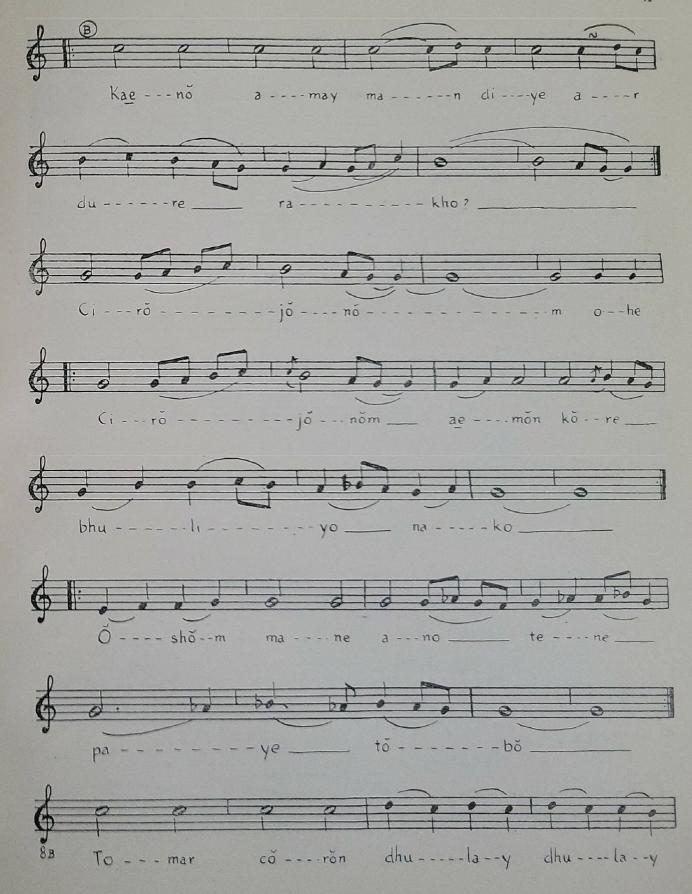


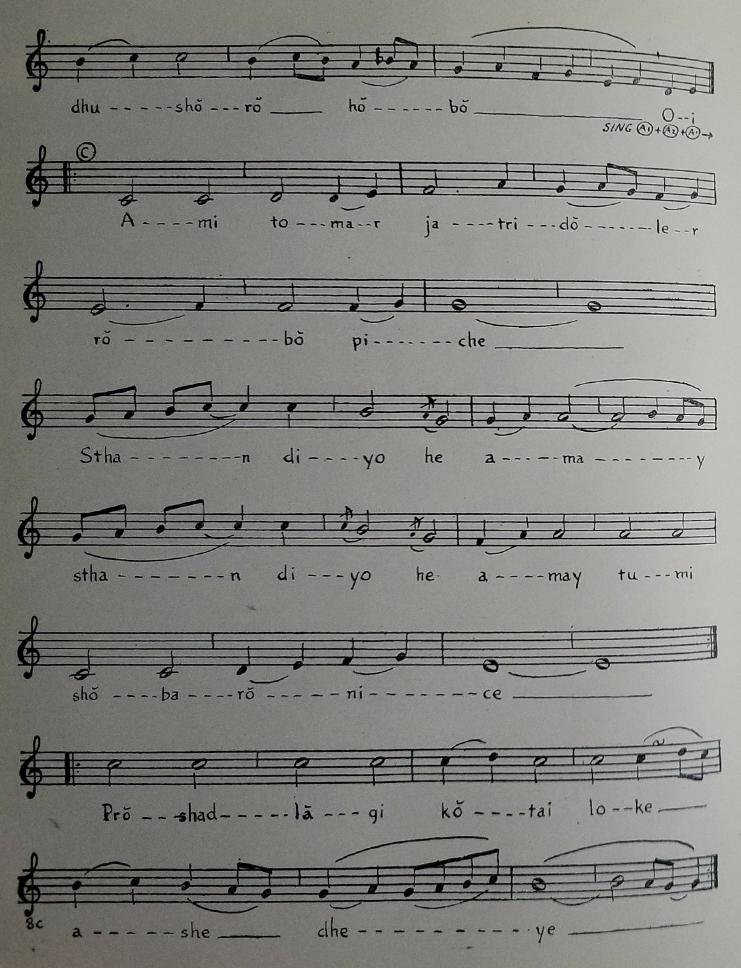


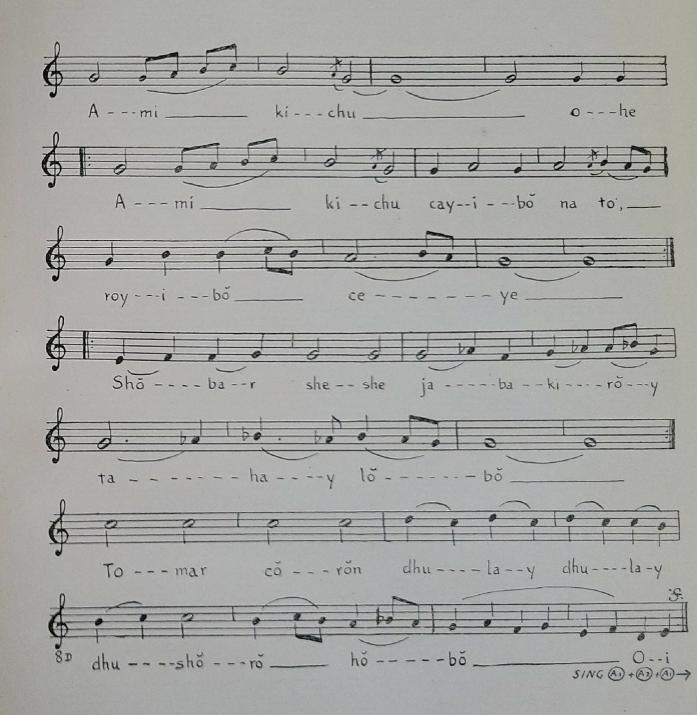


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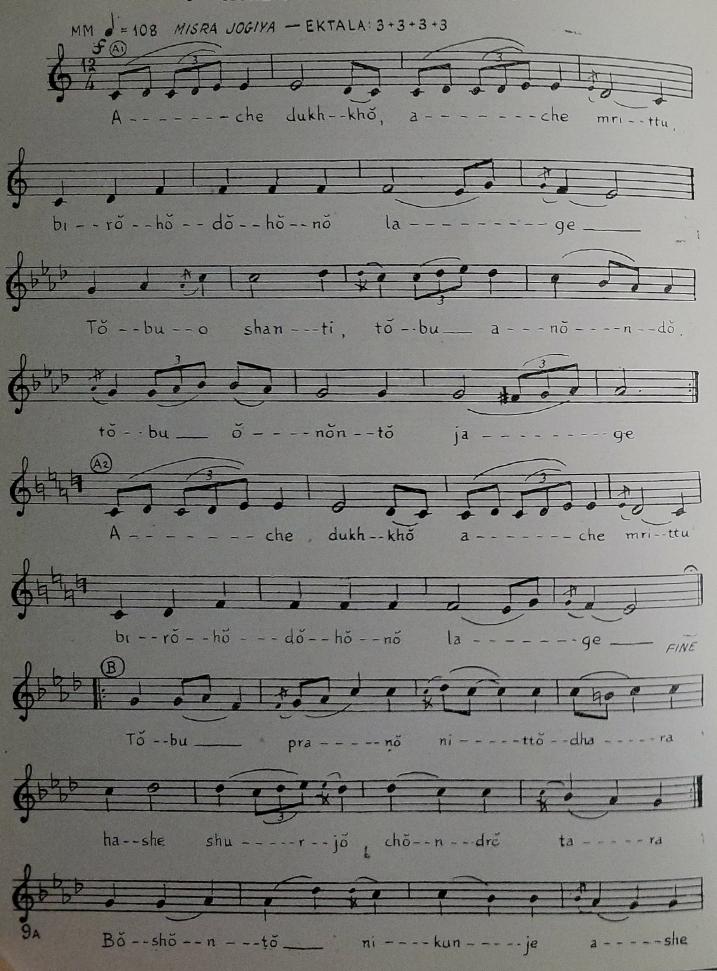






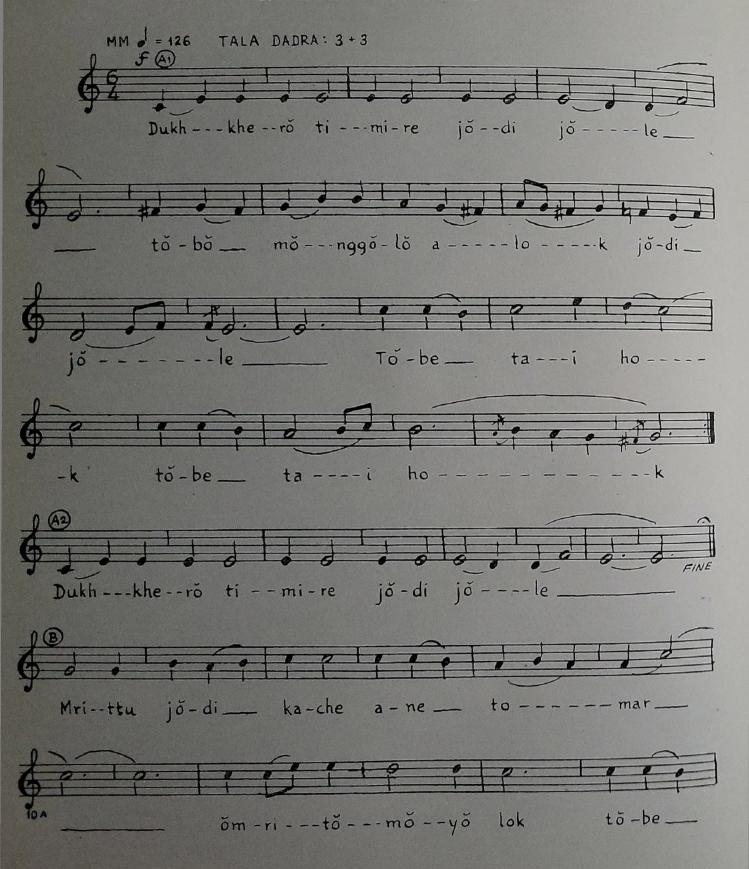


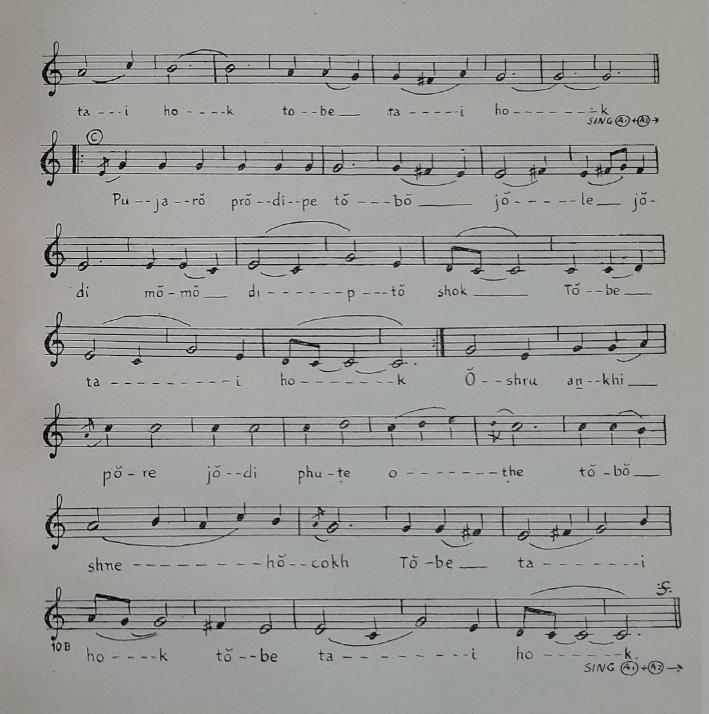
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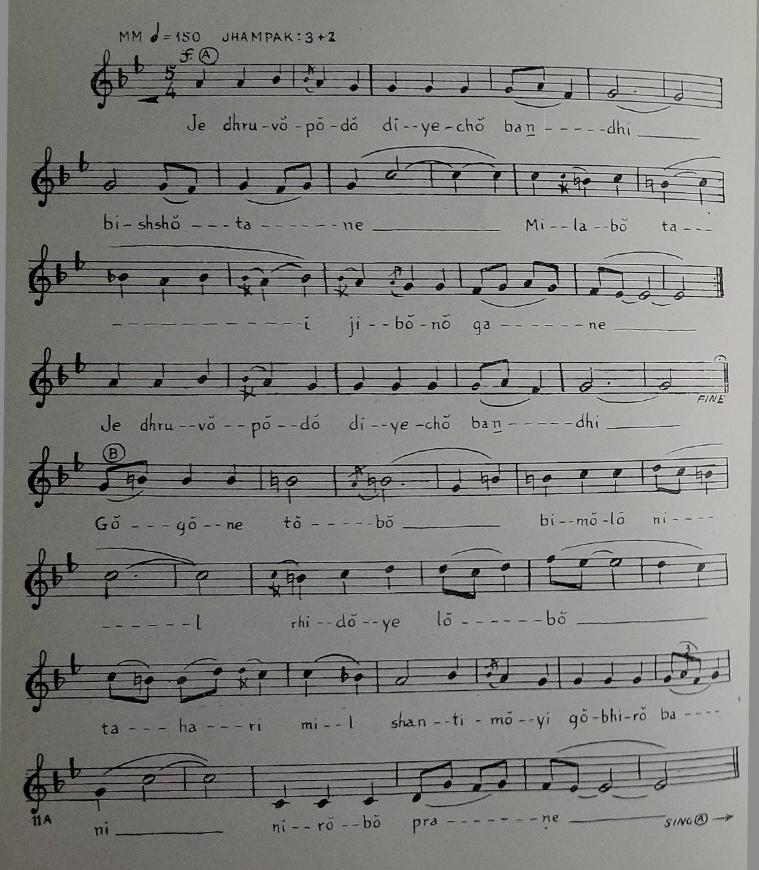


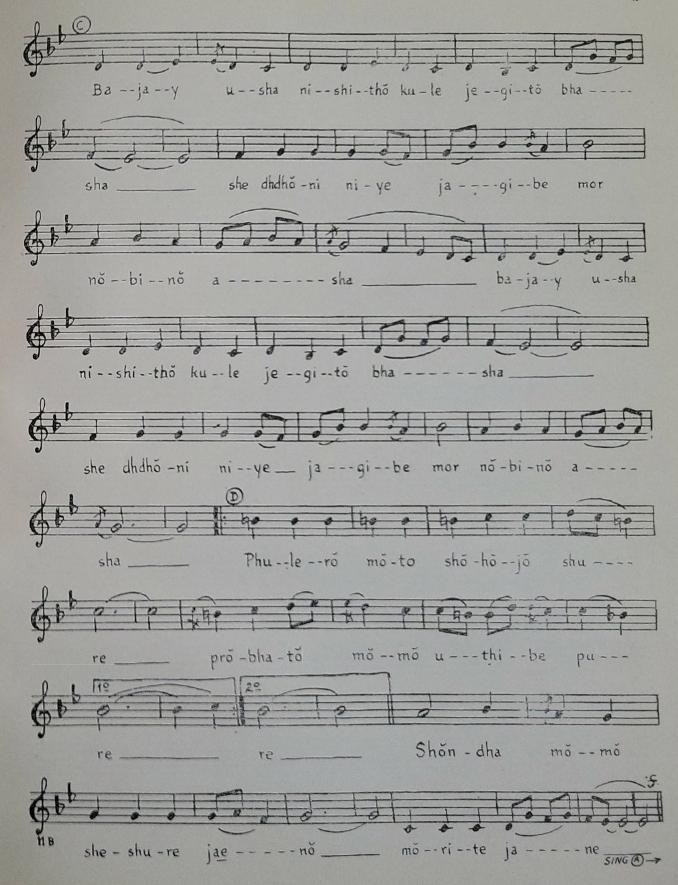
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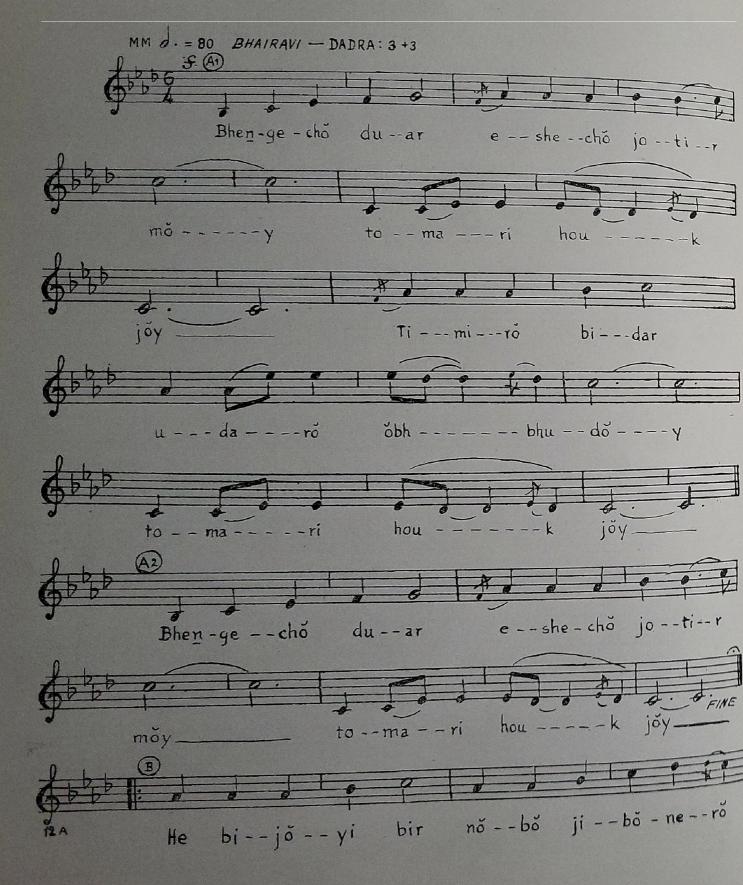


11 - JE DHRUVOPODO DIECHO BANDHI



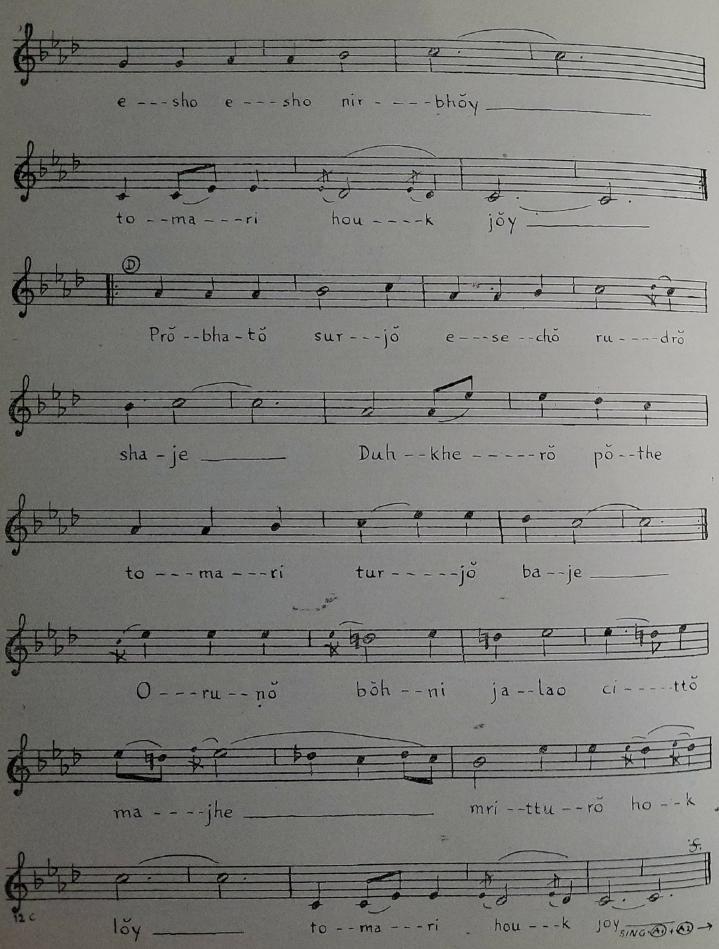


12 — BHENGECHO DUAR

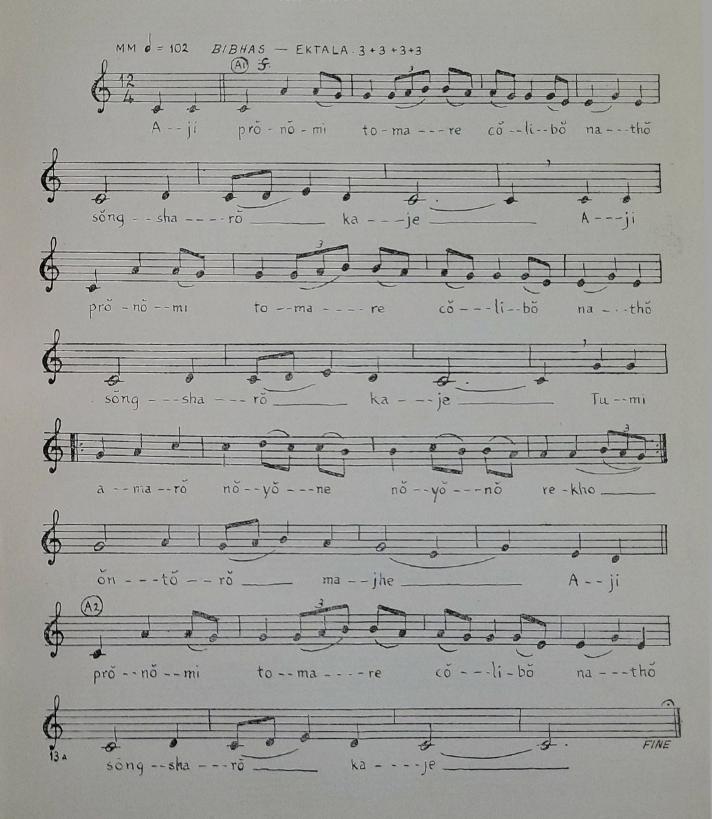




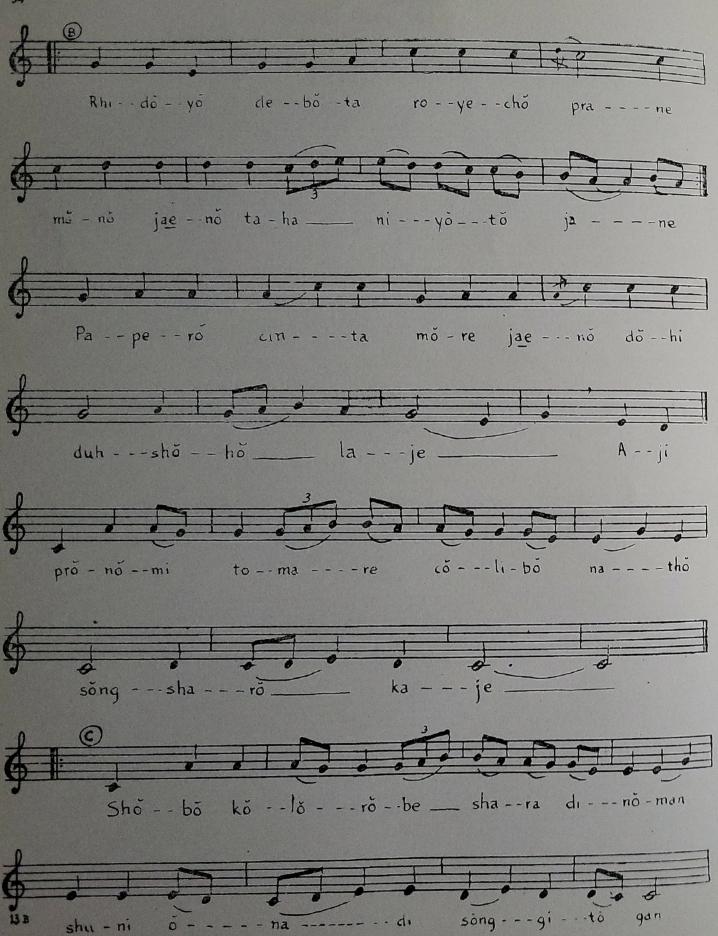


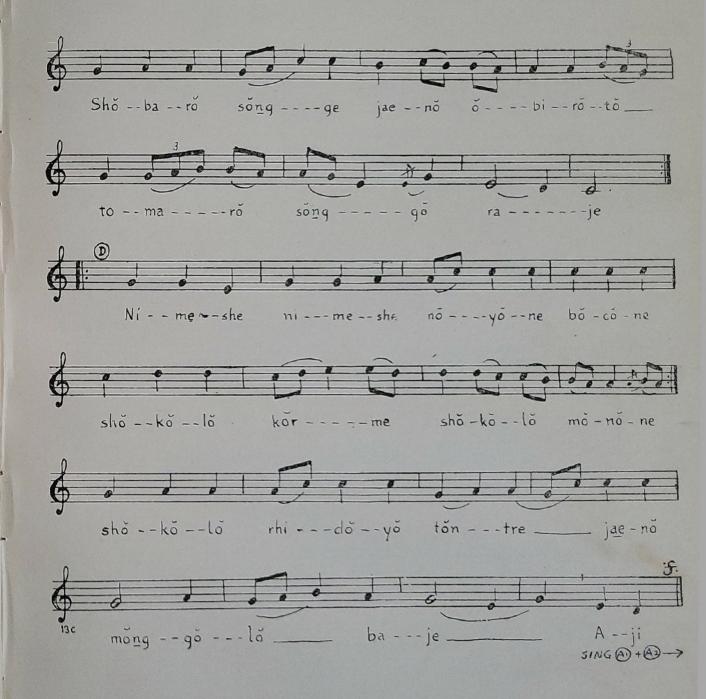


13 — AJI PRONOMI TOMARE

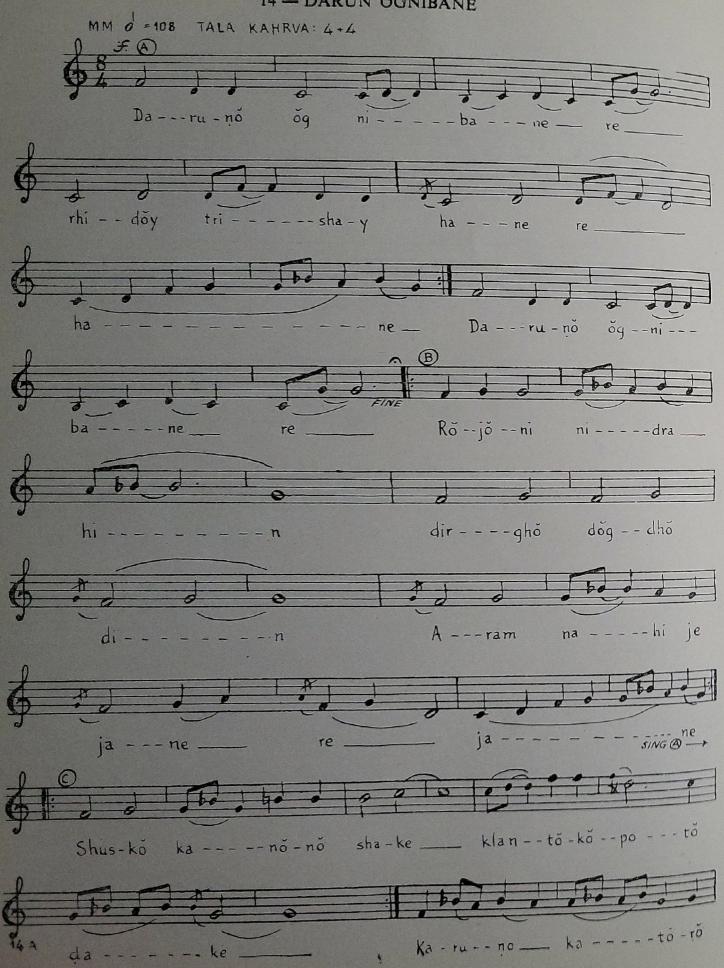


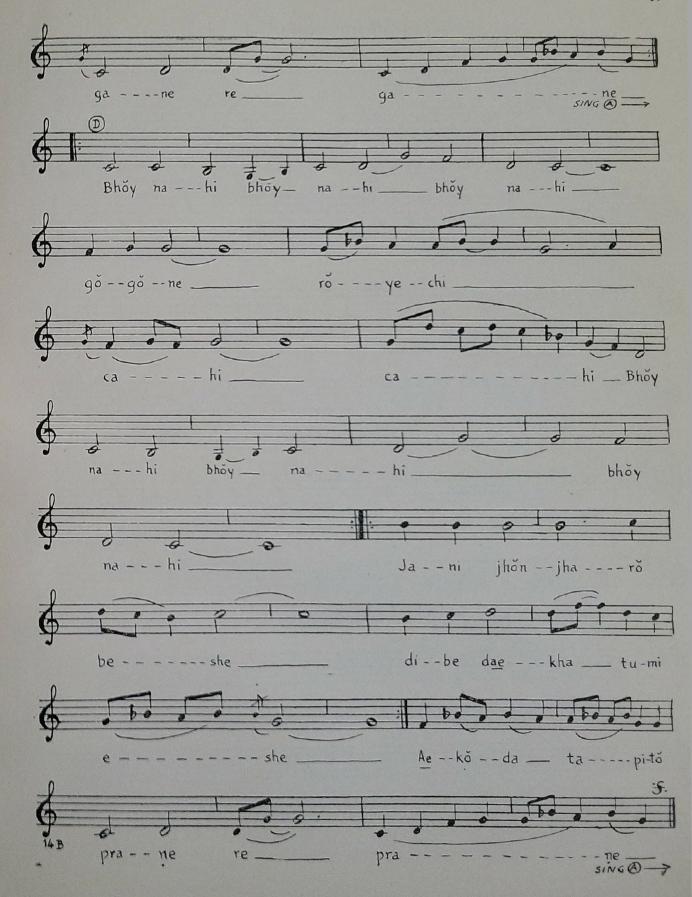




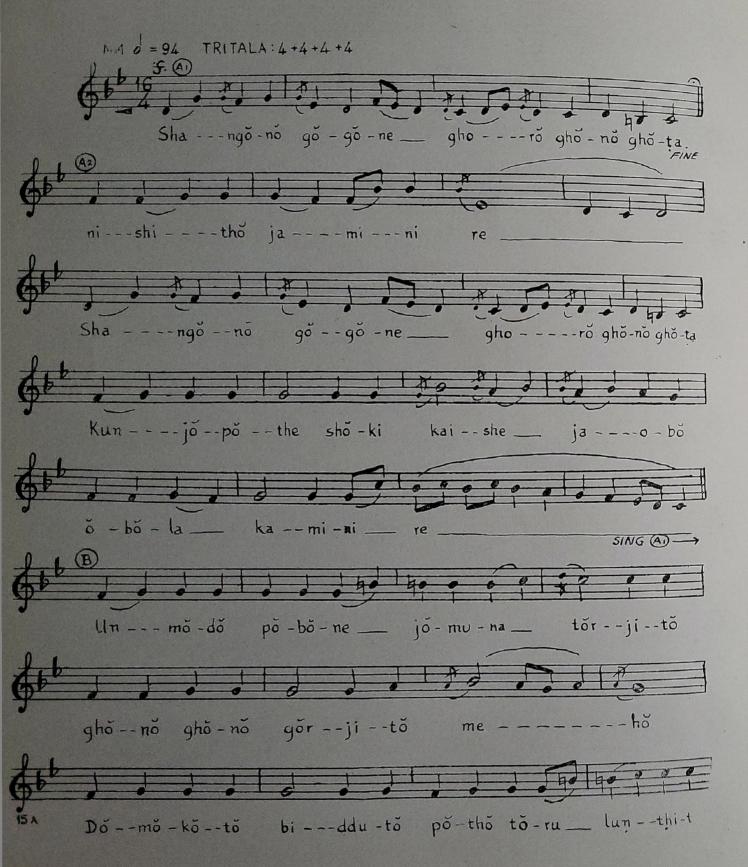


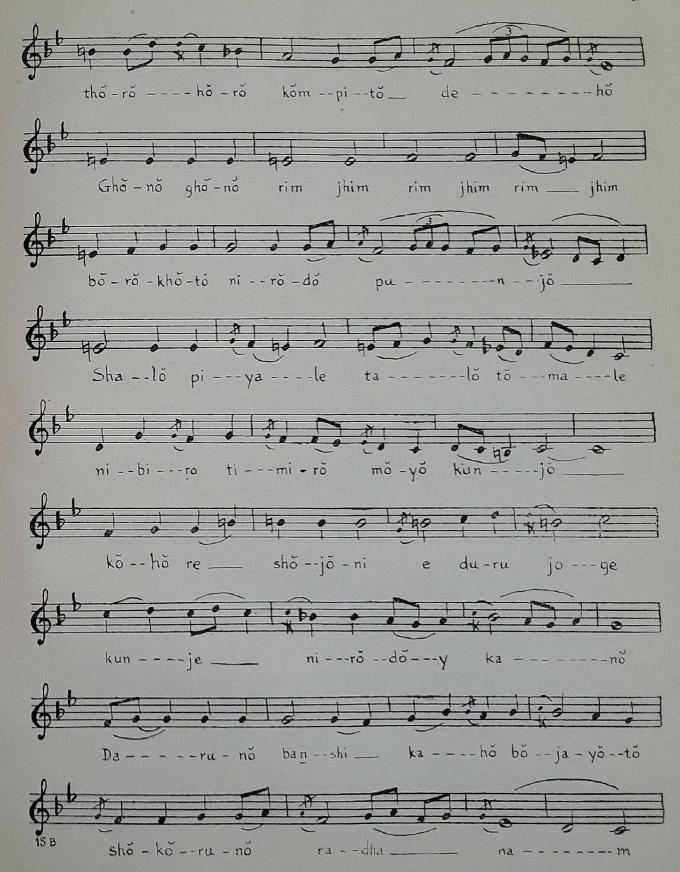
14 — DARUN OGNIBANE

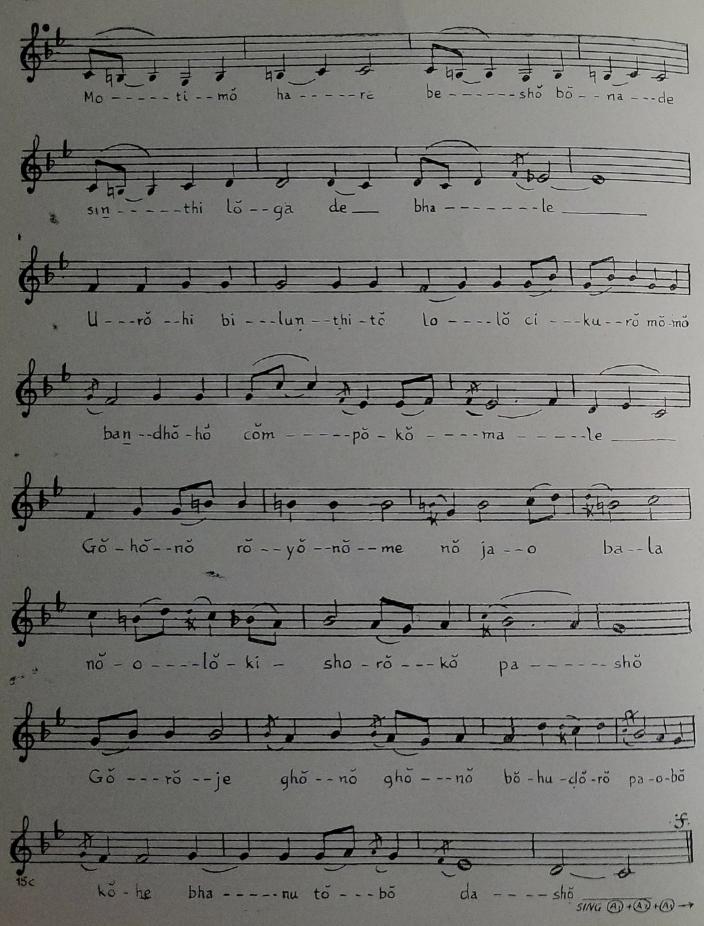


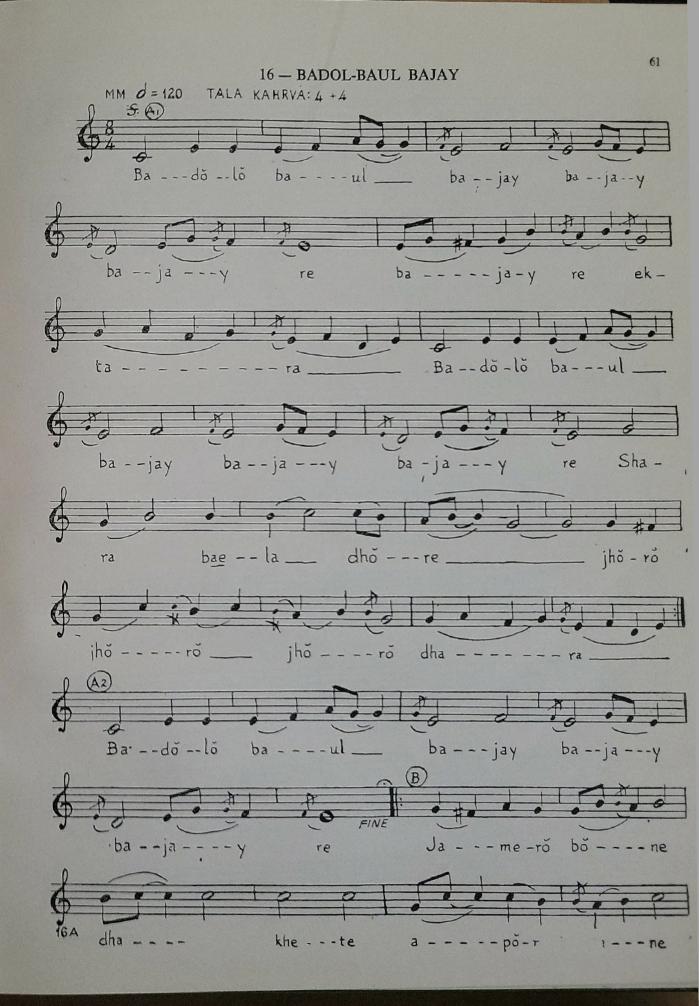


15—SHANGON GOGONE GHOR

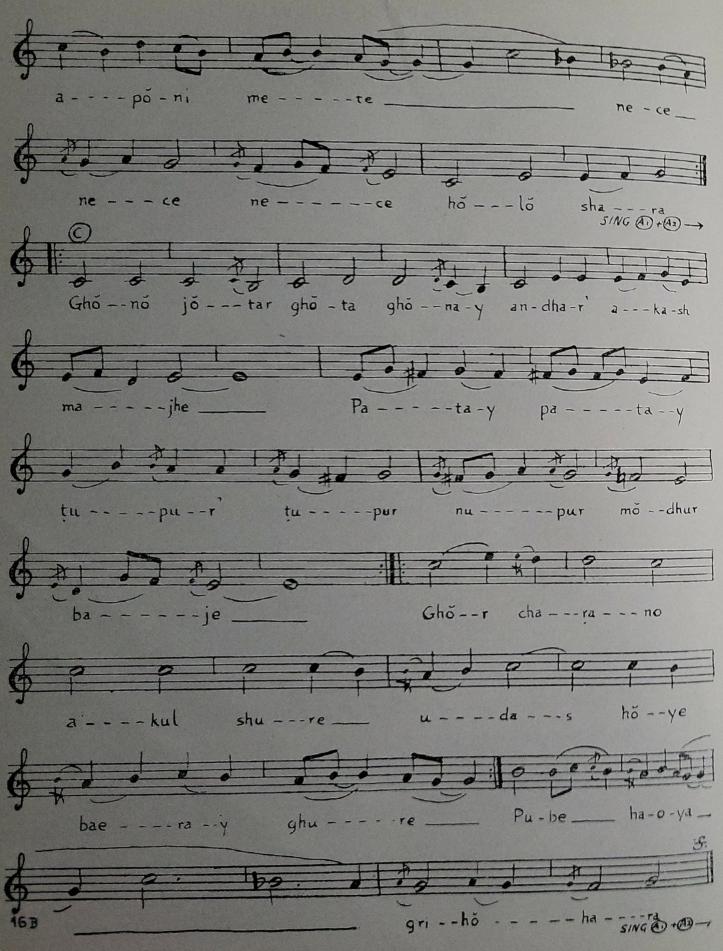




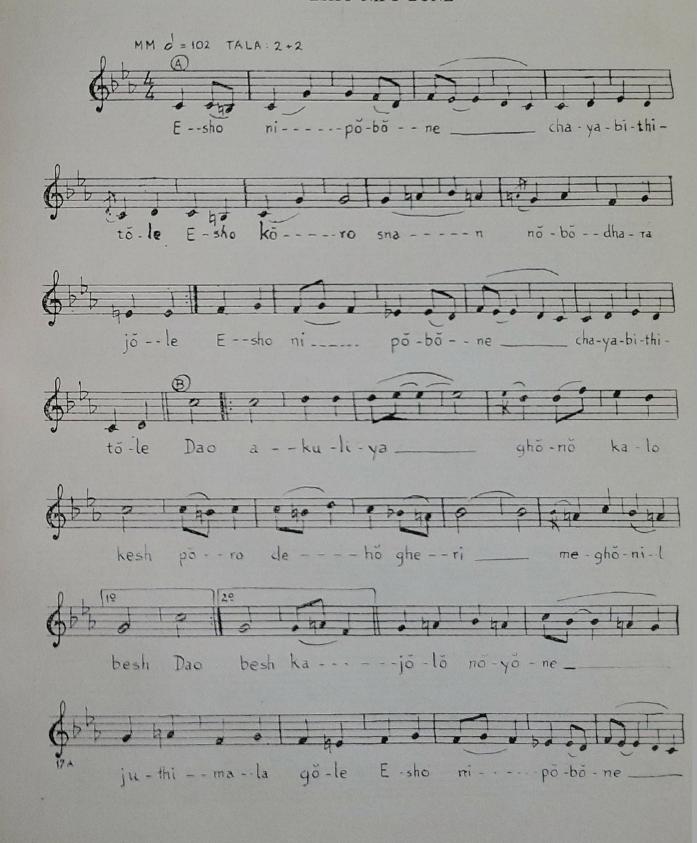


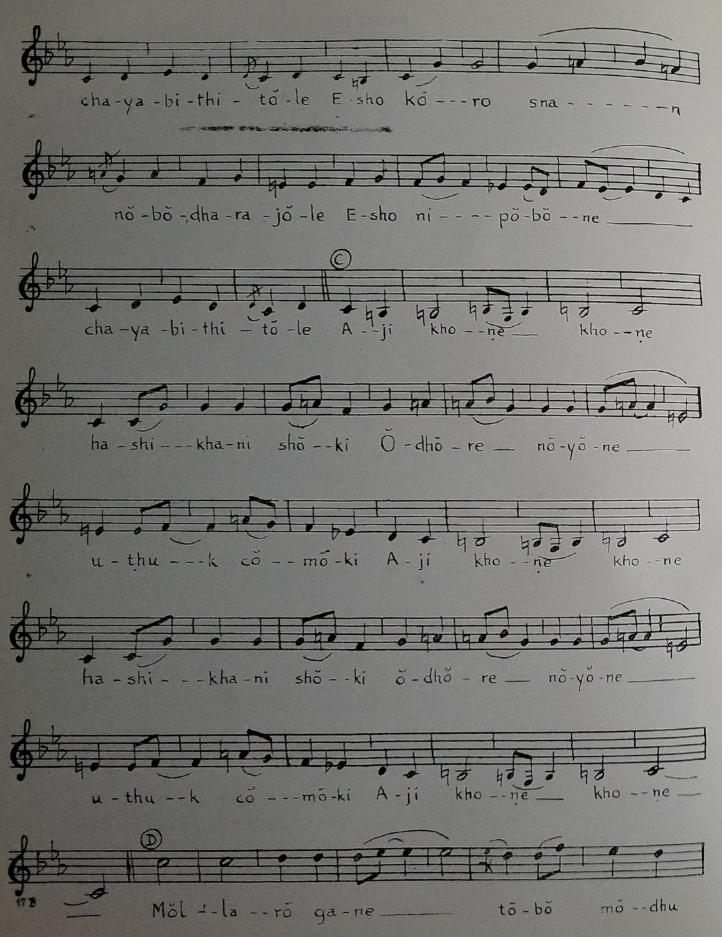


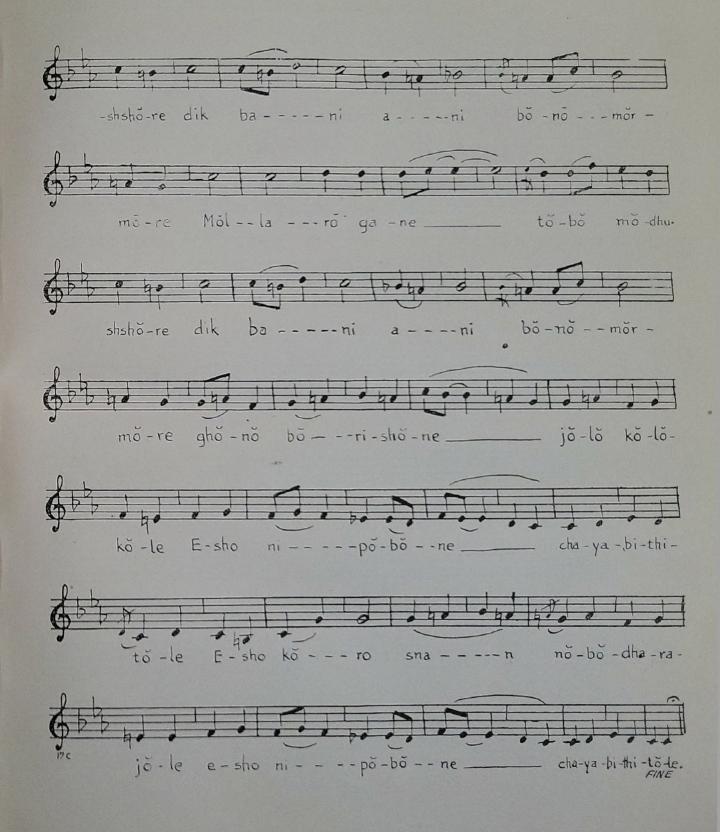




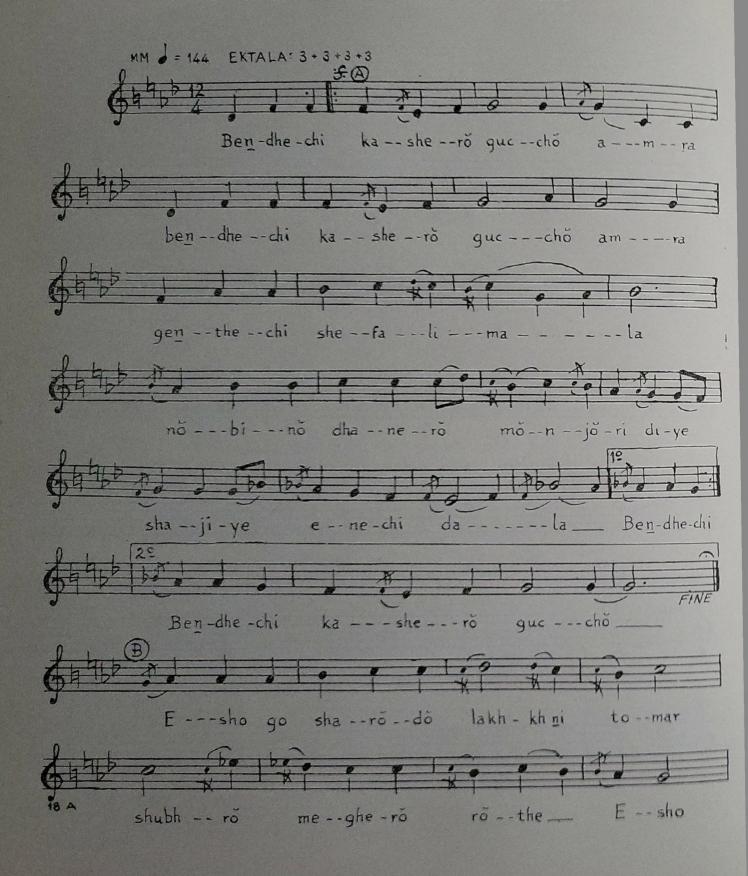
17 - ESHO NIPO BONE

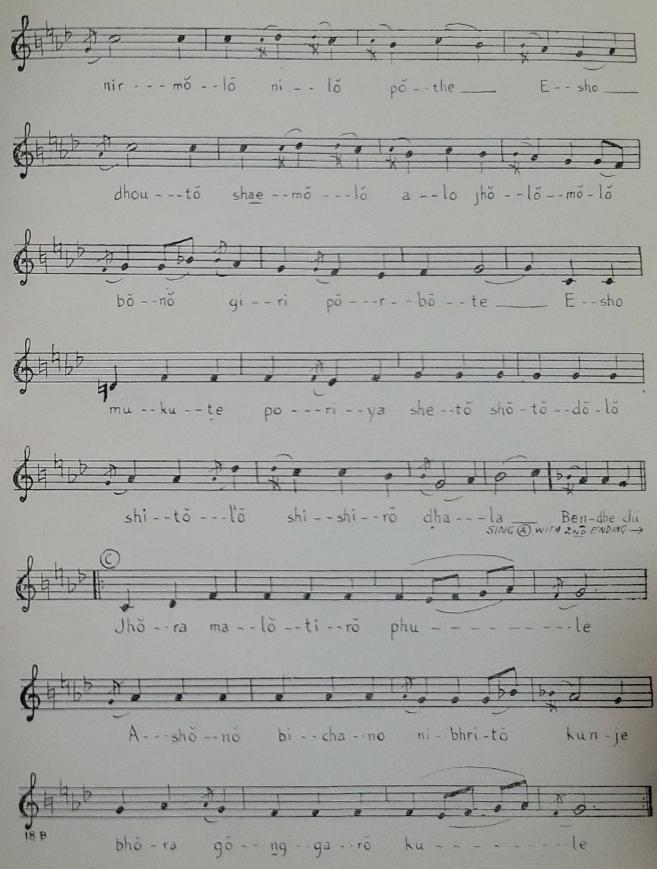


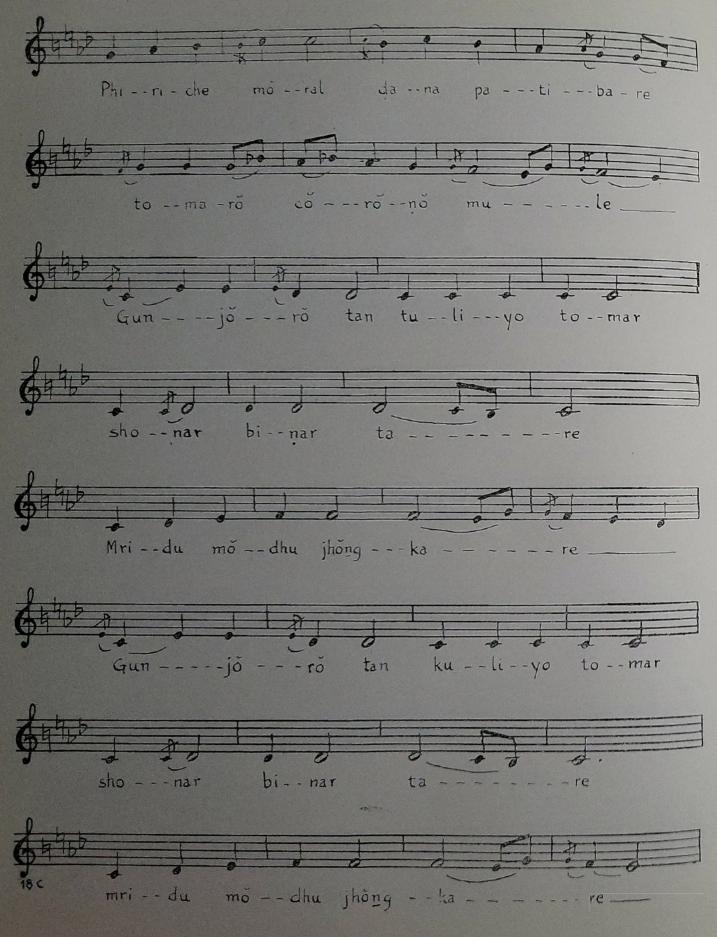


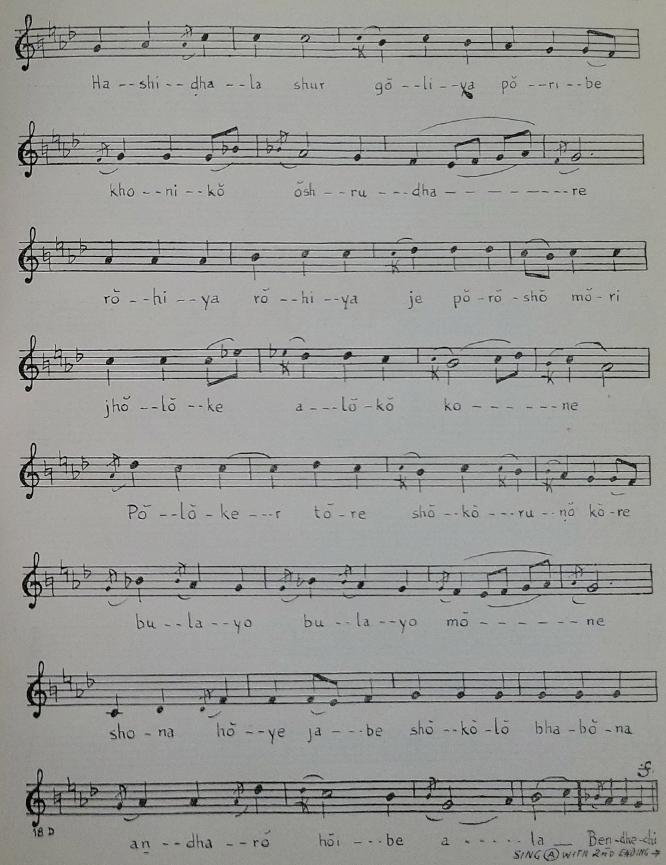


18 - AMRA BENDHECHI KASHER GUCCHO

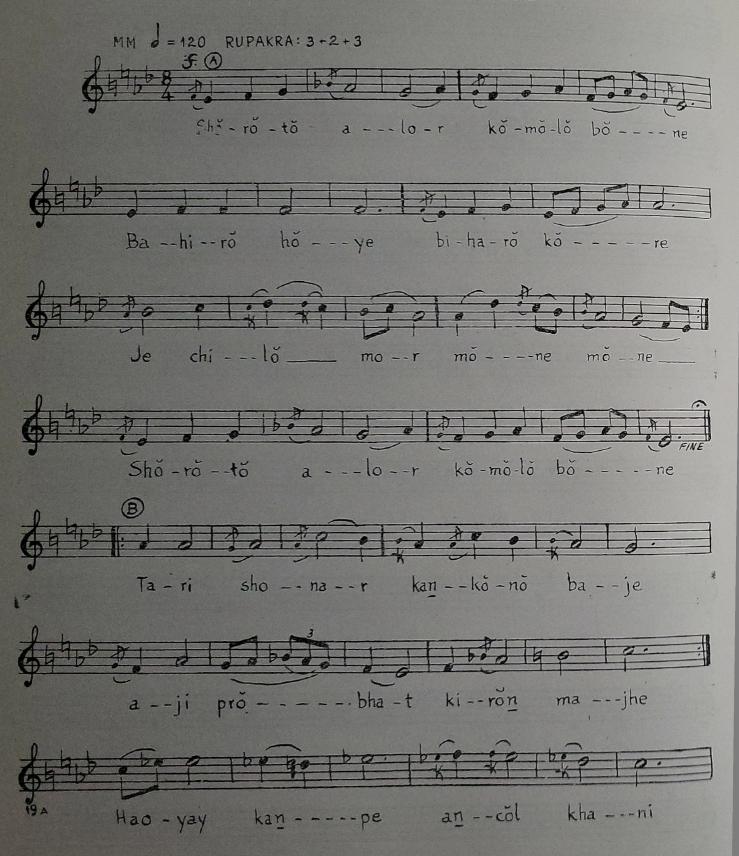


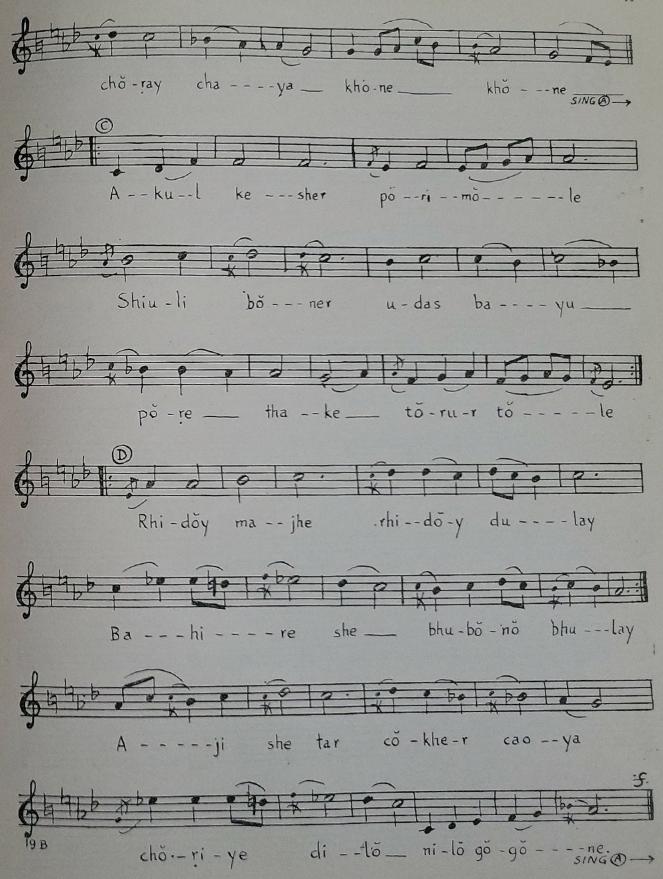


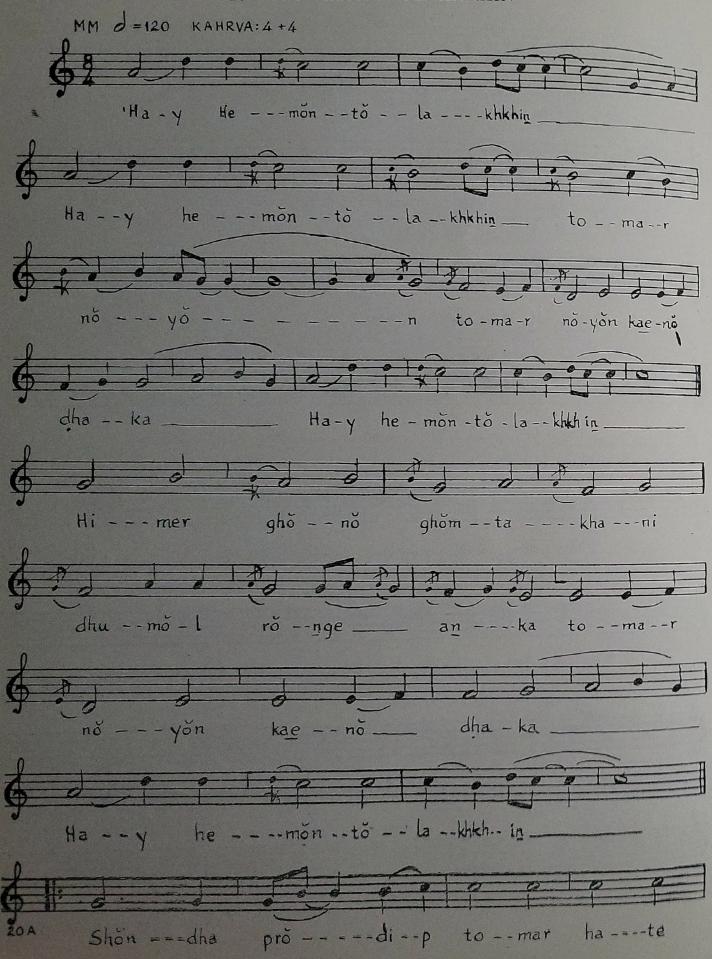




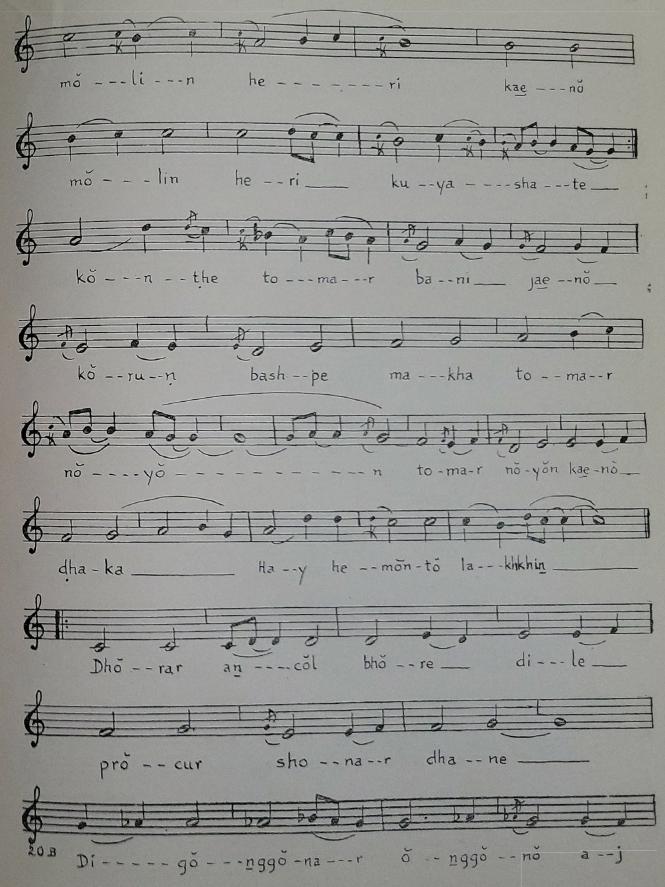
19 — EI SHOROT-ALOR KOMOL-BONE

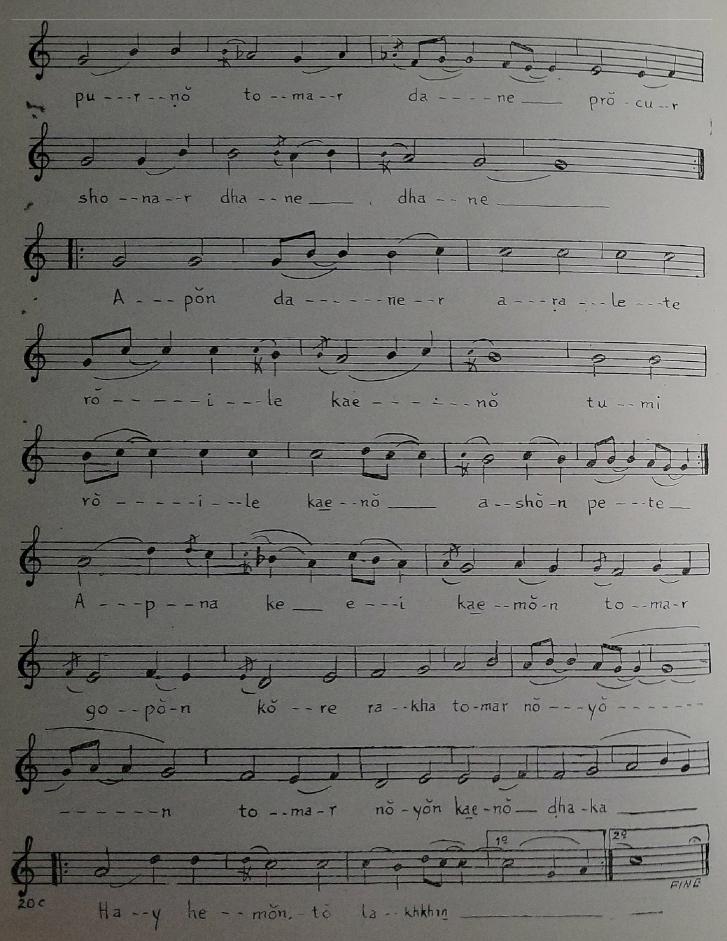


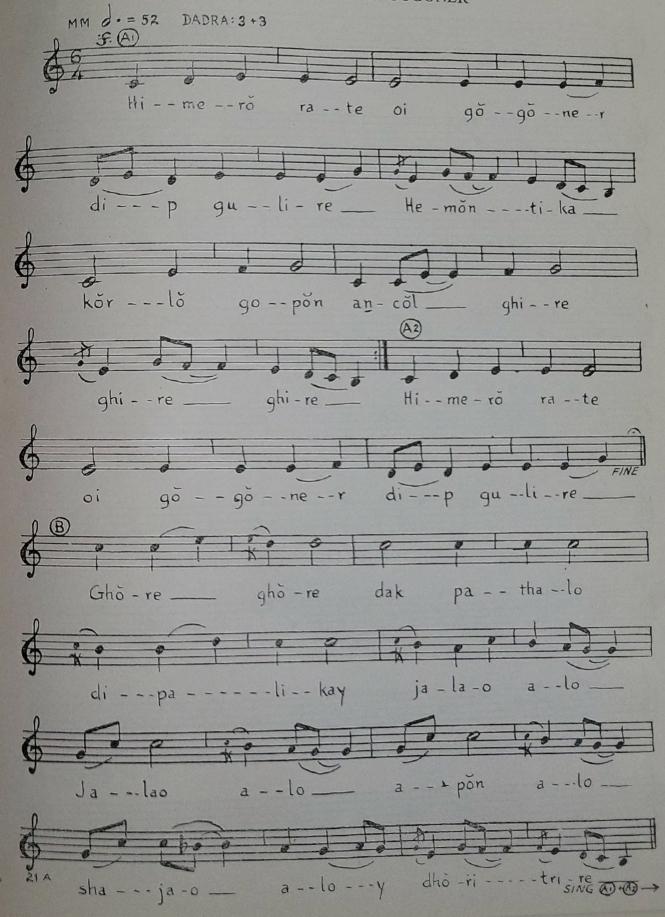


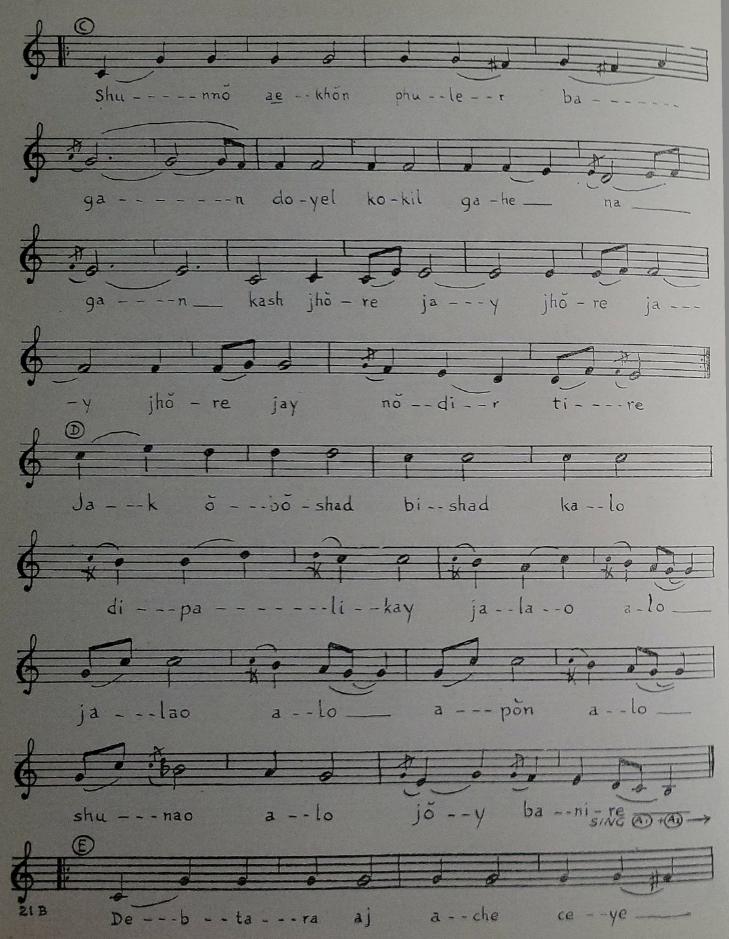




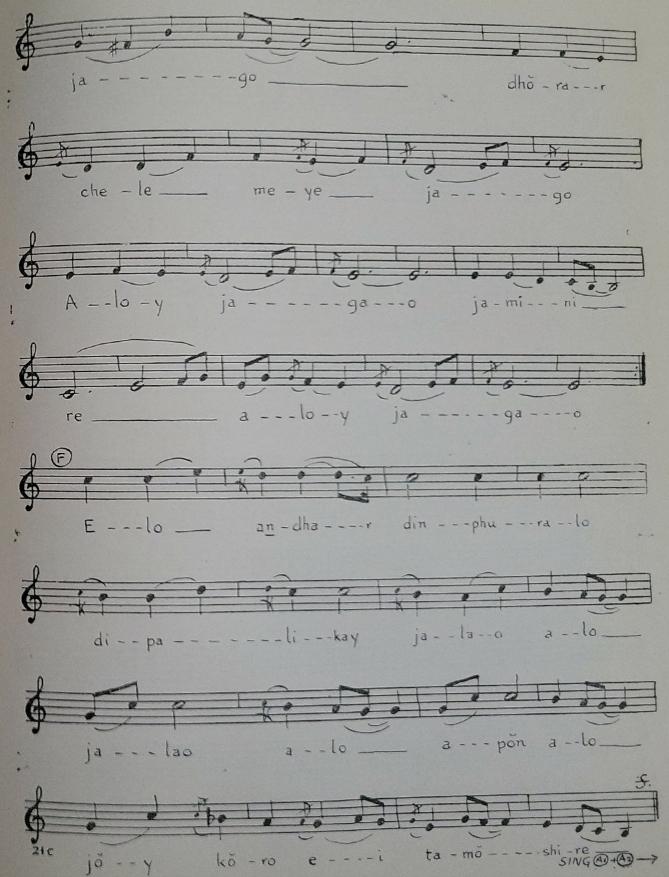




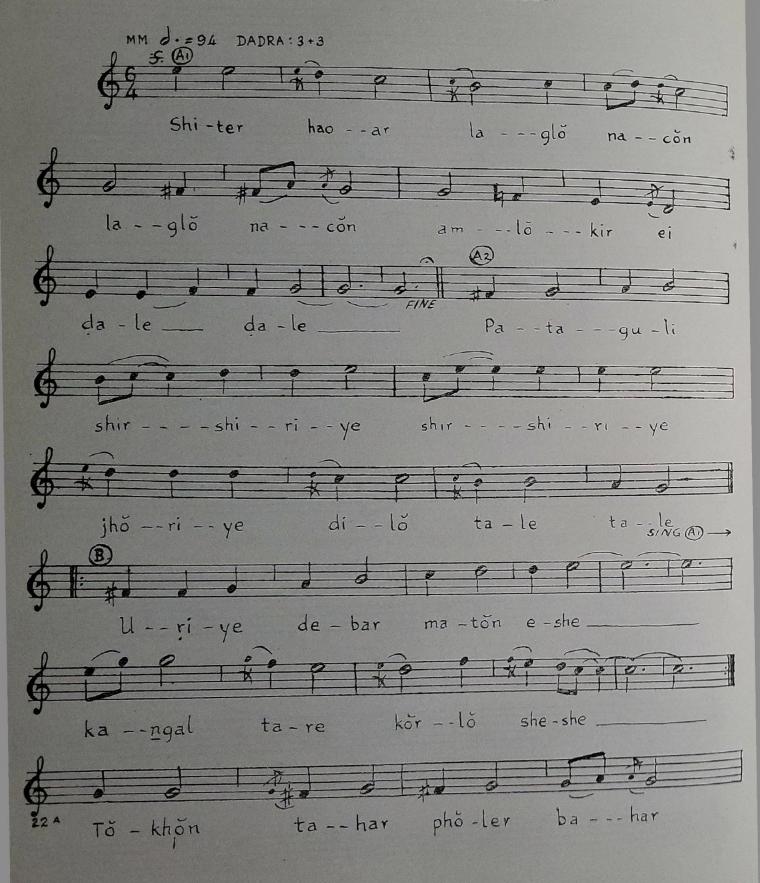


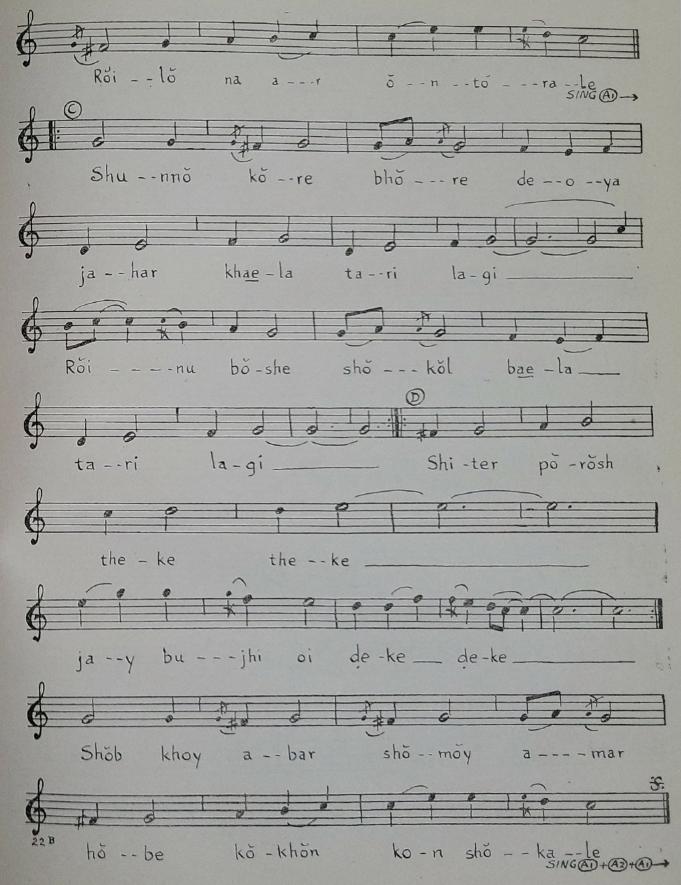




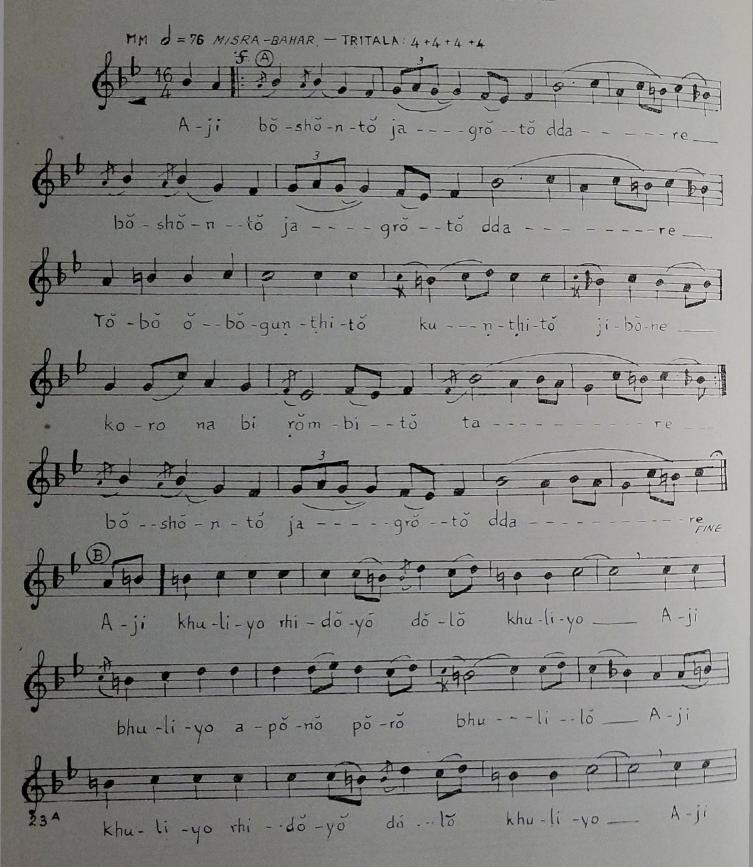


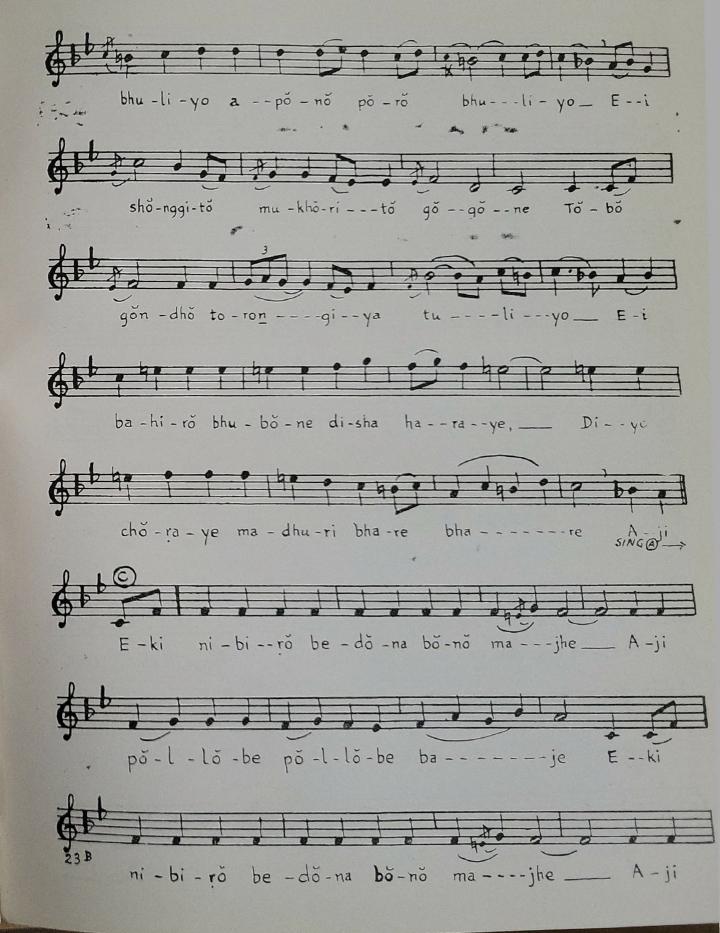
22 — SHITER HAOAR LAGLO NACON

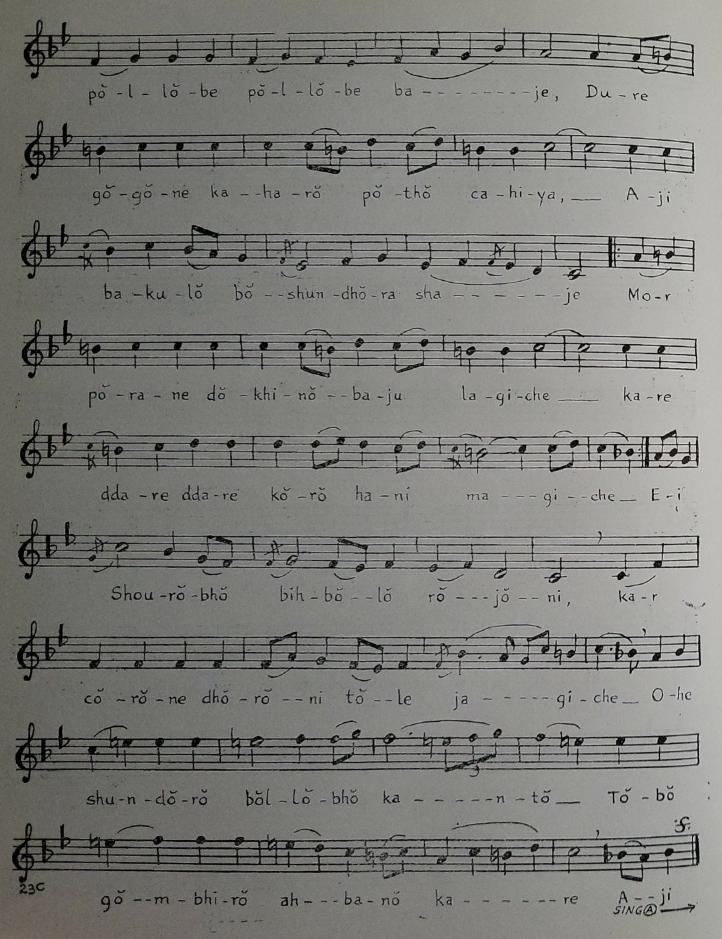




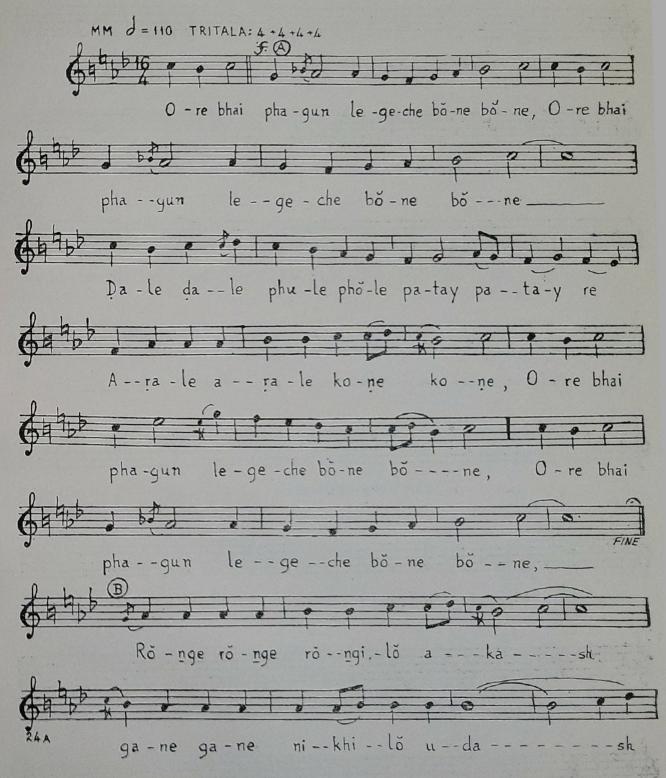
23 — AJI BOSHONTO JAGROTO DDARE







24 — ORE BHAI, PHAGUN LEGECHE

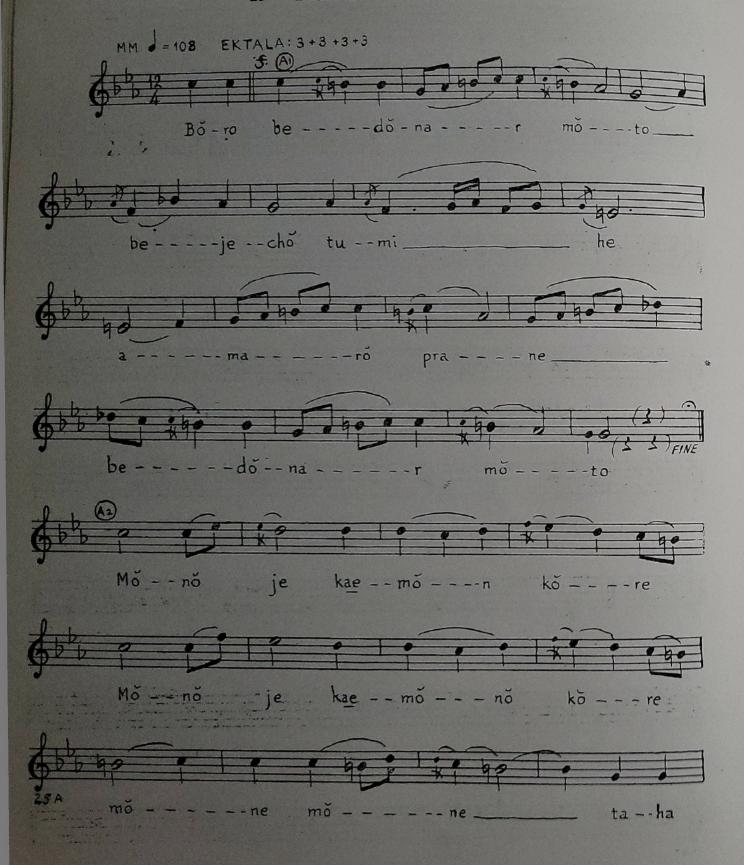


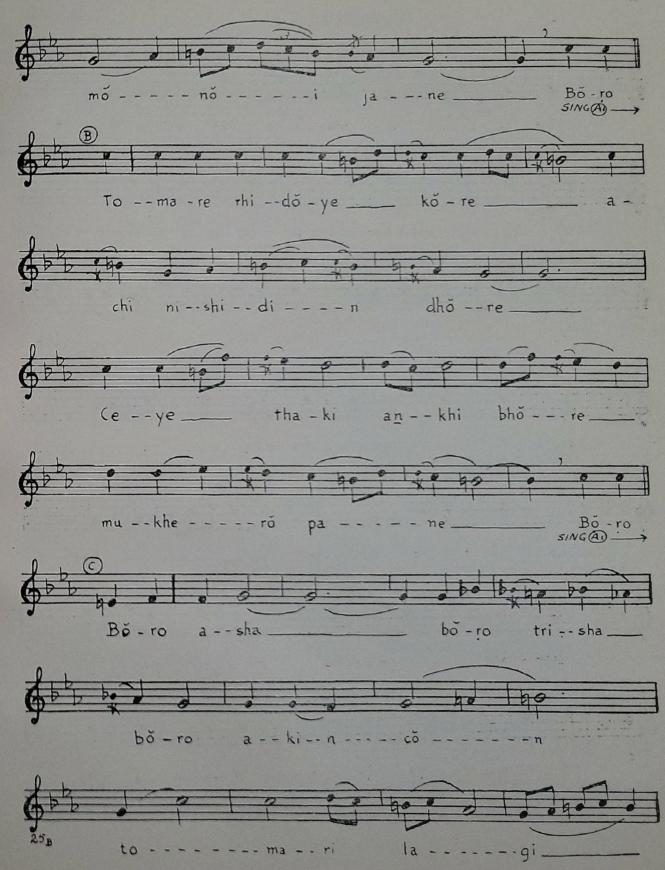
a -- gha -te ta -- r' mou - -- no ro - he na a -- r

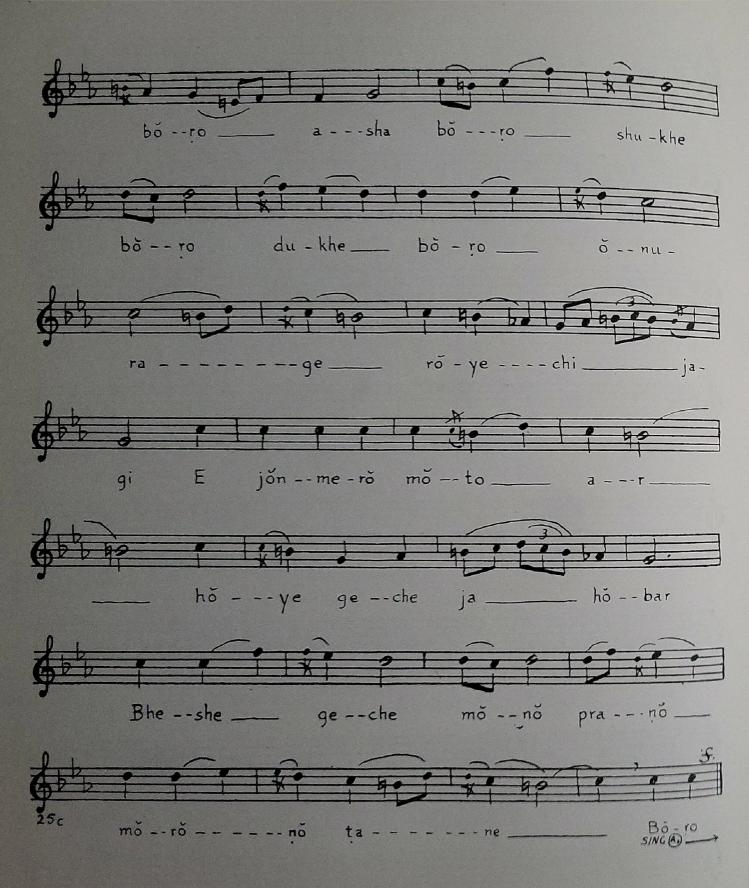
Ha -- shir

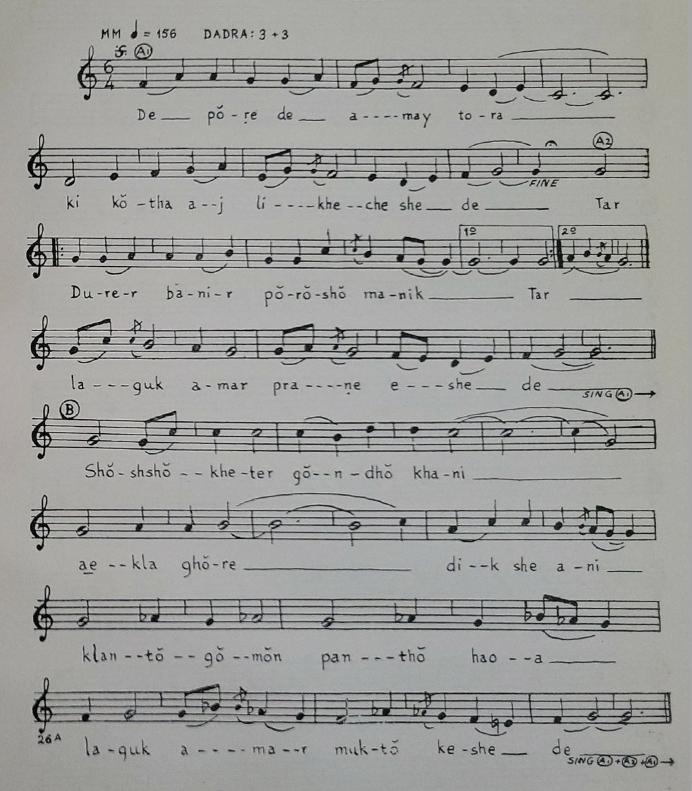


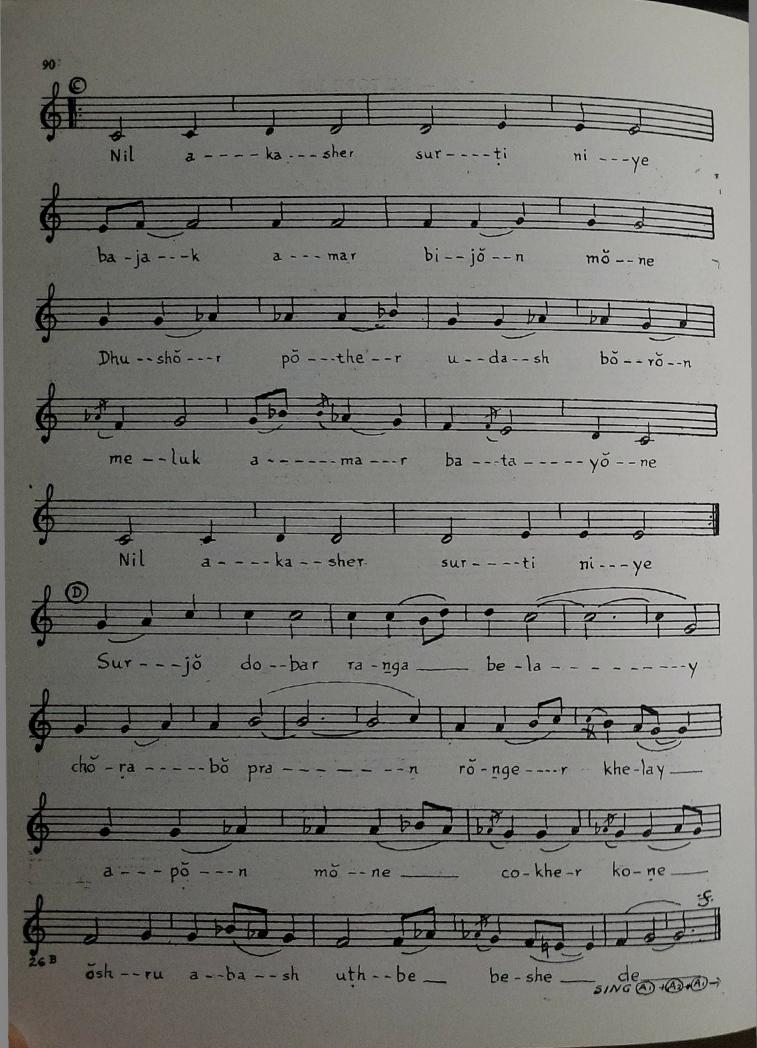
25 — BORO BEDONAR MOTO

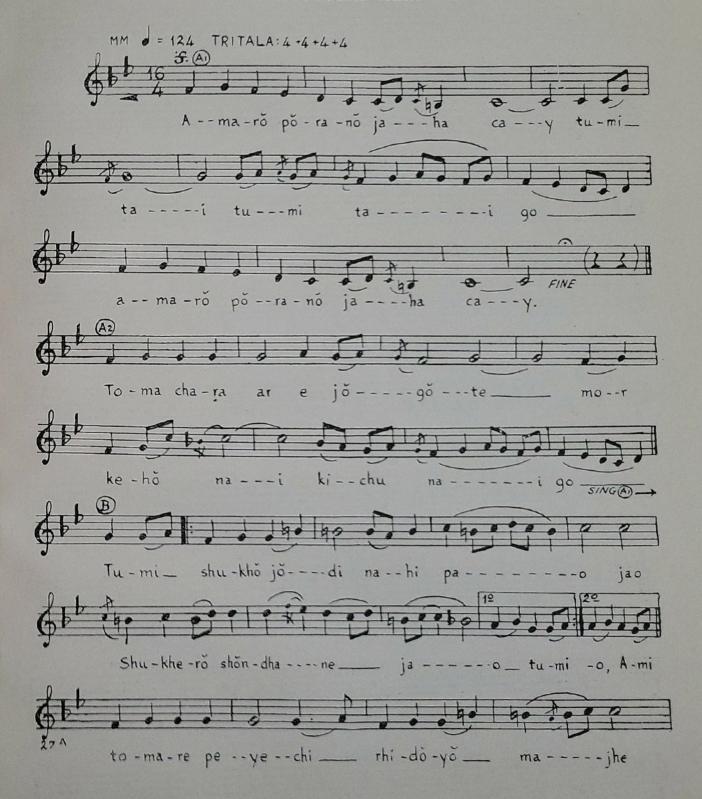


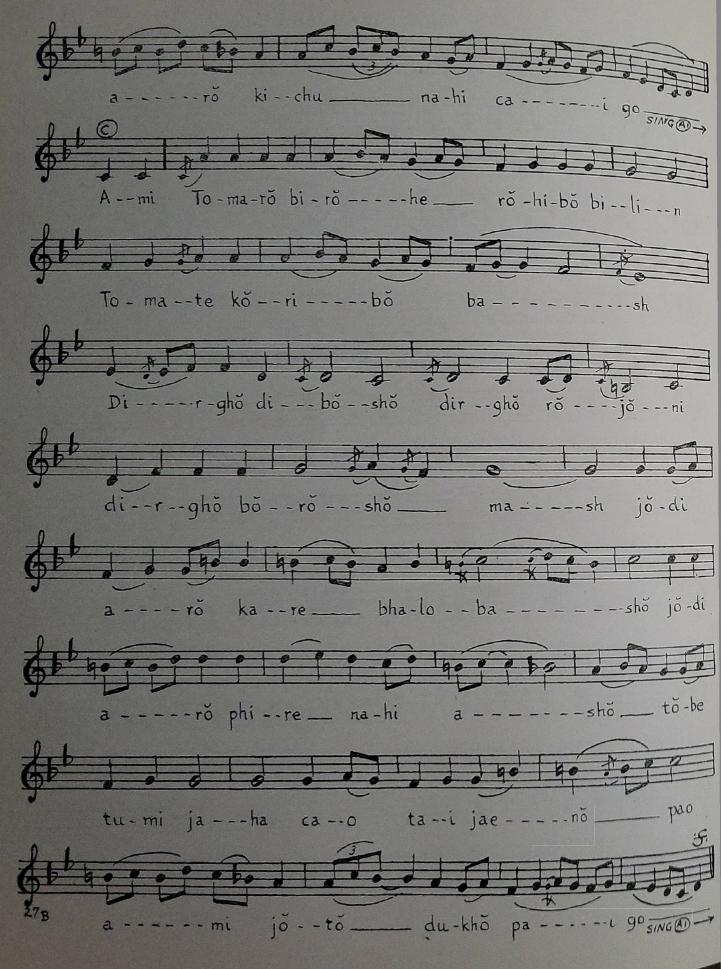




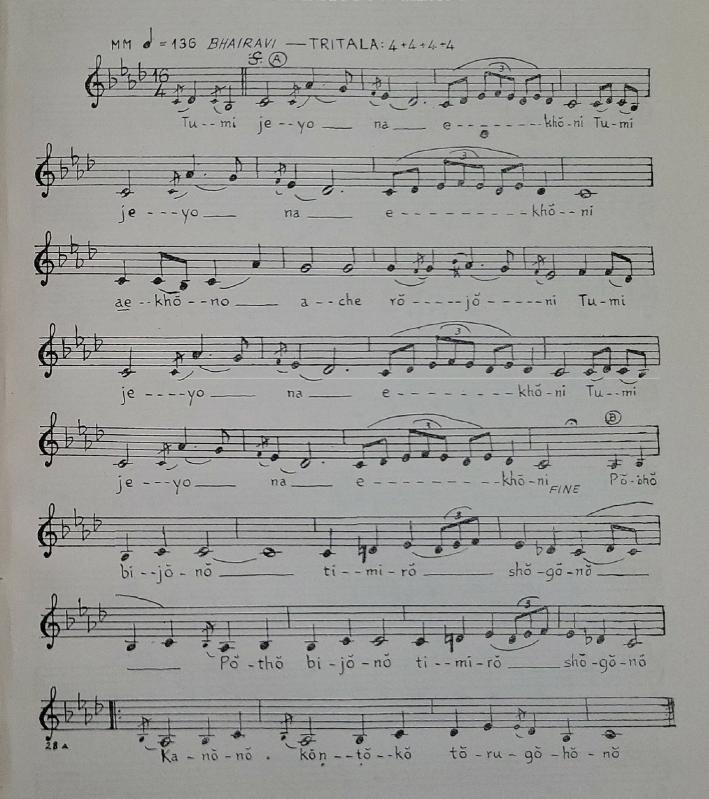


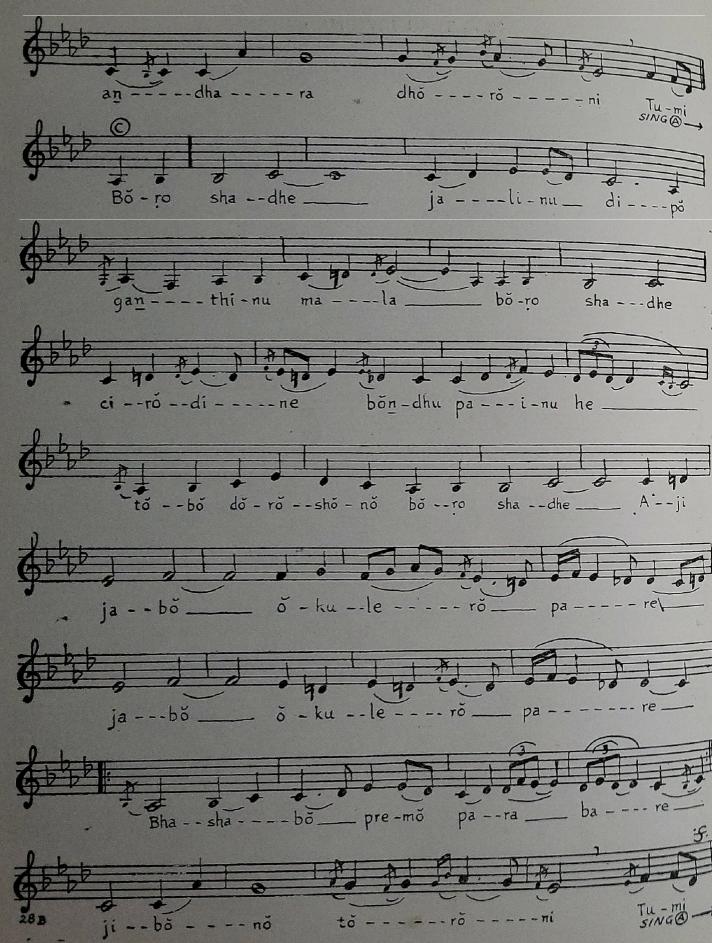




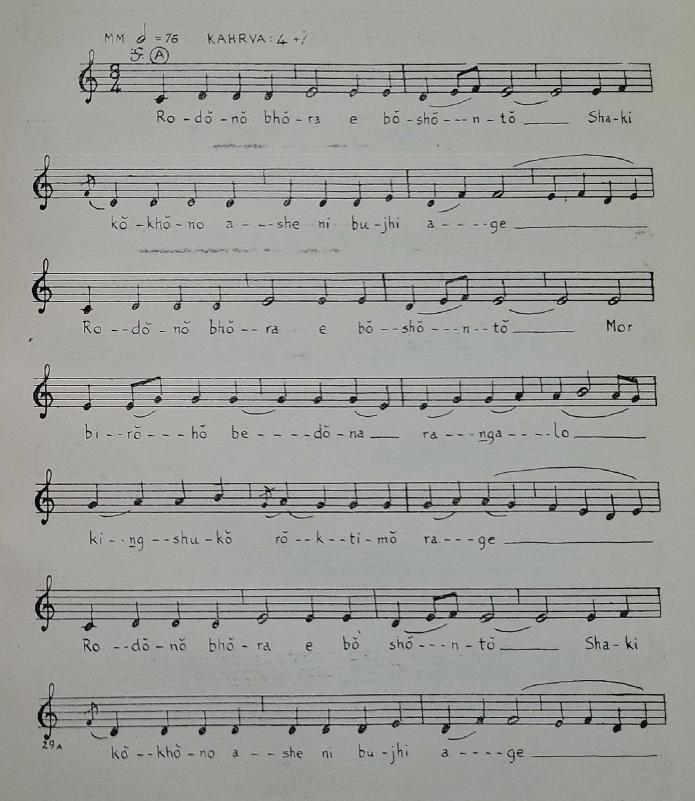


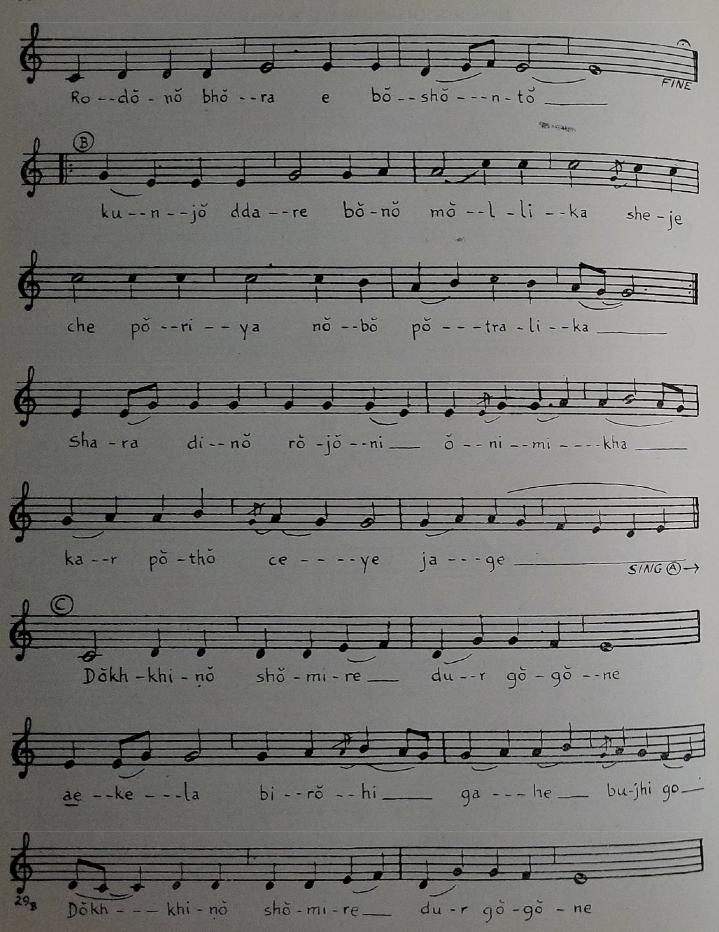
28 — TUMI JEYO NA EKHONI

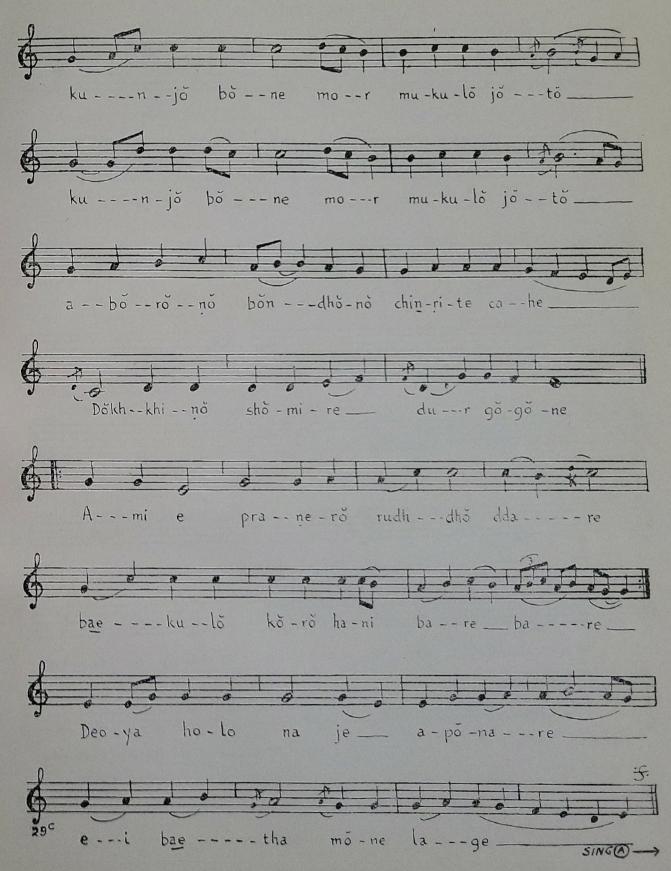




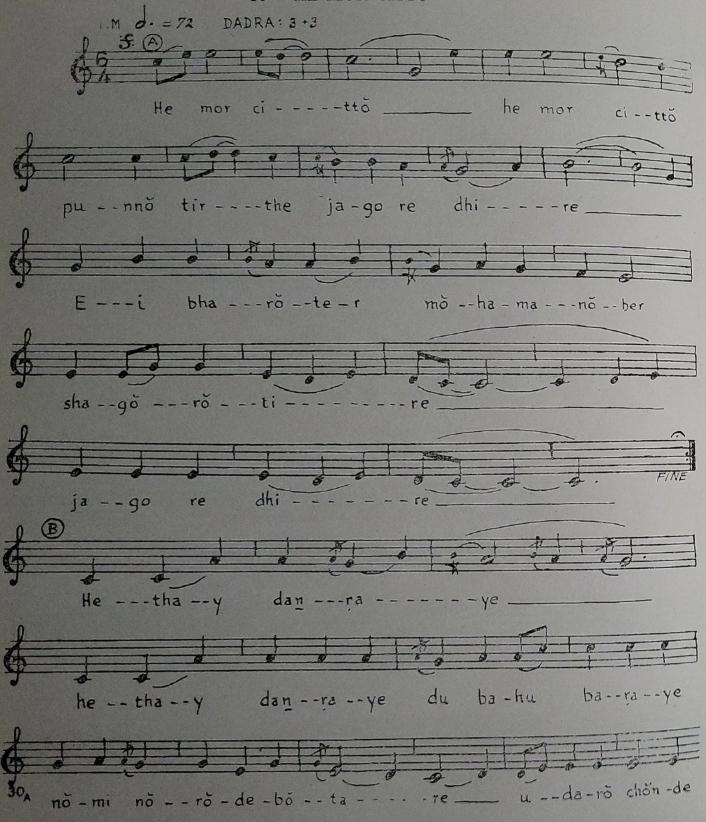
29 — RODON-BHORA E BOSHONTO

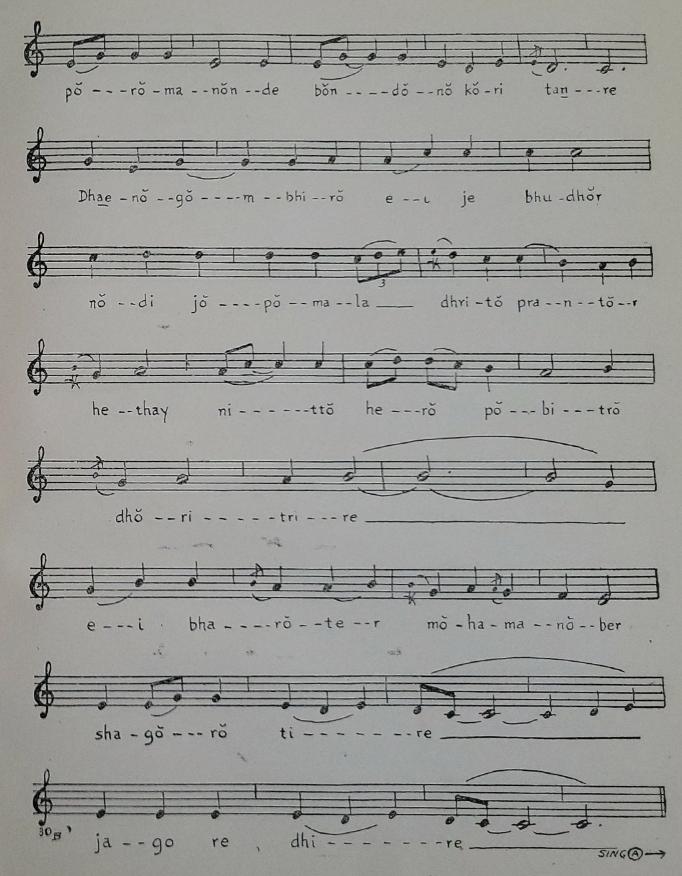


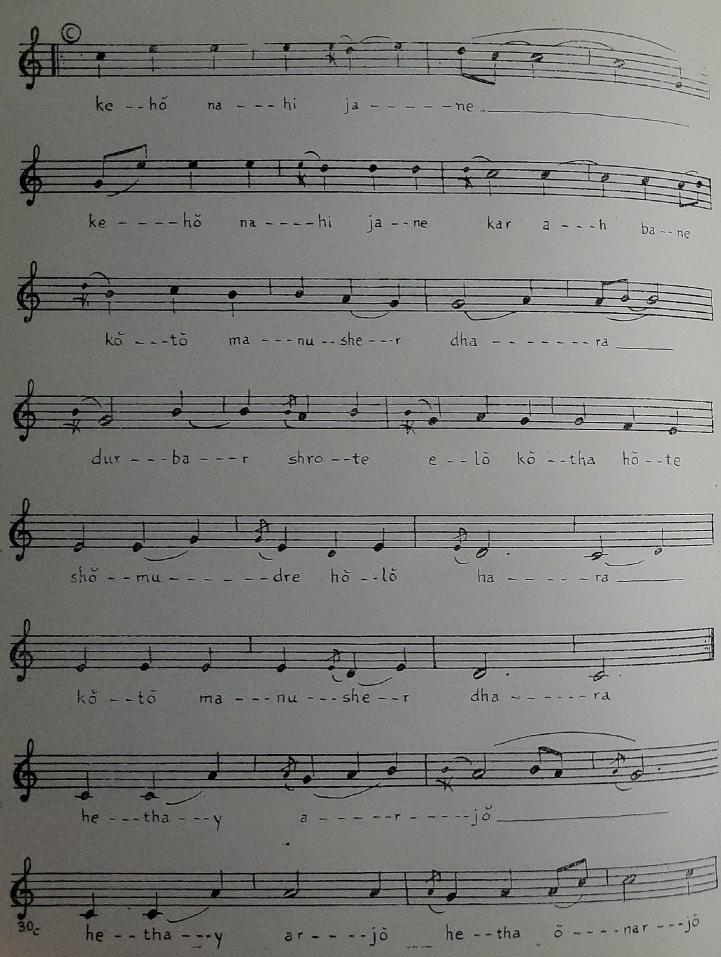


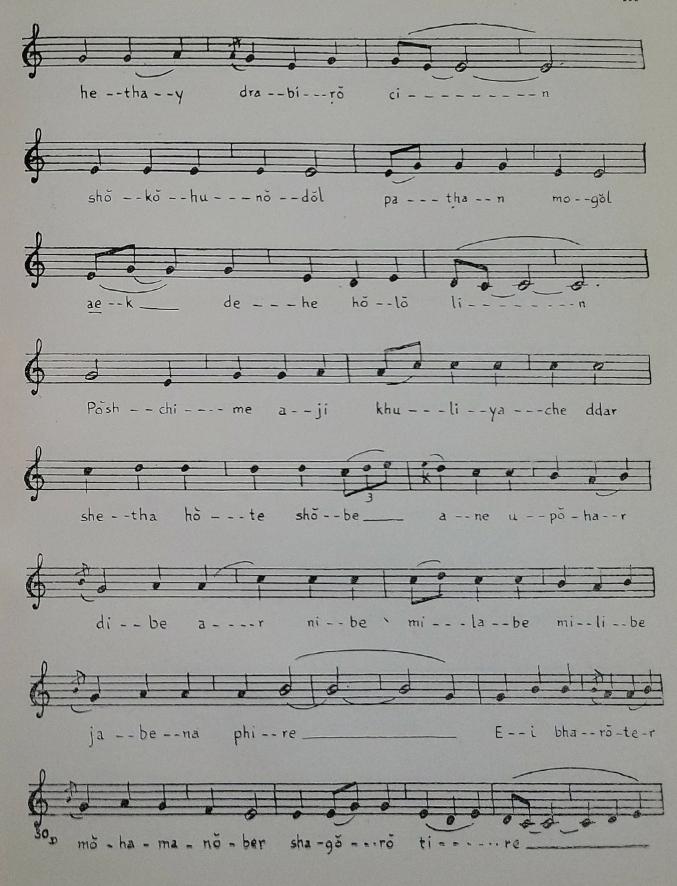


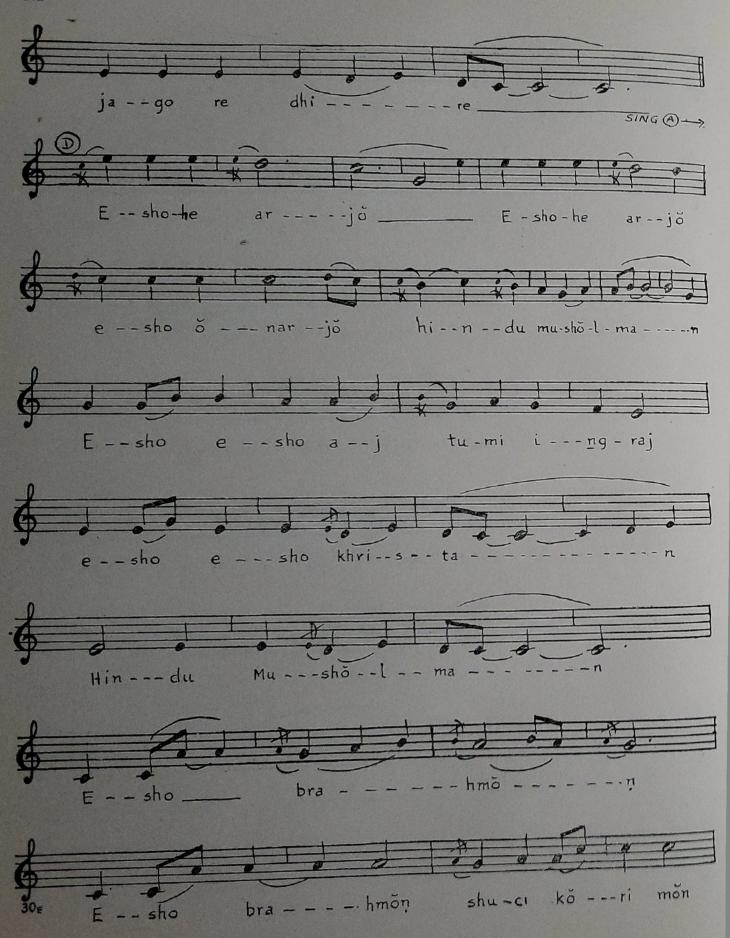
30 — HE MOR CITTO

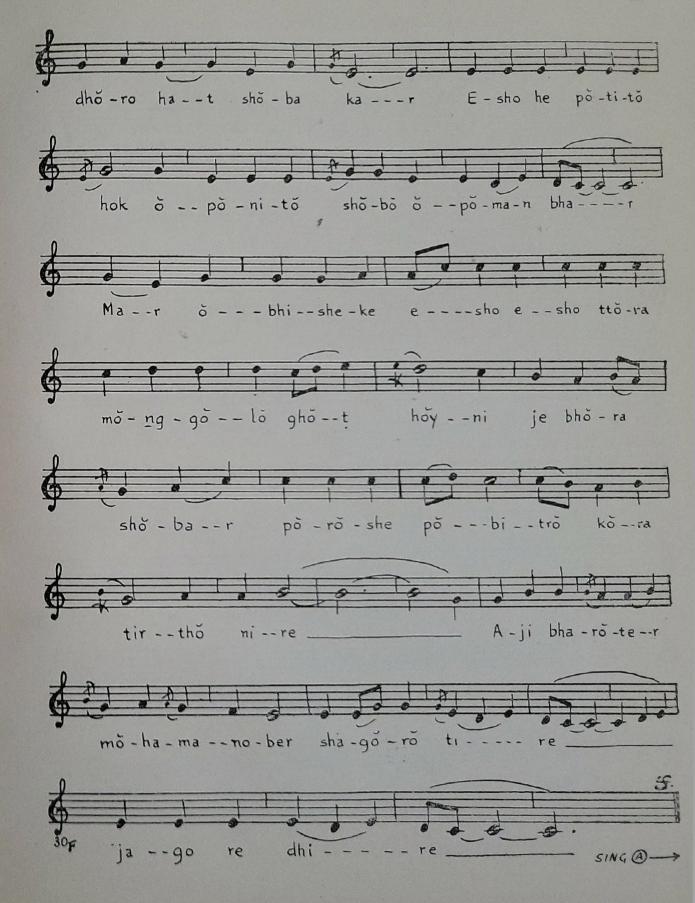




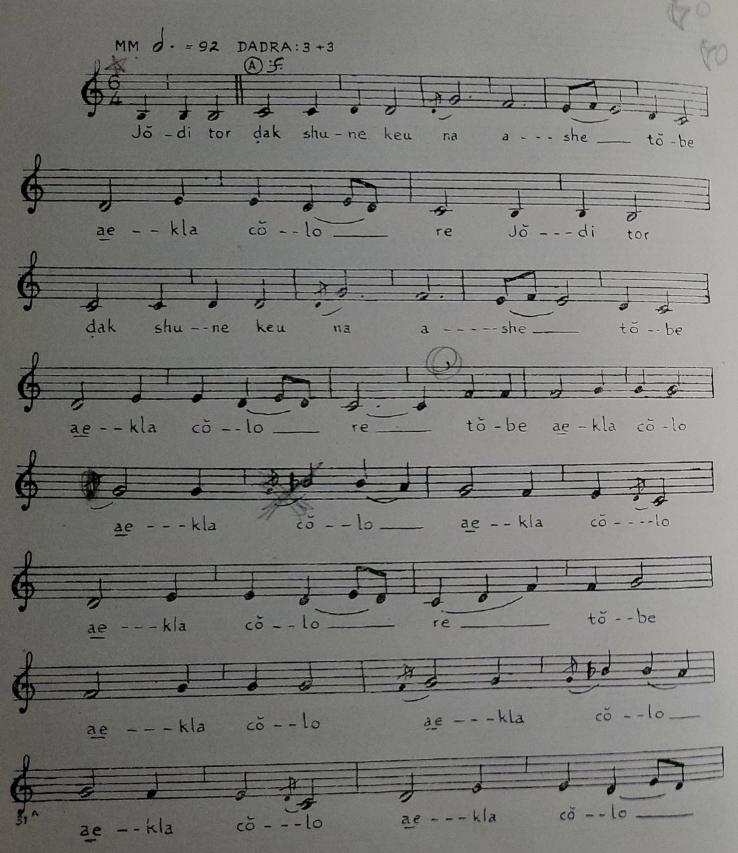


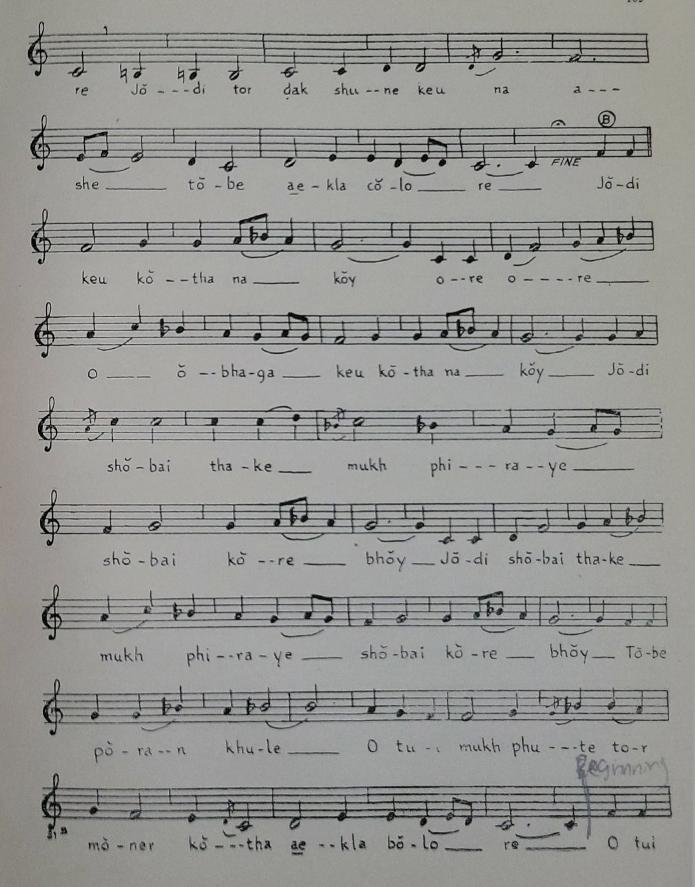


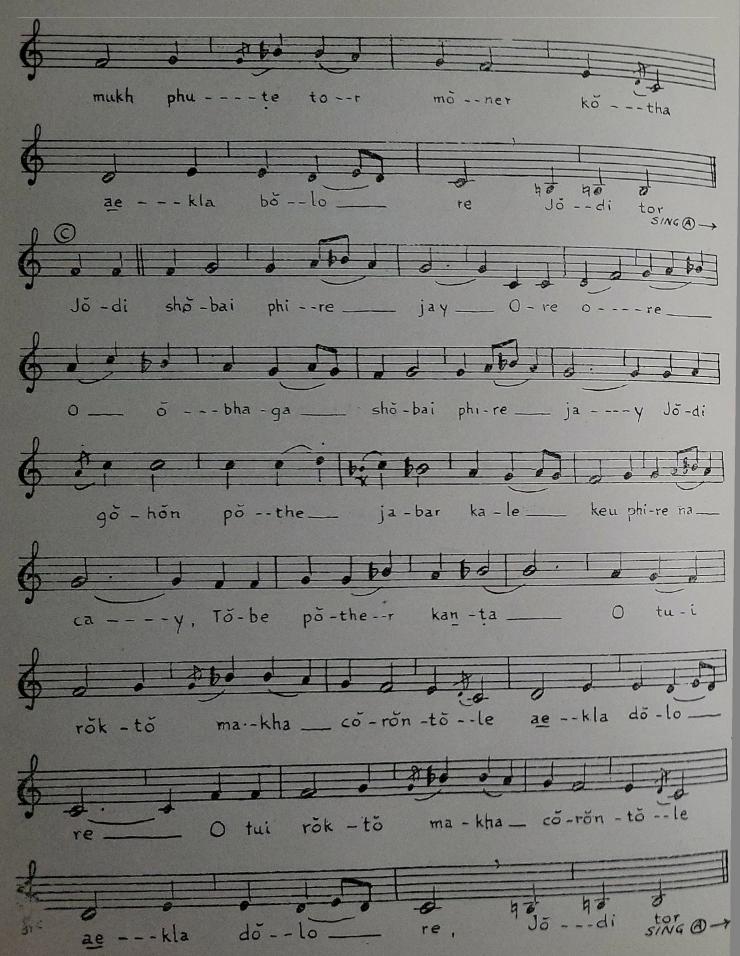




31 - JODI TOR DAK SHUNE

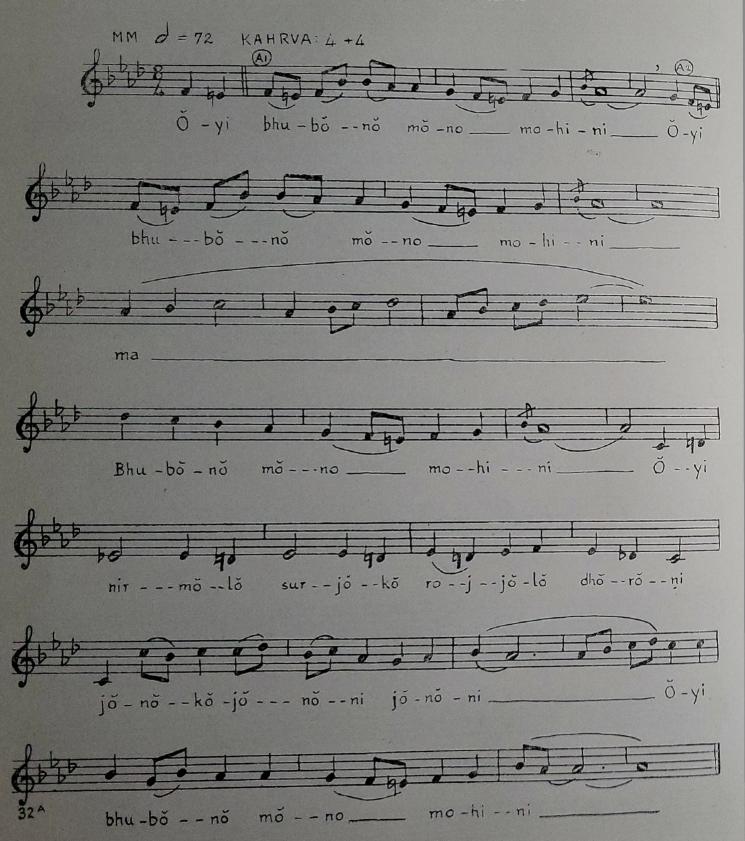


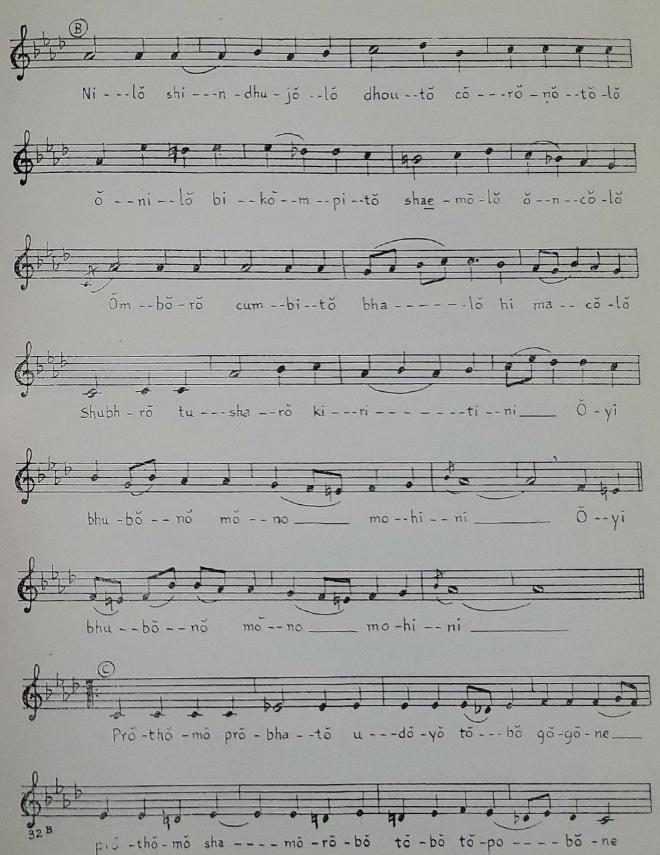


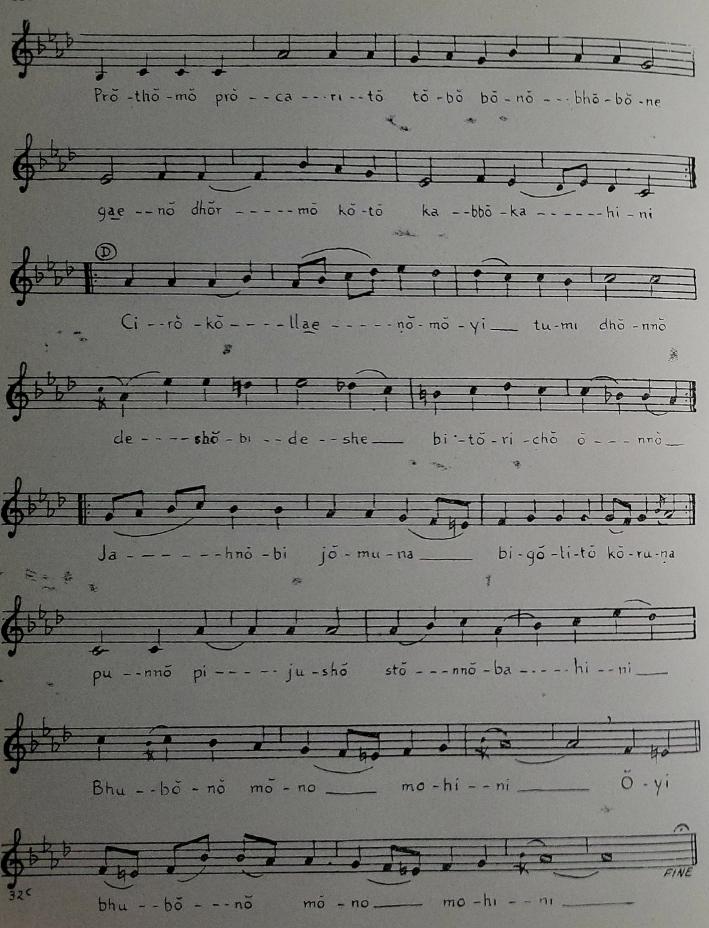


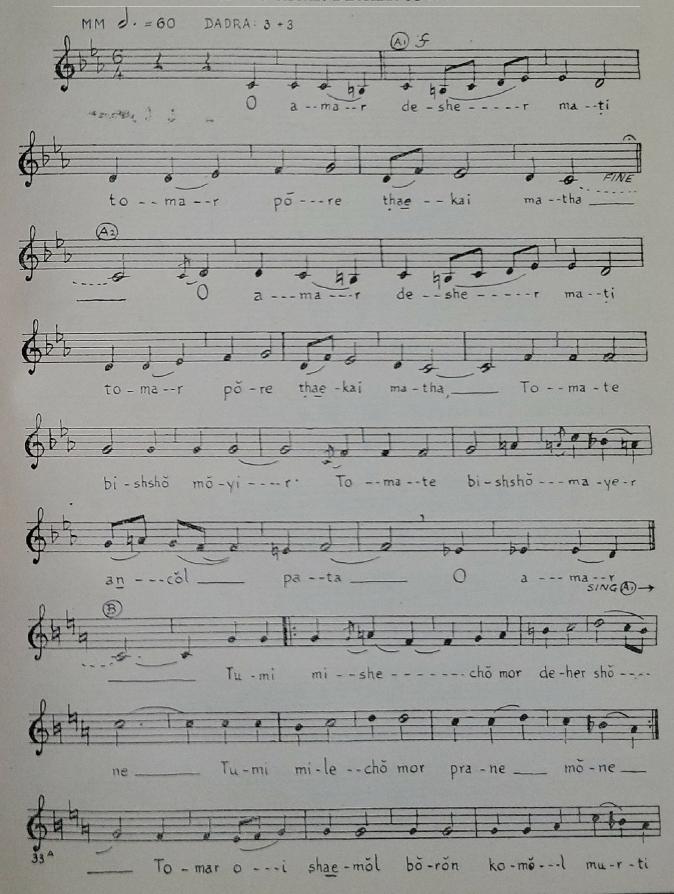


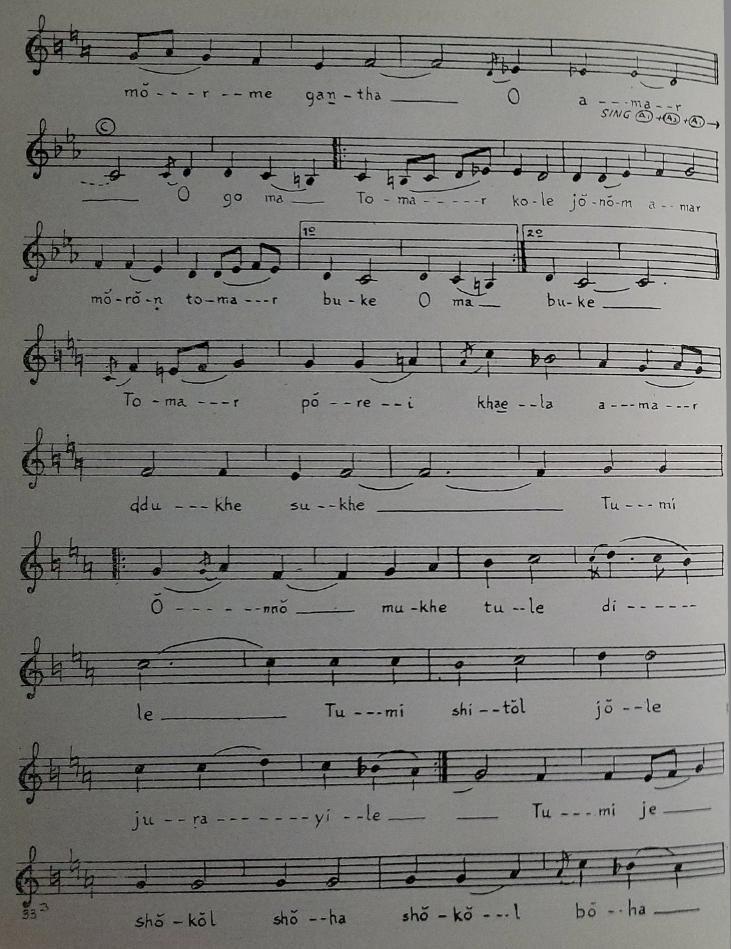
32 - OYI BHUBON-MONOMOHINI

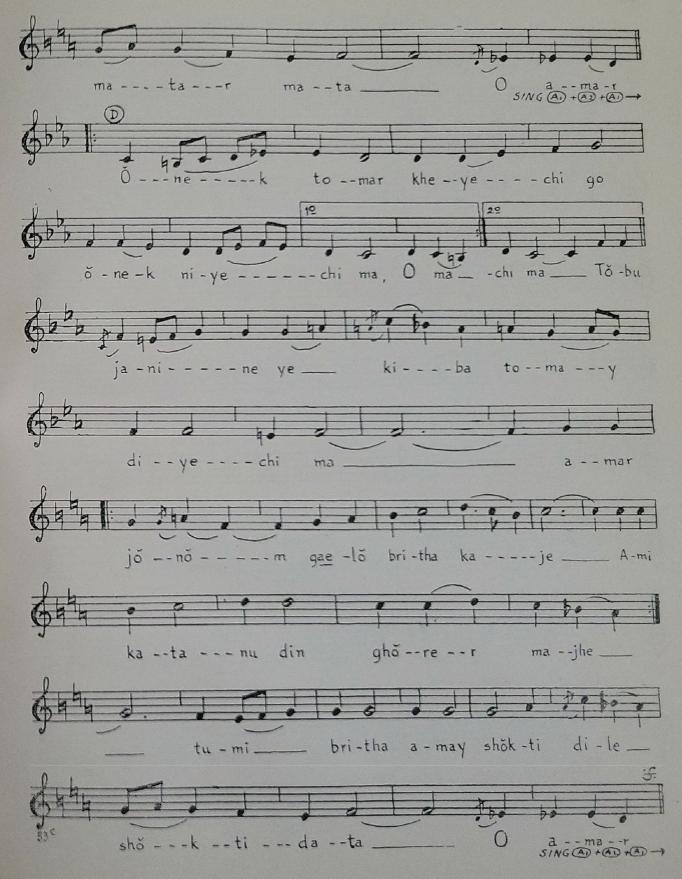






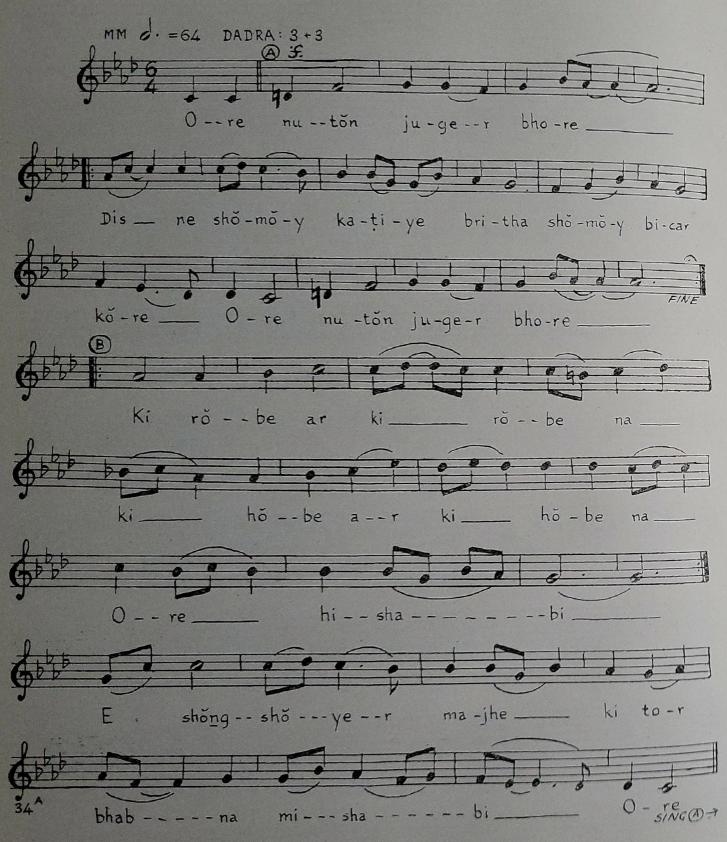






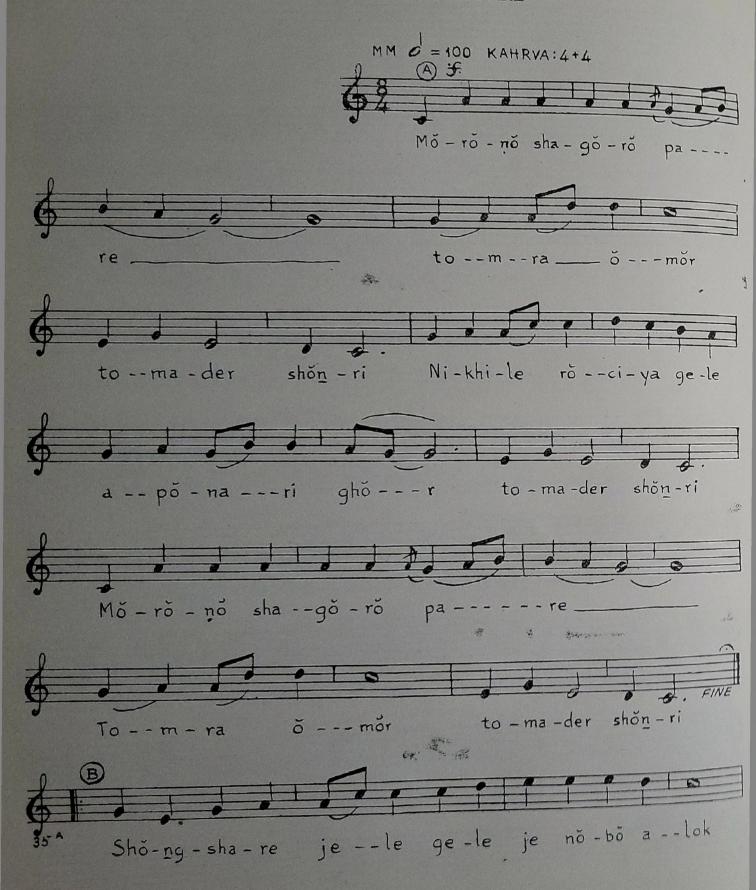
4-12-57

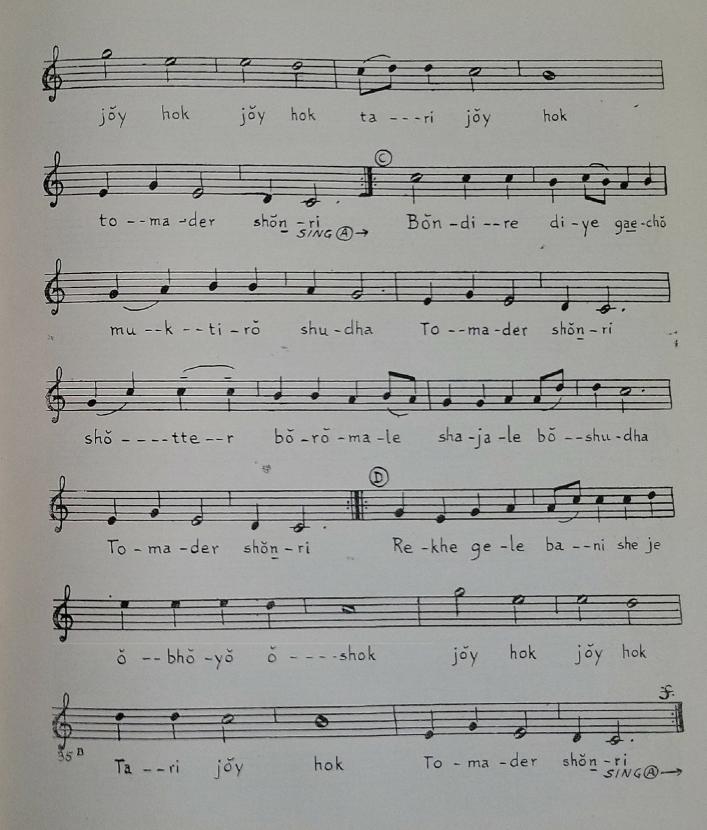
34 — ORE, NUTON JUGER BHORE



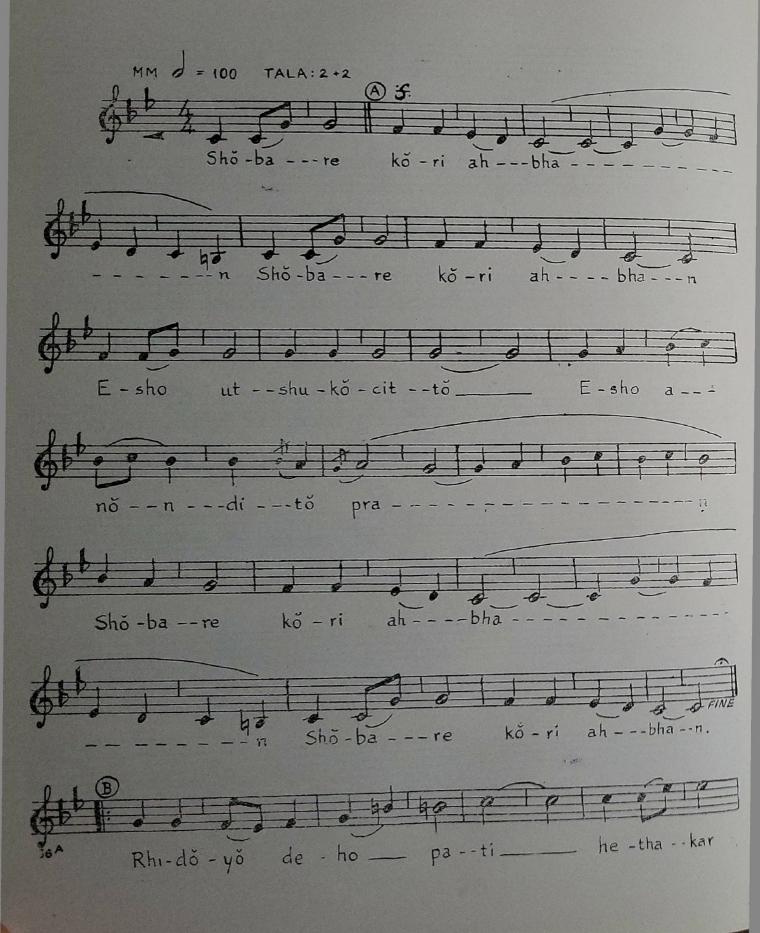


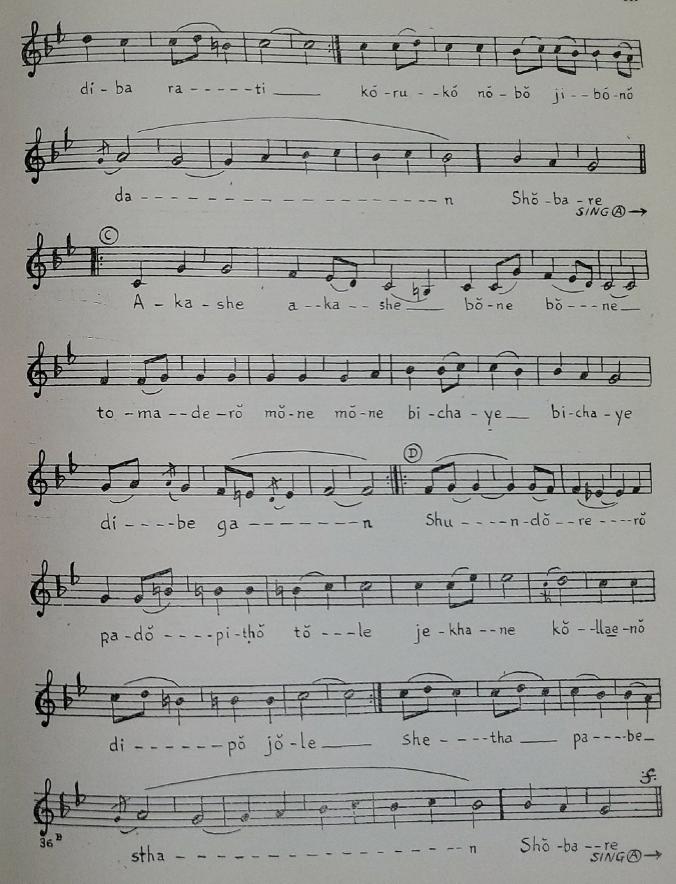
35 - MORON-SHAGOR PARE

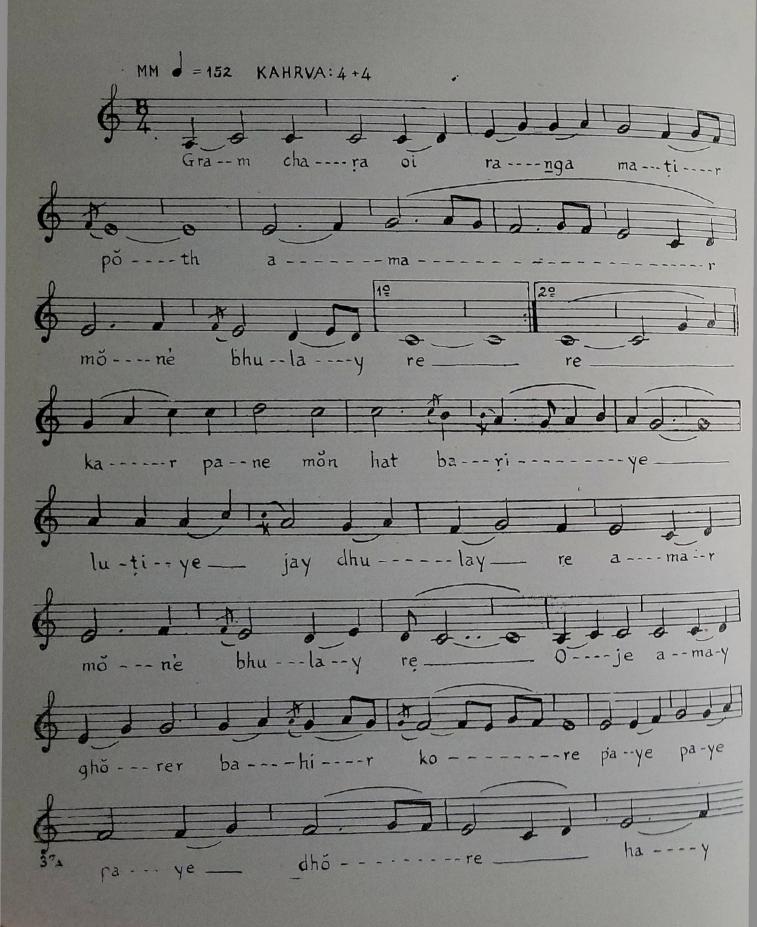


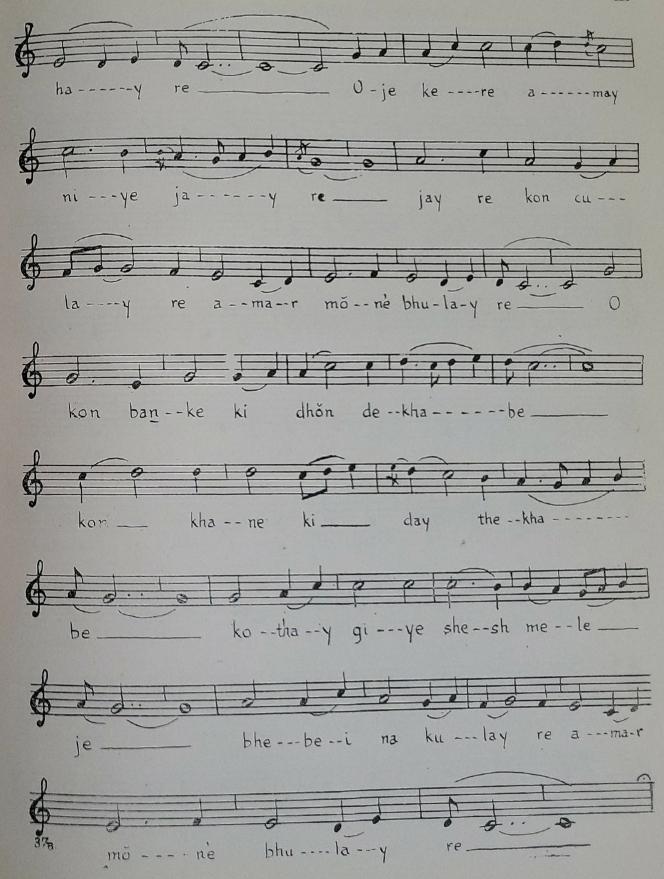


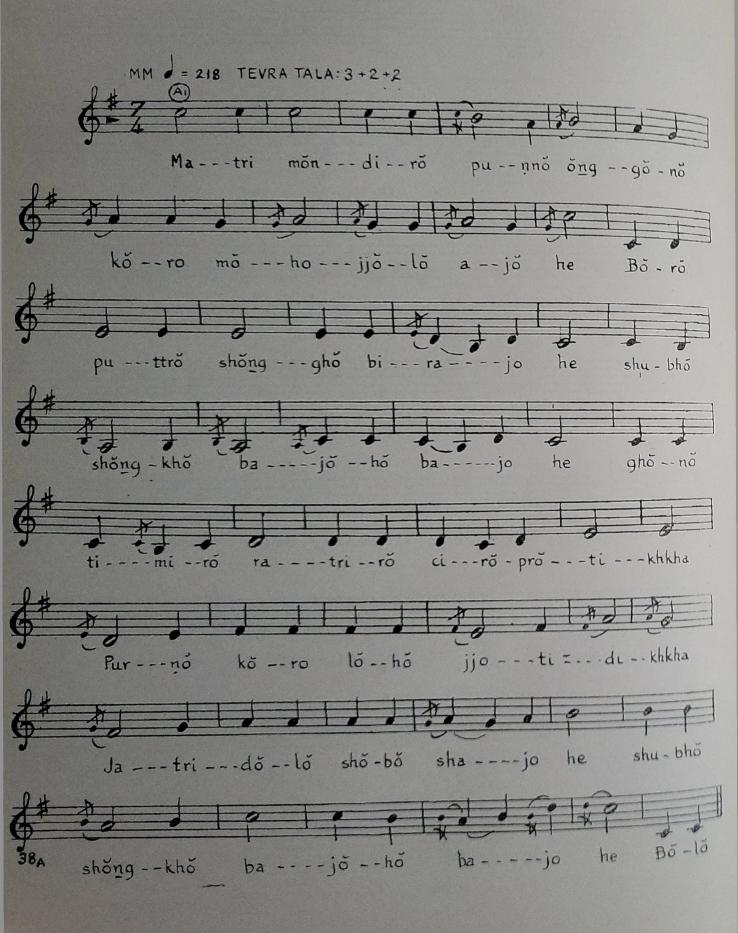
36 — SHOBARE KORI AHBAN

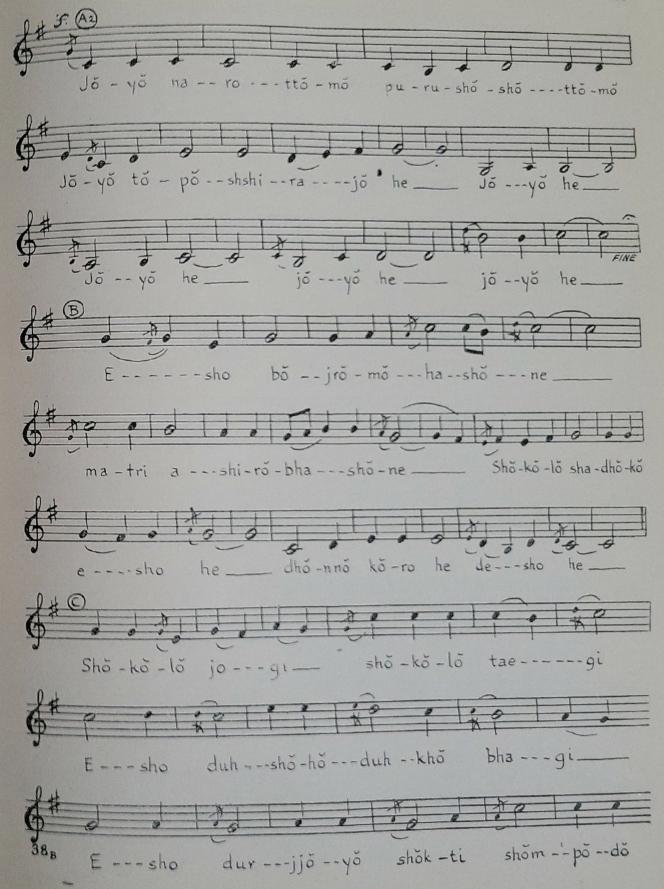


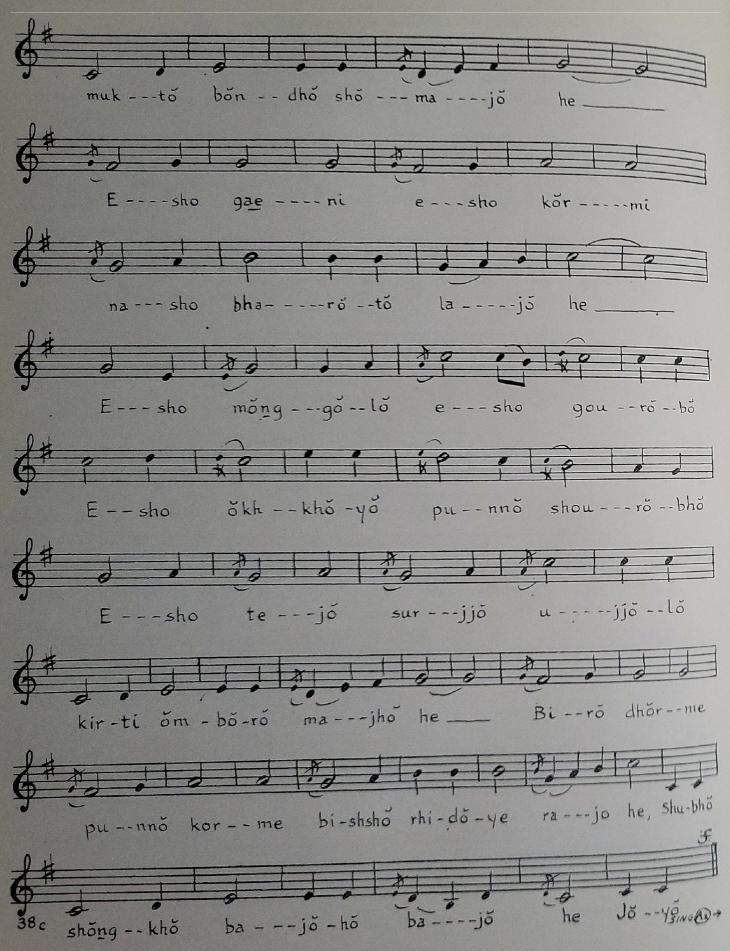


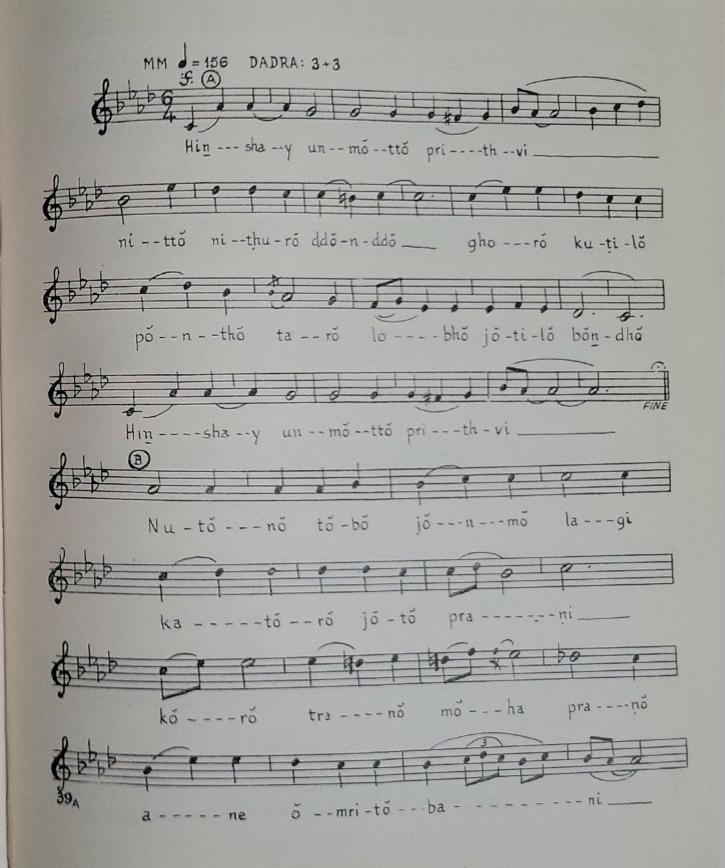


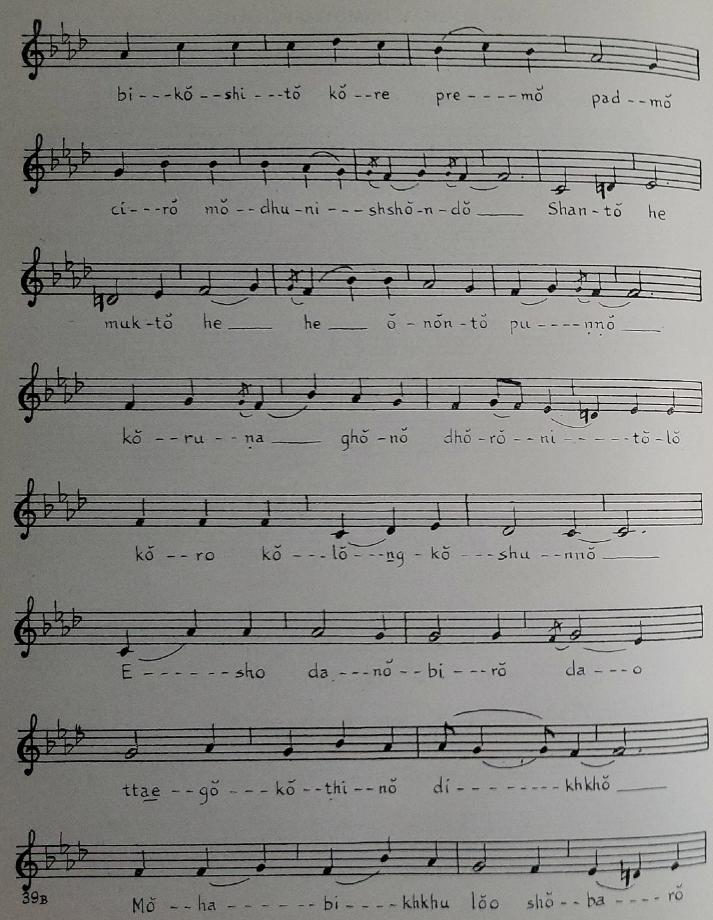




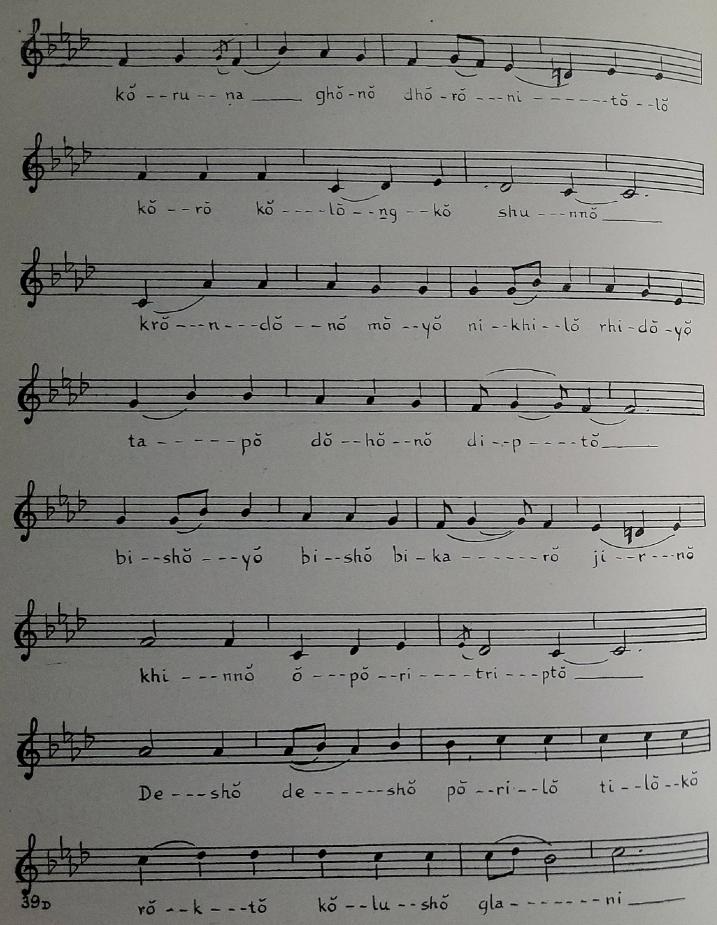




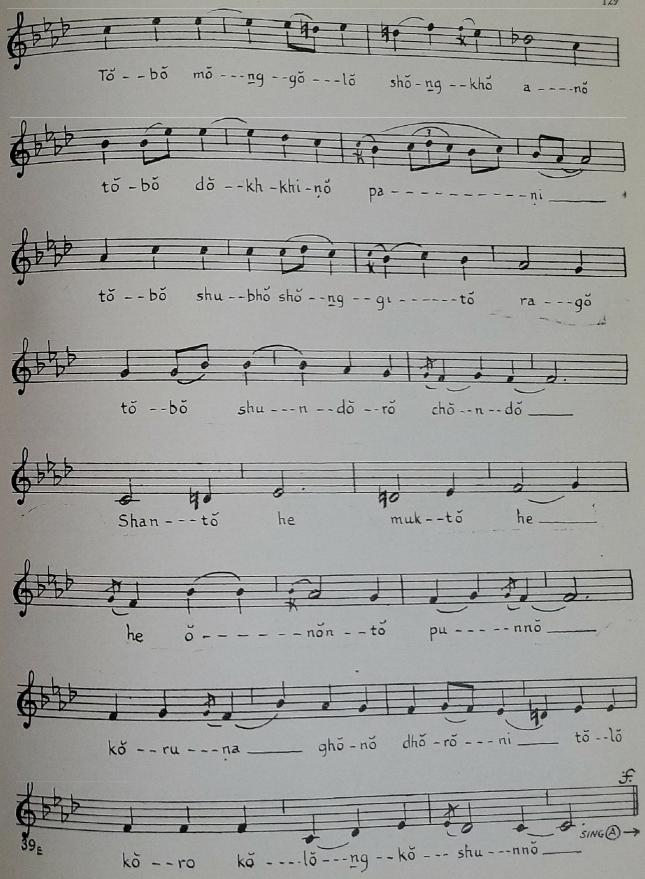


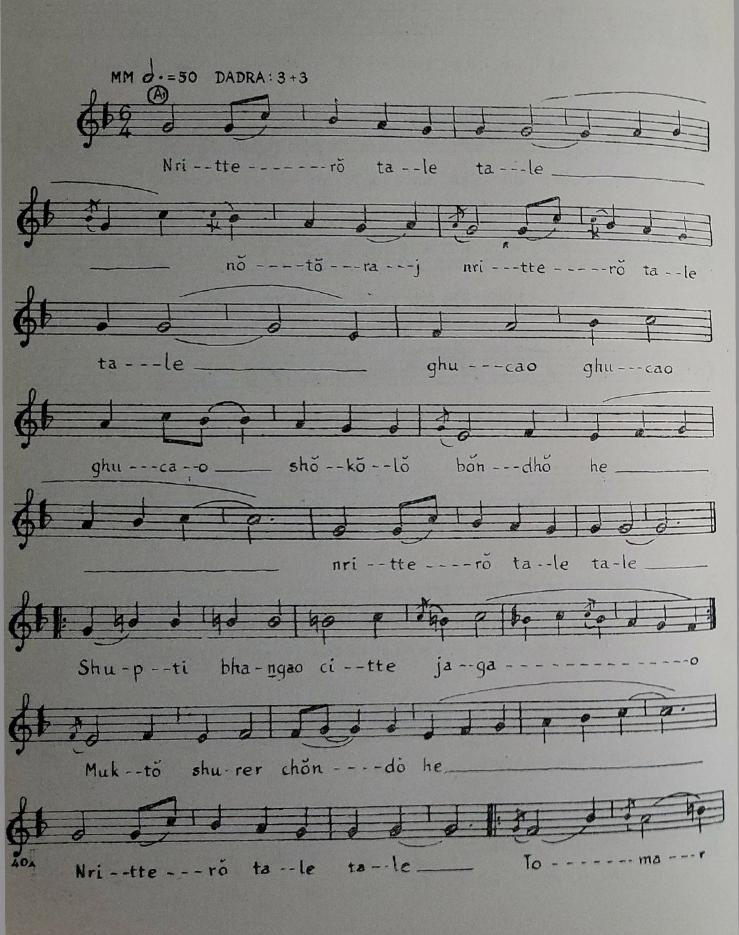


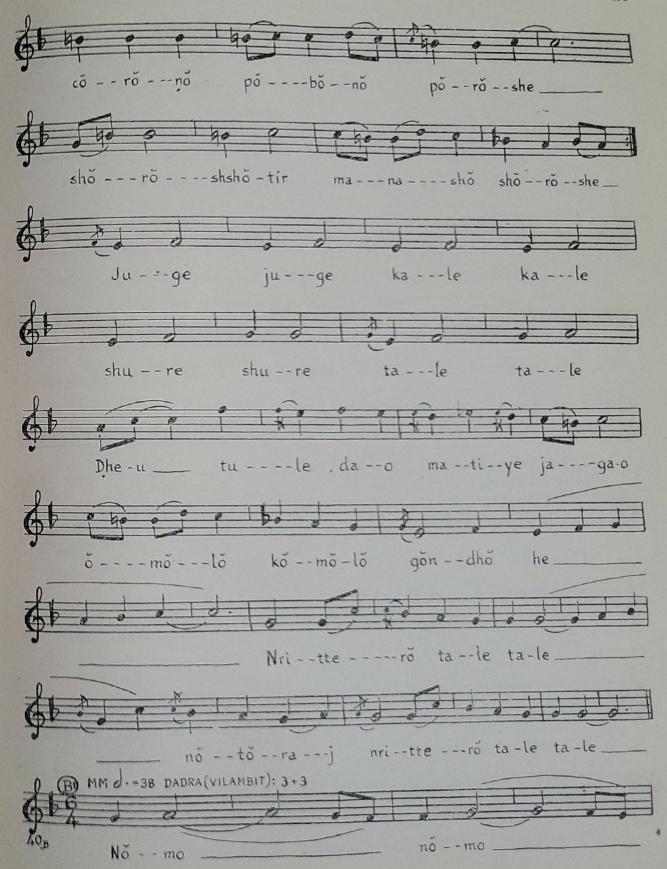


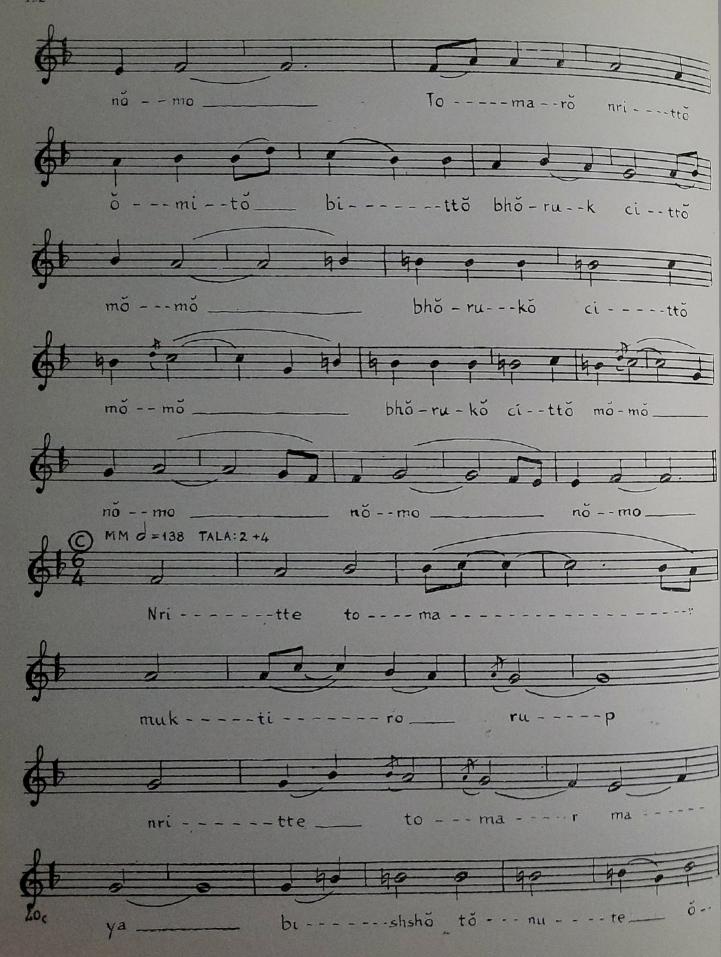


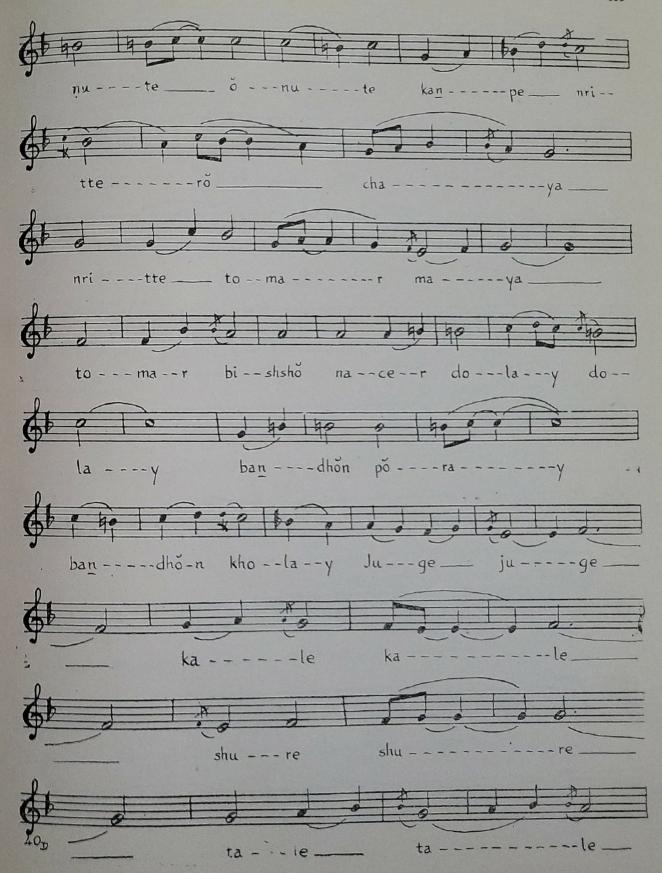


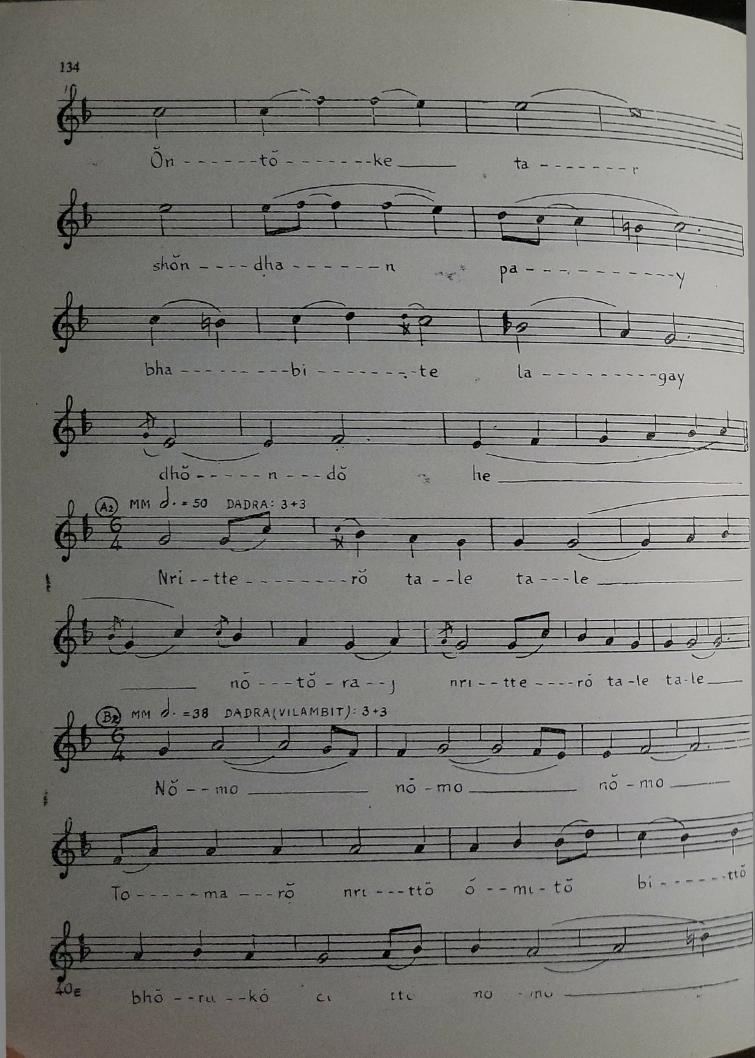


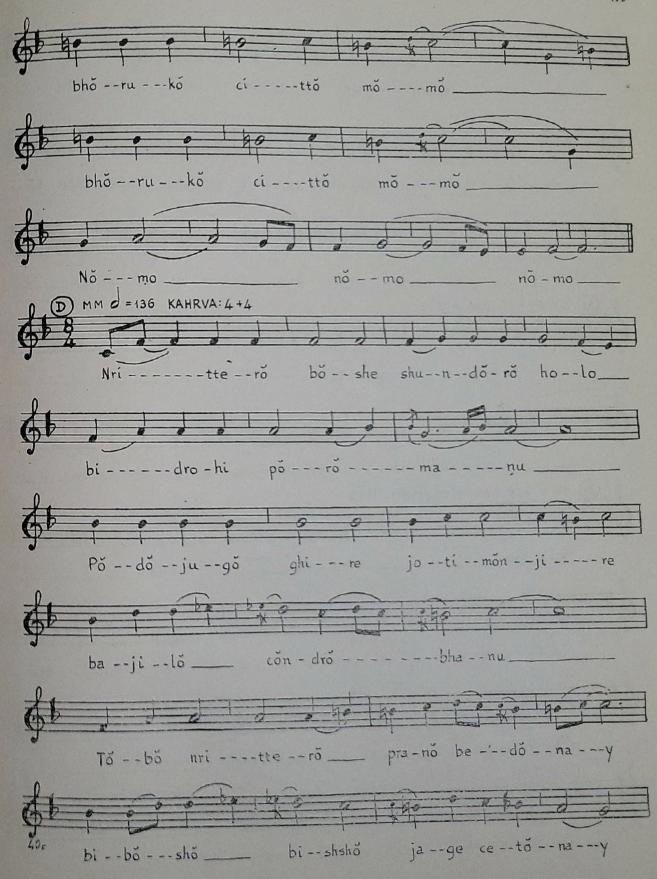


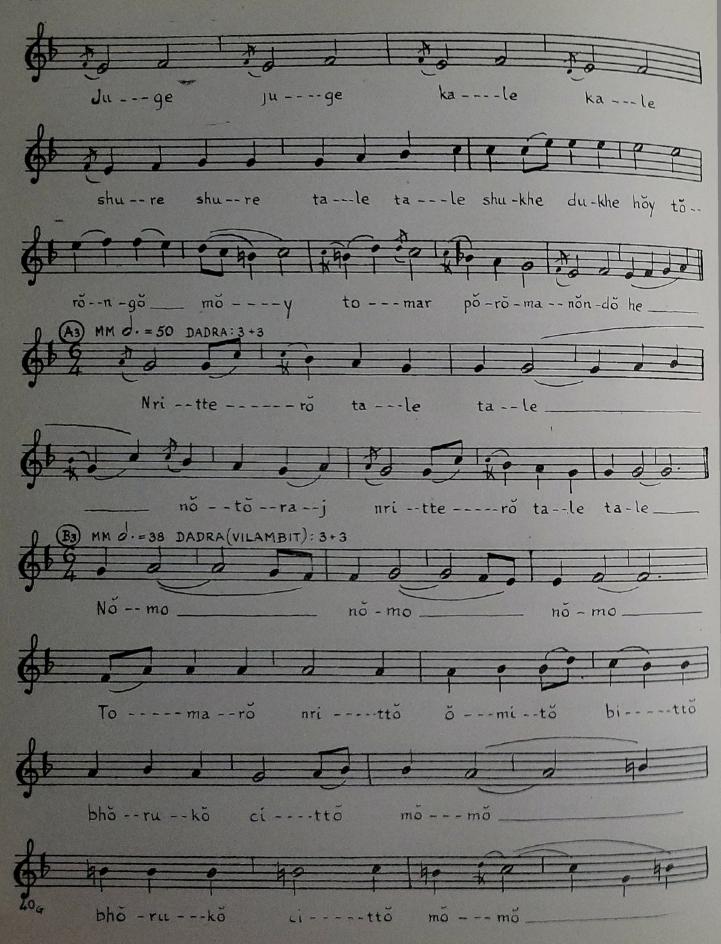


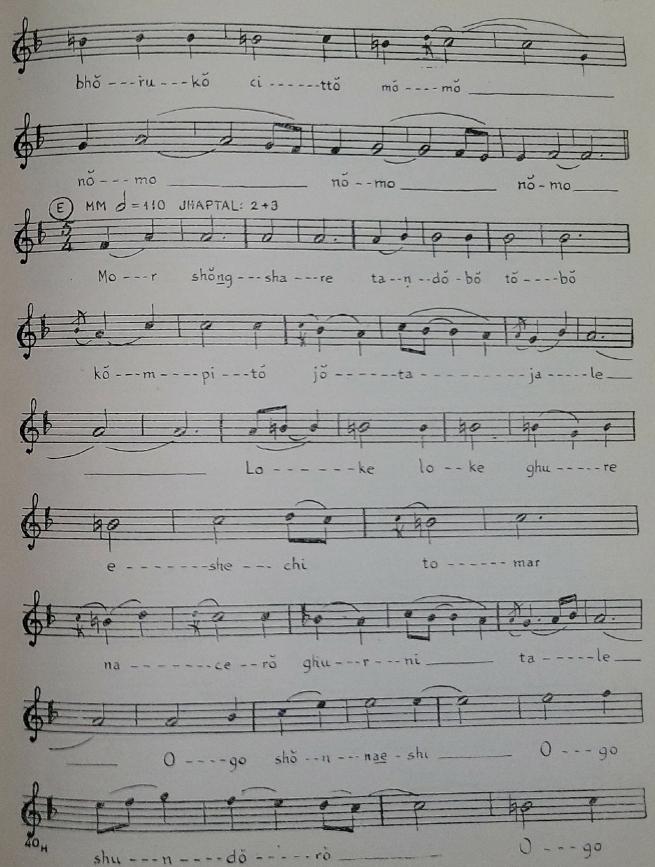


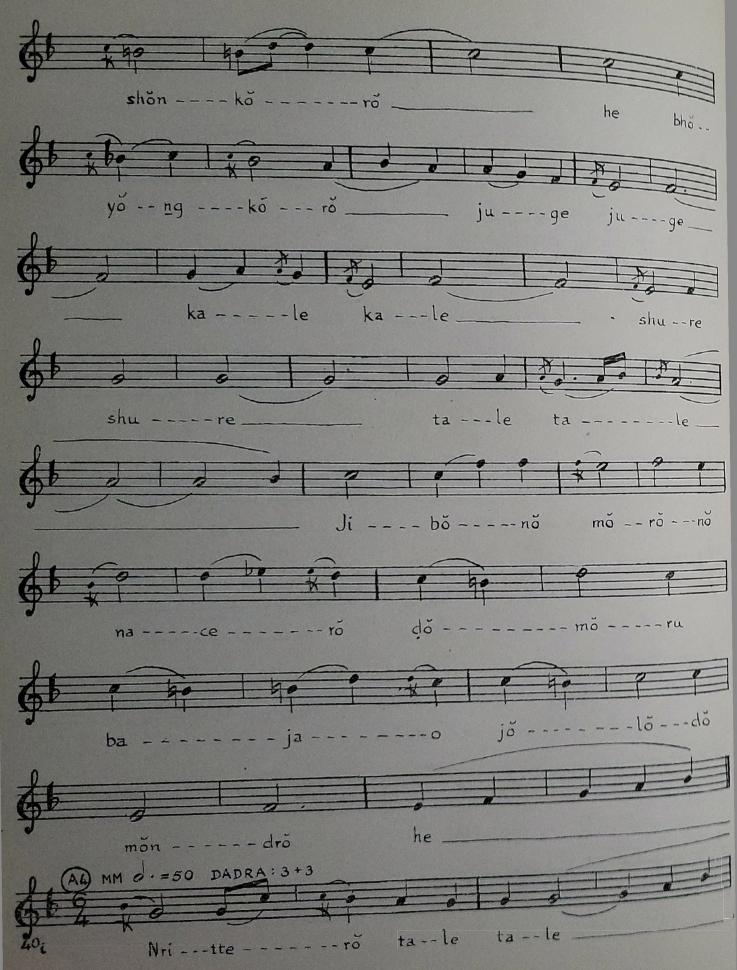


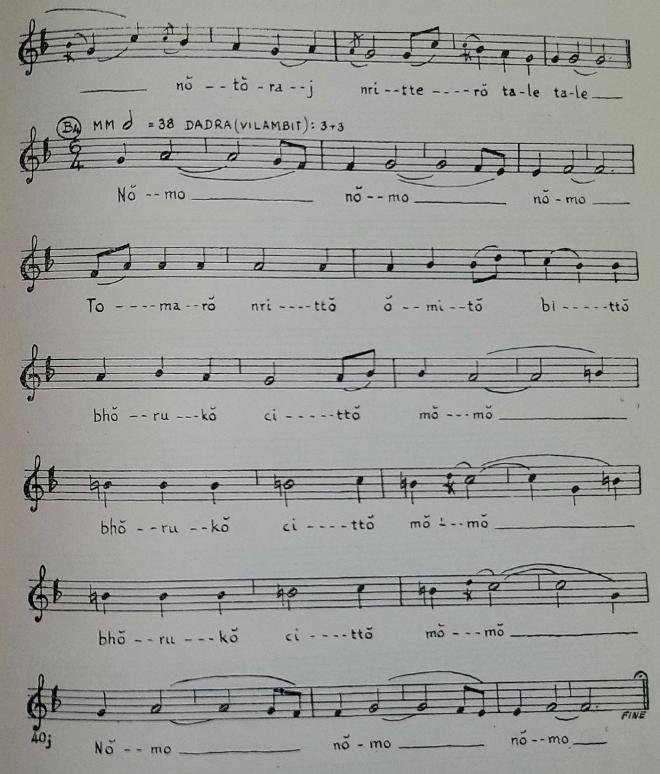




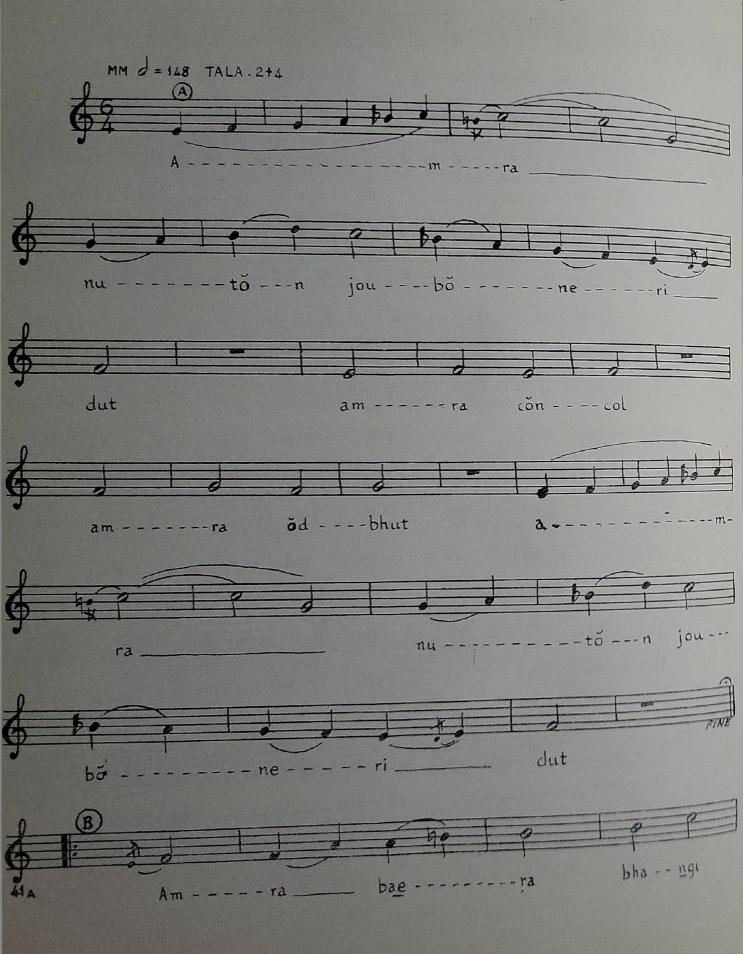


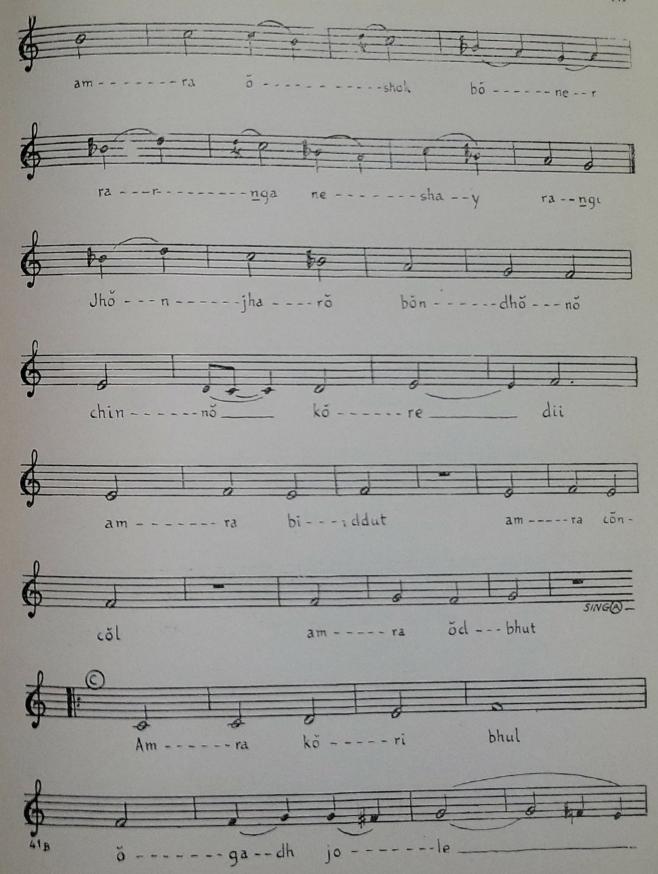


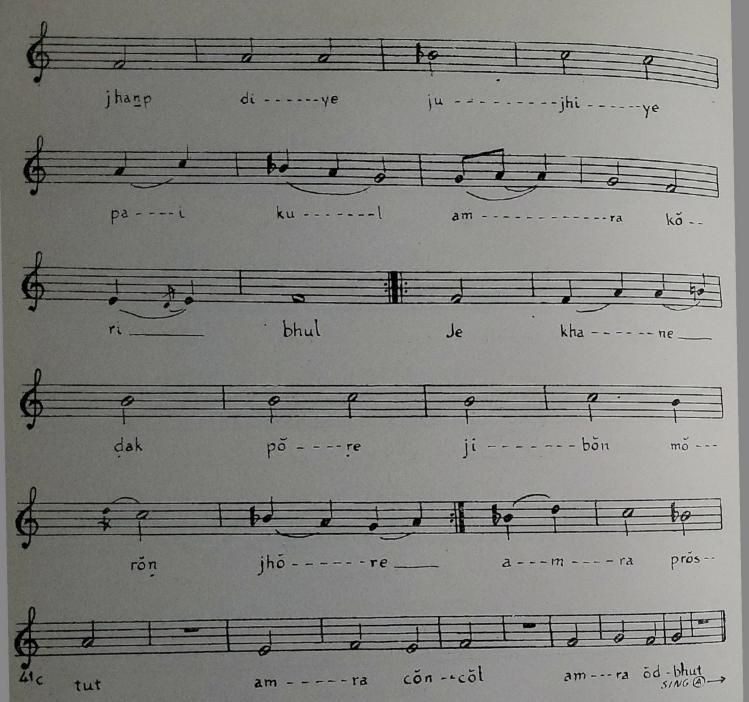


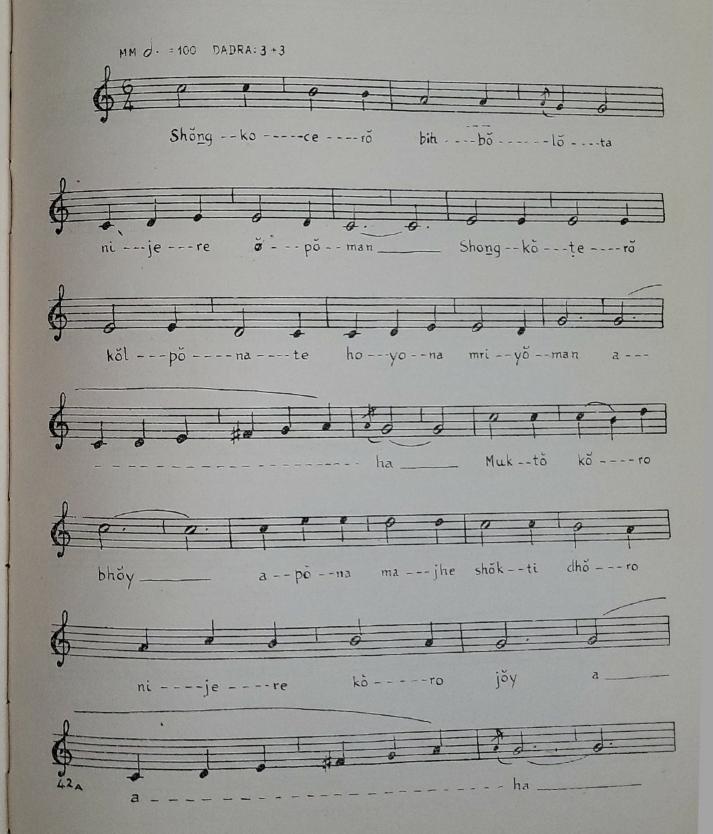


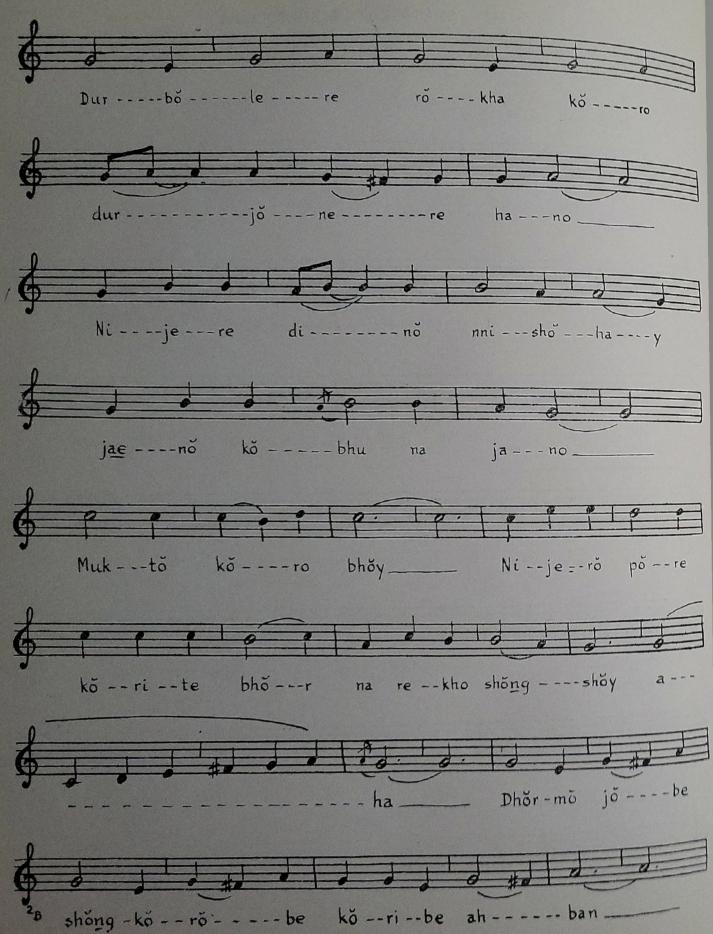
41 — AMRA NUTON JOUBONERYI DUT



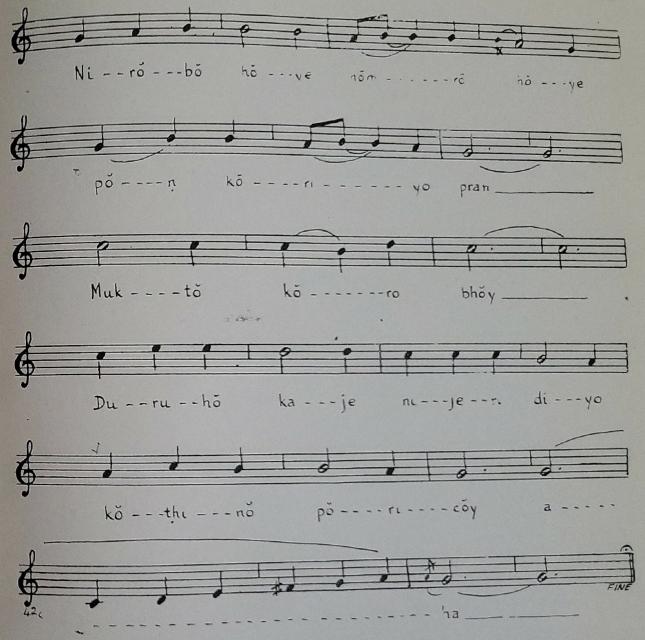




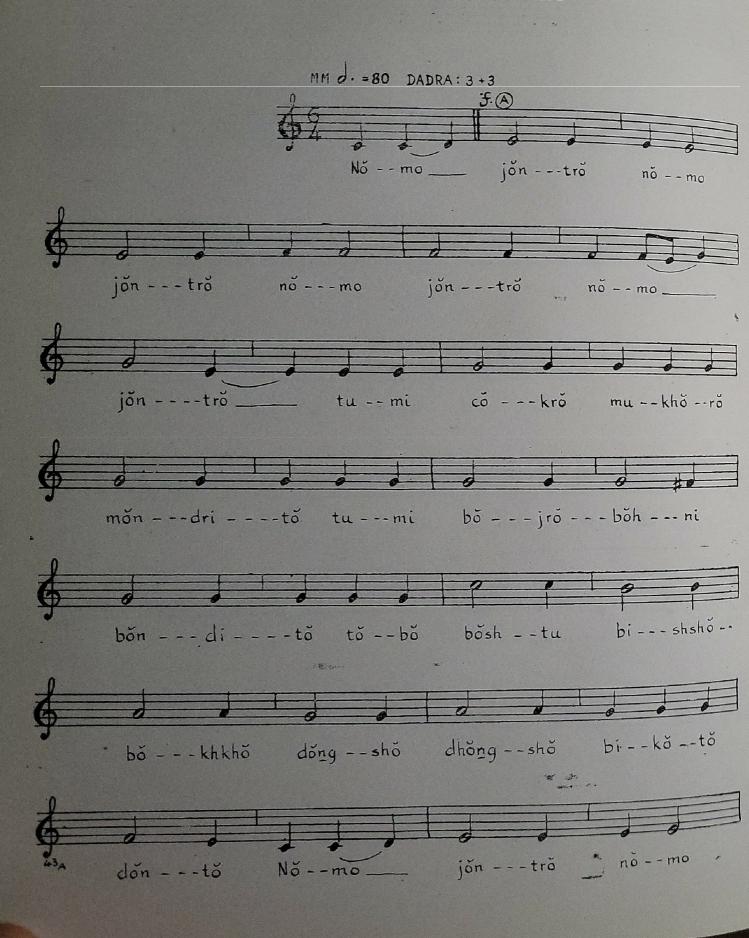


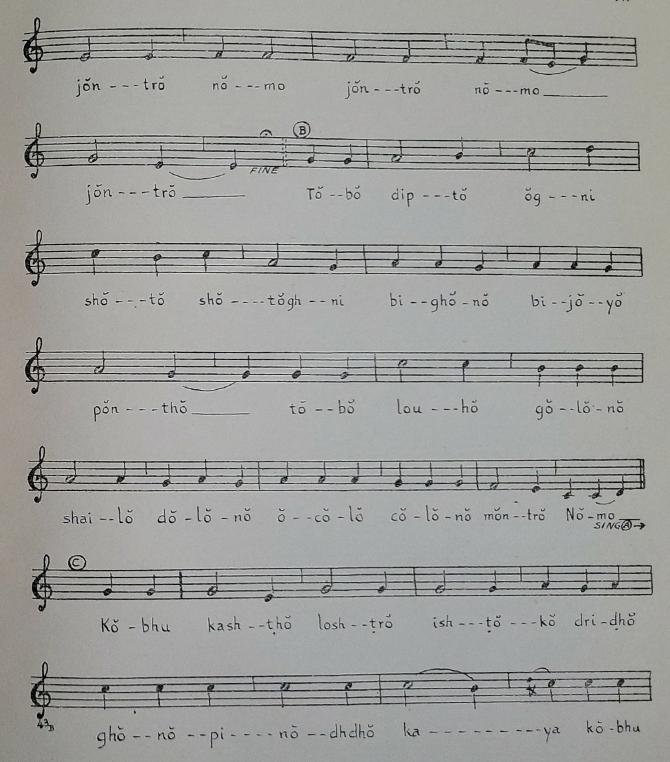


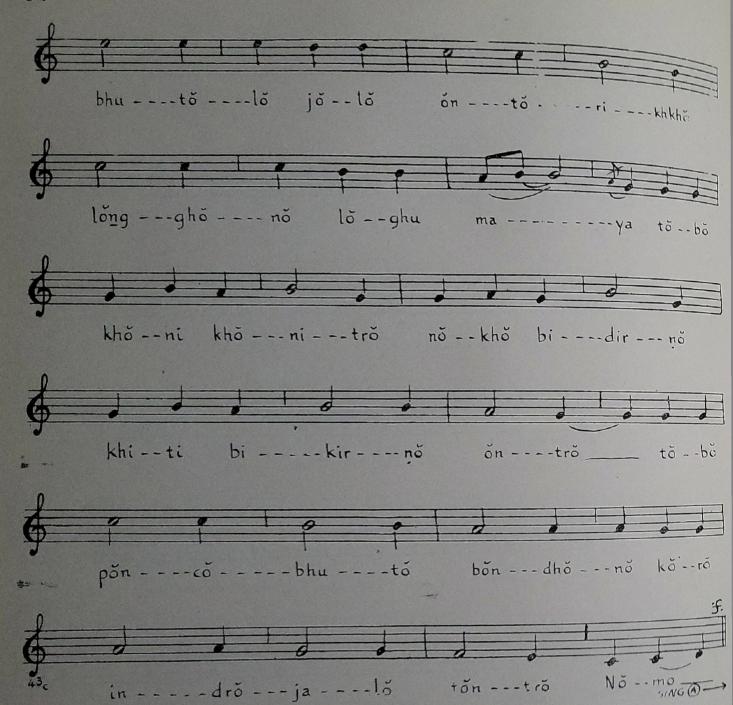


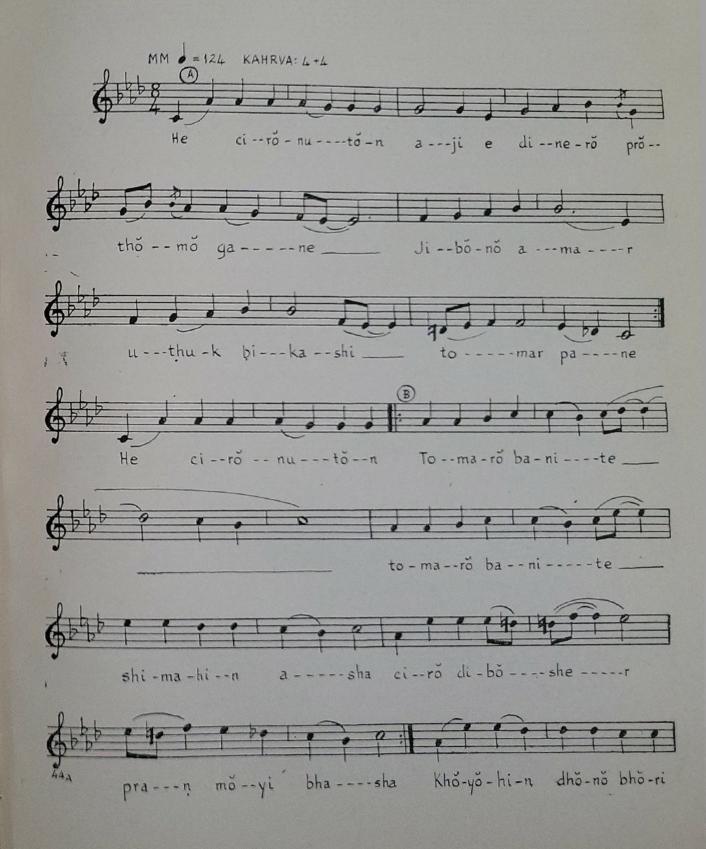


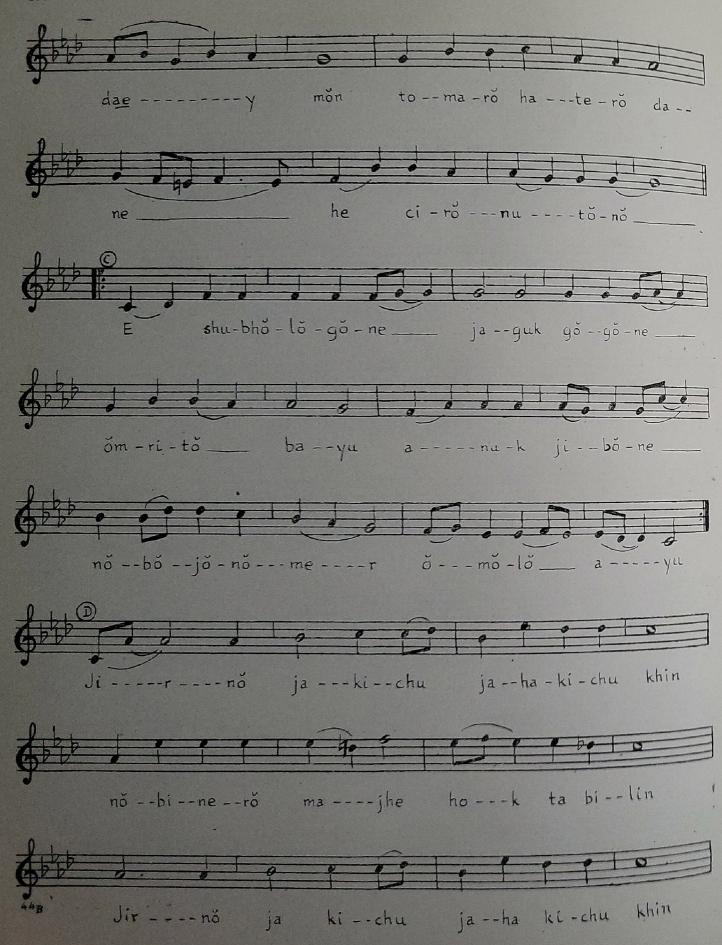
43 -- NOMO JONTRO, NOMO-JONTRO

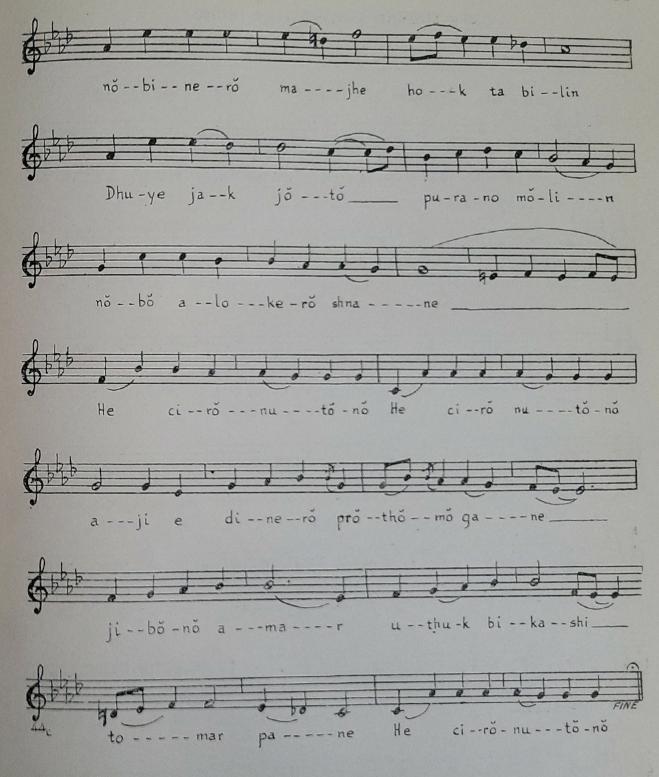




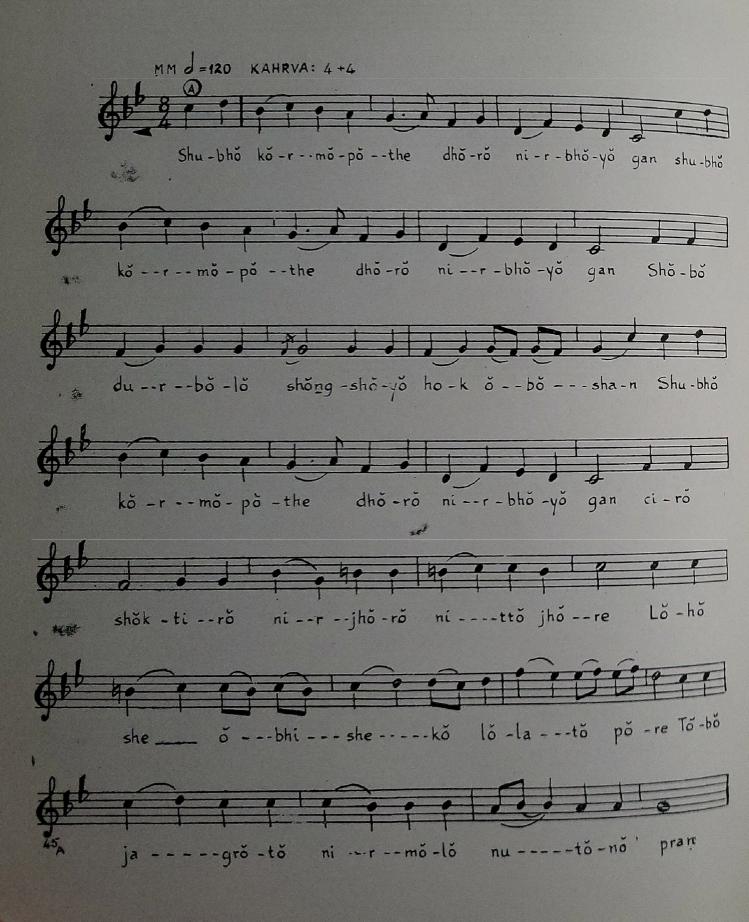


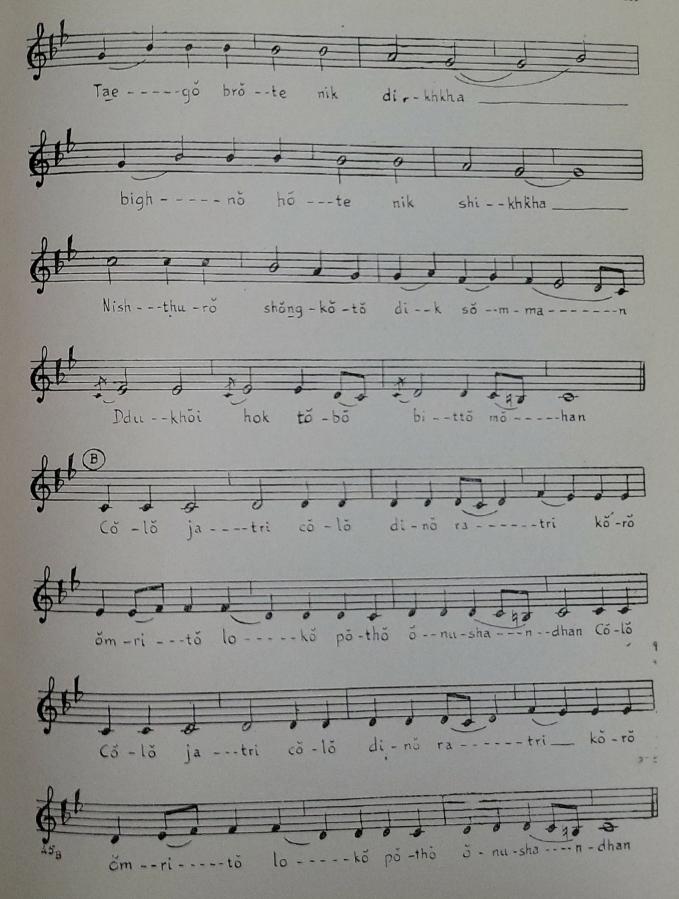


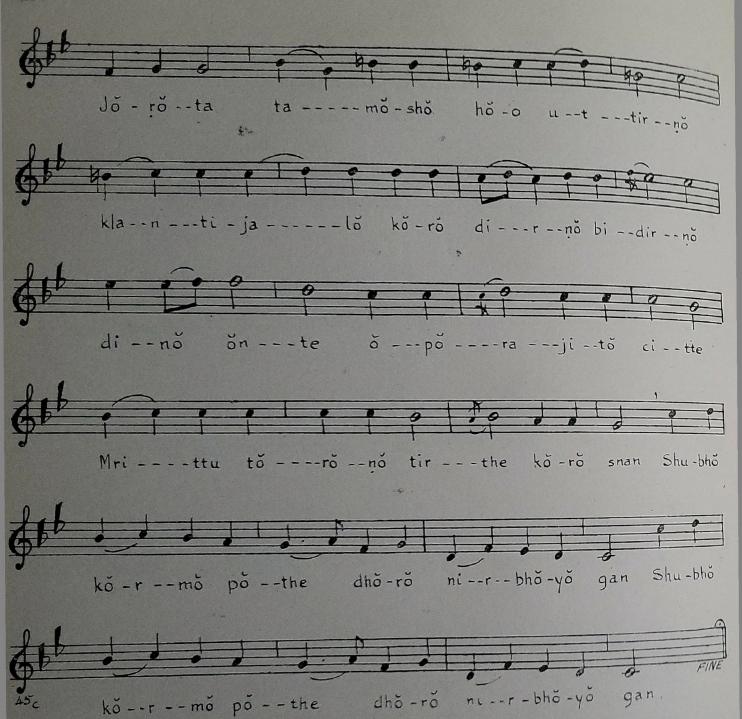


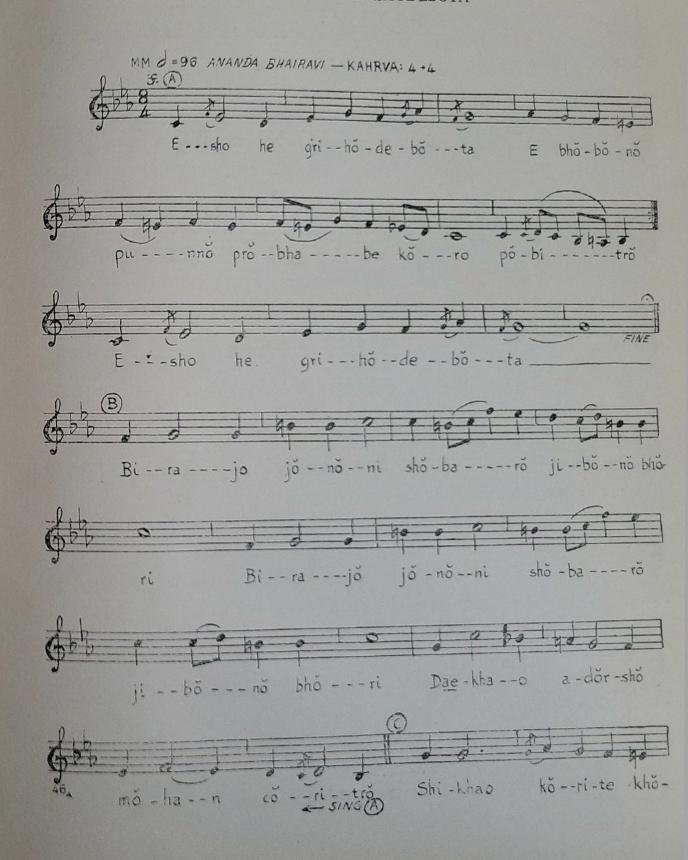


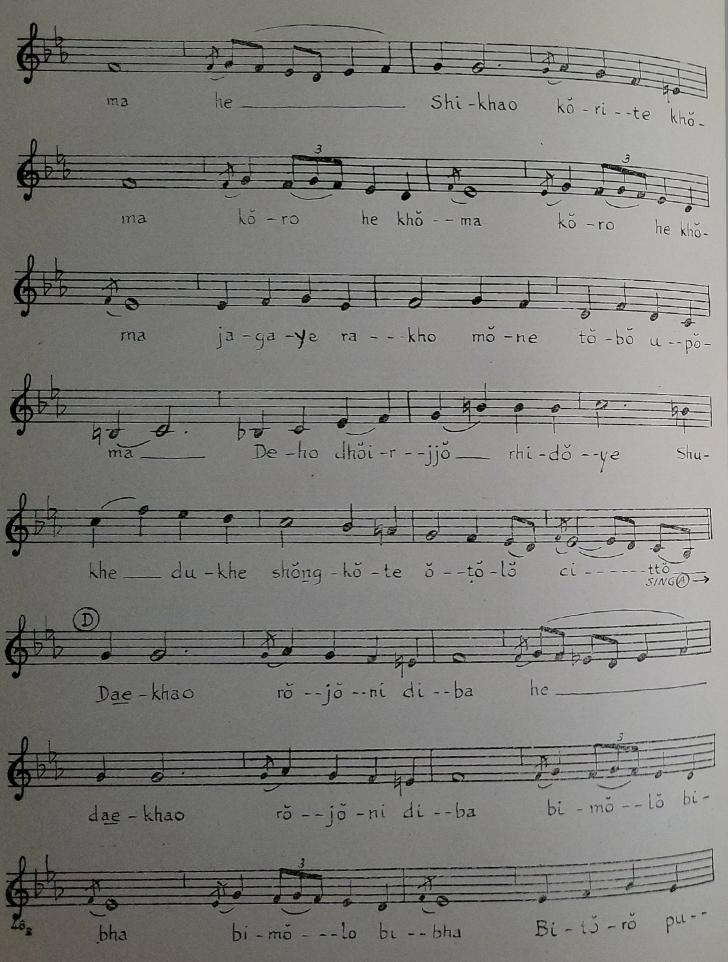
45 — SHUBHO KORMOPOTHE DHORO

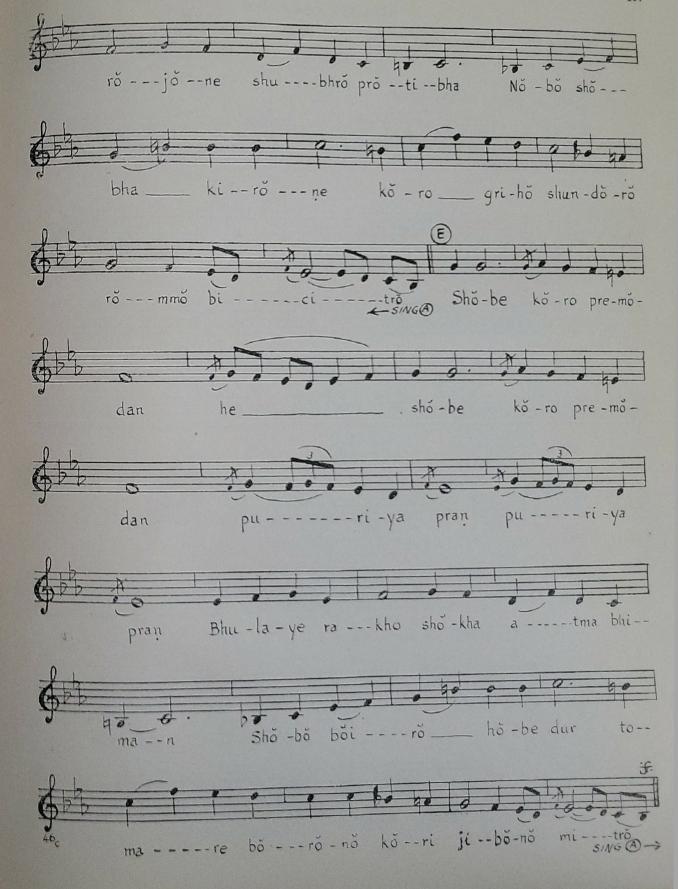




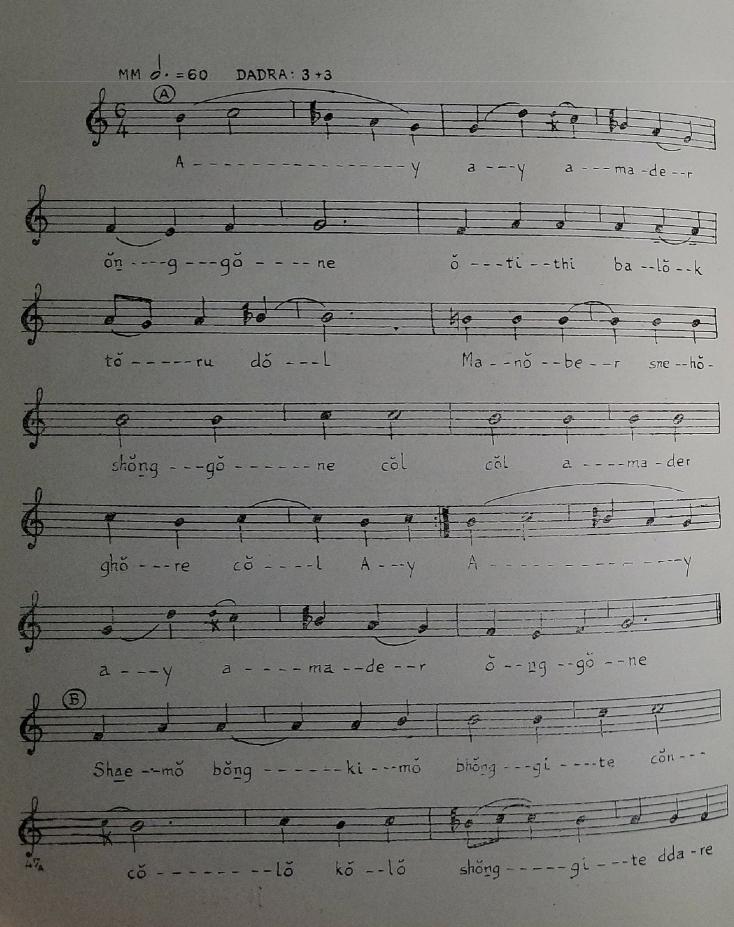


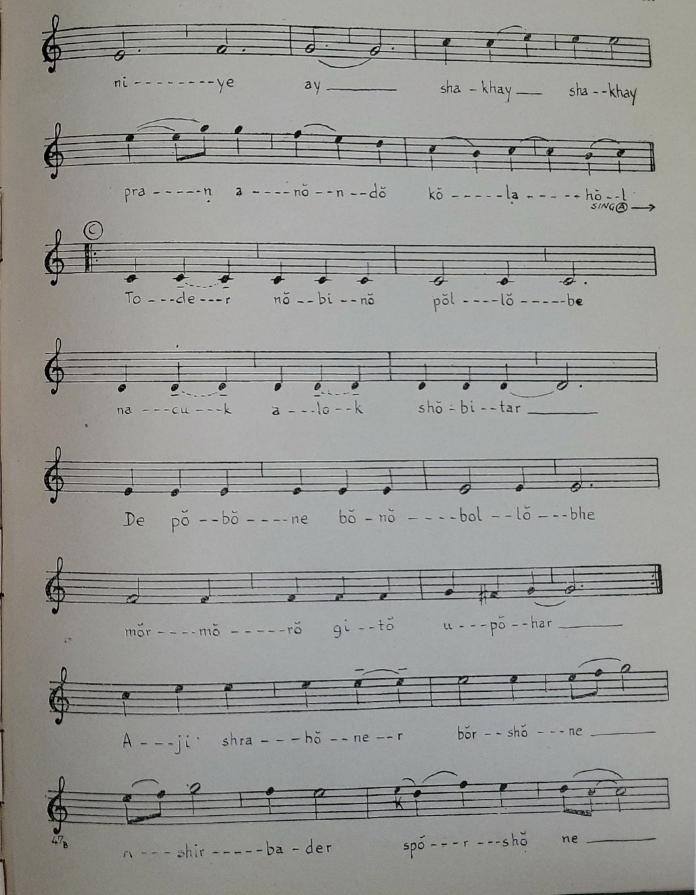


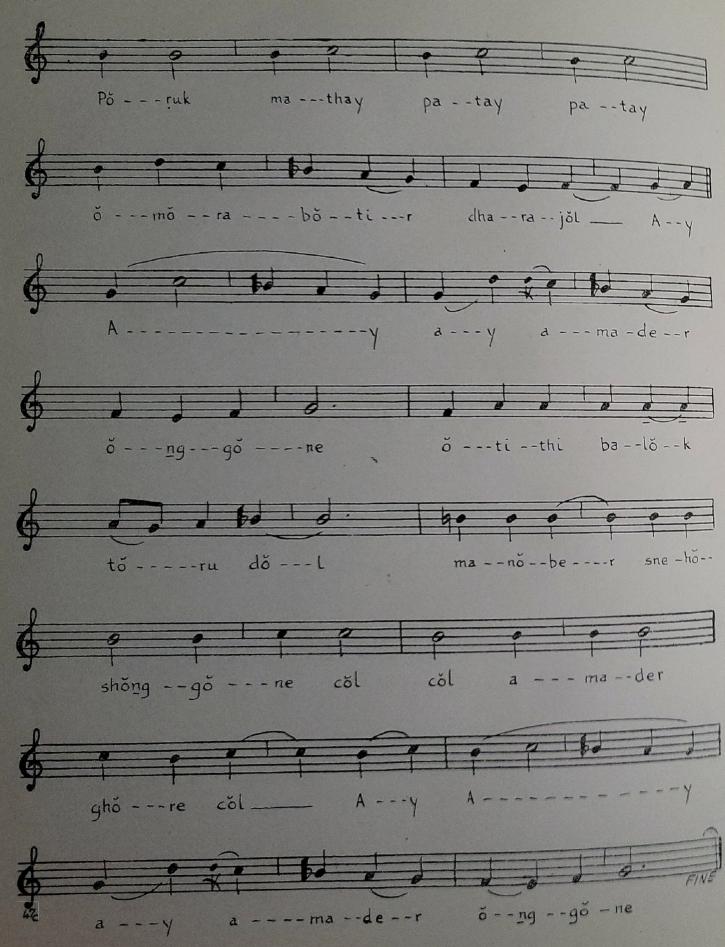


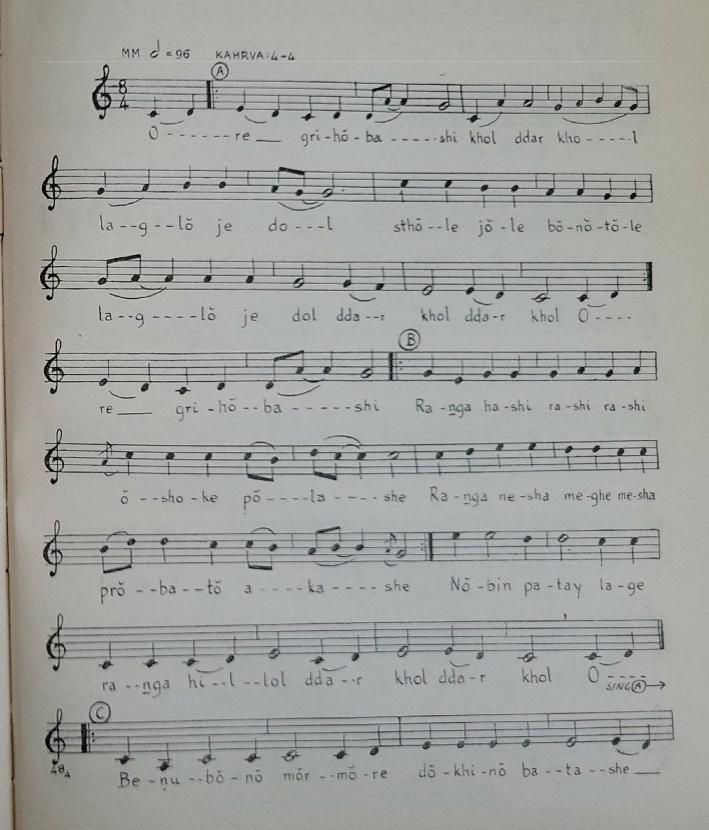


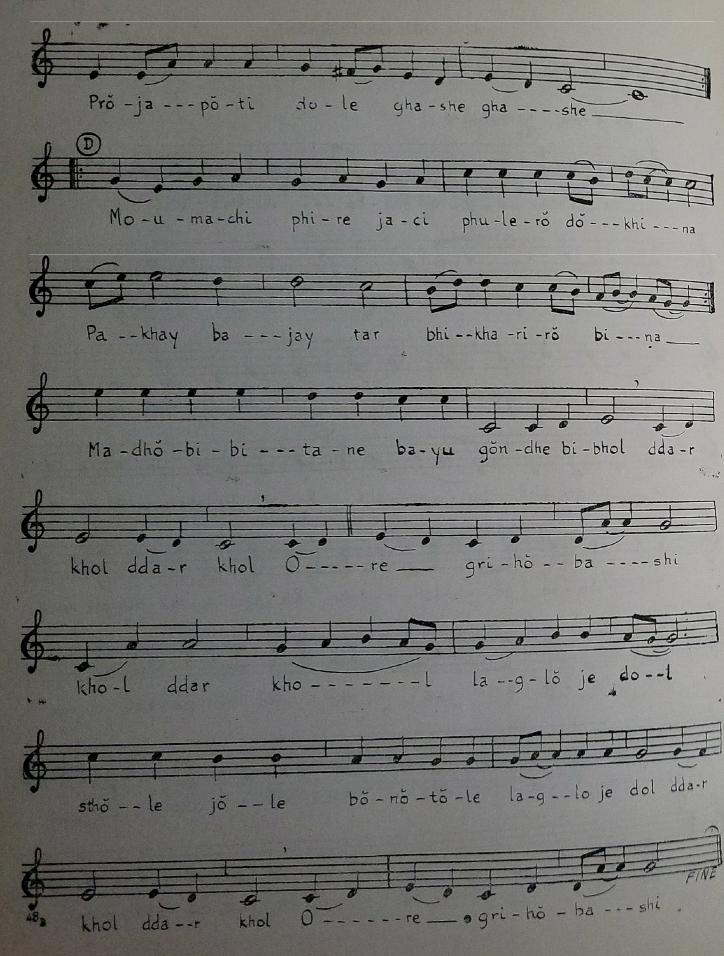
47 — AI AMADER ONGGONE

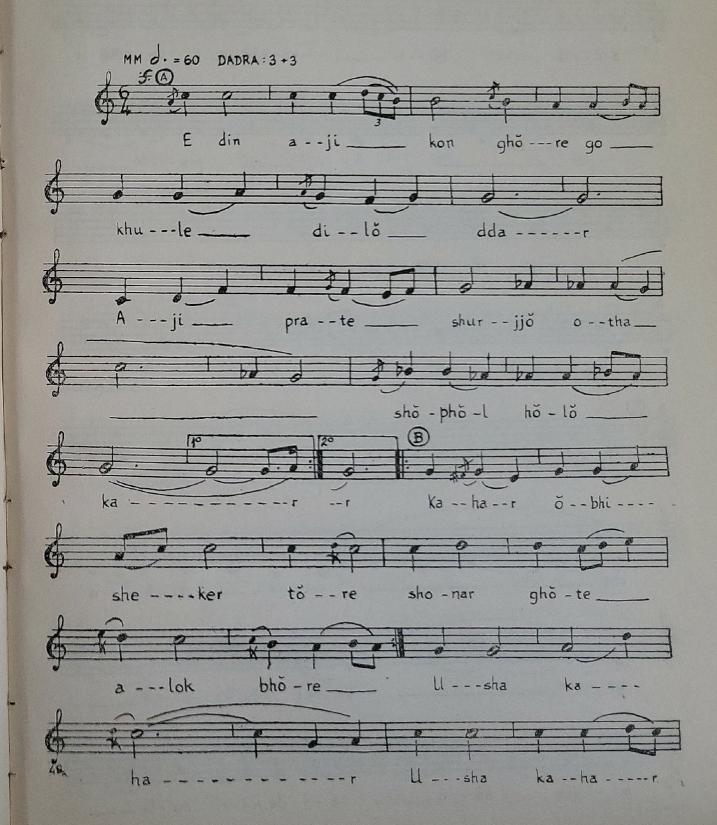


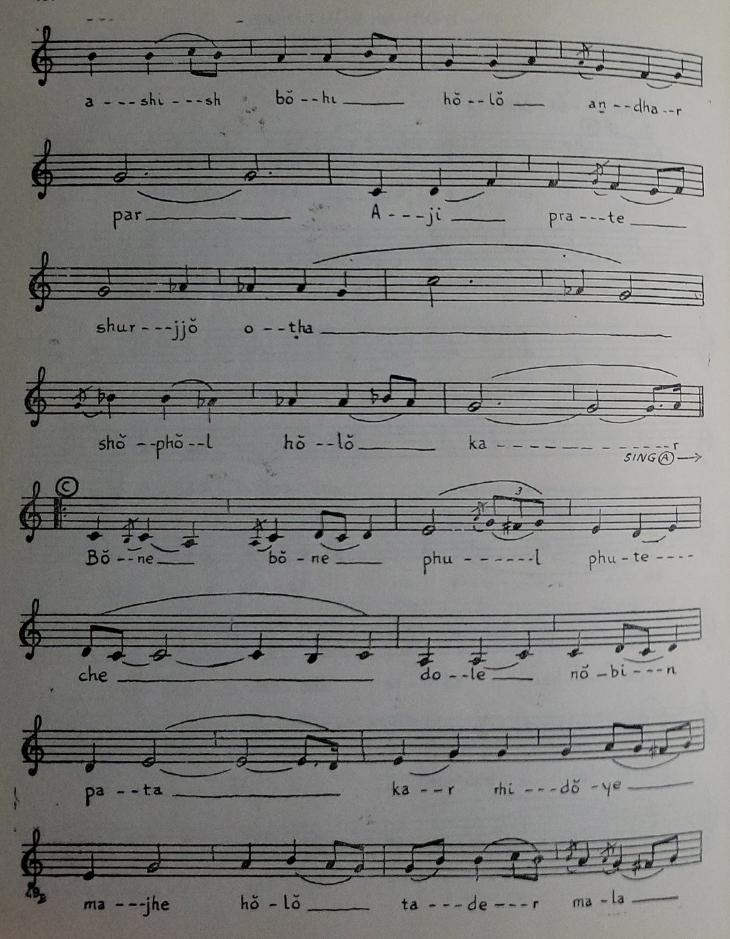


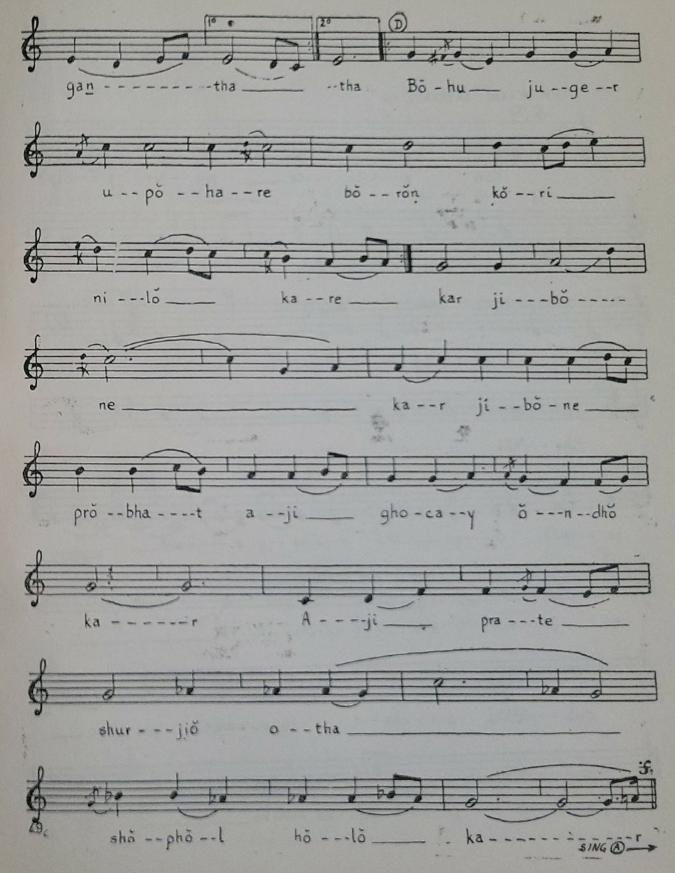


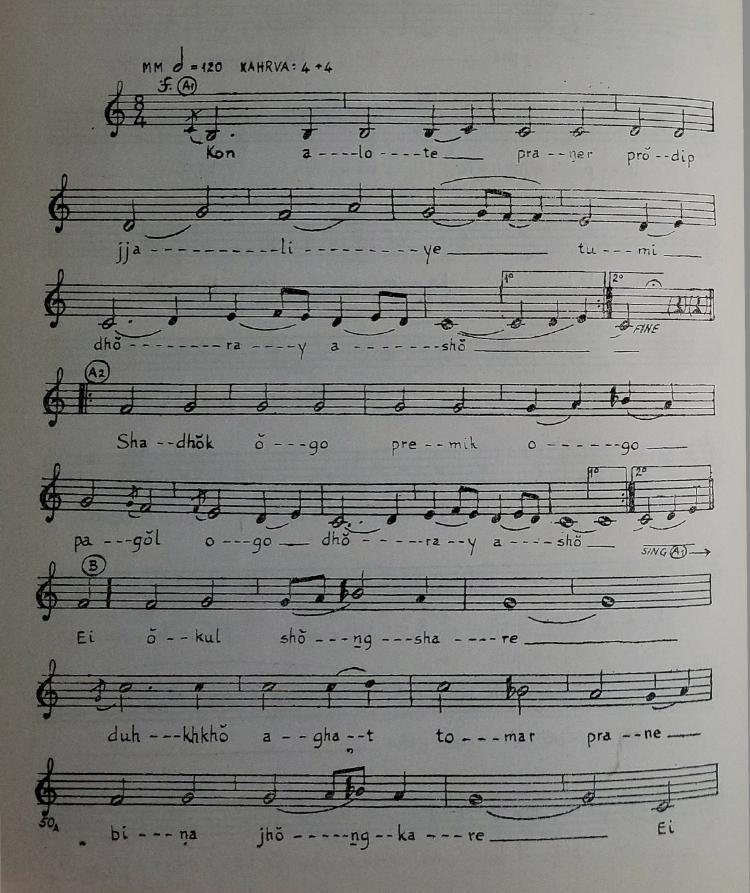


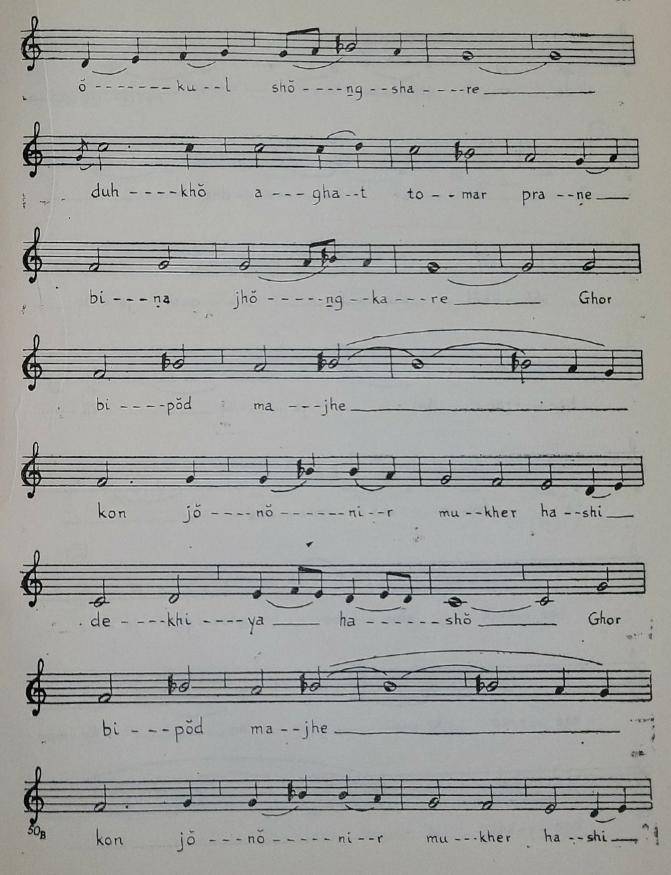




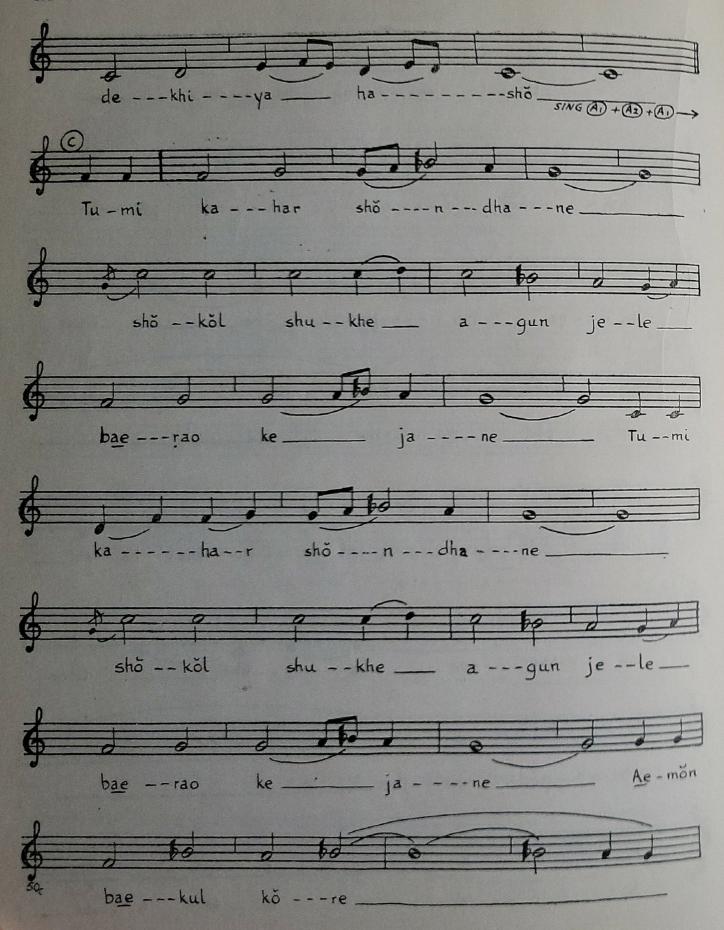


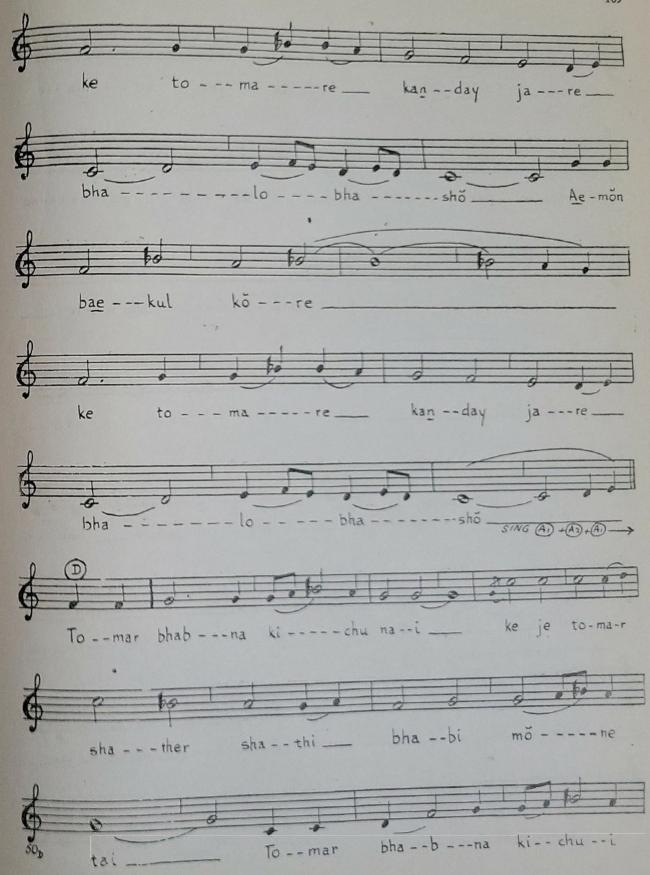


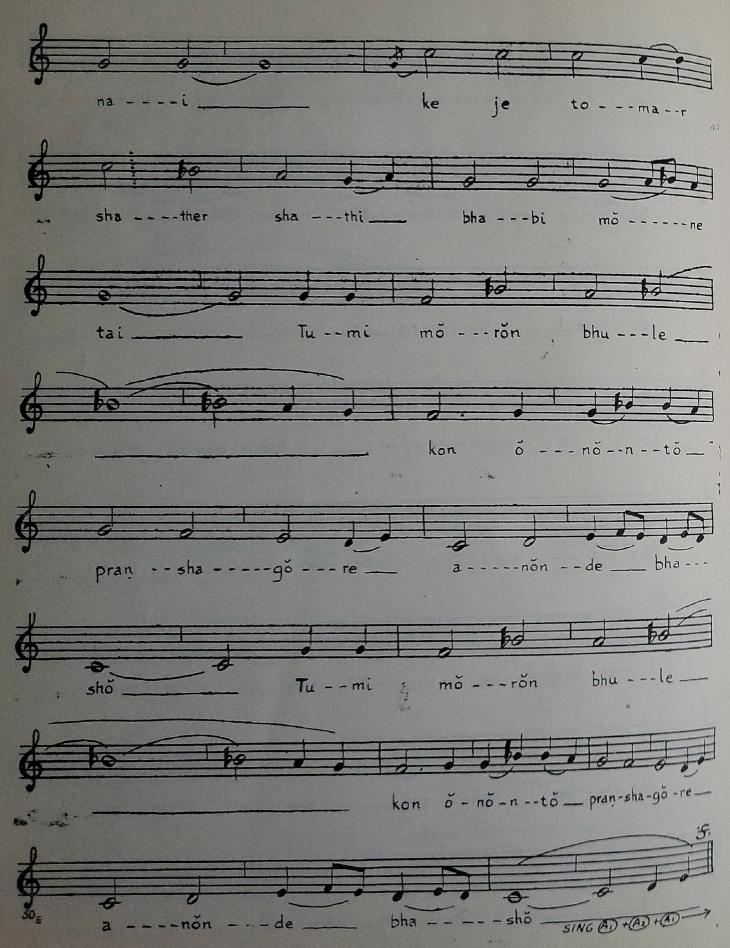












1. Aji mŏmŏ mŏnŏ cahe jibŏnŏbondhure

Today my heart pines for my lifelong friend, my one steadfast companion who ever stands by me day and night, in weal and in woe, in life and in death.

Joy perennial, bliss inexhaustible, He is the firm and constant refuge of every age and every clime. Peace abounding, love limitless, saviour supreme, great in His goodness, He is the soul of my soul, my mind's intimate, my gracious master of all times providing me with whatever my body, mind and spirit crave.

He is the king to whom my heart is held a hostage.

2. Shudhasagŏrtire he

Men and women have come to the shores of the sea of bliss to drink of the water of life everlasting. Blessed is the night, beautiful the world of nature. All the four directions resound with the song of hope and longing. The full-moon of your love shines in the sky. Sweetly blow the winds of your grace. Waves of joy flow all around. And my soul dives deep in the sea of eternal bliss.

3. Mondire momo ke ashile he

Who is come to my temple.

The sky is overspread with bliss from end to end.

The dark shadows of the night vanish and dissolve on every side.

All the gates open of themselves.

All the lamps burn bright of themselves.

All the strings of my vina throb to the rhythm of newer and newer songs.

4. Nibir ghŏnŏ andhare

In the deep of the darkness shines the guiding star with its steadfast flame. Have no fear, my heart, lose not your way in the trackless desert. Do not let your songs cease

when your spirits
droop with despair.
Break open the prison of illusion
so that you may fulfil
the meaning of your life.
Have faith in life
that is strong.
Have faith in hope

that sustains.

Have faith in love
which makes the world beautiful.

Smilingly may you walk through the joys and sorrows of life. May your heart ever be full with His loving kindness.

5. Ontoro momo bikoshito koro

Let the flower of my soul bloom fully open,
O, soul of my soul.
Make it purer, brighter and ever the more beautiful.
Arouse and prepare me, and make me fearless.
Unwearied may I be with your blessings, and of misgivings free.

Rend asunder my bonds, and so unite me with all. May the rhythm of your peace infuse all my actions. May my tranquil heart lie in repose at your lotus feet. Let joy and bliss reign for ever and ever.

6. Je-keho more diyecho shukh

Whoever has given me happiness has brought me nearer Him. Whoever has caused me sorrow has brought me nearer Him. To all of them I bow.

Whoever has given me love has lighted His lamp in my home.
In Him and through Him I have come to know each and all.
To all of them I bow.

All that was given me and all that remains bring Him nearer to my heart. All that has been taken away and is lost to me draws me nearer to Him. To all of them I bow.

Whether I know Him or not, whether I have faith in Him or not, all that I see all over the world proclaim always His presence.

To all of them I bow.

7. Jibŏn jŏkhŏn shukaye jay

When the heart is hard and parched up, come upon me with a shower of mercy.
When grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song.
When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break open the door, my king, and come with the ceremony of a king.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder.

8. Oi ashon-toler matir

Let me lie down upon the ground beneath your footstool in perfect gladness.

Let my garment be red with the common dust you touch with your feet. Set me not higher than others; keep me not apart from all else.

Draw me down into a sweet lowliness. Let my garment be red with the common dust you touch with your feet.

Let me remain the last of all your pilgrims; I shall try to reach the lowest site which is the broadest.

They come from all sides to ask for gifts from your hands.

Let me wait till they all have had their shares; I shall be content with the last remnant.

Let my garment be red with the common dust you touch with your feet.

9. Ache dukhkhŏ, ache mrittu

Through death and sorrow there dwells peace in the heart of the Eternal. Life's current flows without cease, the sunlight and starlights carry the smile of existence and springtime its songs.

Waves rise and fall, the flowers blossom and fade and my heart yearns for its place at the feet of the Endless.

10. Dukhkher timire jodi jole

If the light of your grace will shine only in the gloom of my grief, be it so, my lord.

If death alone will bring me near to your heaven of eternal life, be it so, my lord. If nothing but the blaze of my agony will kindle the lamp of worship in my heart, be it so, my lord.

If your loving gaze will not rest on anything other than my tearful eyes, be it so, my lord.

11. Je dhrubŏpŏdo diechŏ bandhi

I shall attune
the song of my life
to the steadfast note
of the world symphony.
My heart shall sing
with the blue of the sky,
and in my silent soul
I shall imbibe its deep
message of peace.
There is a melody that throbs
at the brink of dawn.

May it awaken a new hope in my heart.

Let the morning of my life bloom like a flower, like a song.

And at the day's end may I learn to die, with my spirit attuned to the song with which my day began.

12. Bhengecho duar, eshecho jotirmŏy

The wall breaks asunder, light, like divine laughter, bursts in.

Victory, O Light!
The heart of the night is pierced!
With your flashing sword cut in twain the tangle of doubt and feeble desires!
Victory!

Come, Implacable!
Come, you who are terrible in your whiteness.
O Light, your drum sounds in the march of fire,
and the red torch is held on high;
death dies in a burst of splendour!

13. Aji pronomi tomare, colibo, nath

Let me start my day's tasks with a prayer and a salutation to you, my lord.
May your eyes keep watch on the eyes of my mind.
Let me ever realise in my silent heart that you sit enthroned there as the lord of my life.
May the thought of evil die consumed by the fire of shame.

Through all the varied clamours of the day, may it be given me to listen to your cosmic song.

Through all my concourse with all the varied people, may I ever realise your presence and nearness. Whatever I see, whatever hear or say whatever my thoughts or actions, let all the chords of my life remain attuned to your goodness every moment of the day.

14. Darun ognibane

Pitiless darts of fire strike a thirst pang in the heart of the sky.

Nights are sleepless, days long and languorous, scorched with heat.

I hear the tired doves crooning with plantive notes from behind the withered boughs, and I watch the sky for the triumphant storm to flood with its caress the waiting earth.

Come thirst-quenching water!
Well out in liquid rapture,
rending the bosom of the hard!
From the mysterious dark
leap out in over-flowing streams,
Come, you who are pure!
The sun waits to welcome you,
for you are his playmate.

15. Shangon-gögöne ghor ghönöghöta

Dense clouds are massed in the monsoon sky, and dark is the night.

How can I, a mere maiden, weak of courage and strength, venture out to the path of the flowery bower,

on this of all nights. Tell me, my friend.

The river Jamuna is lashed by a lunatic storm, and clouds roar intermittently. Lightning flashes, uprooted trees litter the road, and my limbs are all atremble with fear and shame.

Rim jhim, rim jhim, rim jhim it rains unceasingly. The path to the flowery bower lies across the dense shadow of dark trees.

Tell me, friend, does it become my Krishna plaintively to call Radha's name on his fatal flute on such a venturesome night? Deck me then in a bejewelled necklace and place a pendant at the parting of my hair. Gather up the truant tresses which play about my breasts, in a chaplet of champaka.

'Do not go to thy youthful lover on this darksome night, O maiden', says Bhanu, thy humble servant, 'The roar and rumble of the clouds will instil untold fear in your heart, if you venture out tonight!'

16. Badŏl-baul bajay re aektara

The rain is a baul,
a wandering minstrel.
He thrums on his single string
all day long
in a ceaseless patter of rain.
Drunk with his own rhythm
he goes dancing through the woodlands
down to the paddy-fields
until he is fit to drop.

His matted hair is a cloud that deepens the dark sky.

Drip-drop of the rain on every tiny leaf, is a jingle of his ankle-bells.

Listless roams the eastern wind lured out of its home by the far-away call of the rain who is a baul, a wandering minstrel.

17. Esho nipo bone chayabithitole

Come to the glade of the kadamba where the bower is deep in the shade. Come and bathe in the first fresh showers of the season. Let your long hair down, and drape your shapely form in a robe of cloudy blue. With your dark eyes shining, and a garland of jessamine round your slender neck, come, O come to the bower deep in the shade.

Love, let your smile flash now on the eyes, now on the lips. Let your mallara song lend voice to the melody of murmuring leaves in the forest. With the runnels gurgling after the heavy downpour, come, O come to the bower deep in the shade.

18. Amra bendhechi kasher gucchŏ

White thistles we have tied in clusters. White sephali we have woven into garlands.

Our baskets we have garnished with sheaves of green paddy.

Come, queen of autumn, floating on your chariot of white clouds, your head crowned with white lotus freshly drenched in dew.

Ah, come tracing a path in the clear blue sky, over the hills washed in rain, and verdant forests glistening in the sun.

Where the water of the Ganga brims over the bank, there is a sequestered cove. Its floor is strewn with white petals of malati in your welcome. The white swan attends nearby waiting for you to land your feet on his outspread wings.

Gently strike the strings
of your golden vina
into the murmur of a song.
Let the happy strains
sweetly melt into a sad note,
for a little while.
Let the touch-stone
which shines in your hair's darkness,
shine for a little while on me.
Then, all my gloomy thoughts
will turn golden,
and all that is dark
will become bright again.

19. Ei shŏrŏt-alor kŏmŏl-bŏne

This autumn is mine,
for she was rocked in my heart.
The glistening bells of her anklets
rang in my blood,
and her misty veil
fluttered in my breath.
I know the touch
of her blown hair
in all my dreams.

She is abroad in the trembling leaves that danced in my life-throbs, and her eyes that smile from the blue sky drank their light from me.

20. Hay Hemontolakhkhni, tomar noyon kaeno dhaka

O maid of autumn, why are your eyes hid behind a thick veil of foggy gray?

The evening lamp in your hand shows dim in the mist, and the tone of your voice has in it a dewy sadness.

The earth came begging to your door, and her beggar's bowl

you filled with a harvest of golden corn. Her granary is full with your bounty.

But why remain distant and obscure behind the cover of your gift? why do you keep yourself to yourself in this way, O maid of autumn?

21. Himer rate oi gŏgŏner dip-gulire

Early winter spreads her filmy veil over midnight stars, and the call comes from the deep:
Man, bring out your lamp.

The forests are bare of flowers, the birds have ceased to sing the river-side grass has shed its blossoms. Come, Dipali, waken hidden flames out of the desolate dark, and offer symphony of praise to eternal light.

The stars are dimmed the night is disconsolate, and the call comes from the deep: Man, bring out your lamp.

22. Shiter haoar laglo nacon

Among the amloki trees
the winter wind sets up a dance.
As the swaying branches beat time,
the shivering leaves scatter everywhere.
Their frenzied abandon
leaves the branches stark and bare.
Then comes the time
for the dower of fruits
to come out of hiding.

All the time I sit waiting
for him who plays the game
of making up
for what he takes away.
From time to time
I seem to feel his touch
of deathly cold.
I do not know
when my turn will come
to abandon all that I call mine.

23. Aji bŏshŏntŏ jagrŏtŏ ddare

Spring stands at your door today. Let not your life of dark constraint embarrass the welcome guest. The day is come for you to open your heart like a flower, to bestow your gift on all alike. Let the aroma of your blossoms arise wave upon wave up to the very sky which reverberates with songs. Come, stand in the wide world outside freely to shower your gift of sweetness. Deep in the forest of your heart there is a pain

which murmurs among your leaves. You look longingly at the far horizon and avidly put on your vestment of beauty.

Softly blows the south wind as it knocks at the door of your heart, calling for your surrender. Sweetly do you lie at your lover's feet all through the fragrant night. 'You are beautiful, my beloved' you murmur, 'You are the lord of my heart. Your call is sweet and solemn'.

24. Ore bhai, phagun legeche

The fire of April leaps from forest to forest, flashing up in leaves and flowers from all nooks and corners.

The sky is thriftless with colours, The air delirious with songs.

The wind-tost branches of the woodland

Spread their unrest in our blood. The air is filled with bewilderment of mirth; and the breeze rushes from flower to flower, asking their names.

25. Bŏro bedŏnar mŏto Bejecho tumi he

When I think of you there is an ache in my heart. How deep it hurts, alas none would ever know.

Day and night, deep in my heart I cherish your image, and keep gazing at the well-remembered face. How I hope, how I pine how utterly poor I feel for the lack of you. How my love for you keeps me wakeful now in joy, now in sorrow.

My heart and mind have drifted away with the tide of death.
Whatever was ordained has happened,
and there is nothing more to hope for.

26. De pore de amay tora

Ah friends, read out to me all that he says in his letter.

Let his far-away voice touch my heart like a spell.

Let it come floating with the smell of the ripening corn, where I lie in my lonely room.

Let it play among my tresses, like the lazy-footed wind tired of its wanderings.

Let it sing to my solitary heart as the blue sky sings to the lonely heath.

As I stand by my window let it open out to me the dark gray stretch of the pilgrim road.

At the crimson hour of sunset I shall scatter my dreams in a wealth of colours, while unbidden tears will glisten at the corner of my eyes.

27. Amar pŏran jaha cay

You are what my heart desires and I desire nothing else. You are my world, my all. If I have you not, I have nothing. If you lack happiness, go and search for it. Since I have you in my heart I lack nothing.

Lost to me though you be, my heart will remain lost to you. All through my days and nights, through the years and the seasons, all my thoughts will dwell in you.

If you give your heart to some one else,

if you do not come back to me, even so may you have your heart's desire, though my heart droop with despair and I have to be sad.

28. Tumi jeyo na ekhoni

Do not leave me and go, for it is night.

The road through the wilderness is lonely and dark and lost in tangles: the tired earth lies still, like one blind and without a staff.

I seem to have waited for this moment for ages to light my lamp and cull my flowers. I have reached the brink of the shoreless sea to take my plunge and lose myself for ever.

29. Rodon-bhora e boshonto

Never before did I see
a springtime so drenched in tears.
The red blaze of the polash
flames with the pain
of my hopeless love.
The jessamine at the bower
robed in leaves of tender green,
watches the hours through
with sleepless eyes
awaiting her beloved.
From the far sky
comes the south wind

sighing the song of a lonely heart. All the buds in my body's bower struggle in their leafy prison to burst into flower.

Impassioned, I pound on the closed doors of life.

With an ache in my heart I realise
I have yet to give my all to my love.

30. He mor citto, punno tirthe

Awake my mind, gently awake in this holy place of pilgrimage on the shore of this vast sea of humanity that is India.

Here I stand with arms outstretched to hail man, man divine in his own image, and sing to his glory in notes glad and free. These mountains rapt in meditation, these plains with rivers winding like rosaries, behold this earth that is ever holy on the shore of this vast sea of humanity that is India.

No one knows whence and at whose call came pouring endless inundations of men rushing madly along—to lose themselves in the sea:

Aryans and non-Aryans, Dravidians and Chinese, Scythians, Huns, Pathans and Moghuls—all are mixed, merged and lost in one body. Now the door has opened to the West and gifts in hand they beckon and come—they will give and take, meet and bring together, none shall be turned away from the shore of this vast sea of humanity that is India.

These battling hordes who crashed into our midst with frenzied war-cries, cutting their way through deserts and over mountains, they are all, one and all, become a pulse of my being, none is far away, in my blood throbs the echo of their diverse music. O celestial music, fierce and terrible, let thy notes sound louder and louder, the walls that divide shall crumble and they who stand aloof in the arrogance of isolation they too shall come and crowd togetheron the shore of this vast sea of humanity that is India.

In this land did once resound a hymn unceasing to the one, the primal source and wonder of creation, the music of many hearts mingling in that one harmoney, and minds, disciplined and dedicated, had poured their diverse offerings into one sacrificial flame, and to their chant had awakened a Mind magnificent, allembracing, all absorbing.

on the shore of this vast sea of humanity that is India.

Behold the sacred fire with its blood-red flame of sorrow ours is the sorrow and in its flame we must burn within—so has Fate decreed.

Welcome pain, welcome anguish that makes us one again, freed of fear, freed of the load of shame!

This agony unbearable shall end in the spirit's rebirth, vast and boundless, the night has run its course and the Mother awakes in her spacious abode

on the shore of this vast sea of humanity

Break open the door to the vision

of the spirit's unceasing endeavour-

for we must gather again with bowed heads

of the sacred flame,

that is India.]*

Come ye Aryan, come non-Aryan,
Hindu, Muslim, come,
come ye English, come ye Christians,
welcome everyone,
come Brahmin, cleanse your mind
and clasp the hand of all,
come ye outcaste, come ye lowly,
fling away the load of shame!
Come, one and all, to the Mother's crowning,
the sacred jar is yet to fill,
and all must join that the water be consecrate
on the shore of this vast sea of humanity
that is India.

31. Jodi tor dak shune keu na ashe

If they answer not to thy call walk alone,
If they are afraid and cower mutely facing the wall,

O thou of evil luck, open thy mind and speak out alone.

^{*}Bracketed portion has not been tuned and notated.

If they turn away, and desert you when crossing the wilderness,
O thou of evil luck,
trample the thorns under thy tread,
and along the blood-lined track
travel alone.

If they do not hold up the light when the night is troubled with storm, O thou of evil luck, with the thunder flame of pain ignite thine own heart and let it burn alone.

32. Oyi bhubŏn-mŏnŏmohini

Well-beloved of the whole world, O land of my forefathers, my motherland!

Bathed in the orient sun there you stand—bright and chaste. The blue waters of the oceans wash your feet. In the soft-blown breeze gently flutters your green mantle. Your snow-crested himalayan brow is kissed by the heavens. The first day dawned in your sky.
Out of the heart of your hermitage arose the first holy chants.
In your forest retreat were written the first epics of wisdom and faith.

Hail, mother of abiding mercy, sustainer of millions at home and abroad. The holy waters of your Ganga and Jamuna flow with your mother's milk of loving kindness.

33. O amar desher mați

O the soil of my mother-land on her lap I lay my head in love.

This sacred soil is the anchal of the universal mother.

With its dust is my body composed, and my mind and spirit are infused with it.

On my heart is inscribed the soft contours of the face of my darksome mother—my mother-land, on her lap I lay my head in love.

On her lap was I born, on her bosom shall I die. On this piece of earth I have all my play in joy and in sorrow. She lifts the day's morsel
to my mouth.
She bathes my body's fever
with her cool waters.
She is our long-suffering
all-enduring mother of mothers.
Little have I offered in return
for all the food
and all the good things of life
I have taken from your hands, mother.

My life I have wasted in vain pursuits.

My days I have spent in the privacy of a home.

In vain did my mother sustain me with health and nourishment.

On her lap I lay my head in repentance.

34. Ore, nutŏn juger bhore

In the dawn of a new age why waver, wise fool, in subtle disputes, and miss your chance for starting and empty your thoughts into a bottomless doubt?

Like a desperate torrent fighting an obdurate mountain gorge, take a wild leap into your fate, dark and strange, win it for your own through a defiant courage challenged by obstacles.

35. Mŏrŏn shagŏr pare tomra ŏmŏr

You stand beyond the shores of death. For you are the deathless ones. We remember you.

Your homes are every where all over the universe. We remember you.

May the new light that you have enkindled to guide the world vanquish darkness and triumph for ever. We remember you.

You have brought the gift of freedom to the captive soul.

We remember you.

You have brought the light of truth to a benighted world.
We remember you.

Let the message you have left behind vanquish fear, triumph over death and prove victorious for ever.

We remember you.

36. Shŏbare kori ahbhan

I invoke all those
who are eager of soul
and joyous of heart.
Let them come and take their seat.
May our days and nights
endow them with new life.

May the spirit of harmony spread far and wide from the sky to the forest, and may their hearts unite in a song. Thus, will they have a seat in His court who is beauty and grace, whose footstool is illumined by the steady flame of goodness.

37. Gram-chara oi ranga mațir pŏth

Ah, the red red road, the run-away road of the village, lures my mind away. It stretches its arms out to the far distance, and my heart rolls away with its red dust.

Out of the home
it seduces me.
It solicits me, alas,
at every lagging step.
It runs away with me
and leads me on to where,
I do not know.

What treasure it has to show around the corner, I do not know.

What hazards it will save me from,

what perils resist and where, I do not know.

Nor do I know at all at what point and when, the road and I will reach our journey's end.

38. Matri-mondir-punnŏ-ŏnggŏn

Luminous be the sacred court of mother's temple by the presence of the worthiest of her sons at today's assembly.

Let the conches sound benediction.

May the long vigil of the deep dark night culminate in a radiant initiation of pilgrims—ready to fare forth.

Let the conches sound benediction.

Let us proclaim victory to the best and the noblest and the saintliest among men. Victory, victory, victory.

Let all the aspirants come to receive mother's blessings in steadfast devotion. Let them bring glory to the motherland. Let the devotees come and the men who make sacrifices, and those that mourn and suffer. Let them meet in a community invincible in spirit.

Let wise men and workers join hands to rid India of her shame. May glory and goodness, and inexhaustible merit be ours.

May the ardent sun of our achievements ascend to the zenith of renown.

May all our heroic actions in upholding righteousness win us a place of honour in the hearts of men.

Let the conches sound benediction.

Let us proclaim victory to the best and the noblest and the saintliest among men. Victory, victory, victory.

39. Hinshay unmotto priththi,

The world today is wild with the delirium of hatred, the conflicts are cruel and unceasing in anguish, crooked are its paths, tangled its bonds of greed. All creatures are crying for a new birth of thine, On Thou of boundless life,

save them,
rouse thine eternal voice of hope,
let Love's lotus
with its inexhaustile treasure of honey
open its petals in thy light.
O Serene, O Free,
in thine immeasurable mercy and goodness
wipe away all dark stains
from the heart of this earth.

40. Nritter tale tale notoraj

Let the links of my shackles snap at every step of thy dance, O Lord of Dancing, and let my heart wake in the freedom of the eternal voice. Let it feel the touch of that foot that ever sets swinging the lotus-seat of the muse, and with its perfume maddens the air through ages. Rebellious atoms are subdued into forms at thy dance-time,

the sun and planets,—
anklets of light,—
twirl round thy moving feet,
and, age after age,
things struggle to wake
from dark slumber,
through pain of life,
into consciousness,
and the ocean of thy bliss
breaks out in tumults
of suffering and joy.

41. Amra nutŏn joubŏneryi dut

We are the heralds of green youth
—mercurial, fantastic!
We are the breakers of barriers.
We are drunk with the wine of the red blossoms aflame in the forest.
A flash of lightning we are, we unleash the power of the storm.

If we err
we think nothing of a leap
into deep waters,
to fight our way to the shore.
Wheresoever the call may come from
we are ever ready
to throw ourselves
into the tempestuous sea
of life and death.

42. Shongkocer bihbolota nijere opoman

Do not insult thyself by yielding to diffidence Be not downcast at the menace of danger. Be free from fear. Rouse thine own power to conquer all peril.

Protect the weak, resist the evil doer. Never own thyself to be poor in spirit and helpless. Be free from fear. And keep firm thy trust in thine own strength.

When duty sends her call to thee, silently and humbly offer thine all. Be free from fear and prove thy manhood in difficult endeavour.

43. Nomo jontro nomo-jontro, nomo

Salutation to the demon of machine. He that reverberates with the whirr of wheels, he that is bright with the burst of thunder. His huge teeth snarl destruction.
He bites deep into the heart of matter.

Impatient of impediments
he rumbles along ruthless ways,
and blazes the trail of death
with fire and flame.
His sorcery smelts
the obdurate steel.
High hills he razes to the ground.
The immobile
is set in motion by him.

Equipped out in timber and steel, brick and mortar, nimbly does he flit across the earth, the sky and the water. His shovelling nails disembowel pits and mines.

With his spell he binds the five elements in chain.

44. He cironuton, aji e diner prothom gane

O ever-new, with the first song that heralds this day, may my whole being open up to you like a flower.

In your vibrant voice is boundless hope, and the promise of life ever-lasting.

The gift you pour into my hand is wealth inexhaustible.

May the wind that blows at this sacred hour bring a breath of your immortality.

May it give me a lease of fresh life.

May it submerge all that is feeble and worn-out in me,

And may the fountain of your new light wash clean whatever in me is tainted by age.

45. Shubhŏ kŏrmŏpŏthe dhŏro nirbhŏy gan

Sing fearlessly as you fare forth on the path of noble deeds. Let all feeble doubts vanish. Bathe your brow in the fount of perennial energy. Let your spirit emerge fresh and pure and refulgent. May you be initiated in the vow of self-sacrifice. May you learn your lessons from impediments. May honour come to you from cruel hazards.

May your richest wealth consist of the hardest ordeal.

Onward, O pilgrim soul,
fare forth night and day
in search of the land of life ever-lasting.
Vanquish the darkness of sloth and ignorance.
Rend asunder the web
of indolence and fatigue.
May your valiant soul
bathe in the holy waters
which flow beyond the vale of death,
when your day comes to an end.

46. Esho he grihŏdebota

O Man Divine, sanctify our efforts with the light of thy sacred touch. Dwell in our hearts, hold before us the image of thy greatness. Forgive our transgression, teach us to forgive.

Guide us into serene fortitude through all joys and sorrows, inspire us with love overcoming pride of self, and let our devotion for thee banish all enmity.

47. Ai amader ŏngŏne

Tender and young trees, welcome guests you are to our home-yard.

Come home to us in the loving company of men.

With your dark green forms dancing, your dark green leaves fluttering musically, come, and bring to our threshold the joyful clamour of life jostling among your twigs and branches.

Let the early morning sun glisten among your leaves, and may the wind carry the murmuring tribute of your song, to the lord of the forest.

May Sravana's showers bring you heaven's blessings as the rain comes pouring to bathe your shaggy head of young leaves.

48. Ore grihŏbashi, khol ddar khol

All those who remain pent and cooped up in their homes, harken—. There is a call abroad:
Open wide your doors—it says.
There is a swing in the air, in the land, in the water and in the forest-glades.
Together they call:
Open wide your doors.
Spring flowers laugh until they are red in the face.
Clouds at early dawn look divinely drunk in a crimson haze.

New-sprouted leaves are a purple wave in a green sea.

The bamboo-grove sets up a murmur in the southern breeze.

Butterflies flit about from grass to grass.

The honey-bee hovers around begging of the flowers their boon and hums its wings in a monotone.

Yonder in the grove, redolent with fragrant flowers the wind says:

Open wide your doors.

49. E din aji kon ghŏre go khule dilo ddar

Maybe there is one house in this city where the gate opens for ever this morning at the touch of the sunrise, where the errand of the light is fulfilled. The flowers have opened in hedges and gardens, and maybe there is one heart that has found in them this morning the gift that has been on its voyage from endless time.

50. Kon alote praner prodip

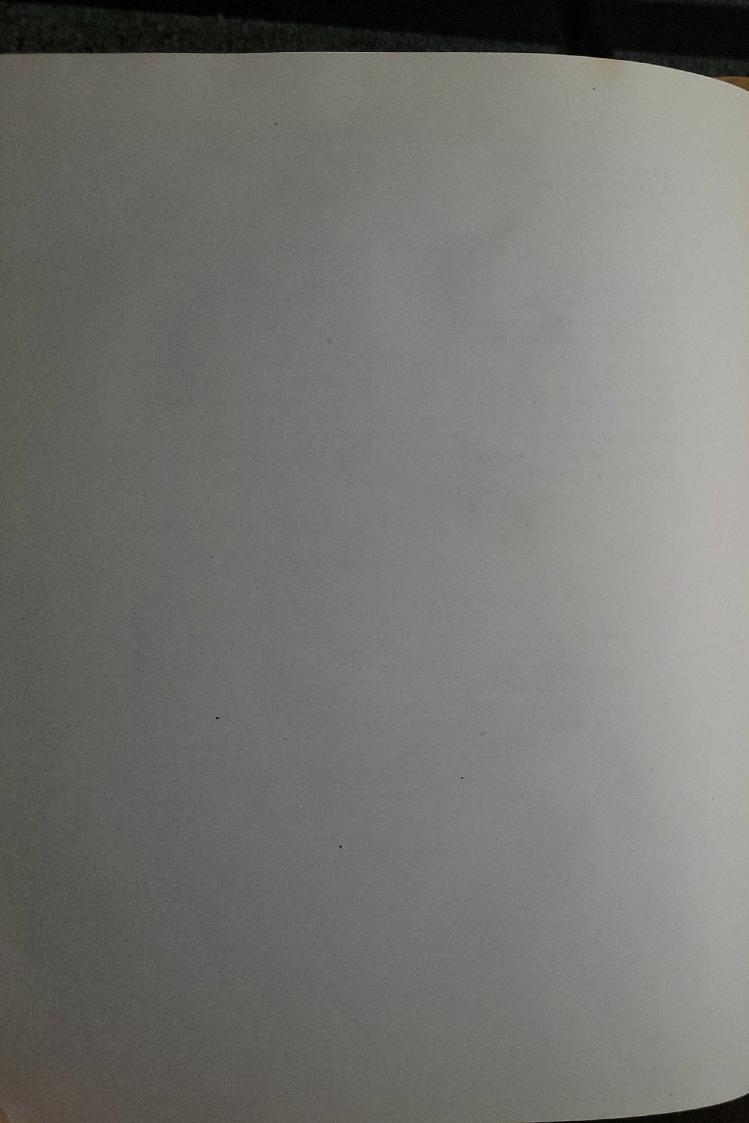
In what sacred flame you lighted your life's lamp when you came down to this world, O saintly hero, O lover, O man of vision.

Adrift in the uncharted sea, sorrow strikes the chords of your heart into a song. When dangers beset you, behind the menace you see mother's smile and you laugh at danger. Pleasure you consign to fire as you roam about seeking joy. Why do they make you weep and lament even though you have given them your love.

You have no thought for the morrow, no care at all.

Friend or companion you have none.

Oblivious of death
you float in joy
in the sea of limitless life.



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