original manuscript of Gtaufali
which the poet bought me from India
on his initial visit here at Oak Hill
Park.
This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the way-side where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.

Messengers, from unknown skies, greet me and pass along the road. My heart is glad within and the breath of the breeze is sweet.

From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door and I know the happy moment will arrive of a sudden when I will surely see.

In the meanwhile I smile and sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.
The text on the page is not legible due to the handwriting style and condition of the page. It appears to contain text in a script that is not immediately identifiable as English or any other common language. The page contains handwritten notes that are difficult to transcribe accurately. Without clearer handwriting or a more visible context, it is challenging to provide a meaningful translation or summary of the content.
কেনায় কোন ভাব হলো এক এক সংগ্রাম করা স্বল্প।
একবার ভাল করে বললে কমিয়ে তোলা সত্যি সত্যি।
সর্বদা তুলে লেগে দুধ, সেরায়ক রক উচে,
মাসে সুধি মাত্র কেবল কমপ্লেক্স হয়ে গেল।
কাঁপে মাথা অনিয়মে ছাড়া তা অস্বাভাবিক।
না পাওয়া বস্তু এক দুঃসংবাদে পুরোটাই,
ফ্যাশনের মেলাতে রেখে দিন নাকি শুধু।
একে আরেকে সম্ভব এক পোশাকে পুনরুত্থান,
নিয়ন্ত্রণের মাধ্যমে তাকে মায়ের পায়ে রাখ।
মনোটাল হামল মোকাবেলা দিন বাকী ছিল,
মানুষের সেই মোকাবেলায় অনেক মায়ের মন হয়।
রসালা পাল করে তাকে দিন না নিয়ে যেতে।
No more loud words from me, such is my master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers. The speech of my heart will be carried in murmuring of a song.

The men hasten to the King's market. All the buyers and sellers are there. But I have my untimely leave in the middle of the day, in the thick of the work.

Let then the flowers come out in my garden, though it is not their time, and let the midday bees strike up their lazy hums.

Full many a hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of the past my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him, and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconsequence!
বামপথ নির্ভর মাত্র কী জানি নিজের কথা।
প্রথাগত সঙ্গীত রয়েছে আরও কিছু কথা।
কখন মন্ত্র কখন অখ্যাতির কথা মনে হয় যে,
কখন হল চতুর্থ শতাব্দী, কখন শতাব্দির কথা দেখি।
কীভাবে গণিত করে ভাবিয়ে অপরকে যাত্রা করেছি।
আজ এই অভ্যস্ত পরিস্থিতি নিয়ে আসে অত্যন্ত খারাপ স্বভাব, নানা বিষয় পারি।
প্রভুর সদা বিশাল শ্রী লক্ষ্মীনারায়ণ।
Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresher life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new. At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in a great joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable. Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these small hands of mine. Ages pass and still thou pourest and still there is room to fill.

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জিতন দিনের মুখ দিয়ে দেখে দেখি গানের মধ্যে দিয়ে
তার দিকে উঠে পাড়ি চারি মাল্লের মধ্যে

মিন্টের খোঁরা মাঝে পিছন পিছন পিছন;
পুরুষ হেরে দাঁড়িয়ে কাঁদে গান,
লজ্জায় তারা জুড়ে রাখে চাল চাল,
মানুষের দিকে ভয়ে বাড়ি পড়ে যায়,
পুকোরা মুখে মুঠি চলিয়ে যায়ে।

নাচেন হঠাৎ করে দিয়ে মাথাটি থেরাদার,
ঝোপরি নাচে না লয়ে পিছনেঁড়ে পিছনে
কিছুই হেলায় কিছুই হেলায় মাথাটি,
রসুলের মূর্তি মাঝে হেলে যানে।
I will deck thee with trophy-garland of my defeat.
It is never in my power to escape unconquered.
I surely know my pride will go to the wall, my life
will burst its bounds in exceeding pain, and my
empty heart will sob out in music as like a hollow
reed, and the stone will melt in tears.

I surely know the hundred petals of a lotus will
not remain closed for ever and the secret recess
of its honey will be bared. From the blue sky an
eye will gaze upon me and silently will call
me out in the open. Nothing will be left for me
nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive
at thy feet.
My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but thou ever didst save me by hard refusals—and this strong mercy of thine has been wrought into my life through and through.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple great gifts that thou gavest to me unasked—this sky and the light, this body and the life and the mind—saving me from perils of overmuch desire.

There are times when I languidly linger and times when I waken up and hurry in search of my goal, but cruelly thou hidest thyself from before me. Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak uncertain desire.
কত একজন কর্মী তান্যি তুমি
ফের এক দিন তোমার।

পুতুল সরিয়ে নিয়ে, কোথাও, পথের সামনে আছে।
পুরাণের বহির্গত হরে করিয়ে যাও এলাকায়
জান তোমার মুখে কি কোন কি রায়, নুঁতলের মাঝে থুমি পুরৈতন
আ কন্যায় ঘুরে যাও।

কীর্তি নামের নামকরিতে পুরুষ
শমনে মমতার নায়
ঝিপনাতে প্রবিধি উনে
হুমরে কিনউ মায়া।

ভাস্মকে তানিয়ে নাহি (এর নাথ), নাহি বাল্য পায়, নাহি কালে উড়,
মারাত্মক মমতা তুমি কাঠিন্ত, আমি তোমার পায় নাই।
Thou hast made known to me friends whom I knew not.
Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made brother of the stranger. I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forget that there abidest thou the changeless soul in the changing sea. Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever thou leadest me it is thou the same one companion of my endless life who ever linkest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar one. When knows thee then alien there is none, then no door is shut. Oh, grant me this my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of One in the play of the diverse many.
བསྟན་པ་ཨེ་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)
ཨེ་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)

ཡིན་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(ཤེས་བརྒད་)

སྤྱི་མཐུན་པོ་ལྷན་གྱི་(ལྷན་གྱི་)

བསྟན་པ་ཨེ་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)

ཡིན་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)

ཡིན་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)

ཡིན་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)

ཡིན་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)

ཡིན་ཤེས་བསྐྱེལ་བ་(སེ་བརྒད་)
When I leave from hence let this be my parting word that what I have seen is unsurpassable. I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus yonder that expands on the ocean of light and thus am I blessed, let this be my parting word. In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that eludes all forms. All my living body and limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch — and if the end comes here let it come — let this be my parting word.
Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Oh, love, why letst me wait outside at the door all alone? In the busy moments of the noontide work I am with the crowd, but in this dark lonely day it is only for thee that I hope.

If thou showest me not thy face, if thou leavest me all aside, I know not how am I to pass these long rainy hours.

I keep gazing on at the far away gloom of the sky, and my heart wanders waiting with the restless wind.
In the deep shadow of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

Today the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever wakeful blue sky.

The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house - do not pass by like a dream.
If it is not my portion to meet thee in this my life then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight – let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

As my days pass in the crowded market of this world and my hands get full with the daily profits, let me ever feel that I have gained nothing – let me not forget for a moment to.

When I sit by the roadside tired and panting, when I spread my bed low in the dust, let me ever feel that the long journey is still before me, let me not forget.

When the laughing are loud, when the festive nights are gay, when I fill my rooms with decoration, let me ever feel that I have not invited thee to my house – let me not forget for a moment to.
The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth. The time is for me to come to the stream to fill my pitcher.

The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water. Ah, it calls me out into the dusk.

In the lonely lane there is no passerby, the wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river.

I know not if I shall come back home. I know not whom I shall chance to meet. There at the fording in the little boat the strange man plays upon his lute.
Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love, oh beloved of my heart, this golden light that dances upon the leaves, these idle clouds sailing across the sky, this passing breeze leaving its caresses upon my brow.

The morning light has flooded my eyes — this is thy message to my heart. Thy face is bent from above, thy eyes look down on my eyes, and my heart has touched thy feet.
I am here to sing thee song. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat. In thy world I have no work to do, my useless life can only break out in tunes devoid of purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my King, to stand before thee to sing. When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, my Lord, by asking for my presence.
I know not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer to meet me. Thy suns and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye. In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard and thy messenger has stepped in within my heart and called me in secret.

I know not why today my life is all action, and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart. I feel as if the time has come to wind up my works and I feel in the air of thy sweet presence a faint smell wafted from thyself.
Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this wild rhythm? to be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy? Listen, canst thou hear from every direction of the sky, from all the sun, moon and stars, the harp player of death smiting forth a fiery round of music pulsing in burning joy!

The hurricane of maddening tunes is carrying onward all that ever is. Everything moves, they stop not, they look not behind, they can never be kept bound in bonds — they are snatched and swirled and borne on by the liberating joy.

Keeping steps with that restless rapid restless music seasons come dancing and pass away — colours, tunes and perfumes pour in endless cascades that in the abounding joy scatters and gives up and dies every moment.
You came down from your throne and stopped and stood at my cottage door. 

I was singing all alone and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door. 

At your masters there are many and songs are sung at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at thy love. One plaintive strain mingled with the great music of the world and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.
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 come to me, my Lord of silence, with thy peace and rest beggarly. When my heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break upon the door, my King, and come in with thy regal splendour. When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, Oh thou Holy one, thou Wakeful, come with thy light of thunder.
When my play was with thee I never questioned who thou wast. I knew not shyness nor fear, my life was boisterous. In the early morning thou wouldst call me from my sleep like my own comrade and lead me running from glade to glade. On those days I never cared to know the meaning of song thou sangst to me. Only my voice took up the tunes, and my heart danced in thine cadence. Now, when the playtime is over, what is this sudden sight that I see? The world with eyes bent upon thy feet stands in awe with all its silent stars.
If thou speakest, I will fill my heart with thy silence and bear it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil, and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish and thy voice will pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky. Then thy words will take wings in songs from everyone of my bird's nest and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.
Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it drops and drop into the dust. It may not find a place in thy garland but honour it with a touch of pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day ends before I am aware and the time of offering goes by. If though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint use this flower in thy service and pluck it while it is time.
I know thee not as my God and stand apart,
I know thee not as my own and come closer. I know
thee as my father and bow to thy feet, I grasp not thy
hand as my friend.

I stand not where in thy simple great love thou
camest down and didst own thyself as mine, there
to clasp thee to my heart and take thee as my comrade.
Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers
but I heed them not, I divide not my earnings
with them thus sharing my all with thee.

In pleasure and in pain I stand not by the
side of men and thus stand by thee. My life to
give up I shrink and thus miss to plunge into the
ocean of life.
What divine drink wouldst thou have from this overflowing cup of my life? My Poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thy own eternal harmony? Thy world is weaving together words in my mind and thy song is adding music to them. My givest thyself to me in love and then fulfill thine own sweetness in me.
O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thy own door! Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy—take not thy gifts through its unclean hands. Accept only what is offered by sacred love.
There is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest and lowliest and lost. When I try to bow to thee my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest and among the poorest and lowliest and lost.

Pride can never get access to where thou walkest in the garb of the humble among the poorest and lowliest and lost. My heart never find the way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest and lowliest and lost.
On the day when death will knock at thy door what shalt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life - I will never let him go with empty hand. All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and labors of my life will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.
O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my Death,
come and shew me to me!

Day after day have I kept watch for thee; for thee have I borne the joys and ills of life.

All that I am, that I have, that I hope and all my love have ever flowed towards thee in deepest depth of secrecy. One final glance gleaned from thine eyes and my life will be ever thine own.

The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord in the solitude of night.
Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full. Thus it is that thou hast come down. Oh thou Lord of all heavens, where would be thy love if I were not!

Thou hast taken me thy partner of this wealth of worlds. In my heart is the endless play of thy delight. In my life thy will is ever taking shape.

And for this, thou who art the king of kings, hast decked thyself in beauty to captivate my heart. And for this thy love loves itself in the love of thy lover and there art thou perfectly seen in the complete union of two.
Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Just open thine eyes and see thy god is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stone. He is with them in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverence? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has taken upon him the bonds of creation, he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave thy flowers and incense aside! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.
When first they came out, the warriors, from their master’s hall, where kept they hidden their vast powers? Where were their armours and their arms? They looked poor and helpless and arrows were showered upon them from all sides on the day they came out from their master’s hall.

When they marched back, the warriors, to their Master’s hall where again did they hide their powers? Dropped down their swords and their bows and arrows, peace was on their brow, and they left behind them the fruits of all their life on the day they marched back to their master’s hall.
Ever in my life have I sought thee with my song. It was they who led me from door to door and with them have I felt about in searching touch all my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learnt, they showed me secret paths, they brought to my ken many a star in my heart's horizon. They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and, to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?
Let only that remain of me by which I may call thee my all. Let only that of my will be left by which I may feel thee on every side, may come to thee in everything, may offer to thee my love every moment.

Let only that remain of me by which I may never hide thee. Let only that of my fetters be lift by which I am bound with thy will and thy purpose is carried in my life—which is the fetter of thy love.
He, whom I enclose with my name, is dying in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around and as this name scales the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this rampart of my prison and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.
On the day thou breakest through this my name, my master, I shall be free and leave this phantasy of my own creation and my place in thee.

By scribbling my name over thy writing, I cover thy works. I know not how far such a horror could be carried.

This pride of name plucks feathers from others to decorate its own self and to drown all other music it beats its own drum. Oh, let it be utterly defeated and let the day come when only thy name will play in my tongue and I shall be accepted by all by my nameless recognition.
In one salutation to thee, my lord, let all my senses spread out and touch this world at thy feet.

Like a rain cloud of July hung low with its burden of showers let all my mind bend down at thy door in one salutation to thee.

Let all my songs gather together their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to thee.

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day back to their mountain nests let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home in salutation to thee.
By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love which is greater than theirs and thou keepest me free. Lest I forget then they never venture to leave me alone. But day passes by after day and thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, & if I keep not thee in my heart - thy love for me still waits for my love.
I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last at his hands. Thus why it is so late and thus am I guilty of such commission omissions. They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast. But I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last at his hands.

People blame me and call me heedless - I doubt not they are right in their blame. The market day is over and work is all done for the busy. Those who came to call me in vain have gone back in anger. I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last at his hands.
কেনা একুশটি চা
মাটিতে চেরা আলাদা গুড়
ঠাকুর কেরাণী ঘরে।
চারটি মায়া তুনা মশুর,
১৩১৩ ভাসবি করে,
কে আরেক ভাসবি করে
কে ভূমি দুধ দেয়।
আনন্দসাগর সেক মুনীভূত
সে একমাত্র কেন্দ্রে স্নায়ুরে,
কেই আর মায়া চান সারে
ভূমি ব্যাঘ্র কেন দরে।
ভূমি বালু কে মাথায়,
চারটি মায়া তুনা মশুর,
কেনা একুশটি চা।
It is he, the innermost one, who wakens up my consciousness with his deep hidden touches. It is he who reads magic incantations upon my eyes, and joyfully plays upon the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain. It is he who weaves the web of this maya in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and through its folds lets keep his feet at whose touch I forget myself. Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who moves my heart in many a name, in many a guise, in many a rapture of bliss and sorrow.
না এখন কেন সতে বিস্ময় করাই
মৃত্যু না দিয়ে তোমার দাঁত
বদলি নাকে এলাম যা কিছুই সে করবাঁচা
মৃত্যু না হবে পাড়া

না মেয়ে মেয়ে মুম্পানে
সিদ্ধ হয়েছি নিয়মের ধারণা,
কাটল মাঝে ধূলে মেরে হুই বোঝা
ফিলি করেছ নিয়মের ধারণা।

মনুষ ছল ভালো নিশ্চ্যুত
না সুলভ কর্মসূচি
সেই সর্বমোহনীয় রাখে
কোথা কোথা প্রশ্ন তুলে।

বার করে সুই একলা হাসনি
তাম হেসে তেম খাপার দিন,
বার করে সীমানা তৈরি করা
তার উদয় হয়ে থাকে।
I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side only for a very little while. The works that I have in hand I will finish all afterwards. Away from the look of thy face my heart knows no rest or respite and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of task.

Today the summer has come at my window with its balmy sighs and murmurs, and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove. Now it is time to sit quietly face to face and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.
বৈদ্য বুদ্ধি কামন কিছুই কানি গুরু
আমি কথা বলে যাই না আচার্যে।

মা মা সরলী শিক আছে মনি সুজ্জি
আর তার সাধন হবে।

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কি হয়েছিল তোমার সতত্ত্বে,
তোমার আগামিত্য থাকে,
কি কাজে যাওয়া হবে
মা মা মা মা মা মা মা মা
On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange smell in the south wind.

That vague fragrance made my heart ache with longing and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath of the summer seeking for its completion.

I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.
বসর করিলে মনে গেল সুস্মীরনর নারী সতীতত্ত্বকর
নাস্তিক হল ভারত মন্ত্রক।
মন্ত্রক হল মন্ত্র নামে হল।
কি বাইরে যার মনা
ভজন করে ভানি করেন হল, নিলে
মন্ত্র না জানি বলে।

মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ না হল।
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ না হল।
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ না হল।
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মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ না হল।
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ না হল।
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ
মন্ত্র প্রায় যার জমাদরবাদ না হল।
At this time of my parting, sing cheers to me, my friends! The sky is flushed with the blush of dawn and my path lies beautiful.

Ask not what I have with me to take there, I start on my journey with empty hands and expectant heart.

I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not a traveller's gray garb, and though there are dangers on the way I have no fear in my mind. The evening star will come out when my voyage will be done and the plaintive notes of the twilight melodies will be struck from the King's Gateway.
কাছের লোকদের দেখাতে না বলে  
ছয় সালের একজন ছেলে ।
ছিলাম তোমার মন ও মাথায় ।
তোমার ধূমপানও বাড়তে 
পারব আমি তোমার বিকাশে।
মাঝে মাঝে তোমার নিকটে 
দীক্ষা দেও তোমার তথ্যে ।
আমি এখানে বসে দৃঢ় হয়ে ।
আমি তোমার জীবনের সঙ্গে মিলিত হব।
নিয়মিত তোমার সঙ্গে।
I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brother!
I bow to you all and take my departure.
Here I give back the keys of my door—and I
give up all claims to my dwelling. I only ask
last for kind words from you.

We were neighbors for long, but I received more
than I could give. Now the day has dawned and
dark the lamps that lit my corner is out. The Summer
have come and I am ready for my journey.


...
I must launch out my boat— I must. The languid hours pass by on the shore— alas for me!

The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous and upon the bank on the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.

What emptiness thou gavest upon! Dost thou not feel the thrills passing through the air with the notes of the faraway song floating from the other shore?
Art thou abroad on this stormy night, my friend?

The sky groans like one in despair. I have no sleep tonight. Even and again I open my door and look out on the darkness, my friend!

I can see nothing before me. I wonder where lies thy path?

By what shore of the ink-black river, by what far edge of the browning forest, through what mazy gloom, threading thy course to come to me, art thou emerging above, my friend?
It is the pang of separation that spreads
from world to world and gives birth to shapes
innumerable in the infinite sky.

This is the sorrow that gazes in silence all night
from star to star and becomes lyric
among rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.

It is this overspreading pain that
into loves and desires, into sufferings and joys
in human homes, and this it is that ever melts
and flows into songs through my poet's heart.
I have had my invitation in this world festival and thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play my harp and I have done all I could. Now, I ask, has the time come when I may go in and see thy face and offer thee my silent salutation?
He came and sat by my side but I woke not. What a cursed sleep it was, oh miserable me! He came when night was still, he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alo, why my nights are all thus lost? Ah, why (I ever) miss his touch whose breath touches my sleeping brow!
When I give up the helm, then the time will come for thee to take it, I know. What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle for me.

Then take away thy hands and watch silently, put up with the defeat, my heart, and think it your good fortune to sit perfectly still where you are placed.

These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of breath and trying to light them up again and again I forgot all else. But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor—and whenever it is thy pleasure, come and take thy seat here.
The time of my journey is vast and the way long. I came out on the chariot of the first flash of light and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet. It is the most distant course to come nearest to thyself and that training is the most difficult intricate which leads to the utter simplicity in tune. The traveller has to knock at every abysm door to come to his own and one has to roam through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end. My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said "Here art thou!" The questioning cry of "Oh where?" melts into tears of a thousand streams and deluges the universe with the flood of "Henceforth" the assurance of "I am!"
Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with burning
d'me fire of desire! There is the lamp but never a flicker
of a flame — is such thy fate, my heart! Ah, death
were better by far for thee!

Misery knocks at thy door and her message is that
thy lord is wakeful and he calls thee to the love-tryst
through the darkness of night. With love's sweet
frailty shall I depart?

The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is
ceaseless. I know not what is this that stirs in
me — I know not its meaning. A moment's flash
down
of lightning drags a deeper gloom on my sight
and my heart yearns for the path to where the
music of night calls me.

Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with burning
fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes
screaming through the void. The night is black as
a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark.
Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.
I know not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world. The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all story obstacles and rushes on.

My heart longs to join in thy song but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak but speech breaks not well in song and I cry sorely baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!
That I should make much of my self and turn to all sides—thus casting coloured shadows on thy shatterglass, such is thy Maya. Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in thy notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me. The poignant song of separation is echoed through all the sky in many-coloured tears and smiles, hopes and fears. Waves rise and fall, dreams break and form. In me is thy own defeat of self.

This screen that thou hast raised is painted with innumerable figures with the brush of the night and the day. And behind it thou hast woven thy seat in wondrous mysteries of curves, shaming all barren lines of

been straightness. The great pageant of thee and me has overspread all the sky, with the tune of thee and me, the air is vibrant and pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.
নিলাচল মহাকাব্যের অভিভাষণের জন্য
শল্যের সঙ্গে প্রথম ভাই আনন্দের জন্য
মনের অভিভাষণ প্রবন্ধের জন্য

চন্দ্রিকা বাঙালির হাতে

মধুমেধ হয়ে আসে
নাথার সাথে হয়ে সাথে
মনের হাতে নিয়ে যাওয়া

পুরুষ হয়ে চলে
নাথের হাতে টিকে

নাথ নাথার লম্বায়
চন্দ্রিকা হয়ে হয়ে

শল্য মহাকাব্যের জন্য
Langour is in thy heart and slumber is still on thine eyes. Has not the word passed to thee that the flower is reigning in splendour among thorns? Wake, oh wake up! Let not the time pass in vain!

At the end of the stony path, in the country of virgin solitude, my friend is sitting all alone. Deceive him not. Wake, oh wake up!

What if the sky pants and trembles with the heat of the midday sun, what if the burning sand spread its mantle of thirst! Is there no joy in the deeps of thy heart? At every footfall of thine, will not the harps of the road break out in sweet music of pain?
I dive down into the ocean of forms, hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless. No more sailing from harbour to harbour with this my weather-beaten bark. The days are long past when my sport was to be tossed on waves. And now, losing myself into the bottom of bliss I am eager to die into deathlessness.

Into the audience hall at the fathomless abyss where swells up the music of toneless strings I shall take this harp of my life. I shall tune it to the notes of Forever, and, when it has sobbed out its last utterance, lay down my silent harp at the feet of the Silent.
Hast thou not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes. Every moment and every age, every day and night he comes, comes, ever comes. Many a song have I sung in many a mood, but all their notes have always proclaimed, "He comes, comes, ever comes."

By the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes. By the rainy gloom of July and nights on the thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes. In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press my heart and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joys shine.
When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride and I look to thy face and tears come to my eyes.

All that is harsh and discordant in my life melts into one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.

I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence. I touch by the edge of my far-spread song thy feet which I could never hope to reach. And drunk with the joy of singing I forgot my self and call thee friend who art my Lord.
Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat only I and then and in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean, all my songs would be my songs would swell only for thine ears and that silent listless smile melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do? So, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the seabirds to their nests. Who knows when the chains would be glimmer of sunset, will vanish into the night?
Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing, heart-sweetening light!
Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild—laughter passes over the earth!

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. The lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light. The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, it gleams in profusion, and scatters indescribable mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is all the abroad.
More life, my lord, yet more, to quench my thirst and fill me. More space, my lord, yet more, to spread out my being.

More light, my lord, yet more, to make my vision pure.

More flowers, my lord, yet more, to stir up the strings of my heart.

More pains, my lord, yet more, to lead me to a deeper consciousness.

More knockings, my lord, yet more, to break open my prison door.

More love, my lord, yet more, to completely drown my self.

More of thee, my lord, yet more, in the sweetness of grace abounding.
Day after day, O Lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face. With folded hands, O Lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face.

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence, humble with meek heart shall I stand before thee face to face.

In this worldaday world of thine, surging with toil and struggle, among the bustling crowds shall I stand before thee face to face. And when my work will be done in this world, Oh King of Kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face.
On many an idle day have I grieved over my lost time. But they are never lost, my lord. Thou hast taken every moment of my life in thine own hands. Hidden into the heart of things there art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and imagined all works had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.
The same stream of life that courses through my veins night and day runs through all the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked worldwide in the ocean-cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow. And I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world life. And I feel with pride the heart-throb of all ages dancing in my blood, this moment.
Deliverence is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in the thousand bonds of delight. Thou never for me
minglest the fresh draught of thy nectar of various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel
to the brim. My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame and place them
before the altar of thy temple. No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. All the delights
of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight. Yes, all my illusions will burn
into the illumination of joy and all my desires will ripen into fruits of love.
The day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee; my heart unbidden even as one of the crowd, thou didst stamp thy seal of eternity upon unknown to me, my king. Many a fleeting moment of my life. And when by chance I light upon them and see thy signature, I find they lay scattered in the dust mixed with joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten. Thou didst not turn thee back in contempt from my childish play, dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from sun to sun.
Time is endless in thy hands, my Lord. There is none to count thy minutes. Days and nights pass by and ages bloom and fade like flower. Thou knowest how to wait. Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and therefore is such a scramble for opportunities. We are too poor to be late. And thus it is that time goes by to pay my dues to every quarrelsome claimant and thy altar remains empty of all offerings to the last. At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut but I find that yet there is time.
Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our needs and yet run back to thee undiminished. The river has its everyday work to do and hastens through fields and hamlets; yet its ceaseless stream is engaged at washing of thy feet. The flower sweetens the air with its perfume, yet its last service is to offer itself to thee. It is never a performance of thy worship to rob and make the world poorer, from words uttered by the poet men take meanings as they wish, yet their last meaning always points to thee.
Thy rod of justice thou hast given to every man on this earth and thy command is to strike where it is due. Let me take up that sacred office from thy hand with bent head and meek heart. Where forgiveness is sickly and self-indulgent give me the strength to be cruel. Let truth flash out from my tongue like a keen sword at thy signal and let me pay my best homage to thee by righting wrong with all my power. Let thy wrath burn him into ashes who does injustice what is unjust or suffers injustice to be done.
Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living torch is upon all my limbs. I shall ever aspire to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art the highest truth that hast kindled the light of reason in my mind. I shall ever struggle to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love pure and open, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the remotest shrine of my heart. And it shall ever be my endeavour to reveal thee in all my actions, knowing that it is thy power which gives me strength to act.
Thou art the sky and thou art the next as well. Oh, thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours. There comes the morning with the golden basket on her right hand bearing the wreath of [redacted], silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take flight reigns the white radiance. "There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never never a word."
The rain has held back for days and days, my God, in my arid heart. The horizon is fiercely naked— not the thinnest cover of a soft cloud, not the vaguest hint of a distant cool shower. Send thy angry storm, dark with death, if it is thy wish, and with lashes of lightning startle the sky from end to end. But, call back, My Lord, call back, this pervading silent heat, still and keen and cruel, burning the heart with dire despair. Let the cloud of grace bend low from above like the tearful look of the mother on the day of the father's wrath.
I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that opened out upon this vast mystery like a bud in the forest in midnight? When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable power without name and form has taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I will love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away to find its consolation in the left one in the very next moment.
Let me never lose [blank] hold of hope when mist of depression steals upon me blotting out the light that is in my heart and flower of love droops in lassitude. In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee. Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor, poor preparation of thine worship. It is of night thou who drawest the veil upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening.
Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where the world has not been frittered into fragments by narrow domestic walls; where words come out from the depth of truth; where sleepless striving stretches its stream arms towards perfection; where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the desert sand of dead habit, and where the mind is led forward by thee into an everwidening thought and action—there waken up my country into that heaven of freedom, my father!
This is my prayer to thee, my Lord,—strike, strike at the root of all poverty in my heart. Give me the strength to lightly bear my joys and sorrows. Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service. Give me the strength never to disown the poor and bend my knees before insolent might. Give me the strength to raise my mind high above all daily trifles. And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.
Where dost thou stand behind them all, my lover, hiding thyself in the shadow? They push thee and pass thee by on the dusty road, taking thee for naught. I wait here weary hours spreading my offerings for thee, while passers-by come and take my flowers one by one and my basket is nearly empty.

The morning time is past and the noon. In the shade of evening my eyes are drowsy with sleep. Men going home glance at me and smile and fill me with shame. I sit like a beggar maid drawing my skirt over my face and when they ask me, what is it I want, I drop my eyes and answer them not.

Oh, how indeed, could I tell them that for thee I wait, and thou hast promised to come. How could I utter for shame that I keep for my dowry this absolute poverty of mine for thy royal favour of acceptance. O, h, I hug this pride in the secret of my heart.

I sit on the grass and gaze upon the sky and
dream of the sudden splendor of thy arrival, with all the lights ablaze, golden pennons flying over thy ear, and they at the roadside standing agape when they see thee come down from thy seat to raise me from the dust and set at thy side this ragged beggar girl tremble with shame and pride, like a creeper in a summer breeze.

But time glides on and still no sound of the wheels of thy chariot. Many a procession passes by with noise and shouts and glamour of glory. Is it only thou who wouldst stand in the shadow silent and behind them all? And is it only I who should wait and weep and wear my heart in vain longing?
I went begging from door to door in the village path, when they golden chariots appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all Kings!

My hopes rose high and methought my evil days were at an end and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked and wealth scattered on all sides on the dust.

The chariots stopped where I stood. They looked on my face and came down with a smile. I felt that the greatest good fortune of my life had come at last to me. When of a sudden they stretched out their right hand and asked, "What hast thou to give to me?"

Ah, what a kingly jest was it to open thy palm to a beggar to beg! I was confused and stood for a moment undecided, and then from my wallet I slowly took out the least little grain of a corn and gave it to thee.

But what was my surprise when at the
day's end I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little grain of gold shining among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and wished that I had heart to give thee my all.
The night darkened. Our day's work had been done. We thought that the last guest had arrived for the night, and the doors in the village were all shut. Only some said, the king was to come. We laughed and said "No, it cannot be!"

It seemed there were knocks at the door and we said it was nothing but the wind. We put out the lamps and lay to sleep. Only some said, "It is the messenger!" We laughed and said "No, it must be the wind!"

There came a sound in the dead of the night. We sleepily thought it was the distant thunder. The earth shook, the walls rocked, and it troubled us in our sleep. Only some said, it was the sound of wheels. We said in a drowsy grumble, "No, it must be the rumbling of clouds."

The night was still dark when the drum sounded. The voice came "Wake up! Delay not!" We pressed our hands on our hearts and shuddered with fear. Some said, "Lo, there is the King's flag!"
We stood up on our feet and cried "There is no time for delay!"

The King has come— but where are lights, where are wreaths? Where is the throne to seat him? Oh, shame, oh utter shame! Where is the hall, the decorations? Some said, "Vain is this cry! Greet him with empty hands, into thy rooms all bare!"

Open the doors, let the conch shells be sounded.

In the deep of the night has come the King of our dark dreary house. The thunder roars in the sky. The darkness shudders in lightning. Bring out thy tattered piece of mat and spread it on the courtyard. With storm has come of a sudden our King of the fearful night.
I thought I should ask of thee— but I dared not—the rose wreath thou hadst on thy neck. Thus I waited for the morning, when thou departest, to find a few fragments on the bed. And like a leech I searched in the dawn only for a stray petal or two.

Ah me, what is it I find! What token left of thy love! It is no flower, no spices, no vase of perfumed water. It is thy mighty sword, flashing as a flame, heavy as a bolt of thunder. The young light of morning comes through the window and spreads itself upon thy bed. The morning bird twitters and asks: "Woman, what hast thou got?" No, it is nor flower, nor spices, nor a vase of perfumed water—it is thy dreadful sword.

I sit and muse in wonder, what gift is this of thine! I can find no place where to hide it. I am ashamed to wear it, frail as I am, and it hurts me when I press it to my bosom. Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain, this
gift of thine.
From now there shall be no fear left for me in this world, and thou shalt be victorious in all my strife. Thou hast left death for my companion and I shall crown him with my life. Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my bonds and there shall be no fear left for me in the world.

From now I leave off all petty decorations. Lord of my heart, no more shall there be for me waiting and weeping in corners, no more croyness and sweetness of demeanour. Thou hast given me thy sword for adornment. No more doll's decorations for me!
I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in thy sky, my sun ever-glorious! Thy gentle touch has not yet melted my vapour making me one with thy light and thus I count months and years of separation from thee.

If this be thine wish and if it is thy play then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it with gold, float it on the wanting wind and spread it varied wonders.

And again when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night I shall melt and vanish away in the dark and in the smile of the white morning shall permeate in a coolness of purity transparent.
When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their pristine splendour the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang, "Oh, the picture of perfection! the joy unalloyed!"

When suddenly someone cried — "It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost."

The golden string of their harps snapped, their song stopped and they cried in dismay — "Yes, that star was the least, she was the glory of all heavens!"

From that day the search is unceasing for her and the cry goes on from one to the other, that in her life has lost its one joy.

Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves — "Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!"
Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck with my tears of sorrow. The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast. Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own and it is thine to assuage when I bring it to thee as my offering thou requitest it with thy grace.
That I want thee, only thee, let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me day and night are false and empty to the core.

As the night keeps hidden in its gloom the petition for light, even thus in the depth of my unconsciousness rings the cry— I want thee, only thee.

As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might even thus my mad rebellion strikes against thy love and still my cry is, I want thee, only thee.
I thought that my voyage was at its end at the last limit of my power. It was possible that the path before me was closed, and provisions were all exhausted and the time had come for me to take shelter in a silent obscurity. But I find that they will know no end in me. And when old words die out on the tongue new melodies break forth from the heart and where the old tracks are all lost new country is revealed with its wonders.
Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song— the joy that makes the earth flow over in riotous excesses of verdure, the joy that sets the twin brothers— life and death— into mad capers over the whole world, the joy that sweeps in with the tempest shaking and waking all life with wild laughter, the joy that sits still with its tears on the open red lotus of pain, and the joy that throws everything it has upon the dust and knows not a word.

— W —
On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. The children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearlfishers dive for pearls, merchants sail their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasure, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter and smiles the seashore. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children while even like a mother rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children and
mile
the sea beach 30 miles.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, the messenger of death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.
The sleep that flits on baby’s eyes—
does anybody know from where it comes?
Yes, it is rumoured that it has its
dwelling where in the fairy village
among shadows of the forest, dimly lit
with glow-worms there hang twin timid
buds of parsnip. From there it comes
to kiss baby’s eyes.

The fleeting smile that flickers on
baby’s lips when it sleeps—does any-
body know where it had its birth?
Yes, it is heard, that a young pale
beam of a crescent moon touched the
dge of a vanishing autumn cloud
and there the smile was first born
in the dream of a dew-washed dawn—
the smile that flickers on baby’s lips
when it sleeps.

The sweet soft freshness that blooms
on baby’s limbs—does anybody know
where it was hidden so long? Yes,
When the mother was a young maiden it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love — the sweet soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.
When I bring to thee coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why are flowers painted in tints - when I give coloured toys to thee, my child.

When I sing to make thee dance I truly know why there is music in leaves and waves and their chorus of voices to the heart of the living earth when I sing to make thee dance.

When I bring sweet things to thy greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower and why are fruits secretly filled with sweet juice when I bring sweet things to thy greedy hands.

When I kiss thy face to make thee smile, my darling, I surely understand what is the pleasure that streams from the sky in morning light and what delight is that which the breeze brings to my body when I kiss thee to make thee smile.