

Gitanjali

facsimile of the original manuscript

গীতাঞ্জলি

মূল পাণ্ডুলিপির প্রতিলিপি

Rabindranath Tagore



Sahitya Samsad

GITANJALI

(facsimile of the original manuscript)

Compiled and arranged by Abhik Kumar Dey

সংকলন ও বিন্যাস : অভীককুমার দে

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TO TRUTH ALONE OBEDIENCE

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*William Rothenstein and Rabindranath Tagore,
London, Summer 1912*

*Photograph by : John Trevor, Hampstead, reprint from
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original manuscript of Gitanjali
which the poet brought me from India
on his initial visit to us at Oak Hill
Park . . .

This is my delight, thus to wait and
watch at the wayside where shadow
chases light and the rain comes in the
wake of the summer.

^{Messengers,}
~~Processions,~~ with ~~their~~ tidings ^{from} ~~of the~~
unknown skies, greet me and ~~pass~~ ^{speedy} along
the road: My heart is glad within
and the breath of the ^{passing} 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.

I have known you at dawn

I have known you, with fire in your

eyes, at dawn

I have seen you in your

eyes, at dawn

I have seen you at dawn

ਕੇਸਰੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਗਰੀਬਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ ।
ਭਾਰਤ ਦੇ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ ।
ਦੁੱਖਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਘੱਟ ਕਰਨ ਲਈ, ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ,
ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ, ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ ।
ਕੇਸਰੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ, ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ ।
ਕੇਸਰੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ, ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ ।
ਕੇਸਰੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ, ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਖਾਣੇ ਦੀ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਮਿਲੇ ।
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No more ^{noisy} loud words from me, such is my
 master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers.
 The speech of my heart will be carried ^{on} in
 murmurings 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 ^{an} hours ~~did~~ ^{have} I spent in the strife of the
 good and the evil but now it is the pleasure of ~~the~~
~~of~~ 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!



ଆମାଟ୍ ତୁମି ଆମୋତ ବସନ୍ତ
ଏକାକି ସୀମା ତର ।

ସୁଖାଧି ଲୋକ ଆଗାତ୍ ଡାକନ୍ତ
ଜୀବନ ବରନର ।

କହନ୍ତେ ଜିଗଡ଼ି, କହନ୍ତେ ନଦୀତୀର
କହନ୍ତେ ଚନ୍ଦି ଦେବ ଏ ଶାନ୍ତିକିର,
କହନ୍ତେ ତନ ଚକାଳେ କିର କିର

କହନ୍ତେ ଆମି କର !

କହନ୍ତେ ଏ ଅଧିକ ବରନେ

ଆମାଟ୍ ହିମାମାନ

ହରାଣ ସୀମା ବିଧୁଳ ହରାଣ

ତେଜାଳି ତର ଶମୀ ।

ଆମାଟ୍ କ୍ରମି ଏକାକି କୁଳି ଡାକି

କିରାଡ଼ି ଦାବ କିରମ ବିକାଶୀ,

ହରାଣ ଆଗା, କହନ୍ତେ ପୁଣି ଚିର

କହନ୍ତେ ଆମି କର ।

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptyest 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 ^{very} small hands of mine. Ages pass and still thou poorest and still there is room to fill.



ପ୍ରଥମ ଦ୍ଵାର-ମାନ ଦ୍ଵାର ଦ୍ଵାର ଭୋଗର ମାନ ।

ଦ୍ଵାର ଚର କର ମାଧବ ଚଳନ୍ତ ହଲ !

କାମି ଆକାଶ କାମି ଭୋଗ ଧାର ଆଡ଼ିକାକ,

ନିରିଡ଼ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଧାନ୍ୟା ମାଡ଼ିର ମାନ;

ସ୍ଵପ୍ନା ହିସାବ ଚାଲିତେ ମାଡ଼ିର ମାନ,

ମାଡ଼ିର ଚର ଧାନ୍ୟା ମାଲିତେ ବସନ୍ତଲେ ।

ମାଡ଼ିର ଦଳ ଧାନ୍ୟା ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର,

ଧାନ୍ୟା ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ।

ଧାନ୍ୟା ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର,

ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର,

ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର,

ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ଧାର ।

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.

— . . —

2

Thy 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.

କଥା କହାଣୀରେ କାହାଣୀରେ ତୁମ୍ଭ
କଥା ପାଠ କଲେ ଚାହୁଁ ।

ଦୁଃଖେ କାହିଁକି ସିନ୍ଧୁ, ଚକ୍ର,
ପଠାକେ କାହିଁକି ଚାହୁଁ ।

ସୁଖାନ୍ତେ ଆଗାମୀ ଦେଖି ଚାଲି ପାଠ
କାରେ ତୋର କାହିଁକି କି କାହିଁକି କି ହେ,
ଦୁଃଖରେ କାହିଁକି ତୁମ୍ଭ ଦୁଃଖରେ
କି କାହିଁକି ଚାଲି ପାହୁଁ ।

କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି
କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି
କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି
କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି ।

କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି,
କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି,
କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି,
କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି କାହିଁକି ।

Thou hast made known to me friends whom I knew not,
 Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou
 hast ~~bravely~~ 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 old in the changing new.
 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.
 When ^{one} 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 ^{the} One
 in the play of the diverse many.

ਪਰਾਗ ਦਿਵਿ ਏਹੋ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਗਲ ਯਕ ਪਾਹੁ
ਪਾ ਯਕਮਾਹਿ ਪਾ ਯਕਮਾਹਿ ਠੁਕਰਾ ਠਾਹੁ ਪਾਹੁ।
ਏਹੋ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਸੁਖੁ ਮਾਯਾ ਪਾ ਸੁਖਮੁ ਮਾਯਾ ਸੁਖੁ
ਠਾਹੁ ਸੁਖੁ ਮਾਯਾ ਠਾਹੁ ਸੁਖੁ ਮਾਯਾ ਠਾਹੁ -
ਪਰਾਗ ਦਿਵਿ ਏਹੋ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਗਲਿ ਯਕ ਪਾਹੁ ॥

ਇਕੁ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਮੇਲਾ ਪਾਹੁ ਕਥੁ ਗਲਿ ਮੇਲਾ,
ਪਾਯਕੁ ਮਾਯਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਸੁਖੁ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ।
ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਸੁਖੁ;
ਏਹੋ ਮਾਯਾ ਮੇਲਾ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਮੇਲਾ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਮੇਲਾ -
ਪਰਾਗ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਏਹੋ ਕਥਾਯਿ ਗਲਿ ਯਕ ਪਾਹੁ ॥

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.

ਮੇਰੇ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ

ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ

ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ

ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ

ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ
ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah 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 I 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
~~whistling~~ 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 ~~the~~ 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~~ portion to ~~meet~~ ^{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 &c.

When I sit by the road side 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} for a moment &c.

When the laughters are loud, when the festive nights are gay, when I fill my rooms with decorations, let me ever feel that I have not invited thee to my house - let me not ^{forget} for a moment &c.

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 ^{unknown} strange man slays 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 songs. 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~~^{the hour strikes for} they 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 ~~the~~ 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 astir,
 and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through
 my heart. I feel as if the time has come ~~when~~
 to wind up ~~with~~ my works and I feel in the air
 a faint smell ^{of thy sweet presence} ~~wafted from thy feet~~.

~~What~~ 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~~ smiting forth a fiery round of music pulsing in burning joy!

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

Keeping steps with that restless rapid ~~at the~~ music seasons come dancing and pass away - colours, tunes and perfumes pour in endless cascades in the abounding joy ^{that} 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 ^{in a corner,} and the melody caught
your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door.

At your ^{hall} masters there are many and songs are
sung at all hours. But the simple carol of this
novice struck at thy love. One plaintive ^{little} 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 ^{shutting me out from beyond} ~~the high walls~~
 come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.
 When ^{beggarly} my heart ~~is shut up~~ sits crouched, shut up
 in a corner, break open the door, my King, and come
 in with thy ^{regal} ~~royal~~ 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 songs
thou sangst to me. Only my voice took up the tunes,
and my heart danced in their 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 speak^{not} ~~at~~ I will fill my heart with thy
 silence and bear it. I will keep still and wait
 like the night with starry ~~stars~~^{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 ~~be~~^{take wings} in songs from everyone of my birds' nests
 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 droops 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 ~~be~~ 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 ^{thy God,} 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 ~~words~~
 words in my mind and thy joy is adding music to
 them. ^{Thou} givest thyself to me in love and then
 feelest thine own ^{entire} ~~entire~~ 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 ^{can} never
 find ~~the~~ ^{its} way to where thou keepest company with
 the companionless among the poorest and lowliest
 and lost.

On the day when ~~the~~ death will ~~the~~ 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 hands. All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and ~~collections~~ ^{gleanings} of my ^{busy} 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 ~~speak~~^{whisper} to me!

Day after day have I kept watch for thee; for
thee have I borne the joys and ~~sorrows~~^{pangs} of life.

All that I am, that I have, that I hope and
all my love have ever flowed towards thee in
~~discreet~~ depth of secrecy. One final glance
~~glance~~ 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 ^{alone} in the solitude of night.



Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full. Thus it is that thou hast come down ^{to me}. 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 loses ~~itself~~ ^{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 ~~thy~~ thine eyes and see thy god is not
beside thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard
ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones.
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!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found?
Our master himself has ^{joyfully} 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 armour 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 songs. 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 ~~that~~ 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, ^{at last,} to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?

Let only that ^{little} remain of me by which I may call thee my all. Let only that ^{little} 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 ^{little} remain of me by which I may never hide thee. Let only that ^{little} of my fetters be left 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 break it through this my name, my master, I shall be free and leave this phantasy of my own creation and ^{take} my place in thee.

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

This pride of name plucks feathers from thers to decorate its own self and to drown all other music it beats its own drum. Oh, let it be utterly defeated ^{in me} 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 ^{be} spread out and touch this world at thy feet.

Like a rain cloud of July hung low with its burden of ~~its~~ ^{unshed 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 ^{one} 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 keepst me free. Lest I forget them they never ~~venture~~^{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 ~~omissions~~ omissions.

They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast. But I evade them ever, for I am only ~~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 ~~the~~ 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.

କେଳୀ ଅବୁଝେ ମେ -

ଆନନ୍ଦ ଚେନା ଆନନ୍ଦ ଚେନା,

ତାହା ମୁଖର ମହାତ୍ମା ।

ତାହା ମୁଖର ମହାତ୍ମା ତୁମ୍ଭ,

ତାହା ହିନ୍ଦୀଶିଳା ତୁମ୍ଭ,

ଏହା ଆନନ୍ଦ କାହାଣୀ ତୁମ୍ଭ

ଏହା ମୁଖ ମୁଖ ହେଉ ।

ଆନନ୍ଦ କାହାଣୀ ମୁଖ ମୁଖିନୀ

ମେ ଏହା କାହାଣୀ କେବଳ ମାଣିଲି,

ତାହା ମେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଚେନା ଚେନା

ହେଉଲେ ମେ ମୁଖ ମୁଖିନୀ ।

ତାହା ମେ ଆନନ୍ଦ କେ ମୁଖିନୀ,

ଆନନ୍ଦ କାହାଣୀ କେବଳ ମୁଖିନୀ,

ଏହା ମୁଖିନୀ ନାମା ନାମା କାହାଣୀ

ନିଜି ନିଜି ହେଉ ହେଉ ।

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~~ on 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 ~~web~~ ^{fold} lets peep his feet at whose touch I forget my self. 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 ~~sort~~ ^{rapture} of bliss and sorrow.

ଭୂମି ଏବଂ କେବଳ ସମାଜ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀ କାନ୍ଦୁ

ଆମ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଉପରେ ନିଜ

ଆମେ ହାତେ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ ଯା କିଛି କାମ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ

ଆମେ ଆମେ କରୁଛୁ କାମ।

ନା ଜାଣିଲେ କେବଳ ଯୁଦ୍ଧକାଳେ

କୃଷକ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ କିଛି ନାହିଁ କାମ,

କାଳେ କାଳେ ପୁରୁ କିଛି ଯେ

କିଛି କୃଷକ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ।

ସମସ୍ତ ଆମେ ଉଦ୍ଧାର ନିକାଶ

ଏକ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ କାଳେ।

ଆମେ କାଳେ ଉଦ୍ଧାର ନିକାଶ

କାଳେ କୃଷକ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ।

ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଏକାନ୍ତ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ

କାଳେ କାଳେ କାଳେ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ ଦିନ,

ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ କୃଷକ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ କାଳେ

କାଳେ କୃଷକ ଆଗାଧିକାରୀ।

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by
~~the~~ ^{thy side} only for a very little while. The works
 that I have in hands I will finish all afterwards.

Away from the ~~look~~ ^{sight} of thy face my heart
 knows ~~no~~ ^{now} 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 ^{with thee} and to sing dedication
 of life in this silent and overflowing bower.

ପାଦିନ ପୁଅଟିଏ ଥିଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଜାଣି ନାହିଁ

ଆମି ଦିନାକ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ।

ଆଜ୍ଞା ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ଡାକେ ଆଜି ନାହିଁ

ମେଲ ଚାହେଁ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ।

ସାଥ ସାଥେ ଦିନ ଅକ୍ଷୟ ।

ସୁଖର ଦାମ ଚାହେଁ ଡାକେ ଡାକେ,

ସକ୍ଷମତା ମଧୁ ସାଥେ ଡାକେ

କେତାଏ ଦାମିନି ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ।

ତୁମ୍ଭେ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ଦିନାକ ଡାକେ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ

ଆଜ୍ଞା ଦାମ ଦାମାକ୍ତୁ,

ସେ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ଡାକେ ଡାକେ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ

କେତାଏ ଦାମିନି ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ।

କି ଜାଣିତ ଦୁଃଖ ଡାକେ ଡାକେ,

ଆଜ୍ଞା ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ,

ଏ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ

ଆଜ୍ଞା ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ମାତୃତ୍ଵ ।

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~~ and ~~again~~ I started up from my dream and
 I 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 ~~would~~ seeking for its
~~completion~~ completion.

I knew not then that it was ~~not~~ ^{so near,} ~~far away,~~ that
 it was mine, ~~and this perfect~~ ~~sweetness~~, and this perfect
 sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.

एक लक्ष आचार्य पद लक्ष
आचार्य कर्तव्येण !

आचार्य आचार्य एतद् आचार्य
आचार्य एव एतद् आचार्य ।

किं विद्मः एतद् आचार्य
उत्तम आचार्य आचार्येण ए, *
सर्व आचार्येण एतद्, एतद्
आचार्य एतद् आचार्य ।

आचार्य एतद् एतद् आचार्येण
आचार्य आचार्येण एतद् ।

आचार्येण एतद् आचार्येण एतद्
आचार्य आचार्येण एतद् ।

आचार्य एतद् एतद् आचार्य
उत्तम एतद् आचार्येण,
सर्व एतद् एतद् आचार्येण
आचार्य एतद् आचार्येण ।

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 ^{up} from the king's gateway.

ଦେଖାଦି କୁହି ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ ଏହି ଭାବେ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!
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
for ^{last} kind words from you.

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

ଏହାଠି ଭାଗ୍ୟିନି ଦିବି ହର ମାୟାଠି ଏହି ଓଡ଼ି଼ !
 ତିବି ଚକ୍ର ଧାମ୍ ଲ ଚଳା ଶାନ୍ତିଲା ଶାନ୍ତି ।
 ହୁଏ ଚାହାଣିଲା ଶାନ୍ତି ଶାନ୍ତି ଚକ୍ର ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଶାନ୍ତି,
 ନିଧି ଶାନ୍ତି ହୁଏ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଏହା ଶାନ୍ତି ଶାନ୍ତି !
 ଏ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ।
 ଏ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ।
 ହୁଏ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ !

ଓଡ଼ି଼ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍
 ଧାମ୍ ଏ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍
 ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ଧାମ୍ ।

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

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

The ~~water~~^{waves} have become clamorous and upon the bank on the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.

What emptiness thou gazest 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, ^{on this journey of love} my friend?
 The sky groans like one in despair. I have no sleep
 tonight. Ever 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 ^{dim} shore of the ink black river, by what far
 edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy
 depth of ^{gloom} ~~darkness~~ art thou ^{threading thy course to come to me,} ~~coming to me~~ my friend!

It is the pang of ~~the~~ ~~greatest~~ ^{severance} ~~separation~~ that spreads
 from world to world and gives birth to shapes
 innumerable in the infinite sky.

~~This~~ ^{It} is this sorrow ^{of separation} 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 ~~breaks~~ ^{deepens}
 into loves and desires, into sufferings and ~~joys~~
 in human homes, and this it is that ever melts
 and flows in ~~the~~ songs through my poet's heart.

^{have}
 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 ^{upon} my harp
 and I have done all I could. Now, I ask, has the
 time come ^{at last}, 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 ^{the} night was still; he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Ah, why my nights are all thus lost? Ah, why
 (I ever) miss his ^{sight whose breath} ~~touch who ever~~ ^{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 ^{your} ~~thy~~ hands and ~~and~~ silently put up with ^{your} ~~thy~~ 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 forget 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, ^{my lord,} ^{silently} come and take thy seat ^{here.} ~~there~~

The time of my journey is vast and the way long. I came out on the ~~car~~^{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 alien 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 ~~every~~^{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 "Herald" the assurance of "I am!"

Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with ^{the} burning
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~~ ~~the~~
~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~star~~ ~~flaming~~.

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
of lightning drags ^{down} a deeper gloom on my sight
and my heart gropes for the path to where the
music of ^{the} night calls me.

Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with ^{the} 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 stony
obstacles and rushes on.

My heart longs to join in thy song but vainly
struggles for a voice. I would speak but speech
~~will not~~ ^{breaks not} 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 it on all sides -
 thus casting coloured shadows on thy ^{radiance,} ~~affluence,~~ such is thy
maya. Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then
 callest thy severed self in ^{myriad} ~~thousand~~ notes. This thy self-separation
 has taken body in me. The ~~song~~ poignant song of ^{severance} ~~separation~~
 is echoed through all the sky in many-coloured tears and
 smiles, hopes and fears, ^{and} 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, ^{spurning} ~~spurning~~ all barren lines of ~~the~~
~~your~~ straightness.

~~It is the great game of thee and me all about the sky, and the~~
~~game is being played on of the air for feet are~~
 With the ^{tune} ~~game~~ of thee and me, ^{all} the air is vibrant and ^{all ages} ~~the~~
~~hours~~ pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me ~~for~~
~~feet are~~

ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେବା

କେବଳ ତୋ ମୁଖ! -

କିମ୍ପା ତୋ ମୁଖ ମୁଖକୁ ତୋ

କାମିନୀର ତୁ ତା କି!

ତୋ ମୁଖ, କାମିନୀର ତୁ ତା କି!

କାମୀ ସହ କାମୀ

ତୋ କାମିନୀ ନାମ!

କାମିନୀ ସହ କାମୀ

କାମୀ ସହ କାମୀ କାମିନୀ

ତୋ ମୁଖ କାମିନୀ ସହ କାମୀ -

କାମିନୀ ତୋ ମୁଖ!

କାମିନୀର କାମିନୀ ତୋ ମୁଖ! କାମୀ

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Langour is in thy heart and ^{the} slumber is still on thine eyes. Has not the word ~~passed~~ ^{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~~ ^{pants and trembles} with the heat of the midday sun, what if the burning sand ~~spreads~~ ^{spreads} its mantle of thirst! Is there no joy in the deep of thy heart? At every footfall of thine, will not the harp of the ^{road} break out in sweet music of pain?

I dive down into the ^{depth of 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 ~~the~~ 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 ^{every} night he comes, comes, ever comes. Many a song have I sung in many a mood ^{of mind,} but all their notes have always proclaimed, "He comes comes, ever comes."

By ~~the~~ ^{the} fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes. By the rainy ~~and~~ 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 dissonant 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 ^{the} ~~my~~ far spread ^{pinion of my} song thy feet ~~which~~ I could never ^{aspire} ~~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 thou and ~~never~~ ^{never a soul} in the world would
 know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no
 end.

~~Whispered~~

In that shoreless ocean, ^{at thy silently listening smile,} ~~all my songs would be~~
~~only for thine ears~~ ~~and the world would be~~
~~in~~ ⁱⁿ 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 ^{come flying} ~~come~~ ~~to~~
 to their nests. Who knows when the chains would be
 off and the boat, like the last ^{glimmer of} ~~ray~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
 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~~ 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~~ ^{on} the
 sea of light. ~~The~~ Lilies and jasmynes surge
 up on the crest of the waves of light. The light
 is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,
 and ^{it} scatters ^{gems in profusion.} ~~innumerable~~. 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.

~~Yet~~ More life, my lord, yet more, to quench
 my thirst and fill me. ~~Yet~~ More space, my lord,
 yet more, ^{freely to unfold} ~~my being~~ ~~my being~~.

~~Yet~~ More ~~all~~ light, my lord, yet more, to ~~make~~
^{my vision pure.} ~~mine eyes~~ ~~like a~~ flower. ~~Yet~~ More tunes,
 my lord, yet more, ^{stirring the} ~~the~~ strings of my heart.

~~Yet~~ More pains, my lord, yet more, to lead
 me to a deeper consciousness. ~~Yet~~ More knocks,
 my lord, yet more, to break open my prison door.

~~Yet~~ More love, my lord, yet more, to completely
 drown my self. ~~Yet~~ More of thee, my lord, yet
 more, in thy sweetness of grace abounding.

Day after day, Oh lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face. With folded hands, Oh lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face.

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence, with ^{humble} ~~weak~~ heart shall I stand before thee face to face.

In this workaday 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 thou 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~~ ^{is rocked} in the ^{worldwide} 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~~ ^{life} throbs of all ages dancing in my blood this moment.

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation.

I ~~cannot~~ feel the embrace of freedom in the thousand
 founts of delight. Thou ~~will~~ ever ^{pour}est ~~for~~ me
~~the~~ 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; ~~and~~ ^{and entering} ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~that~~ ~~enters~~
 my heart unbidden even as one of the ^{mottled} crowd,
 unknown to me, ^{thou didst stamp the seal of eternity upon} my king, ~~thou~~ ~~didst~~ ~~stamp~~ ~~the~~ ~~seal~~ ~~of~~ ~~eternity~~ ~~upon~~
 moment of my life. ~~thou didst stamp the seal of eternity upon~~
~~thou~~ ~~didst~~ ~~stamp~~ ~~the~~ ~~seal~~ ~~of~~ ~~eternity~~ ~~upon~~
^{today} And when by chance I light upon them
 and see thy signature, I find they lay scattered
 in the dust mixed with ^{the memory of} joys and sorrows of my
 trivial days forgotten. Thou didst not turn thee
 back in contempt from my childish play ^{among} ~~with~~
 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 flowers. Thou knowest how to wait. Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and therefore ^{with us there is} such a ^{mad} scramble for opportunity. We are too poor to be late. And thus it is that time goes by to pay my dues to every quarrelous 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 ~~and~~ ^{but} I find that yet there is time.

Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our ~~own~~ needs
 and yet run back to thee undiminished. The
 river has its everyday work to do and hastens
 through fields and hamlets; yet its ^{incessant} ~~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 ^{it suits ~~to~~ their needs,} ~~as they wish~~
 yet these 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 harsh 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 ~~like~~ 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 touch 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 ~~inmost~~ ^{inmost} ~~depths~~ ^{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 rest 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 ~~pitcher~~ basket on her right hand ^e bearing
 the wreath of ^{beauty} ~~flowers~~, silently to crown the earth.
 And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows,
 deserted by herds, through trackless paths,
 carrying cool draught of peace in her golden
 pitcher from the western ~~of~~ ocean of rest.

^{But} ~~And~~ there where spreads the infinite sky
 for the soul to take ^{her} flight ⁱⁿ, reigns the ^{stainless} 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 ~~own~~ 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 ~~power~~ opened ^{me} out upon this vast mystery like a bud in the forest in midnight. ~~And~~ 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. Given 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 ~~and~~ ^{to} finds its consolation in the left one in the very next moment.

Let me never lose ~~hold~~ hold of hope when
mist of depression steals upon me blotting
out the light that is in my heart and ^{the} 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
thou who drawest the veil ^{of night} 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} ~~fractured~~
 by ~~the~~ narrow domestic walls; where
 words come out from the depth of truth;
 where sleepless striving stretches its strenuous
^{arms} ~~limbs~~ towards perfection; where the clear
 stream of reason has not lost its way into
 the ^{dreary} desert sand of dead habit, and where
 the mind is led forward by thee into
~~some~~ ever widening thought and action
 - there waken up my country into that
 heaven of freedom, my father!

This is my prayer to thee, my lord, - strike,
~~the~~ strike at the root of all ~~is~~ 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 ~~allow~~ disown the poor and bend my
~~head~~ ^{knee} 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 & 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 ~~for~~ 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. Ah, I hug this pride ~~in my heart~~ 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 car, 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 ^{out} my heart in
vain longing?

I went abegging from door to door in the ~~poor~~ village path, when ~~they~~^{this} golden chariot 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 ~~awaiting~~ waiting for alms to be given unasked and wealth scattered on all sides on the dust.

The chariot stopped where I stood. ^{My glance fell} ~~You looked~~ on ^{me} my face and ^{thou camest} ~~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 ^{thou} ~~you~~ ^{didst} stretch ^{thy} ~~your~~ right hand and ask ~~me~~ "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} ~~you~~.

But what was my ~~of~~ 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~~ had heart to give ^{thee} ~~you~~ 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 ~~the~~ said "No, it can not 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~~ 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 conchshells be sounded! In the depth 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 ^{the} 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 leecher I searched in the dawn only for a stray ~~rose~~ ^{petal} or two.

Ah me, what is it I find! What taken left of thy love! It is no flower, no spices, no vase of perfumed ~~the~~ water. It is thy mighty sword ~~shining~~ ^{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 no flower, no 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 corner, no more coyress 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 ~~warm~~ touch has not yet melted my
 vapour making me one with thy light and thus
 I count months and years ~~of~~ separated 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 wanton
 wind and spread it ⁱⁿ varied wonders.

And again when it shall be thy wish to end
 this play at night I shall melt ~~into~~ 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 splendor 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 ~~the~~ ^{chain} of light and one of the stars has been lost."

The golden string of their harp snapped, their song stopped and they cried in dismay - "Yes that ^{lost} star was the best, she was the glory of all heavens!"

From that day the search is unceasing for her and the cry goes on from ~~the~~ one to the other, ^{that in} ~~her~~ ^{the world} 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 mine own~~
~~my own~~ ~~my own~~ 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 ~~is~~ 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 ~~dash~~ it strikes against peace with all its might even thus my mad rebellion strikes against thy love and still ~~my~~ ^{its} cry is, I want thee, only thee.

I thought that my voyage was at its end at the last limit of ~~what~~^{my power,} ~~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 ~~the strains~~
 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.

— M —

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 ⁱⁿ their ships, ~~or~~ while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasure, they ~~no~~ know not ^{how} to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter and smiles the sea beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children ~~or~~ even like a mother ^{while} rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children and

3 miles

the sea beach & smiles.

^ 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 ~~sto~~ 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 parule. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The fleeting smile that flickers on baby's lips when it sleeps - does anybody know where it had its birth? Yes, it is heard, that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge 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 ^{why} waves send
their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening
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 cups
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 ^{summer} breeze brings to my body when I
kiss thee to make thee smile.

প্রসঙ্গ কথা

জীবনের শেষপর্বে মংপুতে বসে একদিন রবীন্দ্রনাথ বলেছিলেন :

• আমি কোনো দেবতা সৃষ্টি করে প্রার্থনা করতে পারিনে, নিজের কাছ থেকে নিজের সেই দুর্লভ মুক্তির জন্য চেষ্টা করি। সে চেষ্টা প্রত্যহ করতে হয়, তা না হ'লে আবিলা হ'য়ে ওঠে দিন। আর তো সময় নেই, যাবার আগে সেই বড়ো আমিকেই জীবনে প্রধান করে তুলতে হবে, সেইটেই আমার সাধনা।

এই সাধনাই মুক্তিসন্ধানী কবির আজীবনের সাধনা। কনিষ্ঠ পুত্র শমীন্দ্রনাথের আকস্মিক মৃত্যুর (৭ অগ্রহায়ণ ১৩১৪) পরে প্রথমে যে গানে তাঁর হৃদয়ের প্রকাশ তা হল, 'অন্তর মম বিকশিত করো অন্তরতর হে।' অন্তরস্থিত দেবতার প্রতি তাঁর এই সমর্পিত প্রাণের অর্ঘ্য এই আত্ম-উন্মোচনের প্রেরণা গীতাঞ্জলির অনেক রচনাতে পাওয়া যায়। গীতাঞ্জলি পর্বের ভাবের স্রোত বয়ে চলেছে গীতিমাল্য-গীতালির রচনাগুলির মধ্য দিয়ে।

১৩১৭ বঙ্গাব্দের ভাদ্র মাসে ১৫৭টি নূতন গান ও কবিতার একটি সংকলন ইন্ডিয়ান পাবলিশিং হাউস থেকে গীতাঞ্জলি নামে প্রকাশিত হয়। প্রকাশক সতীশচন্দ্র মিত্র।

সেসময় শরীর তাঁর সুস্থ ছিল না। কিছুদিন থেকেই লন্ডনে গিয়ে চিকিৎসা করানোর জন্য আত্মীয়দের তাগিদ ছিল। ১৯১২ সালের ১৯ মার্চ তারিখে লন্ডন রওনা হওয়ার আগের দিন অসুস্থ হয়ে পড়ে বিশ্রামের জন্য চলে গেলেন শিলাইদহে। সেখানে বিশ্রামকালে কবি নিজের বেশ কিছু গান ও কবিতা ইংরেজিতে অনুবাদ শুরু করেছিলেন। মাঝে চৈত্রসংক্রান্তির দিন ফিরেছিলেন শান্তিনিকেতনে। যোগ দিয়েছিলেন নববর্ষের উপাসনায়। ২০ বৈশাখ আবার ফিরে যান শিলাইদহে। তখনও নূতন রচনার প্রেরণা যেমন আছে, মন তেমনি আগের মতোই লিপ্ত আছে অনুবাদ কর্মে।

সেখানে এবারের জন্মদিন কাটল নিতান্ত অনাড়ম্বরভাবে নিজের পরিবারের সান্নিধ্যে। ২৯ বৈশাখ জগদানন্দ রায়কে লেখেন :

আমার এই ৫২ বৎসরের জন্মদিনের উৎসব খুব একটা ঝড় জলের মধ্যে সমাধা হয়ে গেছে। মনে মনে তাই আশা করছি এই ঝড়ে আমার জীবনের আর একটা পর্যায় বুঝি সূচনা করে দিচ্ছে— পুরাতনের সমস্ত জীর্ণ পাতা উড়িয়ে দিয়ে জীবনের শেষ ফল ফলাবার জন্যে এবার বুঝি একবার নূতনে সবুজে সাজতে হবে।

সেইদিনই অজিতকুমার চক্রবর্তীকে লিখেছিলেন :

... অনেকদিন ধরে বৃষ্টি হব হব করে হয়নি— কেবলি মেঘ করে আর শুকনো বাতাস এসে উড়িয়ে নিয়ে যায়— আমার জন্মদিনের অপরাহ্নে বাতাস বইতে মেঘ জমতে জমতে অবশেষে প্রচুর বর্ষণ হয়ে দিন শেষ হল। আমার মনে হল সমস্ত দিন অপেক্ষা করে আমি তাঁর কাছ থেকে এই জন্মদিনের আশীর্বাদপত্র পেলুম— সংবাদ এল শুল্কতা এবং ব্যর্থতার মধ্যেই দিন অবসান হবে না— সন্ধ্যা আসবার আগেই বর্ষণ হয়ে যাবে— কেবলি বারবার ঐ মেঘ উড়িয়ে নিয়ে যাবে না— একদিন আপনাকে নিঃশেষ করে সমর্পণ করে নিয়ে যেতে পারব— তারপরে সুগভীর বিরাম। তবে আর একবার উৎসাহ করে যাত্রা আরম্ভ করি— চলতে চলতেই সমস্ত জীর্ণতা ছিন্ন হয়ে পড়ে পড়ে যাবে— সমস্ত আবরণ খসে খসে ধূলায় পড়ে যাবে, বসে থাকলেই কেবল স্তরের উপর স্তর মেঘ জমে, ভারের উপর ভার চাপে। অতএব চললুম মনটাকে এই পৃথিবীর ঘেঁষাঘেঁষির মধ্যে দিয়ে একবার টেনে নিয়ে যাই— তাকে তীর্থে তীর্থে স্নান করিয়ে নিয়ে আসি। এবার ক্ষয় করবার অভিযানে যাত্রা করি— চলতে চলতে স্থূলতা আমার যাক। যেটুকু আমার বিশুদ্ধ সত্য, তাই মুক্ত হয়ে বেরিয়ে পড়ুক। এই জীবনের শেষে গিয়ে যখন থামতে হবে, সামনে তখন যেন পূর্ণতাকে দেখতে পাই, সত্যের মুখোমুখি দাঁড়াতে পারি।

তারপর ১৯১২ সালের ২৪ মে তারিখে যখন তিনি রথীন্দ্রনাথ, প্রতিমা দেবী-সহ ইংল্যান্ডে রওনা হলেন, যে নোট বইতে অনুবাদ শুরু করেছিলেন সেটি তাঁর

সঙ্গে ছিল। সমুদ্রপথের দিনগুলিতে স্বীয় রচনার অনুবাদের নেশায় আগাগোড়াই মগ্ন ছিলেন। পরে চিঠিতে লিখেছেন নিজেরই সৃষ্টি অন্য এক ভাষার মাধ্যমে নতুন করে ফিরে পাওয়ার আনন্দ তাঁকে জড়িয়ে ছিল, 'আর একদিন যে ভাবের হাওয়াক মনের মধ্যে রসের উৎসব জেগে উঠেছিল সেইটিকে আর একবার আর এক ভাষার ভিতর দিয়ে মনের মধ্যে উদ্ভাবিত করে নেবার জন্য কেমন একটা তাগিদ এল।'

খাতাখানি লন্ডনে পৌঁছে রটেনস্টাইনের সঙ্গে প্রথম সাক্ষাতে তাঁর হাতে তিনি তুলে দেন। ইতিপূর্বে রবীন্দ্রনাথ ও তাঁর রচনার সঙ্গে রটেনস্টাইনের সামান্য একটু পরিচয় হয়েছিল। খাতা-ভরা এই নূতন কবিতাগুচ্ছ পড়ে তিনি মুগ্ধ হয়ে যান এবং কবিতাগুলির টাইপ করা প্রতিলিপি তিন জনের কাছে পাঠান। তাঁরা হলেন ডব্লু. বি. ইয়েটস, অ্যান্ড্রু সিসিল ব্রাডলি এবং স্টপফোর্ড বুক। পশ্চিমদেশে রবীন্দ্রনাথের সাহিত্যিক প্রতিষ্ঠার সেই সূচনা। ভারতবর্ষীয় কবির সেই গৌরব ও খ্যাতির ইতিহাস দীর্ঘ এবং সুবিদিত।

এই পাণ্ডুলিপির একটি চিত্র প্রতিলিপি আমাদের হাতে এসেছে। রটেনস্টাইন পেপার্স যা আমেরিকার হার্ভার্ড বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের হুটন গ্রন্থাগারে [Houghton Library] সংরক্ষিত আছে। এই রবীন্দ্র পাণ্ডুলিপি তাঁর অন্তর্ভুক্ত।

ইংরেজি গীতাঞ্জলি প্রকাশের নেপথ্য ইতিহাস বর্ণনা করতে গিয়ে রবীন্দ্রনাথ দু-টি অনুবাদ রচনা সংবলিত খাতার কথা বলেছিলেন। সৌরীন্দ্র মিত্র তাঁর খ্যাতি অখ্যাতির নেপথ্যে গ্রন্থে বলেছেন :

১৬ জুন কবি ইংলন্ডে পৌঁছিলেন। পৌঁছেই অবিলম্বে যে খাতাটি রটেনস্টাইনকে সমর্পণ করেন সেটি হল সেই প্রথম খাতাটি যেটিতে তিনি লিখতে শুরু করেছিলেন শিলাইদহে। সমুদ্রযাত্রাকালে এই খাতাটি শেষ হয়ে যাওয়ায়, দ্বিতীয় একখানি খাতা তাঁকে ব্যবহার করতে হয়েছিল সে কথা চিঠিতেই তিনি লিখেছেন। প্রথম খাতাখানিই কবি রটেনস্টাইনকে দেন, দ্বিতীয়টি তাঁর কাছেই থাকে এবং ইংলন্ড বাসকালে এবং পরে আমেরিকা সফরকালে সেটিও ক্রমে নতুন রচনায় ভরে উঠতে থাকে।

সেই দ্বিতীয় খাতাখানি এখনও পর্যন্ত অনাবিস্কৃত। শ্যামলকুমার সরকারের

প্রবন্ধ The Manuscript of Gitanjali : A Supplementary note (V.B.Q., Vol. 44, Nos. 3 & 4 : 150-75) থেকে এই তথ্য জানা যায় এবং প্রশান্তকুমার পালের *রবীন্দ্রজীবনী* ষষ্ঠ খণ্ডে একই কথা আছে।

রটেনস্টাইনকে উপহৃত প্রথম খাতাখানির শনাক্তকরণে কোনো দ্বিমত নেই। খাতাটির প্রথম পুস্তানিতে রটেনস্টাইনের সংক্ষিপ্ত মন্তব্যটি এইরকম : Original manuscript of Gitanjali which the poet brought me from India on his initial visit to us 'at Oak Hill Park. হুটন গ্রন্থাগারে রক্ষিত এই খাতাখানির বর্ণনায় গ্রন্থাগার পঞ্জিতে বলা হয়েছে সেটি 'Blue Raon'-এ বাঁধানো। ৮৬ পৃষ্ঠার খাতাটিতে রবীন্দ্রনাথের নিজের হাতে কেবলমাত্র ডানদিকের পৃষ্ঠাগুলিতে পৃষ্ঠাঙ্ক দেওয়া আছে। ৮৩ পৃষ্ঠা পর্যন্ত এই পৃষ্ঠাঙ্কের বিস্তার। পরের বাকি তিনটি পাতাতেও তাঁর করা কবিতার অনুবাদ আছে। এই পাণ্ডুলিপিচিত্র প্রতিলিপিতে ডানদিকের প্রতি পাতার নীচে ইংরেজিতে পৃষ্ঠাঙ্ক দেখা যায়। প্রথম পুস্তানি থেকে ধরে তার সংখ্যা ৪৭ পর্যন্ত। অনেকগুলি পৃষ্ঠায় বাংলা গান বা কবিতার পাশাপাশি ইংরেজি অনুবাদ আছে, কোনো কোনো পৃষ্ঠায় আছে শুধু ইংরেজি অনুবাদ। সৌরীন্দ্র মিত্র বলেছেন :

যেহেতু প্রকাশিত গ্রন্থের ৪/৫ অংশই রটেনস্টাইন-খাতা থেকে নেওয়া, এটিকেই ইংরেজি গীতাঞ্জলির আদিম আকার গ্রন্থ বলা যায় . . . প্রকৃতপক্ষে এটি নিতান্তই একটা প্রাথমিক খসড়া। হয়তো প্রথম দিককার কোনো কোনো কবিতায় খানিকটা পরিমার্জনের এবং হয়তো কোনো কোনো ক্ষেত্রে দু-একবার পুনর্লিখনের সুযোগ কবি পেয়ে থাকবেন কিন্তু পরবর্তী এবং অধিকাংশ কবিতা তিনিই প্রথম প্রয়াসেই যেমনটি লিখেছিলেন ঠিক সেই ভাবেই— অর্থাৎ প্রাথমিক খসড়ায় যে ধরনের ছোটোখাটো অসংগতি বা স্বলন বা ভাষাগত শৈথিল্য অনিবার্য তার কিছু কিছু দৃষ্টান্ত সমেত— ঐ খাতাখানি যে বিধৃত আছে, ফোটোস্টাট কপি পরীক্ষা করলে সে বিষয়ে নিঃসন্দেহ হওয়া যায়।

একথা আজ আর কারও অজানা নেই যে *Gitanjali (Song Offerings)*-এ যে ১০৩টি অনুবাদ রচনা আছে সেগুলি সংগৃহীত হয়েছিল বিভিন্ন কাব্যগ্রন্থ

থেকে, তাদের সংখ্যা এইভাবে নিরূপিত হয়েছে : গীতাঞ্জলি ৫৩, নৈবেদ্য ১৭ (নৈবেদ্য-এর ৮৯ ও ৯০ সংখ্যক কবিতা একত্রে), গীতিমালা ১৫, খেয়া ১১, শিশু ৩ এবং অচলায়তন, চৈতালি, স্মরণ, কল্পনা ও উৎসর্গ-এর ১টি করে।

আলোচ্য খাতাটির ৮৩টি রচনা গ্রন্থে স্থান পেয়েছে। রবীন্দ্রবিশেষজ্ঞরা মনে করেন বাকি ২০টি রচনা গৃহীত হয়েছিল কবির দ্বিতীয় পাণ্ডুলিপি থেকে। প্রশান্তকুমার পাল প্রথম নোট খাতাটিতে বিধৃত অনুবাদ রচনাগুলির সময়কাল নির্ধারণ প্রসঙ্গে যা বলেছেন তা আমরা উদ্ধৃত করছি :

... অনুবাদের জন্য রবীন্দ্রনাথ প্রথম তুলে নিলেন সদ্যোৰচিত 'আমার এই পথ চাওয়াতেই আনন্দ' [১৭ চৈত্র] গানটি, পরবর্তী অনুবাদ 'কোলাহল তো বারণ হল' [১৮ চৈত্র] অবলম্বনে। এর পরের অনুবাদে এসেই অবশ্য আমাদের থমকে যেতে হবে। পাণ্ডুলিপিতে অনুবাদের ক্রম যদি রক্ষিত হয়ে থাকে, তবে চৈত্র মাসে আর কোনো অনুবাদ হয়নি বলে সিদ্ধান্ত করতে হয়— কারণ পরবর্তী অনুবাদ 'আমারে তুমি অশেষ করেছ' গানটি অবলম্বনে, যেটি ৭ বৈশাখ ১৩১৯ তারিখে শান্তিনিকেতনে রচিত। চতুর্থ পৃষ্ঠার অনুবাদটিও একই তারিখে রচিত 'হার মানা হার পরাব তোমার গলে' গানের।

নোবেল পুরস্কারের পরে রবীন্দ্রনাথকে ঘিরে কিছুদিন আদর-অভ্যর্থনার বান ডেকেছিল, তখন রামেন্দ্রসুন্দর ত্রিবেদীর অভিনন্দন পত্রের উত্তরে (১৭ নভেম্বর ১৯১৩) লিখেছিলেন 'কোলাহল ত বারণ হল' গানটি দিয়ে তিনি অনুবাদ শুরু করেছিলেন। চিঠিটি উদ্ধৃত করি :

সম্মানের ভূতে আমাকে পাইয়াছে, আমি তো মনে মনে ওঝা ডাকিতেছে—
আপনাদের আনন্দে আমি সম্পূর্ণ যোগ দিতে পারিতেছি না। আপনি হয়ত
ভাবিবেন এটা আমার স্বাতন্ত্র্য হইল কিন্তু অন্তর্যামী জানেন আমার জীবন
কিবুপ ভারতুর হইয়া উঠিয়াছে।

“কোলাহল ত বারণ হল

এবার কথা কানে কানে”—

এই কবিতাটি দিয়া আমি গীতাঞ্জলির ইংরেজি তর্জমা শুরু করিয়াছিলাম
বারণটা যে কতদূর সফল হইল তাহা দেখিতেই পাইতেছেন।

আলোচ্য নোটখাতায় 'কোলাহল ত বারণ হল' গানটির অনুবাদ আমরা দ্বিতীয় পৃষ্ঠায় পাই। অবশ্য তা থেকে অনুবাদের ক্রম সম্পর্কে নির্দিষ্ট করে কিছু বলা যায় না বা কোনো কিছু প্রমাণিত বা অপ্রমাণিত হয় না। কারণ এ খাতার কোনো রচনাতেই তারিখ দেওয়া নেই।

আর একটি প্রসঙ্গ এখানে উল্লেখনীয় যে, আমরা আগেই বলেছি এই খাতার ৮৩টি রচনা ইংরেজি গীতাঞ্জলি গ্রন্থে স্থান পেয়েছে, অতিরিক্ত যে তিনটি রচনা এতে আছে সেগুলি হল : On the day thou breakst through this . . . পৃ ৩৩, 'নামটা যেদিন ঘুচাবে নাথ'। গীতাঞ্জলি ১৪৪; More life, my lord, yet more, . . . পৃ ৫৮, 'প্রাণ ভরিয়ে তৃষা হরিয়ে মোরে আরো আরো আরো দাও প্রাণ'। গীতিমালা ২৮; Thy rod of justice thou hast given to . . . পৃ ৬৬, 'তোমার ন্যায়ের দণ্ড প্রত্যেকের করে'। নৈবেদ্য ৭০। রচনাগুলি শ্যামলকুমার সরকারের On the autograph manuscript of Gitanjali (VBQ Vol. 43 Nos. 3 & 4 : 235-62) প্রবন্ধের সঙ্গে মুদ্রিত হয়েছিল পরে রবীন্দ্রবীক্ষা সংকলন ২১, শ্রাষণ ১৩৯৬ সংখ্যায় প্রকাশিত হয়েছে। অবশেষে এই তিনটি অনুবাদ *The English writings of Rabindranath Tagore, Vol. Four, Edited by Nityapriya Ghosh (2001)* গ্রন্থে অন্তর্ভুক্ত হয়েছে।

রবীন্দ্রকবিতার কবিকৃত অনুবাদ প্রসঙ্গে এ-পর্যন্ত বহু বিশিষ্ট জনের লেখা প্রকাশিত হয়েছে। সৌরীন্দ্র মিত্র, শ্যামলকুমার সরকার এবং প্রশান্তকুমার পাল যাঁদের উল্লেখ আগেই করেছি তাঁদের সকলের লেখাতেই আলোচ্য পাণ্ডুলিপিটির প্রসঙ্গ গুরুত্বের সঙ্গে বিবেচিত হয়েছে। শান্তিনিকেতন রবীন্দ্রভবনে আলোচ্য খাতাটির চিত্রপ্রতিলিপি আছে, যার সংখ্যা MS 429 বলে জানা যায়। বিশ্বভারতী থেকে ইতিমধ্যে গীতাঞ্জলির দু-টি বিশেষ সংস্করণ প্রকাশিত হয়েছে। যার একটি দ্বিভাষিক (১৯৯৯) অন্যটি বাংলা পাণ্ডুলিপি চিত্র (২০০৩)। স্বদেশে বা বিদেশে কোথা থেকেও রবীন্দ্রনাথের এই পাণ্ডুলিপি এ-পর্যন্ত প্রকাশিত হয়েছে বলে আমাদের জানা নেই। এই পাণ্ডুলিপি খাতাটি সম্পর্কে কোনো বিশ্লেষণাত্মক আলোচনার অভিপ্রায় আমাদের নেই। এটির অপরিসীম গুরুত্ব বিচার করে আমরা এই পাণ্ডুলিপি

গ্রন্থাকারে প্রকাশ করলাম। রবীন্দ্রসাহিত্যানুরাগী পাঠকরাই আমাদের উদ্দিষ্ট, তাঁরা যদি আনন্দ পান, এই গ্রন্থ, যদি তাঁদের নিভৃতক্ষণের রবীন্দ্রচর্চার সঙ্গী হয় তাহলেই আমাদের উদ্যোগ সার্থক হবে।

এই পাণ্ডুলিপিচিত্র প্রতিলিপি আমাদের উপহার দিয়েছেন আমেদাবাদের শ্রীমোহনদাসভাই পটেল। তাঁকে আমাদের সম্বন্ধ কৃতজ্ঞতা জানাই। পাণ্ডুলিপিটি গ্রন্থাকারে প্রকাশের ইচ্ছার পরিকল্পনার কথা প্রথমেই জানিয়েছিলাম শ্রীশঙ্খ ঘোষকে। তাঁর কাছ থেকে প্রস্তাবের সমর্থন পেয়ে অগ্রসর হতে সাহস পেয়েছি। সাহিত্য সংসদ-এর কর্ণধার শ্রীদেবজ্যোতি দত্তের সঙ্গে যোগাযোগ তাঁরই মাধ্যমে। শ্রীদেবজ্যোতি দত্তকে ধন্যবাদ জানাই। শ্রদ্ধেয় শ্রীশঙ্খ ঘোষকে কৃতজ্ঞতা প্রকাশের ভাষা আমার জানা নেই। আমরা প্রতিটি কাজের প্রধান সহায় শ্রীমতী প্রণতি মুখোপাধ্যায়, তাঁকে আমার প্রণাম জানাই।

শ্রীপঞ্চমী ১৪১৫

অভীকুমার দে

About the book

Two years after the publication of *Gitanjali* (1910), before he sailed for England in May 1912, Rabindranath Tagore spent quite some time convalescing at Shelidah (a village in East Bengal on the banks of the river Padma which was very dear to him). It was during this period that he started translating the *Gitanjali* as well as some other poems into English, an endeavour which soon took him over completely.

Tagore had a previous acquaintance with William Rothenstein, the renowned artist, who was also familiar with some of his works. In a letter to Indira Debi, Tagore recollects his experience of this period as:

[At Shelidah] . . . I took up the poems of *Gitanjali* and set myself to translate them one by one. . . The pages of a small exercise-book came to be filled gradually, and with it in my pocket I boarded the ship. The idea of keeping it in my pocket was that when my mind became restless on the high seas, I would recline on a deck-chair and set myself to translate one or two poems from time to time. And that is what actually happened. From one exercise-book I passed on to another. Rothenstein already had an inkling of my reputation as a poet from another Indian friend. Therefore, when in the course of conversation he expressed a desire to see some of my poems, I handed him my manuscript

with some diffidence. I could hardly believe the opinion he expressed after going through it. He then made over the manuscript to Yeats. The story of what followed is known to you.

Soon after this, Tagore's poetic genius was globally acclaimed and he was honoured with the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913.

The English *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*) was first published in November 1912. It contained 103 poems, *Gitanjali* 53, *Naivedya* 17, (Nos. 89 and 90 came as one), *Gitimalya* 15, *The Kheya* 11, *Sisu* 3 and one each from *Achalayatan*, *Chaitali*, *Kalpana*, *Smaran*, *Utsarga*.

Throughout his life Rothenstein preserved the first notebook of Tagore's translation with extreme care, while the second notebook remained with the poet himself. Tagore scholars worldwide, however, affirm the first notebook to be the pioneer. It is in the Houghton Library of Harvard University among the Rothenstein papers. This book aims at providing the admirers of Tagore with that invaluable first source-manuscript of *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*).

31 January, 2009

Abhik Kumar Dey

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