

BENGAL,
THY NAME IS BEAUTY

A Translated Version of
Rupasse Bangla of Jibanananda Das

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Rupasse Bangla of Jibanananda Das

Translated by
Abdul Mannan



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Dedication

"Nilufar, my love, thy name is beauty"

An Apology

After the sad demise of my wife Nilufar, I decided to write a book on her life. Of late I was not pulling well with my health.

However, I decided to translate the poetry of "Rupasee Bangla" by poet Jibanananda Das. I thought it to be done in a short time. But, Oh my good Lord, it turned out to be a very difficult task. I translated the title 'Rupasee Bangla' as 'Bengal,Thy Name Is Beauty' in English.

Once I had started, I was determined to have a go at completing it.

The poet's ancestors lived in Vikrampur and then migrated to Barisal, on the other hand I was born in Dhaka District in 1942.

I believe in only one God, i.e. I am monotheist, but I equally respect other religions.

The great philosopher George Barnad Shaw said about monotheism:

"There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it".

The poet felt strongly against the inequality in gender. I do the same and feel disgraced for inequality inflicted to women.

In my budget speech 1993 in parliament I requested to defer my scheduled time of speech to enable my wife and daughter to reach Parliament and hear. With the strong support from Barrister Moudud Ahmed (in opposition then) other honorable Members of Parliament my request was accepted by the honorable Speaker.

I told the epic story of ruddy shelduck (chakha and chakhi) there.

The story went to reveal that the female duck was better half of the pair than the male one. In the case of human beings the gender inequality has never been gauged properly, neither duly recognized for women ab initio. There are lots of areas where we need to make adjustments in order to cover the gaps.

Anyway, to understand the poems of Jibanananda Das, I think it is important to consider the issues given below:

- (1) Generation gap between the poet and myself.
- (2) Flora, fauna, rivers, meadows, crops and so on and so forth have changed substantially over the decades.
- (3) The poet's concept and perception eight decades ago might not have been on the same footing to that of mine.
- (4) Technological advancement has taken newer dimensions.
- (5) In those days cholera, small pox, T.B., malaria and typhoid etc diseases were deadly. Now many new ones have emerged for some of which medicines are yet to be discovered.
- (6) There have been many socio-economic, geo-political changes. In many cases, it may not be possible to cope in a short time, as ways are yet to be explored.
- (7) When the poems were composed it was a united Bengal i.e. in pre-1947 days, the conceptualization was on different platform, now the overall scenario is different. "Bengal" meant united Bengal. Now it should be Bangladesh because most of the pictures inlaced in the poems are from the land of Bengal, which is now Bangladesh.

The esteemed readers' concepts may not entirely match to that of mine. However, I tried my best to minimize the gap. In spite of that, if the gap in between still remains too wide to reconcile, I sincerely apologize for that.

Abdul Mannan

Index

Part - 1

Title of poem	Page
• The day, this earth	11
• You might move on your own accord	12
• Bengal as viewed	13
• As I had been surviving	14
• On a day at Jalshidi	15
• Seven Stars in the sky	16
• Oh, seen nowhere?	17
• Oh bird! One Day!	18
• Life or death	19
• That day when I would go	20
• The world keeping busy	21
• I would fall asleep	22
• When I would be asleep	23
• When would lie in of death sleep	24
• Would come again	25
• If I would detach	26
• Perhaps someday	27
• The Myna that died	28
• Somewhere I would go	29
• Off your bosom	30
• Huts of fan-palm leaves	31
• Evening breeze on <i>Ashwathwa</i>	32
• Getting soaked by cloud	33
• No where to look for	34
• Mid-day in a country side	35
• Long back the golden sun shine gone out?	36

Title of poem	Page
● A place here on earth	37
● In so many mornings - mid-day	38
● Why would leave the highland?	39
● Here the Sky would be blue	40
● Somewhere near the Meadow	41
● Intent going	42
● Voice of doves here	43
● In the land of crematorium	44
● Yet knew wrongly	45
● Inside a golden cage	46
● So many days in the darkness of evening	47
● When all these poems were composed	48
● So many days you and I	49
● Here life would be in stream	50
● If on one day!	51
● Sensing the smell of the far away world	52
● Alley trough the " <i>ashwathwa</i> and banyan tree"	53
● Of the embracing grass	54
● This water was endearing	55
● One day on the path of this earth	56
● On my way to this world	57
● Felt sorrows of human beings	58
● Why would you be far away?	59
● Our hard talk	60
● This world and I	61
● Sound of paddy in the wind	62
● One day this body	63
● Where would they be all today?	64
● Would never see again	65
● Days of love in heart	66
● In the grass that	67
● All there, would appear to be likeable	68
● Evening all around	69
● One day in the mist on this meadow	70
● Having thought a lot would develop pain	71

The day, this earth

That day, this meadow wouldn't remain quiet
Encompassed between rivers and stars
Dream would keep coming,
When does the desire for golden dream die down?
As I would leave,
Would not the flowers of elephant apple be wet with dews?
With the wave of mild smells?
Would not barn owl sing for its consort?
When does the desire for golden dream die down?
Amidst smooth lamps all around, soggy smell, mild noise
When the ferries had anchored very near
To the island
All these legends of earth would live forever
Today *Assyria* is dust -Babylon turned into ashes.

You might move on your own accord

You may go anywhere you wish,
I would remain here in Bengal,
To view jackfruit leaves
Falling in the morning breeze,
Watch dark brown Martin getting chilled as day closes,
Beneath its fine white feathers, its yellow legs
Would keep dancing in the grass in dark, once - twice,
Before mango-pine calls it to its heart;
Would find female hands with sad white bangle
Crying like conch;
She stands near the pond.
As if she would take the duck of colour of fried grain
To a mythical land,
As if mythical odour is pertained to its tender body
As if it has born out of water spinach in the house of the pond
Silently wash the legs once
Before disappearing aimlessly into the mist in the far away,
However, I know I would not lose her in the crowd of the world
She is there at the riverbank of Bengal.

Bengal as viewed

I have seen the face of Bengal,
So I don't go for searching beauty of the earth;
I come to see having got up in the dark
A morning magpie sitting under a big leaf of fig tree like an umbrella,
And gazing around I find stacks of leaves of berries,
Banyan, jackfruit, mango-pine and sacred fig remaining quiet there.
Casting their shadows on the bushes of prickly pear and *zedoary*,
Don't know how long ago, sitting in a canoe called Madhukar near the town of Champa
Mythical trader Chand saw
The blue shadow of mango-pine-banyan-mottled ebony,
The unprecedented beauty of Bengal,
So did *Behula* with a raft on the water of Gangur River
When the moonlight ebbed at the riverbank
On the twelfth night of the dark fortnight of lunar month,
On the shallow side of the river
Saw countless sacred fig trees beside golden rice,
Alas, listened yet to Shama's soft tune,
In heaven, once, danced
Like a lone dancing wagtail in the Assembly Hall of *Indra*
Rivers, meadows, Glory Bower, of Bengal,
All in alliance cried like dancing anklets
In her feet.

As I had been surviving

As long as I am alive
I want to see
The sky that has spread
To a faraway sky,
Being blue like blue pea
More blue, yet more - more blue;
Where the morning egrets and kingfishers fly
In the Ashwin, second month of Autumn,
Having swept the sky by their wings;
I want to see
I wish to sit
On the grass of Bengal;
After wandering around the earth
Taking much pain in heart
I would blow along the path towards the river *Dhanshidi*
To the crematorium of Bengal
Where that Shama, of Ramprasad, comes
Still today,
Where the corpse of a beautiful lady
In the embroidered saree
Rides on a sandal wood pyre
Where parrots loses its words on the mango branches,
There is the most grace
The deepest sorrow,
Where lotus dries up,
Where Vishalakshi is quiet for a long time;
Where once upon a time
Bangles of *Shankhamala* (conch), *Chandramala*, and Manikkumar rang,
Ah, would they ring again ever?

On a day at *Jalshidi*

One day on the bank of the river *Jalshidi*
In the meadow of this Bengal I would lie under a shrivelled banyan tree;
Its red fruit as soft as hair
Would fall on the desolate grass;
The crescent would remain awake,
The river water
Like a Bengali girl would keep knocking with fear
At the grey door of the Visha*lakshmi* temple.
Then at the broken stair into the river,
Where beautiful ladies don't come any more,
Only jute farments,
The river will cry the whole night
Like a witch
Tying herself with water spinach, -
Will see
Some people at some time
Have prepared mango wood funeral pyre;
The surprised sky of Shravan, the second month of rainy season, would
stare;
Wet barn owl with placid open eyes
Would tell stories of *Lakshmi* in the forest of burflower tree
The river would play songs of Bhasan opera in solitude;
The paddy fields of Bengal spread like saree, white conch,
A blue monastery surrounded by the grass of Bengal
And giant calotrope, adulsa shrubs
Eroding slowly aside;
All these emotions surging around.

Seven Stars in the sky

When the *seven stars* have appeared in the sky
I stay put on this grass;
As if the clouds that are red like star-fruit have sunk in the waters of
Ganges like Monia, a girl, did -
The blue evening of Bengal,
Calm and devoted,
Has arrived -
as if a girl with thick hair
Has come in the sky:
Her hair falling on my eyes and face;
Nowhere
The world has ever seen this girl,
Never had I seen
So many kisses
That her hair had
Relentlessly
On mango-pine, jackfruit,
And berries,
I haven't known of
So much soothing smell
That comes out of the hairdo of the beauties
Anywhere in the world:
The smell of tender paddy,
Fragrance of water spinach, feather of duck,
Reeds, pond water,
Mild smell of pomfret and olive barb,
Wet hand of teenager girl after washing rice - a cool hand;
Nut grass trampled under the feet of adolescent boy, - Exhausted silence
of distressed smell of red fruits of banyan tree - Lying there the life of
Bengal;-
I can sense when the *seven stars* appear in the sky.

Oh, seen nowhere?

I have seen nowhere the grass so desolate, ah
In one side the meadow,
Gazing with sad eyes
In their blue heart are
Grasshopper's nest
Green beetle, butterfly, plenty of black green beetles,
Exhausted leaves of mango-pine - where
In thousands banyan tree fruits
Fall on their beautiful green heart time and again, -
When the adolescent village boys come to the bushes
To have soft fruits of cane, nickernuts,
Or search for tapered gourd seeds in the grasses,
Egrets don't know that
Nor martins or female wagtail,
Which day in the past
Do the countless grass
On both sides of the river and in the bushes
Think of, lying on this village?
At that time, this river *Jalshidi* didn't dry
Neither the sky lost its charm
When there were sounds from *Ballal Sen's* horse
And the saddle with bell around the mane,
In this way.
Even before the prince used to search something, by intermittently pulling
up
In this way, Ah, and became sad;
Today there is nothing to look up,
Now nickernuts satisfy.

Oh bird! One Day!

Oh, bird, were you in *Kalidaha* one day -
Did you not tweet in the midst of its winds of whirlpool,
At the mid-day of the first month of rainy season in this Bengal?
The whole day today
In the sounds of rain
Under the shadow of cloud
Reminds of Chand Sadagar
And his Madhukar boat
When they were caught in storm in the deep of the river,
Did many birds then fly against that black wind?
All day today the flock of bank *mynas* on the island of the Dhaleshawri
seems to be like they are floating in the middle of the river *Kalidaha*:
As if all these birds are not the one of today,
They are not -
Neither is it the river Dhaleshwari -
And the sky is not of today:
Is the *snake goddess* Manasa in the bush of cactuses?
Yes, it seems she is there,
Isn't this river *Kalidaha*?
Ah! Isn't it the face of Sanaka, wife of Chand Sadagar,
With loose hairdo, who I see?
How depressed, pale, and tired all the truths are!
This dream of you is true; snake-goddess Manasa herself said
Before leaving.

Life or death

Life or death would stay on the eyes
And grass of Bengal would also be in the heart;
This grass: *Sitaram, Rajaram, Ramnath Ray* -
Their horses still tread through the grass
In the dark - this grass;
Kankabati, Shankhamala are living underneath:
This grass covers odour of their bodies,
Their bathe with Champak flower, hairdo:
When late autumn comes in the ancient north Bengal
Leaves of mango pine fall in the afternoon
On the white yard in its first month,
Ducks go away, leaving the exhausted water of the pond,
And I lie down on this grass -
Martin wrung up this grass with the soft yellow legs;
Wet dust are lying in the grass - Blue bumblebees are rubbing gently
their wings transparent like glass with castor flower -
Milkdrop falling from oleander: perhaps some teenager girl
Had torn the flower and left,
So oleander's milkdrops are falling on grasses:
Tenderly anxious.

That day when I would go

That day when I would go away from you
I would go into the mist
That day when death would come in the dark
And take away my body, begging it;
Would I think myself alone that day
Sleeping in a corner of this blue Bengal
For a while, Oh; -
There would be no agitation in my mind
Whoever has passed the life in Bengal
In the dust of the grass on the wet earth -
Surrounded by the crowd of Bengalis
Whose life moans like Shravan, the second month of rainy season,
With the mild and intense rhythms myth-based folk songs like Kirtan,
Bhashan, folk tales, folk drama, folk song Panchali,
That gave me satisfaction;
For, I had never passed through glamourless path abroad
Not having forgotten land of Bengal
For days and months
Like that of spoiled parrot in a cage;
I have given away the Benali women my heart in the roads
With their footsteps
In the lovely world of Behula, Chand Sadagar's daughter in law, and
Lahana, his first wife,
Their soft hand after washing rice,
Rice grains in their hair,
Scarlet border of saree in hand;
Almost ripe mango, star-fruits and plum.

The world keeping busy

Where the world remains busy in making success and power,
Where tough monuments are rising up into the sky,
Where the crowd of ships touching the cloud raising their mast,
I have no idea,
I got raised house in the village of Bengal:
The raven flies to palm forest-With a couple of straws in their mouth-
To the palm forest,
And the mythical bird,
Which calls in the night that only the dying people can hear,
Fly down to the blue tamarind trees

In the morning with distress-
A feeling like that is in the heart;
I felt distressed
Seeing the beauty of fireflies in the gooseberry bush;
Also heard that barn owl
Had already sung on the branches of Bur flower-tree
In the deep of moonlit night,
That whole night dew dropped with sounds of falling;
That in pale face moat called
The eroded, wet bricks-
What murmur does the river to its heart;
But there was nobody anywhere
However, if you give ear to the moonlight,
You would hear sounds in the wind:
Where are you going, riding on the horse,
Oh, Rayrayan, the top revenue official under landlord?

I would fall asleep

Someday I would fall asleep in your starry night, Having overhead
summer cloud
As if hills of cowrie and conch
Would keep watching from the other side of the river,
Reminding me of some the grey beauty of a
girl decorated with conch shell,
Whom I saw at some time
Under the shades of mango and berry trees
Someday I had also kept my hands on hers;
Someday thereafter her remains,
Withered-away in the crematorium
Under the funeral pyre;
I wonder when, as if not in this lifetime,
Perhaps I spent time with her
Three centuries ago
In this village path, - or may be five centuries ago,
- then perhaps seven centuries then
Passed in your land of mango, berries and jackfruits;
After the paddy harvest
I don't know how many times I collected hays in the fields and
And raised huts having loved this land of Shama and Wagtail
Many times listening to the traditional Bhasan songs Huts and hays were
washed away,
Many times per
The house and hays were gone
Performing the narrative opera of *Mathur*.

When I would be asleep

Someday I would be asleep in your starry night;
Perhaps my youth was still in my heart -
The my days were not still finished
That was rather good
It feels sleepy
The grasses of Bengal close their eyes under my heart,
Green beetles have been in sleep in mango leaves
As I would also be sleeping with them,
I would sleep in this meadow out of desire of my life
On this grass
The story of my life without words would go to you slowly,
Many new festivals of upstream, life will be in your busy mind

In spite of that, boy, when you will go tearing the grass
With the scratch of your nails, -
When *Manikmala* would come in the morning
To gather red banyan fruits
And star-fruits in this path, -
When causing the horsinghar with its yellow-stalk
To exude on the grass;
How far are martins and wagtails flying today?
How much sun shine and cloud can be felt while sleeping in
In sleep in the illusion of death

When would lie in of death sleep

When I would lie down in the sleep of death under the stars in the dark,
May be under the shades of jack-fruit tree
Or by the river Dhaleshwari or Chilai-
Perhaps none come to the crematorium in the day time
Yet jackfruits and berries of Bengal - their shades that are falling on my chest-
Brown leaves of sacred fig trees are falling on my face-
Plum, flowering thistle, love my body,
So they become intimate in the ash of my pyre-
I am sleeping in the
grass of Bengal,
In the dense cluster of grass,
The stars are moving
In far, far, far into the lonely sky of Bengal
Then I fall asleep drowsily without reason
When I wake up again, my cremation pyre has got fully covered by the
grass of Bengal As I look, I smell adalsa,
And hear bumblebees flying over the pineapple flowers,
Hear, the faint murmur of blowing in the air in I hear them
They love me.

Would come again

I would come again on the bank of the *Dhanshidi* river
In this Bengal, perhaps not as a human being,
But as a brahminy kite or *myna*
Or might be as morning crow
In this autumnal harvesting land,
One day I might come floating through the mist
Under the shadows of jack-fruit trees
Or may be as duck or as a teenage girl
Wearing anklet around red feet,
All day would pass
Floating on the water filled with the smell of water spinach,
I would come back again
Loving the rivers, meadows and fields of Bengal
In the gloomy green land wetted by the waves of the river Jalangi
You may see bright green insect
Flying in the evening breeze
Perhaps a barn owl calling
Sitting on the branch of silk cotton tree
A child perhaps scattering
Perched paddy in the grass of the yard;
Perhaps a teenager boy hoisting a dilapidated sail
Plying a canoe on the muddy water of the river *Rupsa*;
You would find white egret coming to its nest swimming through the red
clouds in the dark,
It is I whom you would find me in their crowd.

If I would detach

If I fall one day in the blue mist of Kartik, the first month of late autumn,
When harvest are falling in falling in paddy fields of Bengal, closing their
gloomy eyes,
When sparrows have put their beak in its nest
Of tail grape,
When yellow leaves are mixing with brown ones,
When ducks gets only the smell of dews in the muddy water of pond,
Snails and oysters are lying on the faded green of mosses
If you would not find me
In the red spinach field
If I am not sitting there leaning against the wild elephant apple trees,
Then, be sure, the call of death has come in the dark
.At the call, flocks of kites That fly In scorching red sun and martins
Would leave
the blue land of Bengal for forests of mango and berries
At whose call, today rice that would be parched are falling apart
In in the fields,
When would the death come?
Oh, girl, keep your hand, whitened, being wet from washing Basmati rice,
on your chest,
I would put it as as a mark from Gorochona, the sacred pigment from the
bezoar of cow.

Perhaps someday

Perhaps someday I would see no more the Venus in the sky,
I may not see when a battalion of fire-flies douse
From the bush of Buffalo spinach
Neither would I see any more this bamboo clump,
The earth covered with by dried leaves of bamboo
Would turn into a deep darkness before my eyes;
I don't when would the barn owl call
In the light of full moon night in the autumn
And bent branches of mango would murmur
The red border of a girl's saree is seen in the moon
Bangles ring, - I don't not know who she would give the sacred water of
the Ganga and sweet balls made of coconut to.
I don't know if she would be staring at flame tree
Standing at the doorsteps
Holding sugar and kernel of palm in hand
Who she would have relationship again
I don't know that-
Who remember death?
Like the river *Kirtinasha* move on towards new land
Digging all the year round
She passes her days leaving behind dead island behind,
Does the sky at all cry
When the Venus goes out?

The *Myna* that died

The martin that dies in the fog

Never returns

And *Kanchanmala* flowers had fallen long before -

Pink morning glory still blossoming in the bush,

Alas! Martin never comes back;

Also *Vishalakshmi* had also left

After wiping off red tint on her feet;

The river have lost its flow as its surging water faced barriers in the mid-stream -

They don't come to the crematorium;

And tigers, wetted in the mangrove forest, looking with sparkling eyes,

Does it know densebut ruffled hair of so many chief queens

Of this golden Bengal lying

Under of its feet on the grass?

Does it see the temple remained clattered in the forest under the stars?

Awfully dried lotus ponds -

Dilapidated stairs of the locality

Thousands of such localities, all dead beauty-

Todayhornets sing on on the castor flowers -

Canals flow by with noise of water,

Yet not awakened - who gets up if they sleep once,

Though brahminy kite continues wailing,

While purple coraltree die with the murmur of dried leaves/

Somewhere I would go

Someday I would go somewhere;
Then the night sky with countless stars would come and go
For how long I would not know,
Neither would I know for ages
How long would keep falling on the yard
These yellow-brown leaves
Of coral and fig trees -
With wetted odour of
of Bengal in their breathing;
Nor would I know for how long
Grass like *Parthupi* and *Madhukopi*
Would lay scattered on the meadows;
And
Owl would rub its wing on this grass
Getting down
Off braches of jackfruit trees -
The Pashmina Shawl of green of *Balami* paddy of Bengal
Is on its chest -
How long it would extract the leisure from the sun of autumn?
Forgetting the Nickernut, in her saree's expanse end
The teenage girl would look slightly down
Looking at the face of the boy;
The crow, the sad flock of the crows, of near evening
Would fly away
In search of hollow nests,
At noon vermillion red *litchis* would remain fallen
On the grass hiding their faces -
As I would also lie down hiding face on the grass;
I wouldn't be able to recognize
The mild sound of Bangles
Made of conch shell or sacred cow bezoar

Off your bosom

Off your bosom someday your child would leave;
And leave the land of Bengal;
At the signal in which the star falls,
Leaving the blue soft bosom of the sky
To sink into the cold;
Someday *Rupshali* paddy fall
All around in the mist;
Perhaps rock eagle-owl
Would be singing in the dark,
And would take me away like
a rat of the field to the home of death
There is a smell of hunger in the heart,

Yet there is blue above the eyes,
Sleepless death, crescent moon, empty field, odour of dews,
Who knows when the death would come?
When storm break the stalks of lotus in *Kalidaha* - I don't know -
When it tears apart lives of sea-gull and martin;
Yet I wish I could die in this meadows and quay,
Not in the in the Black Jamuna river
So that the fragrance of the waves of this river
Pertains to the eyes and face and
Beautiful Bengal remain alive in the heart
And I remain lying while in between the life and death

Huts of fan-palm leaves

Blue smoke kissing the hut of nipa palm
fly away in morning and evening,
And mingles with autumnal mist in the
In the mango forest,
The red cream over the pond with its mild waves
Want to embrace tender branches of oleander
And kiss at
the feet of kingfisher;
Where do the Bricks get lost after drowning in the deep water
In this dilapidated stairs -
No one come any more with wet hand after washing rice
And open their braid -
Dry leaves keep rolling all the day
The board for playing dice game drawn on the earth
Mixes with cobra's hole;
I don't understand
What bushes of hill glory bower and gin berry
Talk about in the wind
Raising hands like that of a witch;
Nor do I get why the kites cry;
Neither had I seen anywhere on the earth
Alas, path that is so lone white and
Smelly of wet dust had gone to the rooftop of the widow
By cremation site,
Wearing the bamboo veil;
When it is suddenly evening!

Eagle-owl cries in style on the moringa branch
Under the autumnal moon.

Evening breeze on *Ashwattha*

When evening breeze touches the sacred fig tree
In the blue forest of Bengal
I would go back to fields after fields all alone:
It feels all the crises of life in in Bengal is over today,
look, centuries old banyan tree
With thousands of green leaves and crimson red fruits
Singing song of hope playing its branches;
Does the sacred fig tree also feel desire in its heart:

As if it has got the story of *Uma*
After carrying the cold body of *sati* (chaste) in its lap for long
Its elflock is getting brighter Like Chandrashekhar (*Shiva*)
On return of seventh day of the moon;
I know,-
Now '*Ballal Sen*' of ancient North Bengal would not come On the bank of
the Dhaleshari river that is covered with Mudhukupi grass -
Neither would poet *Ray Gunaker* come -
But *DeshBandhu* has come this time
To the strong current river *Padma*,
As if a storm had come among the crowd of exhausted sea gulls in the
deep of the river
Chandidas has come
Along with mythical *Shyama songs* of Ramaprasad, Shankhamala,
Chandramala: noise of bangles of hundreds of dead teenage girls.

Getting soaked by cloud

This noon gets soaked by the cloud;
A kite sitting on the branches of *Jarul* tree
All alone by this side of the river
stares on the other side.
Pigeon has flown to the island, its nest
And bees have left cucumber creepers
And black cloud had gathered in the winter sky,
Ants go to the grass leaving behind
pollen on the soft wings of dead butterfly and,
Martins fight each other, making noise for a while on mango tree
The Indian cuckoo no more calls its red complexioned daughter-in-law
Its yellow wings perhaps lost
Somewhere in jackfruit and flame-of-the-forest trees;
The daughter-in-law not in the yard,
Only a rice husking pedal was left there,
Who else would husk?
For long she has not done that;
She doesn't even come to dry her hair in the sun - doesn't
bathe in this pond.
See her paddy seeds in the store has already
Started to germinate,
Yet she doesn't come any more
Would she come back at noon today
To fry rice?
Oh, kite, the golden kite, would not
fair complexioned princess get back her life?

Nowhere to look for

You are dying for no reason by searching for her,
You would never find in the rural path;
There are many crows in this yard—
But that exhausted raven is no more;
Many years ago
A flock of healthy ravens used to be seen day and night
On the mango and berry trees—
That story goes back to my young days,
Of how long ago!
Those days would never come again on earth!
It used to start croaking before dawn
Up from the branches of Burflower-tree
Still I get absent-minded with noise of crows
Surprised, I only keep thinking of it
Where it might be by this time so long?
What has happened to it? Where has it gone along with that river
Field, meadow, grass,
Those days and nights, those faded hairs,
Wet white hands,
Those custard apple fruit trees and Bengal currant, snails and oysters
Tender kernel of palm, those paths covered with
Wet and dusty Jasmine flower buds,
Smoky rice,
Where have all gone?
Early morning, sounds of croaking by
Countless crows fill the sky
What is striking me in the heart today
In the morning of harvesting time?

Mid-day in a country side

I love the mid-day in a county side,
The sun-shine is like it has the smell of dream;
Ah, none know what story, which tale, which dreams have set
in my heart except the meadows who know that,
And know that brahminy kite,
To them not only in this life but also for ages
The heart learned to speak,
The sorrow that is there in the dream: the song of martin,
broken temple, the girl's saree with embroidered edge, move away like
dried leaves, the branches of wild elephant apple,
Rhythmless for long, have stooped on the grass beside the river *Jalshidi*
Her face can be seen in the water—
In whose water
The canoe without an owner is floating,
The owner is nowhere
Never would he come to this side,
He left the dilapidated canoe tied with
Mango-pine tree;
I like the midday in the village— in the sun,
Smell of soaked sorrows can be felt,
Ah, that is crying while floating beneath the sky.

Long back the golden sun shine gone out?

How long ago the golden sun had gone out—
The endless row of betel nut trees
Are immersing into the dark
Hot wind, coming from the other end of the meadow,
The dark of hot summer is panting like hungry kite

So long ago in the hot spell of spring that beauty had left,
Never would she come back,
As she grudgingly uttered not to return:
Could I say standing alone by the cucumber plant,—
She is nowhere in this world.
As her breathing dropped,
The endless sky of stars has forgotten her,
She is no more anywhere—I wouldn't find her,
Despite searching the entire world.
In this meadow,
Still today her smell remains in this grass, In falsa,
in cucumber,
Whenever I go to pluck vegetable fern—
I regard mustard field on a mid-day
pick up a few bunches of
harvest of late autumn in my palm
I see
The red sun-on the earth intensifying desiringly
With solitary pleasure
on *Chini chanmpa*, a species of banana, plant,
I know she is still with me
She is still with me.

A place here on earth

There is a place here on earth: The most beautiful, sad,
There endless green land is covered with Modhukopi grass
There trees are called: Jackfruit, sacred fig, Banyan, giant crepe-myrtle,
mango-pine.
There the sun gives rise to red in early morning cloud like nickernut;
There goddess Varuni (another name of the Ganges) live in the heart of
Gangasagar,-
There god Varun non-stop gives water to the river Karnafuli, the *Padma*,
and the Jalangi;
There brahminy kite is restless like
betel bush,
There barn owls is subtle, tender like the smell of paddy,
There the branches of lemon plant stoop on the grass
There Bright green insects fly back
To its nest in the dark evening breeze,
There yellow saree wraps body of the 'beauty',
Her name is Shankhamala:
You would never find her in any river or grass in the vast world
For Bishalakshmi blessed, she was born amid grass and paddy fields of
the blue Bengal.

In so many mornings - mid-day

In so many mornings, mid-days as well as
Evenings, I see the blue orchard of betel nuts,
Slowly shaking in the wind
Some princess is singing like a caged parrot,
Wearing a saree of grass,
Black hair as if autumnal black paddy of Bengal.
Welcoming them in the yard,
Smell of water in the heart of the girl - she has no sleep,
She has no death ever
She never sleep in decorated bed, never gets pale,
She is enlivened by the songs of
Barn owl, songbirds and martin,
All day, All night, she is carried in the heart of betel nut orchards,
Light comes in the morning at the croaking of crows

Having opened my eyes I come to see the black ravens
The rich betel nut orchards, being covered by the green jungle, have also
seen that:
When the peacock shaped boat
Got surprised seeing the red cloud of dawn,
The orchards of betel nuts of Bengal that came from far foreign land have
seen sudden deep blue
Have heard exhausted croaking of sad crows -
When they croaked so many centuries ago

Why would leave the highland?

Oh, who goes for searching beauty on to the path of the earth,
Leaving this land.

As if the dried leaves of banyan tree reminds stories of ages.
All scattered on the paths through the paths of meadows in the solitude
of late autumn;-

Who would go abroad overlooking them, tell me - I would never opt for
Malabar, Oti hills, leaving behind *Bashmati* paddy's field,
Neither would I watch the palm trees shaking heads with the rhythm of
songs of the ocean in any country,

Where do the cardamom flowers and cinnamon
bring dreams in the heart of goddess Varuni to settle with open braid?

I would never go to the paths of the world:

Fallen leaves of sacred fig tree in the white dust,

When there is be no one here on this mid-day,

Not even the bird;

Only endless grasses lying spread over soil and pebbles.

A few distressed sparrows returning after turning over straws,-

Leaves of sacred fig trees fell on the dull, white dust,

So leaving this path, this life, hasn't gone anywhere!

Here the Sky would be blue

The sky is blue here.
All over the bluish sky
Horse-raddish flowers bloom, cool white -
Its colour is like the light of autumn;
The black hornet hums here on crown flower during the whole mid-day,
Time and again
The sun wring its thin hair on the the jackfruits and berries,-
The forest of berries, *litchis* and jackfruits
Have arrived here touching the river, waters
With their restless fingers
And touched the feet of
Sreemanta, *Behula* and Lahana, all mythical figures;
The dust of crows and cuckoos
are mixed with the earthen way.
Do you know how long ago the cuckoos are from?
When *Mukundaram* was writing his cherished
Chandikamangal epic on mid-day, stopped he in between,
Hearing the call of cuckoos,
Or when *Behula* was passing alone through the waters
Of the river Gangur in the darkness of the evening, across Paddy field
and mango forest,
She had only the touch of mist in her eyes, upon hearing call of cuckoos
sitting on the
Hazy branches of trees,

Somewhere near the Meadow

Somewhere near the temple
Where broken temple
Tuned blue with algae -
Deep rooted grass has filled the heart,
Pond nearby got dead dry -
There the head Queen and her beautiful companions listened
Desire in the voice of silver fish
long ago -
There *Shankhamala* sewed embroidered quilt,
Who knows how many centuries ago, kingfisher - glittery - Cowrie game;
All gone
Perhaps by the sorcery of witchcraft.
Then someday on a mid-day I would go
To that far away meadow,

Where people do not go any more,
Strips of tigress are seen there in cane bush -
Face of beautiful female deer are seen as it get warm from the sun sitting
under the giant crepe-myrtle, -
Where white hill glory bower flower bouquet spread
Its scent by the side of *Cuscuta*, on the milkweed and *adulsa*;
Yet I shall take there someday brick-red horse
Whose beauty made me cry in incarnation after incarnation,
There I would look for her.

Intent going

I'll go to the grass, covered by dried leaves -
To star-apple and mango-pine bush ;
I'll have a fishing angle of light bamboo -
I'll catch no fish; -
Where knifefish is playing secretly in the blue water with leaves of
berries.
Nearby in the pineapple bush a kingfisher is withered away from its
consort's mind
In the dim light.
litchis, red like vermilion, fall on the leaves and grass, -
I come to see the teenage girl is looking down -
She has come to collect star-apple and *litchis*
On a mid-day leisure -
Then she leaves;
Delphinium disappears like Cuckoos's feather
Touching cucumber creepers,
Leaving branch of elephant apple,
Behind the bamboos.
She goes to the field of aspirations,
Like non-stop.
If you follow her you will see that she is more afraid than hoernet in the
bush of crown flower, and oleander,
After strolling for a long while, she left indifferently,
She had flown along with blue bumble-bee.

Voice of doves here

Here Human beings find peace at the call of doves in the afternoon
Here criss-cross green branches of vegetation give shelter to golden
oriole bird,
If you see once again the Indian cuckoo
And get caught up in the humming of this dove on a mid-day
Then you would have to stay in the forest for eternity;
Having the exhausted body laid on the
Grass flavoured of aniseeds,
I would stay calling the young green beetles borne out of autumnal fields
like the pair of red-legged bartavelle living in love.
Which beauty is playing at the yard -
Scattering paddy for Martin;
So it is eating those picking one after another from the grass;
The yard is filled with brown martins with their yellow, soft legs
Look at the beauty: Has *Shri Radha* come like sacred cow bezoar!
How long ago had I seen her bathing in the river Nile
Under intense sun

In the land of crematorium

You have come in the land of crematorium
Had sung long
Like a golden kite flying up in the sky
Through the sun shine and cloud.
As the barn owl, the *Laxmi's* carrier, sing
With the passion of autumnal moonlight.
I have heard your call is like her the full moon;
It sings ceaselessly on mango, banana and burflower-tree
As if lovely paddy fall inexhaustibly,
As if Green winter rice held in your bosom;
When had you got up in Ballal's Bengal? -
Not only *Padma*, *Meghna* and river *Ichchamati* - when did you bathe in
The water of seven oceans,-
You marched riding on horse with your force
like *Arjun*
In the disguise of woman, Ah!
You broke into pale blue like mist further away
like, Pegasus
In love for the colours at far, and lines further away;
Yet our rivers *Kalidaha* and Gangur and its kites
Still expect your love - they do -
You sacrifice yourself without a remainder deep in this river,
In this dilapidated temple - in temples - make a home in this ancient
banyan tree

Yet knew wrongly

Yet I knew that wrong - the river *Kirtinasha* demolishes the kirti, glories of *Raj Ballav*.

Yet the beauty of *Padma* is deeper than the Ekushratna castle -

Her life is vaster, of faster flow, much more water, more water;

The world is also your path;

You are playing chess with stars,

Not only that of Shankhamala, you want love of of *Anuradha* and Rohinee too,

How much expectation that is

How much love you can love!

Here on the river bank, basmati rice have been falling again;

Bats are coming and going in the mist over the meadow -

Evening crows have come back to their nest - ancient temple is standing there,

A child is crying on the way in the dark of meadow,

The image of old crimson red bordered saree wipes out gradually -

Who has come to me? But whose child it is? You tell: I asked, but there was not really any response;

There was none nearby - mist all around on the fields and paths;

I ask you, the poet, do you know anything about this child?

Inside a golden cage

I would not stay in a golden cage
like the parrot;
What stories do you want to hear from me -
Tell me, which songs,
If so, let's leave the arch of this temple, fly, - where custard apples have
ripen in the early dawn - there is forest of that fruit,
In the wet early morning of the winter,
Oh, how worried I feel today; -
Chandramala, the princesses
Could raise your head and see, I tell, listen, what stories would you
like to hear to-day from me - tell me, which songs,
Open my golden cage,
I am none but *Hiramon*, the parrot of the myth, of the forest,
Princess doesn't hear me - she doesn't look at her face on the mirror,
Far away hills look white as if shell,
Looking at there, her heart breaks down for the whole day;
Even then, does she realize that I too have my own desire,
She remains absent-minded,
Although I too have desire -
Chandramala, the princess, listen
Raise your chin,
Regarding hill of bones
Her breast turned cold.

So many days in the darkness of evening

So many days in the darkness of evening we met together:
Somebody have decorated the month of Kartik, the first month of late
autumn, with the lamps in the sky -
The dull and smokey tune of Gajan song comes floating from the field;
Tiger Beetle raising wings fly aside to the crown flower bush,-
A group of ravens in feeble noise
having wrung the cloud coloured as that of nikernuts
Momentarily would keep the sky well-filled up -
Then the aniseed flavoured grasses are left behind:
Barn owl in the feeble moonlight
Would keep flying from branches to branches in the forest;
Then in so many days you sat beside me here in the dark, wrapped in
yellow saree
Like the wing of the black drongo -
Deep darkness came, crossing anise shrub - I have seen bats come and
go frequently -
We talked about bits and pieces of our stories of meadows and moon,
You would perhaps remember you used to listen to all these
With your tired eyes. .

When all these poems were composed

When I composed all these poems sitting alone;
Dews trickled were trickling from the leaves of elephant apple in the
moonlight;
In the mist the bank of the fading river *Dhanshidi*.
Stood upright static,
Where bat stretching its wings in the dark
Drew its line of aspiration;
The beauty guarding the dim lamp visited
Here with host of bees and teenaged beauties of times long gone by
Given mango blossom in the winter night
While brought cold milky contents of winter custard apple
In dim light I saw them,-
The poem was composed
Remembering their pale hair,
the beauty of their grey hands like cowrie,
For their heart.
Oh, many centuries ago,
Their breast as sad as conch,
Their yellow sarees and
Slender body -
Their wonderful heart
All gone to the quietest, coldest
Place on earth:
In my sad dreams,-
Their sleep breaks intermittently

So many days you and I

So many days you and I sat here in the hut,
Under the thatched roof
In the dark:
The grey, wet, soft
Hands were playing on the branches of mango-pine and blackberry trees
Only bats were going and coming through the easy way in the sky -
The tender meadow is lying like Sanaka holding wet and torn straws in
the chest; The crescent moon was staring - the dung-beetle, tiger beetle
and paddy green beetle float themselves in the mist -
mild smell of rice washing all around -
The mild tone of grey saree was heard -
The smell of pains in the heart of people are floating -
Under the thatched roof
You and I
In the fading moonlight
Sat together
Heard and understood all these.
Getting down into the twilight of dream
Getting some leisure
Sitting under the thatched roof
face to face
In the gray light
You and I
In so many days
Saw and understood all these.

Here life would be in stream

Here stream of life would comes and goes -
In the evening it sleeps quietly
On the elevated ground -
Taste of dust odour struck on their eyes - faces; -
Owl would keep talking
On the branch of Burflower-tree
tree;
It feels like one day only this moonlight will persist on the earth, Only this
winter,
Throughout the night, this barn owl will talk.
Jumping from branches of jackfruit tree
To that of mango-pine, it will invite
the tiger beetle...on that day in the dark
Paddy would move in the lip, eyes of rat;
And black wings of bat wringing out mist on the leaves of bengal currant
would fly to the far away blue mist, none would see it;-
That day I would no more see the wonder of the paths of the countryside
- all would remain asleep, as like as those who are dead tonight;
Like the leaves of sacred fig and tamarisk trees quietly getting decayed -
quietly tonight,
Alas, sleep like the way dead woman does, - the way her saree remain
asleep on her bosom.

If I one day!

If some day in a faraway foreign
Sea water I float like foam
In a cold winter,
If I don't return amongst you any more -
In the way, I trode
litchi leaves
in the evening
on many days, -
Once beneath the stars
Picking up some nickernut
In the fold of the edge of your *Anarashi* saree
You left
like Black Drongo
with apathetic eyes
For your daily life work,-
Only this ...If footsteps of mongoose sounds whole night...
Hazy shadow of wings of bats get exhausted
If treading over those leaves,
In the wee hourse
In the dark of a winter of the earth
Your milky white soft body,- grey chin, the left hand
Nicely sleep in a thatched hut
In solitude
Beside the elephant apple tree
Yet your sleep would break one day suddenly in silence,
The necklace of cowrie that you had given,
The shadow of someone came to return that necklace,
Didn't knock at the door.

Sensing the smell of the far away world

My Bengali mind gets filled with the smell of the far away world
Tonight;
If one day death comes and asks me
To sleep on the unknown grass
Beneath the far away stars,
Yet that grass
like the endless grass of Bengal Stay filled with the flavour of aniseed, -
The way the breast of teenager Melts into milk becoming mother from the
first time -
In every country on earth
Under the the stars furthest away
In all paths
There is all this peace :
Grass - eyes- white hand - breast-
Somewhere death would come-
Somewhere soft green grass
Would cover me -
In the dawn, night or mid-day
The heart of bird will be filled with desire
Like Grass
The sky of night will blossom in the blue flowers of stars - won't the stars
of Bengal?
I don't know that;
Yet they feel peace in their heart, constant peace;
The stars in the sky are like eyes- white hands are like breasts - grass -.

Alley through the *Ashwattha* and banyan tree

On the way toward sacred fig and banyan trees, I became
your companion many times;
Scattered parched rice and paddy In the yard
Many times
For martins;
On many days I brought the duck from the pond to your house,- and see
you igniting *incense* or holding evening lamp
In the white wet hand
like banana shoot, -
Apprehending the night shortly befalling,
You made braid -
Then you put on a dot on your forehead like green-beetle
Then you fell asleep:
The edge of your saree
With embroidered border falling on the betel leaf tray;
You slept on the a solitary couch
Laying your body, soft as
Winter custard-apple,
As if the young one of Indian cuckoo was asleep in moon light,
And the night is spreading its wing like the mother bird,
Today with the eyes exhausted
I have gone far away
With the dust and thorn of usual life; - you didn't see, understand,
Nor you stopped me
You, the beautiful conch case, are lifeless
In a betel leaf tray.

Of the embracing grass

When did I get my body from the spread of grass - of green grass;
So the sun feels good -
So the blue sky deems mild wet sad;
This grass feels lovely like water - As if this grass is beehives,-
Whatever distance I go to on the earth
Underneath my soft feet, it feels like breathing of so many teenage girls
talks -
Their calm hands play
Their coiffure gets unfolded -
They come in smell of grey sarees -
Many tell the stories of old life - about pain in heart -
soft private words of consolation -
They talk of the moon of the meadows - stars of the sky;
They love the cold and simplicity of dews , - They love mist over their
eyes; They like the warm raindrops
- the soft nature of owl;
They love that the leaves of sacred fig and mango trees fall all through
the night.

This water was endearing

I like this water; the silver rain water washed my body so many times -
rubbed my hair - caressed on my eyes with its calm and soft hands, -
kissed me on my lips passionately like teenager girls do lovingly;

I like this water; - like the black drongo like its days in the country of blue
leaves, Soft grass and sun - fly to the forest repeatedly,

Likewise this water falls on my body, eyes, out of secret love,

If falls with the passion of paddy

When in the night of late autumn the field filled with crop has become
yellow.

When from the branch of blackberry soft, cold songs of owl is heard

As if the rice falls in the forest, which keeps the granules in its bosom,

Like that the rain is dropping on my lips, eyelids and hair, -

In the afternoon, under red sun, as if the rain has kept her soft hand on
custard apple - feeding me from her breast.

One day on the path of this earth

One day, on the path of this earth
I left my my body
That walked along the path of soft grass,
Sat on the grass
Saw the stars play like fire-fly in the
Hilariously unmeasurable sky;
The pleasant wet river bank is filled with smell of river water
in the dark,
Sound of whose soft sarees do I get in the paths,
Faded hair is seen,
Who come up with consolation -
Their hands in the grey shell,
Bare hands can be seen during
evening breeze: beautiful sad wings of butterfly remained near the yellow
grass - I see; I silently stop there;
The colour of orange becomes visible in the sky in the evening - crows
seemed to be blue;
I immersed into the crowd of people, talk to them and hold their hands,
It suggests someone from somewhere has deep wonder about the sad
gloomy hair
I sleep alone under the stars
The gray wings of owl talks with with the fireflies throughout the night.

On my way to this world

Having lived in this world for many years I learned many delicate secrets
of heart; I have spent long on earth;
Branches of forest are moving -
As if spirits talk; In the gray evening I have seen few drops of rainfall, like
perched rice, ceaselessly on their bodies, -
White dust became dirty, damp smell in the fields,-
Feeble sad sound from the tiny heart of dung beetles is drowning into the
rivers in the evening,
I have seen this all; - seen the river - dying in the slopy dark;
Tiger beetles fly away; Ravens continuously make sound in the nest on
sacred fig tree; someone is standing alone in the mist
On the other side of the meadow,
A few thatched huts remained at more distance; why does frog make a
call in the bush of reeds?
Can it stop?
Why are you here, why are you here, he makes a reply from the bush of
reed.
Then again wings are flapped
the new eggs of crow slips into the mosses.

Felt sorrows of human beings

I have got the pain of human beings coming here in the world, also got
how it feels to smile;
Seen also up in the sky far away
On the cloudy hills, white as shell,
The red horse of the sun;
It flaps its orange wings
Like Pegasus
Tearing apart the mist of the night;
Seen desire arousing in the white ganders in the shrubs of reeds out of
pleasure;
It went towards the flow of the rivers like unhindered wind while
clamoring;
Seen green grass across, as far as I could see;
I have continuously seen expression of grass, covering the long pain of
the earth;
Seen both Basmati rice and reeds wiping off the blood and crimes linked
to desire
So that none is borne out of the mist of mystery
None dies there,
Coming from that mystery,
Red rays of the sun, autumnal paddy, reeds and ganders
covers again and again
Our hard questions, like
Exhausted hunger, clear death-
Kept us aghast and silent for all these,-
I have scratched while walking on the earth
I had left tears
Yet those geese f
Reeds shrubs, paddy, sun shine and grass would come to wipe them all
time and again.

Why would you be far away?

Why are you far away - so far - this far -
The unclear sky of stars,
Why don't you come and talk to the crowds in the earth?
We build tombs
That collapse in a short time,-
The wings of dream tears and bleed only here -
Hunger makes suffer - blue frustration;
Complicating all around the year from the time of pyramids,
Our truth, drop down as blood only,
Our strength of life fly with the wings of Grasshopper,
Ah, witness dark solid power Merciless - time and again they raise
obstacles on the way, repeatedly swallow;
Then lookin up I see the exhausted arrangement of stars at far, asking to
forget our all fatigues,
Red-blue flames are burning on the gold lamp fueled by butter as if in the
far mist of mystery,-
The smell of dream upsets mind again - ,
Though we had known tears tiredness blood drops falls from our dream -
Did not Buddha dream?
Didn't Monica sitting in *New Sedeyia*?
Or Rome, Assyria, Ujjain,
Gauda Bangla, *Dilli*, Babylon?

Our hard talk

The blue sky seems to move further away hearing our harsh talk,
Your limitless blue will immerse in peace with golden
Bumble bee?
How long time has gone,
The curtain of mist not being drawn
Pyramid and Babylon was finished - Withered away many times grass on
the meadows;
Yet the beauty that was hidden in the stars never came out,
With that dream and that truth we go back to our dens today,
In some dark, perhaps it gets new pulse at the voice of wandering gander
in the sky , the breath of earth is filled with smell of new hopes;
Then we look to the stars and feel
That all haziness is clearing off, -
The scenario that we had never seen on the way of earth before,
The kind of peace stares like like dead mother - doesn't talk,
That dream that spoils over and over again in this world of real blood,
What today is broken, decayed, naked - blind frozen dead -
One day amongst the stars they would become like
red like roses.

This world and I

I have come this world with leisure,-
I am a delighted poet, I am one; -
I have washed my body in the dark alone in the sea water.
I loved the red sun,
The exhausted field of late autumn,-
I have travelled like a grasshopper,
On the expanse of grass.
I have seen a teenager beauty have plucked yellow oleander,
Wet saree with red border on her bosom makes image of a pale conch,
The morning sky was full of ganders,
With new din and bustle to bring about new beginnings,
Yet the pink waves of the river talk,
Yet they talk,
Nevertheless, we know her talks never end in the mist,
As if someone listening all of it
Sitting on the fabrics like satin
In the cloud,
Perhaps no one was listening
May be all wipe out in the void of mist;
One day I would also be wiped out with all my colours;
Yet I keep sitting to-day on the green grass
I love it,-
In expectation of love,
I keep my ears to the sound of her feet quietly;
While I had started picking up fruits through hedges of prickly shrubs
As if I would give someone these
Alone on the soft grass - One could sit alone
With all these desires
When I would feel sleepy,
I would go to sleep.

Sound of paddy in the wind

Heard the sound of paddy in the wind-
Befalling slowly all through the afternoon;
Seen also the colour of golden sun-
The beauty was like some first love to her body,
Ruffled hair spread, covering her secret beauty
Pineapple orchard,-
Grass I have seen
I flowers of Horse-raddish trees befalling
In silence on the mild grass, getting peace,
Seen golden oriole remained silent for long,
Then gone swinging on the desolate branches of mango trees
Went on swinging with the wind for long,
Only talks, not songs, creating silence in our life I have realized;
When rows of betel nut trees agitated and fluttering
In the wind day and night
Not talking all the time
Holding milky white flower on their bosom
Their celebration never ends;
Consort of the kingfisher had perhaps died -
In the solitude of mid-day wind
Yet its blue-red-orange colour wings remained
In clear display on the trees of mango, mangosa and star apple
Complacence of life flow, no tears,
Neither any question
But would fly with its dazzling wings from one sky behind far away one
When eyes opened, felt, got no sleep - no tears -
No question on the banyan fruits flavored grass

One day this body

One day this body, grass, smell of paddy arose in this Bengal;
having looked at the face of woman of Bengal,
Realised then the charm of beauty ;
Walked through the paths of Bengal enjoying freedom
As that of seagull and martin.
Bathed with the water of Bengal and cleansed
Well-grown, like that of grass, body of hers;
One day also saw the evenfall of Bengal
That came with the gray egrets,
Pyre of raw wood would then start burning,
And blue smoke blow into soft and pale wind like sadness of thin river in
the mist,
With the smell of excess water in the boiled rice mixed the smell of
mango flower time and again;
Seen all of these beaties that kindle the kind of dream - which has
bloodshed
Learnt one day all these from *Chandramala*, beauty of Bengal;
Thereafter through the cane shrubs
And the paths of fireflies and cricket in the darkness of mango-pine,
mango trees
Wandered with blue dream in the heart
But did never go to wake up the sleeping girl anymore
After having gone through the crowded uproar
Her heart might, perhaps, be unkind as hard conch
Or as lotus, yet sleep is not to broken

Where would they be all today?

Where are all of them today? There was a mango-pine tree up there -
which has seen its face in the water of the pond many times.
Then what did crop up in its mind
When all its leaves fell,
Gone, ah, -
I never noticed when it went away quietly;
A raven with broken beak appeared
under that wood-apple tree in everyday morning ,
I don't see her in the sizable pack of crows
And martins,
Haven't seen her for a long time;
It would be in my boyhood
There was wasp hive
near the window
They used to play there
in intense celebration of their heart so many days,-
As long as butterflies and insects were available
They used to remain nearby- enjoying the sun -
Searching peaceful sleep
They stayed close by for long,-
Many dogs now-a-days, wander around in the paths,
Yet lots of faces of dead dogs and shadows of dead cats float in the
darkness;
Where have they all gone?
Either In the blue and red stars
in the far away sky.
Or have mixed with the soil on earth only - remained as grasses in the
grasses!
I called them - none responded from the indifferent endless sky.

Would never see again

I would not see her any more,
In autumn paddy would ripen,-
In the rainy season
green clump of bamboo shoot
Would sing the song of celebration the whole night,
Wringing the black cloud, -
Yet I would not find her either on
The in the dark path where snakes wander or in the reed shrub,
She would neither come back on the side of the pond with the duck, She
would not come in the moonlight
Neither would she come in the morning,
When in the sun at mid-day
The face of pigeonwings remains pale,
When raven has found its nest that lost its way due to the colour of cloud,
She would not come back here in the gray evening either; -
Here would only come fireflies in the tapered gourd creepers,
Only crickets;
The grasses would be talking to each other whole night
Would fly past only bat having soaked its wings calm and quite
Through the winds of the night,
Every star would search and remain awaked by the side of another star
And quiet gray particles would get attached
To the breath of each insignificant minute particle,-
In the dark.
Yet, my love, you
left and went far away?
The leaves of
sacred fig tree are swinging;
Light comes, morning appears.

Days of love in heart

When do the days of love end in the heart,
Only her pyre remained left behind,
I don't know that;
It seems to be whatever left to-day in the life is autumnal paddy, silvery
paddy is that,
Beauty, Love, etc feels like
spoiled like husk only,
One day their worthlessness is exposed,
When it is green darkness,
the country of delicate night.
Smell of river water
brings a face of a stranger, I wonder then if I have ever got a cordial call
of love, so deeply on earth?
Love that is star and its songs,
While the heart remains impatient
in the deep blue dark of new moon in the meadow
Go off in the sky far away in search of Red-blue flame of stars
My life that is like a dark night
You came as that of *Shwati*, wife of the sun, with varieties of beauty, -
So, my love that remained dead in dust and thorns, brought sensation in
the empty path of earth.
You, my love, would be lost in sensations in a moment
And in irresistible sun bath, I know,
But love is love, that would live with dream, it knows to survive.

In the grass that

White egg of that sparrow has broken in the grass ;
I love that silent and sorrowful face,
When was it broken? Enough dust and straw are attached on it;
I regard for long;
Thereafter white particles of dusts are lying in the grass,
I see a heap of paddy spread there quietly,
Mild and sorrowful smell coming from the pond water;
I lay my ear to, if it can be heard, the loud voice of
Olive barb and flat silvery fish like that of mermaid,
Through the green water, their house in the underwater world can be
seen,
Immensely beautiful in the mist of mystery,
The silvery fish indifferently heavy, pass through Like the son of minister,
far away, in search of some interest, like prince, like son of guard,
I regard alone a long while,
Is it afternoon in the offing ?
In the crimson sun, kingfisher flies away - With its bright wings, perhaps
evening is imminent
When the twilight will come in the earth, soft face of river would emerge
So many light lines in her body, face,
Like that of yours,
Still we would never see each other again

All there, would appear to be likeable

(I like it all) ;

Golden morning sun, peeping through window, finds me sleeping, -

My sorrowful eyes, my sad and pale hair,

It play with them: For, it knew the mistake I committed long ago,

Having loved the most merciless

deep face of a beauty.

I see in a late night of winter

she returned again to our country,

How was her complexion only known to Juicy wet star-apples, her hair

was like soft blackberries and fingers were dim like dove's chest;-

She comes floating with the *brown fish owl* in the late night of winter

As if a dead crow of how long ago; She is no more in the way of earth;

Yet it would fly back to the window out of silent affection

Its pale wings take the cold of thatched roof;

At that time no other bird woke and sat on the branches;

There is no world either,

The raven is alone

Keep awake alone in the whole night

"What would happen, what would matter if I never get her back!"

Evening all around

Evening appears - mild silence all around
A martin flying silently with a straw in the beak;
A bullock cart plying slowly through the alleys of the meadows;
The yard is overwhelmed with Heavy heaps of golden straws.

All the doves of the world are calling in the mango-pine forests
All beauties of the world are flickering in the grass;
All loves of the world are in the heart of two of us;
The sky is spread as peace over the sky after sky.

One day in the mist on this meadow

One day amid the mist in this meadow
No one would find me out, I know;
Heart stopped only the other day
It had gone to the calm-cold- mortuary
Or it would be delay to get consolation -
Or it would take some time to forget
This meadow of this earth,
I would be staring on the dark bed out of the surprise and wonder about
few martins of this field,
And does the golden kite spreading wing still come
Flying through the mist in the meadow?
Do it go back when the evening getting golden
To that leafless sacred fig tree?
Do the eyes of the rats of the meadow at the tender sheaf of paddy
regard the stars?
Would the bees build this honey-comb on the dense branches of
blackberry trees?
Do they, after having sucked all of the honey,
Do they fly into the wind of evening in the mist?
How far they go!
Ah!
Or, someone is burning dried
leaves of elephant apple under the honey comb and
The bees fly away
Fall
Lie dead on the grass.

Having thought a lot would develop pain

Pain will grow from thinking,
It feels like, if I had lived a life on the earth, looked at the face of that
barn owl that I had never seen meticulously, -
It is such a bashful bird
Does her wings dance
With the waves of mist
When the seven stars
rise in the sky,
in the dark
Does she come
down on the bosom of Velvet apple tree?
Does it lights up through the alleys of *sheuli* flower plant
and acacia tree, mystery and fireflies ?
Does it forget the life of infants and brides seeing the green mass of
cricket;
Where has it got lost searching it in the dense bush of crown flower
plants,
None know her whereabouts under the Colocynth
In the blue water of dews.
And the wings of golden kite Does it come floating through the
Mist in the meadow?
Does it go back when the evening getting golden
To that leafless sacred fig tree?
Would the eyes of the rats of the meadow
Does the eyes of rats in the tender sheafs of paddy look up to the stars?
I would remain in the dark bed out of surprise and wonder

Index

Part - 2

Meanings And Or Explanations Of The Words Whose
English Translation Not Obtainable And Printed In The Book
In Italic Version Shown Alphabetically As Below:

Akanda Bashaklata	Sun plant and Basil.
Anarashi	Low priced but very colourful saree for lower and lower middle class women for ceremonial occasions and special invitations, made of synthetic silk.
Anuradha	Common name of beautiful teenager girl of the Hindu Community.
Aparajita	Blue tone flower of the tropical region.
Arjun	The 3rd Pundav of the Pundav dynasty.
Ashwathwa	In Bengali also called as pakur, Hindu community considers sacred for worship underneath of it. This tree along with Banyan tree planted usually together.
Assyria	Assyria an ancient country whose territory changed from 2500 BC to 605 BC and its stability lasted really during the bronze and iron age. It was located mainly at the North Mesopotamia's Tigris rivers upstream.
Balami	A variety of paddy harvested in the autumn.
Ballal sen	He was the ruler of ancient North Bengal having his capital at Gauda Bangla famous for advocating caste system in the Hindu community.
Ballal (Ballal sen)	Ballal Sen (1083-1179) was the second king of Sen dynasty. He ruled Sen dynasty (1160-1179).

	He was the son of King Bijoy Sen. Ballal Sen introduced Hindu caste system (same as previous one i.e Balla Sen).
Barun, Baruni	Barun also named Baruni as water goddess. She married Barun Deb.
Bashak	Name of small plant having fragrance of aniseed/ basil leaves.
Bashmati	A variety of rice of high price quality.
Bau katha kau	Speak up, daughter in law" species of Hawk Cuckoo/nightingale.
Behula	(Myth) Ancient Bengal's story of love between Behula the beautiful girl and Lakshindar. He was snake bitten and was brought back to life. Behula wife of Lakshindar who himself was the son of Chand merchant i.e the main character of famous book of verse "Mongal Kabbya" and prayed to Monosha goddess of snake and the snake goddess advised Behula to bring her father-in-law (Chand merchant) back as devotee of snake goddess, only upon fulfillment Lakshindar got his life back.
Bishalakhmi	Durga goddess.
Brown fish owl	Is called Hutum or Bhutum owl. Details are mentioned in the Hutum/ Bhutum.
Chad	Name of the merchant, father of Lakshindar of Behula.
Chalta	An edible acid fruit abundantly available in the subcontinent.
Chandidas	Chandidas (1370-1430) was Bengali poet. He was the composer for worshipers of Vishnu. The folk songs/lyrics of this kind of songs in devotion to Vishnu, thus became widely practised. (Myth) Legendary story of Chandidas and Rajakini for folk songs of love between them while they were engaged washing cloths and fishing respectively and is widely heard in the rural village.
Chandikamangal	Chandimangal name of the famous Mongal kabbaya (poetic verse) of the middle age Bengal.

	According to the adage the original poet Chandimangal was Manik Datta. The most famous poet of this book was however poet Konkon Mukandaram Chakrabarti.
Chandramala	Name of Princess.
Chini chnampa	A variety of very sweet but small in sizes banana.
Chnapa	Name of tropical flower.
Common myna `	A variety of myna, 'Shalik in Bengali'.
Dark death	With reference to dying on the lap of "Jama" often refereed to as dark death.
Desh bandhu	The title of "Desh Bandhu" Chittaranjon Das.
Devi Durga	Wife of Shiva the 3rd god of the Hindu community
Dhaleshshari	Name of a river flowing in between Manikgonj, Dhaka and Munshigonj districts.
Dhanshidi	A river in Barisal.
Dilli	Ancient name of New Delli
Durga	(Myth) Durga goddess, wife of Shiva the 3rd god of the Hindu triad, destroyer and reproducer.
Durga goddes	(Myth) goddess Durga daughter of Daksha and wife of god Shiva.
Fanimanasha	(Myth) A variety of cactus shrub usually referred to the story of Snake goddess.
Gab	A tropical fruit, now almost extint, its juice was used to soak and dry fishing net to protect against water
Gangoor	Gangoor river used to flow Baidhyadanga river of Bardawan district. This Gangoor river pertains to Behula Lakshindar history. That river having its flow past Mithapur village has become now big waterholes.
Garuda	(Myth) Legendary horse with wings to fly in the sky.
Gauda Bangla	Name of ancient capital of North Bengal.
Gooseberries	Small prickly plant bearing fruit like Baichi / gooseberries

Hades	Underwater i.e. beneath the water abode of the mermaids.
Harpahar (Harpahad?)	A hill of fossil of coral / cowrie or lime stones.
Hawk Cuckoo	One of the species of Indian nightingale birds.
Hiramon	Blossom headed parakeet of forest.
Hizal	A kind of tropical wild tree, can survive in the water.
Hutum	A variety of owl, called as brown fish owl, also called Hutum or Bhutum owl. This variety is the largest and ugliest. As per superstition it comes to a tree of a house at pre-dawn and howls "nim", "nim" i.e. "take away", "take away". Incidentally and seemingly appears to be near truth, as residents/relatives of the house would make a final journey to destiny eventually. i.e. why its howling call of "nim" is considered as bad omen.
Ichchamati	A river.
Incense	In Bengali called 'dhup' a fragrant powder, ignited specially by the Hindu Community at the evenfall for its fragrance as well as to drive away mosquito / insects.
Indra	The king of gods / goddesses (Myth).
Jalshidi	Name of a river in Barisal.
Jama	(Myth) In Bengali called emissary of death or called a controlling deity.
Jarul	A typical tree abundantly grows in the "Sundarban".
Kadam	A variety of topical tree bearing beautiful flower, called Kadam.
Kalidaha	A river.
Kalmi	A variety of water cress vegetables.
Kalmidam	A kind of floating raft, usually formed of decomposed water hyacinth and vegetation where grows kalmi i.e. water cress.
Kanchanmala	A name of beautiful girl/ lady.

Kankabati, Shankhamala	Names of beautiful girl/lady.
Karamcha	Nata fruits i.e. a variety of sour fruit, when ripe takes the colour of crimson red.
Karnaphuly	A river.
Kirtinasha	A river.
Krishna`	The god of Hindu community
Knatalichnapa	A variety of flower that has fragrance of jackfruit.
Lakshmi	The goddess of wealth and prosperity worshiped by the Hindu Community
Laxmi's Carrier	(Myth) Barn owl, the carrier of goddess Lakshmi.
Litchis	Tropical sweet fruit.
Madhukopi	A variety of grass that grows abundantly in the meadows of the land of Bengal.
Makal	A beautiful fruit to look at but nonedible.
Manikmala	Name of teenaged girl.
Mathur	A cycle of songs ventilating the sorrow of the people of Brindaban caused by Krishna's departure.
Meghna	A river.
Mint Herbal	Herbal having fragrance i.e. Mint, anise, zedoary, basil, mixed in combination or otherwise.
Mukundaram	He was a poet of middle age Bengal. His famous poetical book "Chandikamangal kabhya" panchali (folk lyrics) was the best and in recognition of his services the King Rogunath awarded him "Konkon". Thus his name came into being as "Konkon Mukundaram Chakrabarti".
Mutha	A kind of grass called 'Mutha' in the land of Bengal having aromatic smell in its roots.
Myna	Usually called common myna in Bengali called 'Shalikh'.
Nata	Karamcha fruit, crimson colour tastes sourish.
New Sedeyia :-	
Nile river	The river Nile flowing through Sudan, Egpt down to the Red sea.

Padma	The mighty river of the Ganges basin.
Palash	Name of tropical flower of crimson colour like rain tree flowers.
Parthupi	A variety of grass grows densely in the land of Bengal.
Radha Krishna	(Myth) goddess and god of Hindu community.
Raj Ballav	Raj Ballav was the Dewan (Revenue collector) and Fauzdar (kind of police chief) of Monger district of Bihar. He became the Dewan (Chief revenue collector) of Dhaka 1756-63, through patronization of Mir Jafar Ali Khan and Ghasheti Begum. He misappropriated huge sum of money and created misunderstanding and mistrust in the mind of Nawab Sirajuddula.
Rajaram	Rajaram temple is an oldest one in Madaripur district. It is located in Khalia union. Devotee of goddess "Kali". Rajaram Ray Chowdhury built the temple in the 17th century spending huge sum of money. Temple was named after him.
Ramnath Rays	In 1722 the temple at Dinajpur was started to be built by Maharaja Prannath Ray but completed in 1752 by his foster-child Ramnath Ray.
Ray Gunaker	Ray Gunaker Bharatchandra Ray 1712-1760 was the Bengal best poet in the 18th Century. He was the most famous and popular poet of "Annadamongal Kabbaya" i.e. a poetic verse book.
Ray Rayan	Many historians say that Nawab Murshid Kuli Khan awarded 10/16 and 6/16 share of land survey work to Shiv Narayan and Jay Narayan respectively but after the death of Nawab Murshed Kuli Khan, Nawab Sujauddin become the Nawab of Bengal and he appointed one Amal Chand as chief revenue collector of Khalia and obtain from the Emperor the title "Ray Rayan" for Amal Chand.
Ruhinee	Name of a beauty.
Rupsa	A river.

Rupshali	Paddy that is usually harvested in the autumn.
Sati	(Myth) The daughter of Daksha and wife of Shiva or a wife who is intently devoted to husband. The spelling may be "Satee" as well.
Seven stars	The planets known to ancients, called pleiades in the constellation.
Shankhamala	Name of beauty.
Shapmashi	Greenish colour having wings to fly, it is serpentine look like beetles, i.e. grasshopper /caterpillar (variety).
Sharpnuti	The biggest variety of pnuti fish, a silver white fish.
Shefali	An aromatic flower white in colour but the stalk is yellow and it is fragrant.
Sheoda	A wild variety of trees found in the bush and also in the dwelling places, not much of use except firewood.
Sheuli	Same as Shefali
Shiva	(Myth) Shiva the 3rd god of the Hindu triad, known to be destroyer and reproducer, his wife goddess Durga.
Shwati	The fifteenth of the 27 stars according to Hindu astronomy and known to be wife of the sun.
Shri Radha	(Myth) goddess of Hindu community.
Shyama songs	It is a new line of songs (folk songs) a kind of devotee's songs mainly with regard to worshipping goddess Kali.
Shyama of Ramprasad	Shyama songs of Ramprasad. Prashad who became most famous in his life time for Shyama songs.
Sitaram	Sitaram Ray (1658-1714) was a self-styled king who established a small kingdom at the fag end of Mughal rule. His state was in Mohammadpur in Magura district.
Snake Goddess	Goddess worshiped by Hindu Community (Myth).
Sreemanta	Richman / well-to-do man.
Sudarshan	Egrets / cranes.

Tamal	A tropical tree.
Uddyani	Ancient capital of Raja Viramadyatya, at Goaltior, Maydhay Pradesh of India.
Uma	Goddess Durga.
Vnat flower/Drun Flower	Kind of tropical white colour flower, of its stalk a small quantity of honey comes out and children suck and have a taste of honey. It is a herbal medicine plant. Most common ones are called laucas aspera and zelanica.
Veranda	Castor oil plant/ its flower.
Vnat Anash sheoda	A wild bush/ shrub of flower i.e. vnat flower. It has long life, its height is naturally 2-4 meter, details have been shown above under vnat / drun flower.
Zedoary	In Bengali "shati", used for production of pulverised powder used as starch.



Life history in short, of Poet Jibanananda Das

He was born on 18th February 1899 in Barisal. His father was Satyananda Das(1863-1944). His ancestors settled in Barisal from Vikarpur of greater Dhaka District, from village Gaon Pada on the bank of river Padma.

His mother Kusumkumari Das, a poet hailed from Barisal. Her famous lines : (translated from Bengali to English having kept the concept are :

"When would a boy be born to excel in works than talk and to help make our life sublime. And, departing we can leave behind footprints of ours on the sands of time".

Poet Jibanananda Das obtained his M.A. in English from Kolkata University in 1921.

Thereafter he started his career in teaching as lecturer in different institutions.

He was married to Labanya Gupta in 1930. His family title was Das Gupta, thereafter he started using only Das. His book 'Banalata sen' was declared best book award by the All Bengal Rabindra Literature Conference in 1952.

He started composition with 61 poems of his book 'Rupasee Bangla' but unfortunately the book was published after his death. He died on 22/10/1954.

Life history in short, of Nilufar Mannan

Nilufar Mannan was born on May 19, 1947 in a respectable zaminder family of Raipara under Dohar Upazila in the district of Dhaka. She died on November 11, 2017 in Singapore while undergoing treatment.

Her maternal grandfather was late Khan Bahadur Fazlur Raschid Chowdhury and paternal grandfather late Harunor Raschid Chowdhury. The wife of Khan Bahadur Fazlur Raschid Chowdhury was the first cousin of Begum Rokeya Sakhawat Hossain. They grew up together in a joint family in Kolkata. Late Mahbub Raschid, former governor of State Bank of Pakistan was the brother of Nilufar's mother. Nilufar's father late Aminur Raschid Chowdhury, was one of the founders of Dhaka Stock Exchange Ltd (DSE) and also chairman of DSE. He also served as (Hon) Treasurer of erstwhile Red Cross, which is now Red Crescent Society.

Nilufar obtained her MA Degree in Philosophy from the Dacca University in 1968 and was married (Aqd) to A Mannan on September 1, 1968 and the wedding ceremony took place on January 29, 1969.

Nilufar played the role of Saju, one of the two main characters of Nakshi Kanthar Math by Palli Kabi (Pastoral Poet) Jasimuddin, in its staging as dance drama. She became the first Bangladeshi Secretary General of WVA after the independence of Bangladesh. Later she also served as the President of Inner Wheel Club of Dhaka North and later District Extension Organiser of Inner Wheel District of Bangladesh.

She was chairman of Air Alliance Ltd (service provider of UPS), and chairman of A. R. Chowdhury Securities Ltd., also a Director of a few sister concerns of the Bengal Airlift Group of Companies.

Bengal Airlift N.F.K. Textiles, the 'N' stands for Nilufar.

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ktivbv	côv
• tmB w`b GB gvV	87
• tZvgiv thLvfb mva	88
• evsj vi gly Avwg	89
• hZw`b tetP AvwQ	90
• GKw`b Rj wmo b`xwJi	91
• AvKvfk mvZwJ Zvi v	92
• tKv_vl t`wLwb	93
• nvq cvwL, GKw`b	94
• Rxeb A_ev gZz	95
• thw`b mwi qv hve	96
• cv_ex i tqtQ e`f	97
• Ngvtq cwoe Avwg	98
• Ngvtq cwoe Avwg GKw`b	99
• hLb gZzi Ng	100
• Avevi Avime wdti	101
• hw` Avwg Sôti hvB	102
• gtb nq GKw`b	103
• th kwj L gti hvq	104
• tKv_vl Pwj qv hve	105
• tZvgvi ejKi t_tK	106
• tMvj cvZv QvDwb	107
• Ak#l mÜvi nvl qv	108
• wfR ntq Avtm tqtN	109
• LjR Zvti gti v wgtQ	110
• ciovMu` ðcni	111
• KLB tmbvvi tiv`	112
• GB cv_extZ GK	113
• KZ tfvti— ðcni	114

ti vbg	côv
• GB WvOv tQtô nvq	115
• GLvfb AvKvk bxj	116
• tKv_vl gtiVi Kvto	117
• Pôtj hve i Ktbn cvZv-QvI qv	118
• GLvfb Nvy WvK	119
• kKvfb i t`tk Zvg	120
• ZeyZvrv fj Rvb	121
• tmvbi Lvvi ejK	122
• KZ w`b mÜ`vi	123
• G-me KweZv Avvg	124
• KZ w`b Zvg Avvg	125
• GLvfb cútYi tmZ	126
• GKw`b hw` Avvg	127
• `i-cv_exi MtÜ	128
• Akj etUi ct_	129
• Nvmi ejKi t_tK	130
• GB Rj fvtj v j vM	131
• GKw`b cv_exi ct_	132
• cv_exi ct_ Avvg	133
• gvbM i e`_v Avvg	134
• Zvg tKb eü`ti	135
• Avgvt`i ijp K_v	136
• GB cv_extZ Avvg	137
• evZvrm avtbi kã	138
• GKw`b GB t`n	139
• AvR Zviv KB me ?	140
• nf tq tçgi w`b	141
• tKvfbw`b t`wLe bv	142
• Nvmi tfZi tmB	143
• GBme fvtj v j vM	144
• mÜ`v nq— Pvi w`tK	145
• GKw`b Kqvki	146
• tftē tftē e`_v cve	147

tmB w` b GB gvW

tmB w` b GB gvW `lä nte bv†Kv Rmb—
GB b`x by†i i Z†j
tmw †bv †`wLte `čæ—
tmvbvi `†cæ mva cū_extZ Kte Avi St†i!
Avg Pô†j hve eô†j
Pvj Zvdž wK Avi wfwRte bv wkwk†i i R†j
big M†Üi †XD†q?
j ²xtcBv Mvb Mvte bvwK Zvi j ²xwUi Z†i ?
tmvbvi `†cæ mva cū_extZ Kte Avi St†i!

Pwi w` †K kvšlewZ—w††R MÜ—g`yKj ie;
†Lqv†bŠKv_†j v G†m †j †M†Q P†i i Lg Kv†Q;
cū_exi GBme Mí tetP i ôte wPi Kvj ;—
Gwkw qv a†j v AvR—†ewej b QvB n†q Av†Q|

†Zvgiv thLvfb mva

†Zvgiv thLvfb mva P0tj hvl — Awig GB evsj vi cvti
i0tq hve; †wLe Klvj cvZv Swi†ZtQ †fvti i evZvfm;
†wLe Ltqwi Wvbr kvij †Li mÜvq wng ntq Avfm
aej tivtgi wbtP Zvrvj nj ÿ V'vs Nvfm AÜKvfi
tb†P P†j — GKeri — `Beri — Zvici nVvr Zvrvfi
etbi wRj MvQ WvK w†q wbtq hvq nf tqi cvtk;
†wLe tqtqij nvZ mKiæ — kv`v klvv ami evZvfm
kt¼i gtZv Kt` : mÜvq `wvj tm cktzi avti,

LBiOv nwmUti wbtq hvte thb †Kvb&Kvnbxi ††k—
0ciY-K_v0i MÜ tj †M AvtQ thb Zvi big kixti,
Kj gx`vtgi t_†K R†ŠtQ tm thb GB cktzi bxt—
bxi te cv tavq R†j GKeri — Zvici `†i wbi††k
P0tj hvq Kzvkvq,— ZeyRwb †Kvfbw`b cwl_xi wf†o
nvive bv Zvti Awig— tm th AvtQ Avgvi G evsj vi Zxti |

ersj vi gḷ Avig

ersj vi gḷ Avig t`wLqmQ, ZvB Avig cḷexi ifc
LḡRtZ hvB bv Avi : AÜKvṭi tRtM DtV Wgṭi i MtQ
tPtq t`wL QvZvi gZb etov cvZmUi wbtP eŏtm AvtQ
tfvṭi i `tqj cvwL—Pwii w`tK tPtq t`wL cj tei `lc
Rvg—eU—Kḡvṭj i—wRtj i Akṭi i Kŏti AvtQ Pz;
dYxgbmvi tSvfc kḡUetb Zvnt`i Qvqv cḡoqvṭQ|
gaḷi wWov t`tK bv Rwb tm Kṭi Pḷ Pḡúvi KvṭQ
GgbB wRj -eU-Zgvṭj i bxj Qvqv ersj vi Acifc ifc

t`tLwQj : teúj vI GKw`b MvOzoi Rtj tfj v wbtq—
Kòv Øv`kxi tR`vrmehLb gwi qv tMtQ b`xi Povq—
tmvbwj avṭbi cvṭk AmsL` Akṭi eU t`tLwQj , nvq,
k`vgvi big Mvb i`tḡwQj — GKw`b Agivq wMtq
wQbæLÄbvi gṭZv hLb tm tbtPwQj Bṭ`i mfvq
ersj vi b`x gvV fḡdṭ Nḡṭi i gṭZv Zvi tKṭi wQj cvq|

hZw`b tetP AmQ

hZw`b tetP AmQ AvKvk Pij qv tMtQ tKv_vq AvKvk
AciwRZvi gZv bxj ntq— Avti v bxj — Avti v bxj ntq
Avg th t`wLZ PvB;— tm AvKvk cvLbvq w0ovtq j tq
tKv_vq tfvti i eK gvQivOv Dto hvq Awk#bi gvtm;
Avg th t`wLZ PvB,— Avg th ewmZ PvB evsj vi Nvtm;
cw_exi ct_ Nji eUw`b AtbK te`bv cOtY| mOtq
avbmwUj mvt_ evsj vi kKvbi w`tK hve eOtq,
thBLvtb Gtj vPtj i vgcHvt`i tmB k`vgv AvRv Avtm,

thBLvtb Kévtcto kwo cOt i tKvbtv GK my`ixi ke
P`b wPZvq Pto— Avtgi kvLvq i`K fZj hvq K_v;
thBLvtb metPtq tewk ifc— metPtq Mvp weLYZv;
thLvbt i Kvq cU— eU w`b wekvj vYx thLvbt bxie;
thBLvtb GKw`b k•Lgvj v P`gvj v gwbbKKgvi
KvKb ewRZ, Avnv, tKvbtw`b ewRte wK Avi !

GKw` b Rj wmw b` xui

GKw` b Rj wmw b` xui cvti GB evsj vi gvtV
wekxYetUi wbtP itq itev; cktgi gtZv jvj dj
Swi te weRb Nvtm,— eukv Pu trtM iote— b` xui Rj
evOwj tgtqi gtZv wekvj vÿx gw` tii ami KcvtU
AvNvZ Kwi qv hvte ftq ftq— Zvici thB fvOv NvtU
ifcmxiv AvR Avi Avtm bvtKv, cvU i'ayctP Aweij ,
tmBLvtb Kj gxi `vtg teta tcöZbxi gZb tKej
Kw` te tm mviv ivZ,— t`wLte KLB Kviv Gtm AvgKvtV

mvRvtq titLtQ wPZv; evsj vi kletYi wew`SZ AvKvk
tPtq iote; wftR tcdv kvšlwmö tPvL tgtj K` tgi etb
tkvbtv j zxi Mí — fvmvtbi Mvb b`x tkvbtv wbrtb;
Pwi w` tK evsj vi avbx kmo— kv`v kvlv— evsj vi Nvm
AvK>` evmKj Zv tNiv GK bxj gV— Avcbvi gtb
fwOtZtQ axti axti ;— Pwi w` tK GBme AvöHöD"Qym—

AvKvřk mvZwU Zviv

AvKvřk mvZwU Zviv hLb DřVřQ dřU Awg GB Nřm
eřm _vmK; KvgivOv— j vj tgN thb gZ gmbqvi gřZv
M½vmvMři i řXDřq Wře řMřQ— AvmqrřQ kvřřAbřZ
evsj vi bxj mřv— řKkeZx Kbřv thb GřmřQ AvKvřk :
Avgvi řPřřLi řcřř Avgvi gřřLi řcřř Přř Zvi řřřm;
cw_exi řKvřbv c_ G Kbřřř ř řřLmbřKv— řřwL bvB AZ
ARmřPřř i Pğv řnRřř Křřřř Rvřg řřř AweiZ,
Rwb bvB GZ řmř Mř řřř řřřř řřř řwebřřř

cw_exi řKvřbv cř_ : big avřbi Mř— Kj gxi NřY,
nřmi cvj K, ki, cřřř i Rj, Pův mi cřřř i
g, yNřY, řKřřřř Pvj -řavqv řřřř nřZ— křZ nřZLvř,
eřw_Z Mřřř Křřřřřř— Gwi gřřř evsj vi cřřř :
AvKvřk mvZwU Zviv hLb DřVřQ dřU Awg cvB řřř |

†Kv_vl †`wLwb

†Kv_vl †`wLwb, Avnv, Ggb weRb Nvm— cōšti i cvti
big wegl†Pv†L †P†q Av†Q— bñj ešK Av†Q Zvnt`i
M½vdiostqi bño, Kv†cvKv, cRvcwZ, k'vgv†cvKv †Xi,
wñR†j i KvšicvZv— e†Ui ARM³dj Šti ev†iev†i
Zvnt`i k'vg ešK;— crovMui wK†kv†i i v hLb Kvš†ti
te†Zi big dj, bvUvdj †L†Z Av†m ayj ex†Ri
†LUR K†i Nv†m Nv†m,— eK Zvñv Rv†b bv†Kv, cvq bv†Kv †Ui
kwij L LÄbv Zvñv;— j Ÿ j Ÿ Nvm GB b`xi `šv†i

big Kvš†ti GB crovMui ešK i†q tm †Kvb&w†bi
K_v fv†e; ZLb G Rj wñw i Kvqwb, g†Rwb AvKvk,
ejuj tm†bi †Nvov— †Nvovi †Kki †Niv Ngž wR†bi
kã nōZ GB c†_— Av†iv Av†M ivRcŷ KZ w`b ivk
†U†b †U†b GB c†_— wK thb L†R†Q, Avnv, n†q†Q D`vm;
AvR Avi †LUR†R bvB wKQy- bvUvd†j wgvU†Z†Q Avk—

nvq cwl, GKw`b

nvq cwl, GKw`b Kvj x`tn wQfj bv wK—`tni evZvfm
Avlvtpi `ŷcnti Kj ie Kiwb wK GB evsj vq!
AvR mviw`b GB ev`tj i tKvj vntj tgfNi Qvqvq
Pu m`vMi : Zvi gajki wWomJi K_v gtb Avfm,
Kvj x`tn Kte Zviv ctoWQj GKw`b Stoi AvKvfk,—
tmw`tbv AmsL` cwl DtoWQj bv wK Kvtfj v evZvfm Mvq,
AvR mviw`b GB ev`tj i Rtj atj kxi Povq
Mvskwj tLi Stk, gtb nq, thb tmB Kvj x`tn fvfm :

GBme cwl,tj v wQfjZB AvRKvi bq thb—bq—
G b`xl atj kxi bq thb—G AvKvk bq AvRKvi :
dbxgbmvi etb gbm i tqfQ bv wK?—AvfQ; gtb nq,
GB b`x wK Kvj x`n bq? Avnv, H NvU Gj vtbv tLævi
mbKvi gly Avwg t`wL bv wK? weI Yægwj b KvšiwK th
mZ` me;—tZvgvi G `cæmZ`, gbm ewj qv tMj wbtR|

Rxeb A_ev gZž

Rxeb A_ev gZž†Pv†L iŕte— Avi GB evsj vi Nvm
iŕte e†K; GB Nvm : mxZvi vg ivRvi vg ivgbv_ ivq—
Bnv† i †Nvor Av†Rv AÜKv†i GB Nvm †f†O Pŕtj hvq—
GB Nvm : Gwi w†P K¼veZx k•Lgij v Kwi†Z†Q evm :
Zv† i ††ni MÜ, Pwvdž-gvLv w†b P†j i webvm
Nvm Av†Rv †X†K Av†Q; hLb †ngš†Av†m †Mšo evsj vq
KwZ†Ki Aciv†n†mR†j i cvZv kv`v DVv†bi Mvq
Sŕti c†o, c†zi i Kvš†Rj †Q†o w††q Pŕtj hvq n†m,

Awg G Nv†mi e†K i††q _w†K— kwij L w††q†Q w†Oov†q
big nj ŷ cv†q GB Nvm; G me† Nv†mi w†Z†i
†m†v a†j v i††q Av†Q— K†Pi gZb cvLv G Nv†mi Mv†q
†f†i Üvd†j i bxj †fv†giv v e†jv†Z†Q— kv`v `b S†i
Kiexi : †Kv†GK w†K†kvix G†m w†Q†o w††q Pŕtj †M†Q d†ž,
ZvB `† Swi†Z†Q Kiexi Nv†m Nv†m : big e†vK†ž |

thw`b mwi qv hve

thw`b mwi qv hve tZvgv`i KvQ t_K—`i-Kqvkvq
Põtj hve, tmw`b giY Gtm AÜKv`i Avgvi kixi
wřŷv Kõti j tq hvte;— tmw`b`ŷĐ GB evsj vi Zxi—
GB bxj evsj vi Zxti`itq GKv GKv wK fwee, nvq;—
tmw`b iõte bv tKv`bv tŷvf gtb— GB tmu`v Nv`mi aj-vq
Rxeb th KwUqv`Q evsj vq— Pwi w`tK evOwj i wřo
eû w`b KxZĐ fvmvb Mvb ifcK_v hvIv cŷPj xi
big wbeo Q`>` hviv AvtRv kŷetYi Rxeb tMvOvq,

Avgv`i w`tq`Q ZwB; tKv`bv w`b ifcnxb cŷv`mi c_K
evsj vi gŷ f`j LvPvi wřZti bó`itKi gZb
KvUvBwb w`b gvm, teúj vi j nbvi gaij RMtZ
Zv`i cvtqi aŷj v-gvLv c_K weKv`q w`tq`Q Awg gb
evOwj bvi xi Kv`Q— Pj tavqv w`mÜ nvZ, avb-gvLv Pj,
nv`Z Zvi kmw`Ui K`i cvo;— Wukv Avg Kvgi`Ov Kj|

cu ex i tq tQ e"-l

cwl ex i t q t Q e t K v b l v t b m d j Z v k w i w f Z i ,
 t K v b l v t b A v K v t k i M t q i f g b t g U D w t Z t Q t R t M ,
 t K v v q g v t j Z t j R v n v t R i w f o m e t j t M A v t Q t g t N ,
 R w b b v t K v ; A w i g G B e v s v i c v o w M t q e w a q w Q N i :
 m U v q t h t K v K D t o h v q Z i j e t b g t L t j v L o
 w b t q h v q m K v t j t h w b g c w L D t o A v t m K v Z i A v t e t M
 b x j t Z t j i e t b t Z g w b K i a v G K e v K A v t Q t j t M ;
 e B v P e t b A w i g t R v b v n K i i f c t t L n t q u Q K v Z i ;

K`tgi Wwtj Awig i`tbwQ th j`xtcBv tMtq tMtQ Mvb
vbiwZ tR`vrmai ivtZ, — Uz Uz Uz mviivZ Stj
i`tbwQ wkwki jtv,— wbg gL Mo Gtm KtiQ AvnYvb
fvOv tmcv BU jtv,— Zwi ejK b`x Gtm wK K_v ggfi;
tKD bVB tKvtbw tK— Zeyhw tR`vrmaq tctZ_vK Kvb
i`vte evZvtm kã : 0tNrov Pto KB hvl th ivqivqvb— 0

Nq̄tq c̄w̄e Avg

Nq̄tq c̄w̄e Avg GK̄ b̄ t̄Zvḡt̄ ī b̄ȳt̄ī ī v̄t̄Z
 w̄k̄q̄t̄ī ʼek̄v̄L̄ tḡN— kv̄ v̄ kv̄ v̄ thb̄ K̄w̄-k̄t̄•Lī c̄w̄vo
 b̄ xī Ī c̄vī t̄_t̄K̄ t̄P̄t̄q̄ ī ō̄t̄e— t̄K̄v̄t̄bv̄ GK̄ k̄•L̄ew̄ij̄ K̄vī
 amī ī f̄cī K̄_v̄ ḡtb̄ n̄t̄e— GB̄ Avḡ R̄t̄gī Q̄v̄q̄t̄Z̄
 K̄t̄e thb̄ Z̄v̄t̄ī Avḡ t̄ w̄L̄q̄w̄Q̄— K̄t̄e thb̄ ī w̄L̄q̄v̄t̄Q̄ n̄v̄t̄Z̄
 Z̄vī n̄v̄t̄Z̄— K̄t̄e thb̄ Z̄vī cī k̄k̄vb̄ w̄P̄Z̄v̄q̄ Z̄vī n̄vo
 S̄ō̄t̄ī t̄M̄t̄Q̄, K̄t̄e thb̄; Ḡ R̄b̄t̄ḡ b̄q̄ thb̄— GB̄ c̄v̄ov̄M̄uī
 c̄t̄_ Z̄eȳZ̄b̄ t̄kv̄ ēQ̄ī Av̄t̄M̄ n̄q̄t̄Z̄v̄ ev̄— Avḡ Z̄vī m̄v̄t̄_

K̄v̄Ūv̄t̄q̄w̄Q̄; c̄w̄t̄kv̄ ēQ̄ī Av̄t̄M̄ n̄q̄t̄Z̄v̄ ev̄— m̄v̄Z̄t̄kv̄ ēQ̄ī
 t̄K̄t̄Ū t̄M̄t̄Q̄ Z̄vī cī t̄Z̄vḡt̄ ī Avḡ R̄vḡ K̄w̄v̄t̄j̄ ī t̄ t̄k̄;
 av̄b̄ K̄v̄Ūv̄ n̄t̄q̄ t̄M̄t̄j̄ ḡv̄t̄V̄-ḡv̄t̄V̄ K̄t̄Z̄vevī K̄w̄ij̄ v̄ḡ Lō;
 ew̄aj̄ v̄ḡ Nī GB̄ k̄ v̄gv̄ Av̄ī L̄Ǟb̄vī t̄ k̄ f̄v̄t̄j̄ v̄t̄ēt̄m̄,
 f̄v̄m̄v̄t̄bī M̄vb̄ _t̄b̄ K̄Z̄ ev̄ī Nī Av̄ī Lō t̄M̄j̄ t̄f̄t̄m̄
 ḡv̄_t̄j̄ ī c̄vj̄ v̄ t̄ēt̄ā K̄Z̄ ev̄ī d̄uk̄v̄ n̄ō̄j̄ Lō Av̄ī Nī |

Ngvtq cwoe Awg GKw` b

Ngvtq cwoe Awg GKw` b tZvgv` i byt`i i vtZ;
ZLtbv thšeb cōtY tj tM AvtQ nqtZv ev— Avgvi Ziā w` b
ZLtbv nqwb tkl— tmb fvtj v— Ng Avtm— ersj vi ZY..
Avgvi etKi wbtP tPvL etR— ersj vi Avtgi cvZvtZ
KvbtcvKv NgvtqtQ— AwgI Ngvtq itev Zvrvt` i mvt_,
Ngve cōtYi mvtā GB gvtV— GB Nvtm K_vfvlvnxb
Avgvi cōtYi Mí axti axti gvtQ hvte— AtbK bexb
bZb Drme ite DRvtbi— Rxtbi gaj AvNvtZ

tZvgv` i e`-lgtb;— Zely, wKtkvi, Zvg btLi Avtō
hLb G Nvm wōto Ptj hvte— hLb gwmbKgvj v tftvti
jvj -jvj eUdj KvgivOv KōvtZ Awmte GB ct_
hLb nj ý teuv tkdwj tKvbtv GK big ki tZ
Swi tq Nvtmi ōcti,— kwij L LÄbv AvR KZ` i- l to
KZLwb tiv— tgN— tUi cvte itq itq gitYi tNvti |

hLb gZi Njg

hLb gZi Njg i'tq i'tev— AÜKv'ti by'tîi wbtP
Kwvj Mv'tQi Ztj nq'tZv ev atj k'ix wPj vB'tqi cv'tk—
w' bgv'tb tKv'tbv g'ly nq'tZv tm k'k'v'tbi Kv'tQ bwn Av'tm—
Zey Kwvj Rvg evsj vi— Zvrv't`i Qvqv th cwtQ
Avgvi e'jKi ôcti— Avgvi g'Li ôcti bxi'te Swi'tQ
L'tqix Ak'l cvZv— eBwP, tkqvj Kwlv Avgvi G t`n fv'tj ver'tm,
w'w'eo ntqtQ ZvB Avgvi wPZvi QvB'tq— evsj vi Nv'tm
Mf'xi Nv'tmi „t'Q i'tq'wQ Ngv'tq Avgg,— by'Î bwotQ

AvKv'tki t_tK`i— Av'tiv`i— Av'tiv`i— wBRB AvKv'tk
evsj vi— Zvici AKviY Njg Avgg c'ôto hvB X'tj |
Averi hLb Rwm, Avgvi k'k'v'bwPZv evsj vi Nv'tm
f'ôti Av'tQ, t'Ptq t`wL,— evm'tKi MÜ cvB— Avbv'im d'tj
t'fv'giv DwtQ, i'wb— „eti tcvKvi 'yxY „giwb fwm'tQ evZv'tm
tiv't`i`g'j f'ôti— i'wb Avgg; Bnviv Avgv'ti fv'tj ver'tm—

Avevi Awme wdti

Avevi Awme wdti avbimwili Zxti — GB evsj vq
nqtZv gvbly bq — nqtZv ev k•LwPj kwj tLi tetk;
nqtZv tfvti i KvK ntq GB KwZtKi bevte t`tk
Kqvki etK tfm GKw b Awme G Kwj -Qvqv;
nqtZv ev nwn nle — wktkvi xi — Ngz i wte jvj cvq,
mviv w b tktu hte Kj gxi MÜ fiv Rtj tfm tfm;
Avevi Awme Awg evsj vi b`x gvV tYz fvtj vtefm
Rj vxi tXdq tFRv evsj vi G meR Kiæ WvOv;

nqtZv t`wLte tPtq myk DwtZtQ mÜvi evZfm;
nqtZv i wte GK j zxtcPv WwtZtQ wgtj i Wtj ;
nqtZv LBti avb QwtZtQ wki GK DVtbi Nfm;
ifcvi tNjv Rtj nqtZv wktkvi GK kv`v tQav cvtj
wvOv evq; — ivOv tgN mZivtq AÜvti AwmtZtQ bxtö
t`wLte aej eK : Avgvti B cvte Zwg Bvrt`i wftö —

hw` Awg Sôti hvB

hw` Awg Sôti hvB GKw` b KwZfKi bxj Kqvkq
hLb Swi tQ avb evsj vi tÿtZ tÿtZ swb tPvL etR,
hLb PovB cvwL Kwvj xPwvi bxtô tVw AvtQ MtR,
hLb nj ÿ cvZv wgnktZtQ DVtbi Ltqwi cvZvq,
hLb cktzi nwn tmuv Rtj wktiti i MÜ i'aycvq,
kvgyk Mvj Mtj v cÔto AvtQ k'vl j vi gwj b metR—
ZLb Avgvti hw` cvl bvtKv j vj kvK-Qvl qv grtV LtR,
tVm&w` tq eÔtm Avi _wk bvtKv hw` etov Pvj Zvi Mvq,

ZvnÔtj Rvbl Zw AwmqvtQ AÜKvti gZzi Avnÿvb—
hvi WwK i' t b ivOv tiŠt` tiv wPj Avi kwj tLi wfo
GKw` b tQto hvte Avg Rvg etb bxj evsj vi Zxi ,
hvi WwK i' t b AvR tÿtZ tÿtZ Swi tZtQ LB Avi tgšwi i avb;—
Kte th Awmte gZz: evmgZx Pvtj -tfRv kv` v nvZLvb—
ivtLv etK, tn wktkvi x, tMvtivPbvifc Awg Kwi e th mab—

gʔb nq GKw`b

gʔb nq GKw`b AvKvʔki i`KZviv t`wLe bv Avi;
t`wLe bv tntj Āvi tSvc t_ʔK GK Svo tRvbwK KLB
wʔtf hvq; t`wLe bv Avi Awg cwipZ GB eukeb,
i`Kʔbv eukki cvZv-Qvl qv gvu ntq hvte Mfxi Aravi
Avgvi tPtLi KvʔQ;— j ʔx cwvvi iʔZ tm Kte Avevi
tcBr WʔK tR`vrmq; wRʔj i eukv Wj Kti ĀiY;
mviv ivZ wKʔkvixi j vj cvo Pʔv fvtm— nvʔZi Kʔkb
tetR IʔV : enSe bv— MʔvRj , bviʔKvj bvoMʔj v Zvi

Rwb bv tm Kvʔi t`te— Rwb bv tm wPwb Avi kv`v Zvj kun
nvʔZ j ʔq cj vʔki wʔK tPtq `gvti `wʔtq i te wK bv...
Avevi Kvnvi mvʔ_ fvtj vevmv nte Zvi— Awg Zv Rwb bv—
gZʔi tK gʔb ivʔL? ... KxwZvkv LʔR Lʔo Pʔj evʔiv gvm
bZb WwOvi wʔK— wQʔbi Aveij gZ Pi webv
w`b Zvi tKʔU hvq— i`KZviv wʔtf tMʔj Kʔv wK AvKvk?

th kwij L gti hvq

th kwij L gti hvq Kqvkq— tm tZv Avi wdti bwn Avtm :
KvÂbgvj v th Kte Sôti tMtQ;— etb AvtRv Kj gxi dĵ
dĵ hvq— tm Zeytdti bv; nvq;— vekvj vĵx : tm-l tZv ivZĵ
PiY gqQqv wqQv Pôti tMtQ;— gvScġ_ Rti i D"Qvfm
evav tctq b`xi v gwRqv tMtQ w`tK w`tK— kkvġbi cvtk
Avi Zviv Avtm bvġKv; mĵixi etb evN wfġR RĵRĵ
tPvL Zĵ tPtq _vġK— KZ cvUivbġ`i Mvp Gġj vPĵ
GB tMSo evsj vi— cto AvtQ Zvnvi cvġqi Zĵ Nvfm

Rvġb tm wK! t`tL bwnK Zviveġb cto AvtQ wPYġ`Dj ,
wei® cġUi `wN— tducov gnj v NvU, nvRvi gnj
gZ me ifcmxiv; etġK AvR tftiġvi dĵ fxiġ
Mvb Mvq— cvk w`tq Lj &Lj &Lj &Lj &eġtq hvq Lvj ,
ZeyNg fvtQ bvġKv— GKevi Ngvtj tK DtV Avtm Avi
hw l Wkwii hvq k•LvPj — ggqQqv gti tMv gv`vi |

†Kv_vl Pwq qv hve

†Kv_vl Pwq qv hve GKw`b;— Zvici iwl`i AvKvk
AmsL` byĀ wbtq Ntj hvtē KZKvj Rmbe bv Awig;
Rmbe bv KZKvj DVvfb Swi te GB nj y ev`vgx
cvZv_tj v-gv`vti i Wgtyi i-tmūv MÜ— evsj vi klm
ejK wbtq Zinvf`i;— Rmbe bv ci_gx galkcx Nvm
KZ Kvj cōstī Qovtq iōte— Kuvj -kvLvi t_tK bwig
cvLbv Wvj te tcdv GB Nvfm— evsj vi meR evj vgx
avbx kvj ckqgbv ejK Zvi— ki†Zi tivt`i mej vm

KZ Kvj wboovte;— AvPtj bvUvi K_v f†j wltq enS
wKtkvti i gyl t†tq wKtkvix Kwite Zvi g_ygv_v wbpz
AvmbamÜ`vi KvK— Kiax Kv†Ki `j tLvtov bxo LyR
Dto hvtē;— `gtyi Nv†mi ejK wmti i g†Zv ivOv wj Pz
gyl MyR cōto iōte— AwigI Nv†mi ejK itev gy MyR;
g_yKvktbi kã— tMv†ivPbv wRwb is wPwbe bv wKQy-

†Zvgvi eyKi †_†K

†Zvgvi eyKi †_†K GKw̃ b Põtj hvte †Zvgvi mšlb
evsj vi ey t0to Põtj hvte; th Bw̃†Z bỹ†I Stī,
AvKṽtki bxj ṽf big ey t0to w̃†q w̃†gi w̃fZ†i
Wze hvq,— Kzvkvq Sõtī cto w̃†K-w̃†K ifckvj x avb
GKw̃ b;— nq†Zv ev w̃bg†cPv AÜKṽti Mṽte Zvi Mvb,
Avgṽti Kzv†q tbte tg†Vv Bṽ†i i g†Zv gi†Yi N†i—
nf†q Ÿz i MÜ tj†M Av†Q AvKṽOŸvi— Zey† †Zv †Pv†Li Dc†i
bxj gZzDRvMi— evKv Pü, kb̃ gvW, w̃kuk†i i N†Y—

KLb giY Av†m †K ev Rv†b— Kṽj x̃†n KLb th So
Kgt†i i bxj fv†0— w̃Ot0 †dt†j Mṽs†Pj kṽwj†Ki cŸY
Rwb bv†Kv;— Zeythb gwi Avg GB gvW-Nv†Ui w̃fZi,
Kòv hgṽvi bq— thb GB MṽOzoi †XD†qi AvN†Y
tj†M _v†K †Pv†L gyl— ifcmx evsj v thb eyKi Dci
†R†M _v†K; Zṽvi w̃b†P i†q _v†K thb Avg Aabvix†i |

†Mvj cvZv QvDmbi

†Mvj cvZv QvDmbi eK Ptg bxj tavqv mKvtj mÜ`vq
Dto hvq— wgtk hvq Avgetb KwZ¶Ki Kzvki mvt_;
cKzi j vj mi ýxY tXDtq evi evi Pvg th RotZ
Kiexi KWP Wvj ; Ptg tLtZ Pvg gvQivOmUi cvq;
GK-GKw BU aÝtm— WzRtj Wz w tq tKv_vq nvi vq
fvOv NvUj vq GB— AvR Avi tKD Gtm Pvj -tavqv nvtZ
webv Lmvq bvtKv— i Ktbr cvZv mvi v w b _vtK th MovtZ
Kwo tLwj evi Ni gtR wMtq tMvLjvi dvUtj nvi vq;

WvBbxi gtZv nvZ Ztj Ztj fW Avkk`vi ovi eb
evZvtm wK K_v Kq eyS bvtKv,— eyS bvtKv wPj tKb Kd`;
cw_exi tKvtrv ct_ t`wL bB Awg, nvq, Ggb weRb
kv`v c_— tmu`v c_— edki tNvgUv gL weaevi Qd`
Põtj tMtQ— kKvtrbi cvti eyS,— mÜ`v mnmv KLb;
mWRbvi Wvtj tcdv Kd` wbg— wbg— wbg KwZ¶Ki Pdt` |

Akšl mÜvi nvl qv

Akšl mÜvi nvl qv hLb tj tMtQ bxj evsj vi etb
gvfV gvfv wdw GKv : gtb nq evsj vi Rietb m¼U
tkl ntq tMtQ AvR;— tPtq t`L KZ kZ kZvāi eU
nvRvi meR cvZv jvj dj etK j tq kvLvi e`Rtb
AvKvOÿvi Mvb Mvq— Akš tiv wK thb Kvgbv RvM gtb :
mZxi kxZj ke eû w`b tKvtj j tq thb AKCU
Dgvi tclgi Mí tclqtQ tm, P> tklti i gZv Zvi RU
D¾ij ntZtQ ZvB mßgxi Pcl` AvR clviMgtb;

gaKcx Nvm-Qvl qv atj kš xUli cvto tMšix evsj vi
Gevi ej wj tmb Awmte bv Rvwb Awg— ivq, YvKi
Awmte bv— t`keÜzAwmqvtQ Liavi cÜvq Gevi,
Kvj x`tn KvšlMvskwvj tLi wfto thb AwmqvtQ So,
AwmqvtQ PÐx`vm— ivgcñvt`i k`vgv mv_ mv_ Zvi;
k•Lgvj v, P> gvj v; gZ kZ wKtkvixi K¼tYi ^↑|
(t`keÜz 1326-1332-Gi ^šitY)

wf̣ṭR n̄tq Av̄tm t̄ḡt̄N

wf̣ṭR n̄tq Av̄tm t̄ḡt̄N G-`ḡj— w̄Pj GKv b`x̄Uj cv̄tk
Rvīḡ Mv̄t̄Qi Wv̄t̄j ēl̄tm ēl̄tm t̄P̄t̄q _v̄t̄K l̄ cv̄t̄i i w̄ t̄K;
cv̄qiv̄ w̄M̄t̄q̄t̄Q D̄to Pēz̄ti, t̄Lv̄tc Zvi;— km̄vj Zv̄Ūt̄K,
t̄Q̄to t̄M̄t̄Q t̄ḡs̄gm̄Q;— Kv̄t̄j v̄ t̄ḡN R̄wḡqv̄t̄Q gv̄t̄Ni Av̄Kv̄t̄k,
giv̄ c̄R̄vc̄w̄Z̄Ūj cv̄Lvi bīḡ tīȲt̄d̄t̄j w̄ t̄q Nv̄tm
w̄c̄at̄oiv̄ P̄t̄j hv̄q;— `ḡ `ḡ Avḡ Mv̄t̄Q km̄vj t̄L— km̄vj t̄L
S̄t̄Ūvc̄w̄, t̄Kv̄j vn̄j — ēDK_v̄Kl̄ Avī iv̄Ov̄ ēD̄w̄Ūt̄K
Wv̄t̄K bv̄t̄Kv̄— nj̄ ȳ cv̄Lbv̄ Zvī t̄Kvb̄&t̄hb̄ K̄w̄vj̄ c̄j̄ v̄t̄k

nv̄iv̄t̄q̄t̄Q; ēDl̄ DV̄t̄b̄ bv̄B— c̄l̄tō Av̄t̄Q GK̄Lv̄bv̄ t̄X̄w̄K;
av̄b̄ t̄K K̄w̄t̄ē et̄j̄ v̄— KZ̄ w̄ b̄ t̄m̄ t̄Zv̄ Avī t̄Kv̄t̄Ū bv̄t̄Kv̄ av̄b̄,
tīv̄t̄ l̄ ī Kv̄t̄Z̄ t̄m̄ t̄h̄ Av̄tm̄ bv̄t̄Kv̄ P̄j̄ Zvī— K̄t̄ī bv̄t̄Kv̄ m̄ab̄
G-c̄k̄z̄i— f̄w̄t̄ī av̄t̄bī ex̄R̄ K̄j̄ v̄t̄q̄ w̄M̄t̄q̄t̄Q Zvī t̄`w̄L,
Z̄ēȳ t̄m̄ Av̄tm̄ bv̄t̄K; Av̄R̄ G-`ḡj̄ Ḡtm̄ LB̄ f̄w̄R̄t̄ē w̄K?
t̄n̄ w̄P̄j̄, t̄mv̄bw̄vj̄ w̄P̄j̄, iv̄Ov̄ iv̄RK̄b̄v̄ Avī cv̄t̄ē bv̄ w̄K̄ c̄l̄ȳ?

LjR Zṽti g̃t̃iv w̃g̃t̃Q

LjR Zṽti g̃t̃iv w̃g̃t̃Q— c̃vovM̃ũi c̃t̃_ Zṽti c̃ṽte b̃ṽt̃Kṽ Aṽi ;
ĩt̃q̃t̃Q Ãt̃b̃K KṽK G-DW̃t̃b— Zeỹt̃m̃B Kṽš̃l̃`w̃KṽK
b̃ṽB Aṽi ;— Ãt̃b̃K ẽQ̃i Aṽt̃M̃ Aṽt̃g̃ R̃ṽt̃g̃ ñf̃ó GK S̃ũK
`w̃KṽK t̃`Lṽ th̃Z w̃`b̃ ĩṽZ,— t̃m̃ Aṽg̃ṽi t̃Q̃t̃j̃ t̃ej̃ ṽKṽi
K̃t̃ẽKṽi K̃_ṽ me; Aṽm̃t̃ẽ b̃ṽ c̃w̃_ext̃Z t̃m̃w̃`b̃ Avẽvi :
ĩṽZ b̃ṽ d̃z̃ṽt̃Z t̃m̃ th̃ K̃`t̃gi W̃j̃ t̃_t̃K̃ w̃`t̃q̃ th̃Z W̃w̃K,—
GL̃t̃b̃ṽ Kṽt̃Kĩ k̃t̃ā AÜ̃Kṽi t̃f̃ṽt̃i Aṽm̃g̃ w̃eg̃b̃ṽ, AvẽK
Zṽi K̃_ṽ f̃w̃ẽ ĩ`aỹGZ w̃`t̃b̃ t̃Kṽ_ṽq̃ t̃m̃? w̃K̃ th̃ ñf̃j̃ Zṽi

t̃Kṽ_ṽq̃ t̃m̃ w̃b̃t̃q̃ t̃M̃t̃Q̃ m̃t̃½̃ K̃Ō̃t̃ĩ t̃m̃B̃ b̃`x̃; t̃j̃ỹZ, g̃ṽW, Ñṽm̃,
t̃m̃B̃ w̃`b̃, t̃m̃B̃ ĩw̃l̃, t̃m̃B̃mẽ Ɂ̃ub̃ P̃j̃, w̃f̃t̃R̃ kṽ`ṽ ñṽZ
t̃m̃B̃mẽ t̃b̃ṽb̃ṽ M̃ṽQ̃, K̃ig̃P̃ṽ, kṽg̃j̃k̃, M̃w̃j̃, K̃w̃P̃ Z̃ṽj̃ k̃w̃m̃,
t̃m̃B̃mẽ w̃f̃t̃R̃ ãt̃j̃ ṽ, t̃ej̃ K̃w̃-Q̃ṽl̃ q̃ṽ c̃_, t̃aṽq̃ṽ-l̃ Ṽṽ f̃ṽZ,
t̃Kṽ_ṽq̃ w̃M̃t̃q̃t̃Q̃ me?— Ãm̃s̃L̃` Kṽt̃Kĩ k̃t̃ā f̃w̃ĩ t̃Q̃ AṽK̃ṽk̃
t̃f̃ṽi ĩṽt̃Z— b̃eṽt̃b̃iẽ t̃f̃ṽt̃i AṽR̃ ẽt̃j̃K̃ th̃b̃ w̃K̃t̃m̃ĩ AṽÑṽZ!

crovMui`ŷcni

crovMui`ŷcni fvtjvevnm—tiš`³thb MÜ tj tM AvtQ
`čtbi;— tKvb Mí, wK Kwnbx, wK `čæth ewaqvQ Ni
Avgvi nf tq, Avnv, tKD Zvrv Rvrb bvtKv— tKej cššli
Rvrb Zvrv, Avi H cššli i k•LwPj; Zvrvt`i KvQ
thb G-Rbtg bq— thb tXi hM aŷti K_v wKwLqvQ
G— nf q— `tæth te`bv AvtQ: i`® cvZv— kwij tLi `t,
fvOv gV— b• vtcto kmoLvrv tqtqwi tišt`i wfZi
nj ŷ cvZvi gtZv mŷti hvq, Rj wmwUti cvtk Nvfm

kvLv,tjv btq AvtQ eü w`b Qx`nxb eŷbv Pvj Zvi:
Rtj Zvi gylvbv t`Lv hvq— wMwOI fvmvQ Kvi Rtj,
gwij K tKv_vl bvb, tKvrbw`b GB w`tK Avmte bv Avi,
Sisiv tduciv, Avnv, wMwUti teta ti tL wMtqQ wvRtj:
crovMui`ŷcni fvtjvevnm—tišt`³thb wftR te`bvi
MÜ tj tM AvtQ, Avnv, tKti tKti fvmvZtQ AvKvki Ztj |

KLb tmbvi tiv`

KLb tmbvi tiv` wbf tMq— Aweij i'cvi mwi
Avati thZtQ Wze— cŏŏti i'cvi t_tK Mig evZm
ÿmaZ wPtj i'gtZv ^Ptŏi G-AÜKvi tdlj tZtQ kŏm;
tKvb&Ptŏ Ptj tMq tmb tqtq— Avmte bv, Kŏti tMq Avmo :
ÿxiab MvtQi cvtk GKvKx `wvtq AvR ewj tZ wK cwvi
tKv_vl tm bvB GB cll_extZ— Zvrv kixi t_tK kŏm
Sŏti tMq etj Zvti fŏj tMq byŏŏi Amxg AvKvK,
tKv_vl tm bvB Avi— cve bvKv Zvti tKvbtv cll_ex wbovmo?

GB gvtV— GB Nvtm dj ŏv G-ÿxiatq th MÜ tj tM AvtQ
AvtRv Zvi; hLb Zvj tZ hvB tXkkvK— `ŏti i'tiv`
mtlP tŏtZi w_tK tPtq _wK— ANŏY th avb Swi qvtQ,
Zvrv `yGK „Q Zŏj wB, tPtq t`wL wBRŏ Avtgv`
cll_exi ivOv tiv` PwotZtQ AvKv•ÿvq wPwbPwv MvtQ—
Rwb tm Avgvi KvQ AvtQ AvtRv— AvtRv tm Avgvi KvQ KvQ|

GB c᳚extZ GK

GB c᳚extZ GK ᳚vb AvtQ— me᳚Ptq m᳚i Ki᳚ :
 tmLv᳚b me᳚ WvOv f᳚ti AvtQ ga᳚cx Nv᳚m Aweij ;
 tmLv᳚b Mv᳚Qi bvg : Kv᳚vj , Ak᳚᳚ , eU , Rvi᳚᳚ , ᳚nRj ;
 tmLv᳚b ᳚fv᳚ti i ᳚gtN bvUvi i᳚ti ᳚᳚Zv RvM᳚Q Ai᳚᳚ ;
 tmLv᳚b evi᳚᳚ ᳚v᳚K M᳚vcmvM᳚ti i e᳚K,— tmLv᳚b ei᳚᳚
 KY᳚᳚᳚ atj k᳚᳚ c᳚v Rj v᳚᳚ti ᳚᳚q Aweij Rj ;
 tmBLv᳚b k•L᳚Pj cv᳚bi e᳚bi ᳚᳚Zv nvl qvq PĀj ,
 tmBLv᳚b j ᳚᳚᳚c᳚᳚ av᳚bi M᳚᳚i ᳚᳚Zv A᳚᳚ , Zi᳚᳚ ;

tmLv᳚b tj ey kvLv b᳚᳚ ᳚v᳚K AÜKv᳚ti Nv᳚mi Dci ;
 m᳚y᳚᳚ D᳚o hvq N᳚ti Zvi AÜKvi m᳚᳚vi evZv᳚m ;
 tmLv᳚b nj ᳚ k᳚᳚o tj ᳚M ᳚v᳚K i᳚cmxi kix᳚ti i Ōci—
 k•L᳚gvj v bvg Zvi : G-᳚ekvj c᳚lexi ᳚Kv᳚bv b᳚᳚ Nv᳚m
 Zv᳚ti Avi L᳚R Z᳚᳚ cv᳚᳚e bv᳚Kv ᳚ekvj v᳚᳚ ᳚᳚᳚᳚Qj ei ,
 ZvB ᳚m R᳚b᳚Q bxj evsj vi Nvm Avi av᳚bi ᳚fZi |

KZ t̄fv̄ti — ȳc̄nt̄i

KZ t̄fv̄ti — ȳc̄nt̄i — mÜv̄q t̄wL bxj k̄ȳi eb
evZv̄m K̄w̄ct̄Q ax̄ti; — L̄v̄i īt̄Ki ḡt̄Zv̄ M̄w̄nt̄Z̄t̄Q M̄vb
t̄K̄vb GK iv̄RKb̄v — cīt̄b N̄v̄t̄mi k̄w̄o — K̄v̄t̄j v̄ P̄t̄j av̄b
ev̄sj vi k̄w̄j av̄b — Av̄mOb̄vq B̄nv̄t̄ ī K̄t̄īt̄Q eīY,
nf̄ t̄q R̄t̄j ī MÜ Kb̄vi — N̄ȳ b̄vB, b̄vB̄t̄K̄v gīY
Z̄vi Av̄i t̄K̄v̄t̄b̄w̄ b — cv̄j t̄¼ t̄m t̄kv̄q b̄v̄t̄K̄v, n̄q b̄v̄t̄K̄v ̄w̄b,
j ²̄t̄c̄B̄r k̄v̄gv Av̄i k̄w̄j t̄Li M̄v̄t̄b Z̄vi R̄w̄M̄t̄Z̄t̄Q c̄Ÿ —
m̄viw̄ b — m̄vīvīv̄Z eȳK K̄Ÿi Av̄t̄Q Z̄v̄ti īc̄wi i eb;

m̄K̄v̄t̄j K̄v̄t̄Ki W̄v̄t̄K Av̄t̄j v̄ Av̄t̄m, t̄P̄t̄q t̄wL K̄v̄t̄j v̄ ̄w̄K̄v̄K
mēR R̄½j t̄Q̄t̄q k̄ȳi — k̄Ÿš̄l t̄t̄L̄t̄Q Ḡgb :
hL̄b ḡq̄īc̄•L̄x t̄fv̄ti ī m̄Üz̄ t̄ḡt̄N̄ n̄t̄q̄t̄Q Aev̄K,
m̄ȳī c̄Ÿm̄ t̄t̄K̄ w̄d̄ti Ḡt̄m ev̄sj vi īc̄ȳi eb
t̄wL̄q̄v̄t̄Q — AK̄-Ÿ̄r M̄vp bxj : Kīǣ K̄v̄K̄ti K̄v̄š̄īW̄v̄K
īw̄b̄q̄v̄t̄Q — t̄m KZ k̄Z̄v̄āx Av̄t̄M̄ t̄W̄t̄K̄w̄j Z̄v̄nv̄i v̄ hL̄b |

GB WwOv tQto nvq

GB WwOv tQto nvq ifc tK LyRtZ hvq cW_exi ct_|
etUi i Ktbn cvZv thb GK hMvšli Mí tWtK Avtb :
Qovtq i tqtQ Zviv cšti i ct_ ct_ wRb ANtY;—
Zvt`i Dtcýv Kŏti tK hvte wet`tk etj v— Awig tKvrbv-gtZ
evmgZx avbtýZ tQto w`tq gvj verti— DwUi cePZ
hve bvtKv, t`wLe bv cvgMvQ gv_v bvto mgtýi Mvrb
tKvb&t`tk,— tKv_vq Bj wPdž `vi wPwb evi æxi cŏtY
weblyx Lmvfq eŏtm _wvKevi `čwAvtb;— cW_exi ct_

hvK bvtKv : Akšli SivcvZv wv kv`v atj vi wFZi ,
hLb G— `ŏcni tKD bvb tKvrbv w`tk— cvwLwU bvb,
Awelj Nvm i ayQovtq i ŏtqtQ gvwU Kvkti i ŏci ,
LoKžUv Dëvtq wdwitZtQ `ŏGKUv wel YwPovB,
Akšli cvZv_tj v cŏto AvtQ wv kv`v atj vi wFZi ;
GB c_ tQto w`tq G-Rxeb tKvrbvLvrb tMj bvtKv ZvB|

GLv#b AvKvk bxj

GLv#b AvKvk bxj — bxj vf AvKvk R\$0 mmlRbvi dŹ
dŹ _#K wng kv`v— is Zvi Awk#bi Avtj vi gZb;
AvK>`dŹ i Kvjt v fŹgiŹ GBLv#b Kti ŹAiY
tiŹ`Ź `Źy fŹti;— evievi tiv` Zvi myPKY PŹ
Kwvj RvŹgi eŹK wb0ovq;— `tn wettj PĀj Av0Ź
ejvtq ejvtq tdti GBLv#b Rvg wj PzKwvj i eb,
abcwZ, kŹgtŹli, teuj vi, j nbvi 0ŹtQ PiY;
tgtVv ct_ wgtk AvtQ KvK Avi tKwKtj i kixti i aj-

KteKvi tKwKtj i Rv#v wK Zv? hLb gKŹ ivg, nvq,
wj wLŹZwŹtj b eŹtm `Źenti mvtai tm PwDKvg½j,
tKwKtj i WwK i#b tj Lv Zu evav cvq— t_tg t_tg hvq;—
A_ev teuj v GKv hLb PŹt ŹQ tft0 Mw0Źoi Rj
mŮvi AŮKvŹi, avbtŹtZ, Avgetb, A`úó kvLvq
tKwKtj i WwK kŹb tPvtL Zvi dŹwŹj KŹvkv tKej |

tKv_vl g†Vi Kv†Q

tKv_vl g†Vi Kv†Q— thBLv†b fvOv gV bxj ntq Av†Q
k˘vl j vq— A†bK Mfxi Nvm R†g tM†Q etKi wfZi ,
cv†k `mN g†R Av†Q— ifcvj x g†Q†i K†É Kvgbvi ~†
thBLv†b cvUivbx Avi Zvi ifcmx mLxiv i˘wbqv†Q
eû— eû w b Av†M— thBLv†b k•Lgvj v Ku_v enbqv†Q
tm KZ kZvâx Av†M gvQivOv-wSj wqj — Kwo-tLj v Ni ;
†Kvb&thb KzKxi SwdK Wze tM†Q me Zvi ci :
GKw b Awg hve `ycntii tmB `i-c†Štii Kv†Q,

tmLv†b gvbly tKD hvq br†K— t˘Lv hvq emNbx†i tWvi v
tet†Zi etbi d†K— Rvi†g M†Q†i Z†j tiŠ˘†tcrnvq
ifcmx gMxi gly t˘Lv hvq,— kv˘v f†ucty†ui tZvov
Av†j vKZvi cv†k MÜ Xv†j t˘†Ydz† em†Ki Mvq;
Zely tmLv†b Awg w†q hve GKw b cvUwK†j tNvov
hvi ifc R†ŠŠ— R†ŠŠ Ku†v†q†Q Awg Zv†i L†Re tm_vq|

Põtj hve i Kt̄bv cvZv-Qvl qv

Põtj hve i Kt̄bv cvZv-Qvl qv Nv̄tm— Rvgīaj̄ vnRt̄j i eṭb;
Zj Zv eṭki wQc nv̄tZ i ōte— gvQ Awg awie bv wKQy—
`xwNi Rt̄j i M̄t̄Ü i fcm̄j wPZj Avi i fcm̄xi wCQy
Rv̄tgi Mf̄xi cvZv-gvLv kvšl̄bxj Rt̄j tLw̄j tQ tMvct̄b;
Avbvi m̄t̄Sv̄tc H gvQivOv Zvi gvQivOw̄Ui gṭb
A`úó Av̄tj vq thb gṭQ hvq;— w̄m̄ūȳ i gṭZv ivOv wj Pz
Sōti c̄to cvZv Nv̄tm— t̄Pt̄q t`wL wK̄tkvi x K̄ti t̄Q gv_v w̄bPz—
Ḡtm̄t̄Q tm `ȳt̄j i Aem̄ti Rvgīaj̄ wj PzAvnīt̄Y—

Põtj hvq; bxj v̄x̄ m̄ōti hvq tKw̄K̄t̄j i cvLbvi gṭZv
ȳxīat̄qi kvLv Q̄t̄q Pvj Zvi Wj t̄Q̄to eṭki wCQ̄t̄b
tK̄v̄t̄bv `i AvKvŌȳvi t̄ȳt̄Z gv̄t̄V Põtj hvq thb Ae`vnZ,
hw̄ Zvi w̄ct̄Q hvl t`wL̄te tm AvK̄t̄`i Kīexi eṭb
t̄fv̄givi f̄t̄q f̄xīæ eūȳY cvqP̄wi K̄ōti Avbḡt̄b
Zvi ci P̄t̄j t̄Mj — D̄to t̄Mj thb bxj t̄fv̄givi m̄t̄b|

GLvfb Nny WtK

GLvfb Nny WtK Acivtnokwš! Avtm gvbj i gtb;
GLvfb meR kvLv AukveKv nj ý cvlŁti ivtL tXtK;
Rvtgi Avortj tmB eDK_vKlWŁti hw tđj t`tL
GKevi— GKevi `Ÿcni Acivtnohw` GB Nny ĄtŁb
aiv`vl,— ZvŁtj AbšKvj _wŁKtZ th nŁe GB etŁb;
tgšwi i MÜgvLv NvŁmi kixŁti KvšŁt`nwŁti tiŁŁ
AwŁkŁbi tŁZSiv KŁP KŁP k`vgvŁcvKvŁ` i KvŁQ tWŁK
iŁe AwŁg;— PŁKvixi mvŁ_ thb PŁKvŁti i gZb wŁgj Łb;
DVŁb ŁK ifceZx tŁj v KŁti— QovŁq w ŁZŁQ enŁS avb
kwŁj ŁŁti; Nvm tŁŁK NvŁm LŁŁ LŁŁ tŁŁZŁQ Łm ZvB;
nj ý bi g cvŁq LŁqwi kwŁj LŁŁj v WŁj ŁQ DVŁb;
tŁŁq `vŁLv mŁj iŁti : tŁvŁivPbv ifc wŁŁq GŁmŁQ wŁK ivB!
bxj bŁ`— MŁp tiŁŁ`^a— KŁe AwŁg t`wŁqwnQ— KŁi wŁj mŁb—

kKvṭbi t`tk Zṡ

kKvṭbi t`tk Zṡ AvmṗQ— eūKvj tMṭq tMQ Mvb
tmvbwj wPtj i gṭZv Dto Dto AvKvṭki tiŠ`^aAvi tgṭN,—
j²xi evnb thB wmo cml Avkṭbi tR`vrmṭi AvteṭM
Mvb Mvq— i`wbqwmQ iwlLcwYṡvi i vṭZ tZvgvi AvnYvb
Zvi gṭZv; Avg Pwv K`ṭgi MvQ t`tk Mvṭn Adžvb
thb wmo avb Sṭi ... Abšlmeṡ kwj AvṭQ thb tj ṭM
eṡK Ze; ej wṭj i evsj vq Kṭe th DVṭj Zṡ tRṭM;
cŬv, tgNbv, BQvgZx bq i`ay- Zṡ Kwe Kwi qvQ mub

mvZ mgṭi i Rṭj,— tNvov wṭq tMQ Zṡ ag bvi xṭeṭk
ARṡbi gṭZv, Avnv,— Avṭiv `i`^aub bxj iṭci Kṡvk
dṭoQ mṡY²Zṡ— `i`^ais Avṭiv `i`^atiLv fvṭj vṭeṭm;
Avgvṭi i Kvj x`n— MvOṇ— MvṭOi wPj Zeyfvṭj vevmv
Pvq th tZvgvi KvṭQ— Pvq, Zṡ tXṭj `vl wṭRṭi wṭṭkṭl
GB `ṭn— GB PY²gṭV gṭV— GB RxY²eṭU eṭav evmv|

ZeyZvnr fĵ Rwb

ZeyZvnr fĵ Rwb— ivRej t̃fi KxwZ^oFv t̃0 KxwZ^oBvkv :
Zey cŪvi ifc GKk̃i t̃Ziē t̃Ptq Aṽiv t̃Xi Mvp—
Aṽiv t̃Xi cŪy Zvi, teM Zvi, Aṽiv t̃Xi Rj, Rj Aṽiv;
t̃Zvgṽiv cŪ_{ex} c_;; by t̃Īi m̃v t̃_{Zug} t̃Lwĵ t̃ZQ cvkv :
k•Lgvj v bq i ay. Abj̃vav t̃ivwYxi l Pvl f̃v t̃j vevmv,
bv Rwb t̃m KZ Avkv— K t̃Zv f̃v t̃j vevmv Z_{ug} evm t̃Z t̃h cvi!
GLv t̃b b`xi aṽti evmgZx avb_; t̃j v Swi t̃Q Aṽṽiv;
cŪš t̃i i K̃vkvq GLv t̃b ev` t̃oi hvl qv Avi Avmv—

G t̃m t̃Q mŪ`vi KvK N t̃i w̃d t̃i;— `w̃v t̃q i t̃q t̃Q RxY^ogv,
gṽt̃Vi Aṽavi c t̃_; w̃k̃i K t̃_;— j vj t̃c t̃o c t̃j ṽt̃bv k̃w̃oi
Q̃w̃w̃U g̃ṽq hvq ax̃ti ax̃ti— t̃K G t̃m t̃Q Aṽgvi w̃bKU?
ŌKvi w̃k̃i ? et̃j v Z_{ug} Ō : k̃ṽj vg, DĒi w̃ j bv w̃KQy et̃U;
t̃KD bvB t̃Kṽt̃bw̃ t̃K— gṽt̃V c t̃_; K̃vkṽi w̃fo;
t̃Zvgṽti i avB K̃w̃e : ŌZ_{ug} l w̃K Rṽt̃bv w̃KQyGB w̃k̃i w̃i | Ō

tmvbvi LwPvi ešK

tmvbvi LwPvi ešK iune bv Awg Avi kšKi gZb;
wK Mí i'ubšZ Pvl tZvgiv Avgvi KvšQ— tKvb&Mvb, ešj v,
Zvnššj G-t' Dšj i wLj všbi Mí tQšo Pšj v, Dšo Pšj v,—
thLvšb Mfxi tšvšti tšvšvdj cwmKqvšQ,— AvšQ AvZšeb,
cDšli i wšfšR tšvšti, AvR nvq gb thb Kwi šQ tKgb;—
Pš`švj v, i vRKb`v, gly Zšj tPšq t`L— i'avB, i'b tšj v,
wK Mí i'ubšZ Pvl tZvgiv Avgvi KvšQ,— tKvb&Mvb ešj v,
Avgvi tmvbvi LwPv Lšj `vl, Awg th ešbi nxi vgb;

i vRKb`v tšvšb bššKv— AvR tšvšti AviwkšZ t`šL bššKv gly,
tKv_vq cšvvo `šš kv`v nšq AvšQ thb Kwi gZb,—
tmB w`šK tPšq— tPšq w`bššvi tššU hvq i'cmxi ešš;
Zšy tm tevšS bv wK Avgvšiv th mva AvšQ— AvšQ Avbgb
Avgvšiv th ... Pš`švj v, i vRKb`v, tšvšbv tšvšbv tZšj v tZv wPšš|
nvocšvššoi w`šK tPšq tPšq wng tMšQ Zvi `b|

KZ w`b mÜ`vi

KZ w`b mÜ`vi AÜKv`ti wgwj qvQ Avgiv `Rtb;
 AvKvk c0xc tRtj ZLb Kvnviv thb KwZfKi gvm
 mVRvtqtQ,— gw t_tK MVRb Mrtbi w`b tarqvU D"Qym
 tftm Avtm; Wbvy Ztj mvcgvmx Dto hvq Avcbvi gtb
 AvKv` etbi w`tK; GK`j `wKvK w`b Mxi tY
 bvUvi gZb ivOv tgN w0ovtq wbtq mÜ`vi AvKvk
 `ygyZf0ti ivtL— Zvici tgSwi i MÜgvLv Nvm
 c0to _vK : j zxtcPr Wvj t_tK Wvtj iayDto Ptj etb

Avtav-tdvUv tR`vrmw; ZLb Nvtmi cvtk KZ w`b Zvg
 nj y kwowU etK AÜKv`ti wdlvi cvLbvi gtZv
 etmQ Avgvi KvQ GBLvtb— AvmqvtQ kvUeb Pvg
 Mfxi Avavi Avtiv— t`wLqvQ ev`toi g`yAveiZ
 Avmv-hvl qv Avgiv `Rtb e0tm ewj qvQ— tQavdvwv KZ
 gvV I Pti i K_v : w`b tPvtL GKw`b me i`tbQ tZv|

G-me KweZv Awig

G-me KweZv Awig hLb wj tLwQ e0tm wR gtb GKv;
Pvj Zvi cvZv t_tK Uz&Uz&tR`vrmwq Si tQ wkwki;
Kqvkq w`i n tq wQj wmw avbwmw b`xwLi Zxi;
ev`g Azavi Wbv tg t j wng tR`vrmwq KwUqv tQ ti Lv
AvKv•Lvi; wbfz`xc AvMj vtq gtbvi gv w`tq tMtQ t`Lv
mt½ Zvi KteKvi tgsgwQi...wKtkvixi wfo
Av tgi eDj w`j kxZiv tZ;— Avwbj AvZvi wng ýxi;
gwj b Av t j vq Awig Zvrv t`i t`wLj vg,— G KweZv tj Lv

Zvrv t`i wwb gtb Kte, Zvrv t`i Kwoi gZb
ami nrv tZi ifc gtb Kti; Zvrv t`i nf tqi Zti |
tm KZ kZvāx Av tM Zvrv t`i Kiā k t•Li g tZv`b
Zvrv t`i nj ý kwio— ýxi t`n— Zvrv t`i Acifc gb
Ptj tMtQ cw_exi metPtq kvšwng mvšpvi Nti :
Avgvi wel Yæ` t cæ t_K t_tK Zvrv t`i Ng t f t0 c t o |

KZ w` b Zwg Awig

KZ w` b Zwg Awig Gtm GBLvrb eimqwiQ Nti i wfZi
Ltoi Pvj i wbtP, AUkvti;— mU`vi ami mRj
g`ynvZ tLwj tZtQ wRj Rvtgi Wtj — ev`g tKej
Kwi tZtQ Avmv-hvl qv Avkvtki g`yct_— wQbærfR Lo
ejK wbtq mbKvi gtZv thb cto AvtQ big cšli;
ekv Pru tPtq AvtQ— Kækvq Mv fmvrtq t`q Awej
wotkã _eti tcvKv— mvcgvmx— avbx k`vgvtcvKv`i `j;
w`tK w`tK Pvj tavqv MÜ g`y- ami kwoi ýxY `t

tkvrv hvq— gvbtyl i nf tqi ctyvrv brie
te`bvi MÜ fvrm;— Ltoi Pvj i wbtP Zwg Avi Awig
KZw` b gwj b Avtj vq eötm t`tLwQ ejSivQ GBme;
mgtqi nvZ t`tK Qv tctq `ctbi tMvavj tZ bwg
Ltoi Pvj i wbtP gylvv eötm t`tK Zwg Avi Awig
ami Avtj vq eötm KZw` b t`tLwQ ejSivQ GB me|

GLv#b cŏYi t#Z

GLv#b cŏYi t#Z Av#m hvq— mŭvq Ngvq bxi te
gv#i w#ŭi Őc#i— tj tM _v#K AŬKv#i a#j vi AvNŭY
Zvrv#`i t#v#L-g#L;— K`tgi W#j t#v# tM#q hvq Mvb;
g#b nq GKw`b c#_extZ nq#Zv G-tRvrmekgyi Őte,
GB kxZ iŐte kgyi w# fŐ#i GB j #x#v# K_v KŐte—
K#v#j i W#j t_#K w#R#j i W#j w#tq Kwi te Avnŭvb
m#cgvmx t#vKw#ŭi... t#B w`b A#v#i D#W#te bŐto avb
Bŭ#i i t#v#U-t#v#L; ev`#oi Kv#j v W#bv KigPvcj te

K#vkv#i w#Oov#q D#o hvte Av#iv `i- bxj K#vkvq,
t#KD Zvrv t`w#L#te bv;— t#mw`b G-cvovM#i c#_i w#-sq
t`w#L#Z cve bv Avi— Ngv#q i w#te me; thgb Ngvq
AvR iv#Z gZ hviv; thgb n#Z#Q N#q #q
Ak#ŭ SvD#qi cvZv P#C— P#C AvR iv#Z, nvq;
thgb Ngvq gZv,— Zvrv i e#Ki kmo thgb Ngvq|

GKw`b hw` Awig

GKw`b hw` Awig tKv`bv `i-gv`tRi mg`y`i R`j
tdbvi gZb fvm kxZiv`Z— Awm br`Kv tZvgv`i gvtS
wdti Avi— wj Pz cvZvi ūcti eūw`b m`S
thB ct_ Avmv-hvl qv Kwi qmQ,— GKw`b byt`i Ztj
KtqKUV bvUvdj Ztj wbtq Avbvimx kmoi Avtj
wdOvi gZb Ztg j NytPvtL Pōtj hvl Rxe`bi Kv`R,
GB i'ay... temRi cvtqi kã cvZvi Dcto hw` evtR
mvivivZ...Wvbvi A`uó Qvqv ev`tjoi Kvšintq P`j

hw` tm cvZvi ūcti,— tkl ivtZ cū_exi AÜKvti kxtZ
tZvgvi ýxti i gtZv g„yt`n— ami wPej, evg nvZ
Pvj Zv MvtQi cvtk tLvtov Nti wmo ntq Ngvq wbf`Z,
Zey tZvgvi Ng tft0 hvte GKw`b Pzc AK`šr,
Ztg th Kmoi gvj v w`tqūQ`j — tm nvi wdivtq w`tq w`tZ
hLb tK GK Qvqv GtmmQj ... `i Rvq Ktiwb AvNvZ|

`i-cw_exi MÜ

`i-cw_exi MÜ fÜti I tV Avgvi G evOvj i gb
AvR ivtZ; GKw`b gZzGtm hw` `i-bytÄi Ztj
AtPbv Nvtmi etK Avgvti Ngtq thtZ etj
Zey tm Nvm GB evsj vi Aveij Nvtmi gZb
gDixi g, yMÜ fÜti iÜte;— wKtkvixi `b
cÜg Rbbx ntq thgb big tXDtq Mtj
cw_exi me t`tk-metPtq tXi `i-bytÄi Ztj
me ct_ GBme kwš— AvtQ : Nvm— tPvL— kv`v nvZ— `b—

tKv_vl Awmte gZz— tKv_vl meR g, yNvm
Avgvti iwlte tXtK— tfvti, ivtZ, `ycnti cvlLi nf q
Nvtmi gZb mvta tQtq iÜte— ivtZi AvKvk
bytÄi bxj dtj dÜ iÜte; evsj vi byÄ wK bq?
Rwb brtKv; Zey Zvt`i etK w`i kwš— kwštj tM iq;
AvKvtki etK Zviv thb tPvL— kv`v nvZ thb `b— Nvm— |

Akḥ eṭui cṭ_

Akḥ eṭui cṭ_ AṭbK nṭqḡQ Awḡ ṭZvgvṭ`i mv_x;
QovṭqḡQ LB avb eūw`b DVvṭbi kvḡj ṭLi Zṭi;
mÜ`vq cḡz ṭ_ṭK nṭmḡṭi wḡṭq Awḡ ṭZvgvṭ`i Nṭi
wḡṭqḡQ AṭbK w`b,— ṭ`wḡqḡQ ae Rṭj v, aṭiv mÜ`venṭZ
ṭ_vṭoi gZb kv`v wṭṭR nṭZ,— GLṭ Awmṭe wḡbṭ i vṭZ
webṭ tetaQ ZṭB— KṭṭcṭvKṭṭc Zḡg Kcṭj i Ūṭi
cṭi qṭQ ... Zṭi ci NḡṭqQ : Kévcro Aṭj wḡ Sṭi
cṭṭbi evḲi Ūṭi; ṭbṭvṭi gZb bg`kixiḡ cṭwZ

wḡRḡ cṭj ṭ¼ Zḡg NḡṭqQ,— eDK_vKḲ wḡi Qṭbv
bxj Rvgiḡ bṭo— ṭR`vrmḡ— Nḡṭq iṭṭQ ṭhb, nvq,
Avi i wḡ gvZṭcṭwḡḡi gṭZṭ Qovṭq iṭṭQ Zṭi Wṭbv|...
AvR Awḡ KvšṭṭPṭL e`enṭZ Rṭṭbi aṭj vq Kṭṭvq
Pṭj ṭMḡ eū`ṭi;— ṭ`ṭLwḡṭKṭ, ṭevSṭwḡṭKṭ, KṭiṭwḡṭKṭ gṭbv
iṭcmx kṭLi ṭKŠḲ Zḡg ṭh ṭMṭ cṭYṭxb— cṭṭbi evḲq|
(1326-Gi KZK_ṭj v w`ṭbi ṭṭiṭY)

Nv̄tmi ej̄Ki t_̄tK

Nv̄tmi ej̄Ki t_̄tK K̄te Aw̄g t̄c̄tq̄u th Avḡvi k̄ixi—
meR̄ Nv̄tmi t_̄tK; Z̄vB t̄iv` f̄v̄tj v̄ j̄ v̄tM— Z̄vB b̄xj v̄K̄vk
ḡ, ȳf̄t̄R m̄K̄iā ḡt̄b n̄q;— c̄t_ c̄t_ Z̄vB GB N̄vm
R̄tj i ḡZb w̄m̄ ḡt̄b n̄q,— ḡD̄ḡw̄Q̄t` i th̄b b̄xo
GB N̄vm;— h̄Z `i- h̄vB Aw̄g Av̄t̄iv h̄Z `i- c̄w̄_ exi
big c̄v̄t̄qi Z̄tj th̄b K̄Z K̄ḡv̄ixi ej̄Ki w̄b̄k̄j̄m
K_̄v K̄q— Z̄v̄nv̄t` i k̄v̄š̄t̄nv̄Z t̄L̄j v̄ K̄t̄i— Z̄v̄t` i t̄L̄w̄v̄q Ḡt̄j v̄ d̄w̄n
L̄t̄j h̄v̄q— ām̄i k̄w̄oi M̄t̄Ü Av̄t̄m Z̄v̄iv— Āt̄bK̄ w̄b̄w̄eo

c̄t̄j̄v̄t̄b̄v c̄t̄Yi K_̄v K̄t̄q h̄v̄q— n̄f̄ t̄qi t̄e` b̄vi K_̄v—
m̄v̄š̄b̄vi w̄b̄f̄Z̄.big K_̄v— ḡv̄t̄Vi P̄t̄i M̄i K̄t̄i—
Av̄K̄v̄t̄ki b̄ȳt̄i i K_̄v K̄q;— w̄k̄w̄k̄t̄i i k̄x̄Z m̄ij Z̄v
Z̄v̄nv̄t` i f̄v̄t̄j v̄ j̄ v̄tM,— K̄q̄v̄k̄v̄t̄i f̄v̄t̄j v̄ j̄ v̄tM t̄P̄t̄Li D̄c̄t̄i;
M̄ig ēw̄i t̄d̄w̄v f̄v̄t̄j v̄ j̄ v̄tM; k̄x̄Z̄iv̄t̄Z— t̄c̄B̄ri b̄ḡZ̄v;
f̄v̄t̄j v̄ j̄ v̄tM GB th̄ Ak̄ī c̄v̄Z̄v Avḡc̄v̄Z̄v m̄v̄iv̄iv̄Z S̄t̄i |

GB Rj fvťj v j vťM

GB Rj fvťj v j vťM; eřoi ifcwij Rj KZ w`b Gťm
aťqťQ Avgvi t`n— ejvťq w`ťqťQ Pž— tPvťLi Dcťi
Zvi kvšlwm nvZ tiťL KZ tLwį qvťQ,— AvťetMi fťťi
tVťU Gťm Pžv w`ťq Pťťj tMťQ Kžvi xi gťZv fvťj vťetm;
GB Rj fvťj v j vťM;— bxj cvZv g`Nvm tiť`ť t`ťk
wdl½v thgb Zvi w`b,ťj v fvťj vevťm— eťbi wfZi
evi evi Dťo hvq,— tZgwb tMvcb tčg GB Rj Sťi
Avgvi t`ťni űcťi Avgvi tPvťLi űcťi avťbi Avťetk

Sťi cťo;— hLb ANŷY ivťZ fiv tťZ ntqťQ nj ý,
hLb Rvťgi Wťj tčvri big wng Mvb tkvov hvq,
eťbi wKbrťi Sťi thB avb eťK Kťi kvšl— kwij ýž,
tZgwb SwiťQ Rj Avgvi tVťU űcťi— tPvťLi cvZvq—
Avgvi Pžj i űcťi,— Acivťnevov tiť` meř AvZvq
tiťLťQ big nvZ thb Zvi— XwįťQ eťKi t`ťK`řl

GKw`b cwl_exi cŧ_

GKw`b cwl_exi cŧ_ Awig dwj qmQ, Avgvi kixi
big Nvŧmi cŧ_ nwlQvŧQ; eimqvŧQ Nvŧm
ŧ`wlQvŧQ bŷŧŦi ŧRvbmKŧcvKvi gŧZv ŧKŠZŧKi Aŧgq AvKvŧk
ŧLj v Kŧi; b`xi Rŧj MŧÜ fŧŧi hvq wŧŧR wmo Zxi
AÜKvŧi; cŧ_ cŧ_ kã cvB Kvrvŧ`i big kmoi,
Pŧj ŧ`Lv hvq; mvšpvi K_v wŧŧq Kviv Avŧm—
ami Kmoi gŧZv nvZ_ŧj v— bMœnvZ mÜ`vi evZvŧm
ŧ`Lv hvq : nj ŷ Nvŧmi KvŧQ giv wng cŧRvcwZwUi

my`i Kiaŧ cvLv cŧto AvŧQ— ŧ`wl Awig;— Pŧc ŧ_ŧg _vmK;
AvKvŧk Kgj v iO dŧU IŧV mÜ`vq— KvK_ŧj v bxj gŧb nq;
AŧbK ŧj vŧKi wŧŧo Wŧe hvB— K_v KB— nvŧZ nvZ iwl;
Kiaŧ welyœPŧj Kvi thb ŧKv_vKvi Mfxi wēŧq
j ŧvŧq iŧqŧQ enŧ... bŷŧŦi wŧŧP Awig NgvB GKvKx;
ŧcŧri ami Wbv mvivivZ ŧRvbmKi mvŧ_ K_v Kq|

cw_exi ct_ Avg

cw_exi ct_ Avg eūw`b evm Kōti nf tqi big KvZi
AṭbK wbfZ.K_v RwbqmwQ; cw_extZ Avg eūw`b
KvUvtqmQ; eṭb eṭb Wj cvj v DmōtZtQ— thb cix wRb&
K_v Ki; amī mŪ`vq Avg Bnvṭ`i kixṭii ōci
LBṭqi avṭbi gṭZv ṭ`wLqmwQ Sṭi Si&Si
`ŷṭdvUv tgṭNi eṭō,— kv`v aṭj v Rṭj wṭṭR nṭqṭQ gwj b,
mṭb MŪ gṭV ṭjṭZ... ṭevṭi ṭcvKvi ZṭQ eṭj ṭṭK ṭxY
Aṭy Kiṭ kṭ WmōtZtQ AŪKvṭi b`xi wṭZi;

GBme ṭ`wLqmwQ;— ṭ`wLqmwQ b`xwUṭi— gwRṭZtQ Xij yAŪKvṭi;
mṭcgvmx Dṭo hvq; `wKvK Akṭi ōi bṭṭoi wṭZi
cvLbri kṭ Kṭi Aweivg; Kṭvkvq GKvKx gṭVi H avṭi
ṭK thb `wṭq AvṭQ : Avṭi v `ṭi `ŷGKUv ṭṭṭ ṭLṭov Ni
cōṭo AvṭQ;— LvMovi eṭb e`vs WṭK ṭKb— _wṭṭZ wK cvṭi;
(KvṭKi Ziṭ wWg wCQj vṭq cōṭo hvq k`vl ovi Svṭo|)

gvbʃl i eː_v Awg

gvbʃl i eː_v Awg tctq tMw cll_exi ct_ Gtm— nvmi Avˉf
tctq tMw; tˆ tLw AwKvʃk ˆʃi Kwi gZb kvˆv tgʃNi cıvʃto
mʃhʃ i vOv tNvov : cıyivʃRi gʃZv Kgjv iʃOi cvLv Sıto
ivʃZi Kzvkv wOt; tˆ tLw ktii eʃb kvˆv ivRnıntˆ i mva
DtVʃQ Avbʃˆ tRʃM— bˆxi tmtʃZi wʃK evZvʃmi gZb Aeva
Pʃtj tMʃQ Kj iʃe; — tˆ tLw meʃ Nvm— hZ ˆi tPvL tʃtZ cvʃi;
Nvʃmi cKvk Awg tˆ wLqmw Awıj ,— cll_exi Kvʃıteˆbvʃi
tXʃK AvʃQ;— tˆ wLqmw evmgZx, Kvkeb, AvKvOyvi iˆ3, Acıva

gʃvʃq wʃZʃQ thb evıevı tKvb&GK i nʃmˆi Kzvkvı t_ʃK
thLvʃb Rʃbʃbv tKD, thLvʃb gʃi bv tKD, tıB KʃtKi t_ʃK Gtm
ivOv tivˆ, kwj avb, Nvm, Kvkv, gıvʃj iv evıevı i wLʃZʃQ tXʃK
Avgvʃ i iʃy cKk Kvʃıyav, ıy gZz— Avgvʃ i wewˆZ bxi e
tiʃL tˆq— cll_exi ct_ Awg tKʃUw Awʃo tXi, Akk tMw tiʃL
ZeyH gıvʃxıv Kvkv avb tivˆ Nvm Gtm Gtm gʃQ tˆq me|

Zwǵ tKb eû `fi

Zwǵ tKb eû `fi — tXi `i — Avtív `fi — bytîi A`úó AvKvk
Zwǵ tKb tKvbw`b cwl_xi wfto Gm etj v bvtKv GKwU K_v;
Avgiv wgbvi Mwo — tft0 cto `ŷw tB — `čtbi Wwv wto e`_v
i³ ntq Stîi i'ayGBLv — ýav ntq e`_v t`q — bxj bwfklm;
tdbvtq Zwǵ t0 i'aycwl_xtZ wciwW&hM t_tK AvtRv etivgm;
Avgv`i mZ, Avnv i³ ntq Stîi i'ay — Avgv`i cŕYi ggZv
dwot0i Wwv wbtq l to, Avnv : tPtq t`tL AÜKvi KwB ýgZv
ýgvnx — evi evi c_ AvUKvtq tdtj — evi evi Kti Zvti Mm;

Zvici tPvL Ztj t`wL l B tKvb&`i bytîi Kvšl AvtqvRb
Kwšlîi fŷ tZ etj — wNtqi tmvbi `xtc j vj bxj wKlv
Rij tZt0 thb `i inm`i Kqvkvq, — Avevi `tci MŕÜ gb
tKti l tV; — ZeyRwb Avgv`i `čentZ Akŕ Kwšl — i³i KwYKv
Stîi i'ay `čentK t`tLwb ey — wDwmWqvq eŕtm t`tLwb gwYKv?
`čentK t`tLwb tivg, Gukwi qv, D³/₄wqbx, tMšo-ersj v, w`j w, tewej b?

Avgvť`i iƒp K_v

Avgvť`i iƒp K_v iťb Zvg mti hvl Avťiv`ti eŷS bxj vKvk;
tZvgvi Abšl bxj tmvbwj tƒvgiv wbtq tKvťbv`i kwsłi wfZti
Wze hvtē? KZ Kvj tKtU tMj ZeyZvi Kzvkvī c`Pbv mti
wciwGW&tewej b tkl nŃj — Stī tMj KZevi cŃstīi Nvm;
Zey j Kvtq AvťQ thB iƒc bŷťĬ Zv tKvťbv b nŃj bv cKvk :
thB ĀcæthB mZ` wbtq AvR Avgiv Pwj qv hvB Nti ,
tKvťbv GK AÜKvťi nqťZv Zv AvKvťki hvhvei givťj i Āťi
bZb Āú`b cvq— bZb AvMŃn MtÜ fŃti Iťv cŰlexi kŷm;

ZLb Avgiv I B bŷťĬi wťk PvB— gťb nq me A`úóZv
axti axti SwiťZťQ,— thB iƒc tKvťbv b t`wL bvB cŰlexi cť_,
thB kwsłgZ Rbbxi gťZv tPťq _vťK— Kq bvťKv K_v,
thB Ācævi evi bó nq Avgvť`i GB mZ` iť³i RMťZ,
AvR hvnv Kvšl ŷxY AvR hvnv bMæPY© AÜ gZ wng,
GKw b bŷťĬi tťk Zviv ntq iŃte tMj vťci gZb i w³g|

GB cll_extZ Awig

GB cll_extZ Awig Aemi wbtq i'ayAwimqwiQ— Awig nfo Kwe
Awig GK;— ašqwiQ Avgvi t`n AÜKvfi GKv GKv mgj i Rfj ;
fvtj vevimqwiQ Awig ivOv tiv` ; ývšf KwZfKi gvtV— Nvtmi AvBtj
dwoť0i gťZv Awig teovťqwiQ— t` tLwQ wKtkvix Gtm nj ý Kiex
wQto tbq— ešK Zvi jvj -tcto wfťR kmo Kiæ kt•Li gťZv Qme
dŁvťZťQ— tfvti i AvKvKLvbr ivRnwm fŁti tMtQ be tKvj vntj
be be mPbv i : b`xi tMvj vcx tXD K_v etj — ZeyK_v etj ,
ZeyRwb Zvi K_v Kqvkq dŁvq bv— tKD thb i'wbtZťQ mwe

tKvb&ivOv kwŁťbi tgťN eŁtm— A_ev tkvťb bv tKD, kb` Kqvkq
gťQ hvq me Zvi ; GKw b eYQŁv gťQ hve Awgl Ggb;
ZeyAvR meš Nvtmi Łcti eŁtm _vK; fvtj vevim; tŁgi Avkvq
cvťqi aŸibi w` tK Kvb tctZ _vK Pžc; KŁventii dj Kwi AvniY
Kvfi thb GB_tj v t`tev Awig; g`yNvtm GKv GKv eŁtm _vKv hvq
GBme mva wbtq; hLb Awmte Ngy Zvici , Ngve ZLb|

evZvfm avtbi kã

evZvfm avtbi kã i'wqwmQ— SwitZtQ axti axti Acivnef0ti;
tmvbwj ti'v`i i0 t`wLqwmQ— t`tni c0g tKvb&tç0gi gZb
ifc Zvi— Gtj vPž Qovtq ti tLtQ tXtK Mþ ifc— Avbvim eb;
Nvm Awg t`wLqwmQ; t`tLwQ mRtbdž Pžc Pžc cwoťZtQ S0ti
g, yNvfm; kmš cvq; t`tLwQ nj ý cvmL eüýY _vťK Pž K0ti,
wbR0 Avtgi Wtj `tj hvq— `tj hvq— evZvfm mvt_ eüýY;
iayK_v, Mvtbi bq— bxieZv i mPtZtQ Avgvť i mevi Rxb
eýsqwmQ; kzy i mwi ,tj v w bivZ nvl qvq th DwťZtQ b0to,

w bivZ K_v bq, ýxti i gZb dž ejK ati, Zvť i Drme
džvq bv, gvQivOmUi mv_x g0ti tMtQ— `tj i wbtm½ evZvfm
Zey B cvmLwUi bxj jvj Kgv i t0i Wwbv ůly ntq fvfm
Avg wbg Rvgi t; c0boc0Yi tmtZ— Ak0bvB— c0k0bvB mKQy
wSj wgv Wwbv wbtq Dto hvq AvKvtki t_tK `i AvKvtki wQy
tPtq t`wL Ng bvB— Ak0bvB c0k0bvB eUdj MÜ-gvLv Nvfm|

GKw`b GB t`n

GKw`b GB t`n Nvm t`K avtbi AvNtY t`K GB evsj vi
tRtMwQj ; evOvwj bvixi gly t`tL ifc wPtbwQtj v t`n GKw`b;
evsj vi ct_ ct_ tntUwQj MvsuPj kwj tLi gZb `faxb;
evsj vi Rj w`tq atqUwQj Nvftmi gZb Uly t`nLwmb Zvi ;
GKw`b t`tLwQj ami etKi mvt_ Nti PQtj Avftm AUkvi
evsj vi ; Kuv KvW Rftj I tV— bxj tarqv big gwj b
evZvtm fwmqv hvq Kqvkv Kiæ b`xi ýxY;
tdbm vftZi MtU AvggKtj i MU wgtk hvq thb evi evi ;

GBme t`tLwQj ifc; thB `cæAvtb— `tæthB i 3v3Zv AvtQ,
wktLwQj , tmBme GKw`b evsj vi P`gvj v ifcmxi KvftQ;
Zvi ci teZetb, tRvbwK wSusi ct_ wnRj Avtgi AUkvti
NytQ tm tmS`thP bxj `cæstK Klti,— ift tKvj vntj wltq Zvti—
NgstKbvti tmB— RvMvZ hvqwb Avi— nqtZv tm Kb`vi nf q
kt•Li gZb iæy, A_ev ctUi gtZv— Ng ZeyfwOevi bq|

AvR Zviv KB me?

AvR Zviv KB me? I Lv**tb** **wn**Rj MvQ **u**Qj GK— c**kzi** i R**tj**
eûw`b g**ly** t`**tL** t**MtQ** Zvi; Zvi ci **wK** th Zvi g**tb** n**ôj** K**te**
KLb t**m** S**ôti** t**Mj**, KLb d**zvj**, Av**nv**,— P**ôtj** t**Mj** K**te** th bxi**te**
Zvi Avi R**wb** b**vtKv**;— t**Vu**-f**vOv** `w**KvK** IB t**ej** M**Qw**U**i** Z**tj**
t**ivR** t**fvti** t`Lv **w** Z— Ab`me K**vK** Avi k**wj** t**Li** n**ô** t**Kvj** v**ntj**
Z**vti** Avi t`**wL** b**vtKv**— KZ**w** b t`**wL** b**vB**; t**m** Av**gvi** t**Qij** t**ej** v n**te**,
R**vbj** vi K**vtQ** GK t**evj** Zvi P**vK** **u**Qj — n**f** t**qi** M**fxi** D**rmte**
t**Lj** v K**ôti** t**MtQ** Zviv KZ **w** b— d**wO**&K**x**t**U**i **w** b hZ **w** b P**tj**

Zv**nviv** w**bK**t**U** **u**Qj — t**ivt`** i Av**bt`** t**gtZ**— AÜK**vti** kv**š**i**Ng** L**tR**
eûw`b K**vtQ** **u**Qj;— A**t**bK K**kz** AvR c**t** N**v**t**U** b**ov**P**ov** K**ti**
Z**ely** A**avti** t**Xi** gZ K**kzi** i g**ly**— gZ **w**ev**tj** i Q**vqv** f**vtm**;
t**Kv_vq** w**MtqtQ** Zviv? IB `i AvK**vtki** b**xj** j vj Zviv i w**fZti**
A_**ev** g**w**U**i** e**tK** g**w**U **ntq** Av**tQ** i`ay- N**vm** ntq Av**tQ** i`ayN**vtm**?
i`avj v**g** ... D**Ê**i **w** j b**v** t**KD** D`v**mx**b A**mxg** AvK**vtk**|

nf tq tcŕgi w`b

nf tq tcŕgi w`b KLB th tkl nq— wPZv cŕto _v†K Zvi ,
Avgiv Rwb bv Zvrv;— gtb nq Rxe†b hv Av†Q Av†Rv ZvB kvij avb
ifckvuj avb Zvrv... ifc, tcŕ... GB fwe... †Lvmvi gZb bŕo
GKw`b Zvrv†`i Amvi Zv aiv c†o,— hLb me† AÜKvi ,
big iwl`i †`k, b`xi R†j i MÜ †Kvb&GK bexbvMZvi
gylvbn w†q Av†m— gtb nq †Kv†bw`b cwl_x†Z tcŕgi AvnYvb
Ggb Mfxi K†i tctqwl K : tcŕ th by† Avi by††i Mvb,
cŕY th e`vK† iwl`i cŕ††i i Mvp bxj Agvem`vi —

Pŕ†j hvq AvKv†ki tmB `i-by††i jvj bxj wKLvi mÜv†b,
cŕY th Av†vi iwl`i Avgvi G,— Avi Zwg `†Zxi gZb
i†ci wewP† ewiZ w†q G†j,— ZvB tcŕ ajvq Kwlvq thBLv†b
gZ ntq cŕto wQj cwl_xi kb` c†_ tm Mfxi wkniY;
Zwg mLx, W†e hv†e gy†ZB tivgn†l©— Ambevi Ai††Yi m†b
Rwb Awg; tcŕ th Zely tcŕ : `cwb†q tet†P iŕte, ew††Z tm Rv†b|

†Kv†bw` b †` wLe bv

tKvṭbw̃ b t̃ wLe bv Zvṭi Awig : tngt̃s̃ cwnKte avb, Avlṭpi iṭZ
 Kvṭj v tgN wOovtq meṭR eṭki eb tMtq hvte D"Qṭmi Mvb
 mvivivZ,— ZeyAwig mvcPiv AÜ cṭ— teḃṭb Zvni mÜvb
 cvteṭ bvṭK : cṭzi i cvto tm th Awmte bv tKvṭbw̃ b nṭmbi mvṭ_,
 tm tKvṭbv tR̃vrmvq Avi Awmte bv— Awmte bv KLṭbv cṭvṭZ,
 hLb `ḃṭi tiṭ` AcivwRZvi gṭ ntq _ṭK ṁvb,
 hLb tgṭNi iṭ0 c_nviv `wKvK tctq tMtQ Nti i mÜvb,
 ami mÜvq tmB Awmte bv tm GLṭb;— GBLṭb ayj j ZvṭZ

tRvbwK Awmte i ay. ~~u~~Sü aymviviZ K_v Kôte Nv̄tm Avi Nv̄tm;
ev̄g Dv̄ote i ayvLbv wFv̄tq w̄tq kvš̄ntq i v̄tZi ev̄Zv̄tm;
cāZw bȳt Zvi v̄vb L̄v̄r tR̄tm i te cāZw̄i cv̄tk
bxie ami KYv t̄j t̄m i ōte Z̄z AbKYw̄i k̄v̄tm
AÜKv̄ti—Zv̄g, m̄w̄L, P̄ōt̄j t̄M̄t̄j v̄t̄i Zey—nf t̄qi M̄fxi w̄ek̄v̄tm
Ak̄t̄i i kv̄Lv I B v̄v̄ t̄Z̄t̄Q : Av̄t̄j v̄ Av̄tm, t̄fvi n̄t̄q Av̄tm|

Nvṭmi ṭfZi ṭmB

Nvṭmi wFZṭi ṭhB Pōṭq kv`v wWg ṭfṭO AvṭQ— Awg fṭṭj vevm
 wḃ`ä Kiäḡ gḡ Zvi GB— Kṭe ṭhb ṭfṭOwQj — ṭXi aṭj v Lo
 ṭj ṭM AvṭQ eṭK Zvi— eüŸY ṭPṭq _wK;— Zvi ci Nvṭmi wFZi
 kv`v kv`v aṭj v, ṭj v cṭo AvṭQ, ṭ`Lv hvq; LBavb ṭ`wL GKivk
 Qovṭq iṭqṭQ Pṭc; big wēYæMÜ cḡZi i Rj ṭ_ṭK DwṭZṭQ fwm;
 Kvḃ ṭcṭZ _wK hw, ṭkvbv hvq, mi cḡ wPZṭj i DTMamZ ṭ`
 gxbKbṭṭ` i gṭZv; meḡ Rṭj i dḡK Zṭṭ` i cvZvj cḡ Ni
 ṭ`Lv hvq— iṭm`i Kḡvkṭq Acifc— ifcwj gṭṭQi ṭ`n Mfxi D`vmx

Pṭj hvq gḡŠKḡṭṭi i gṭZv, ṭKvUvj -ṭQṭj i gṭZv, ivRvi ṭQṭj i gṭZv wḡṭj
 ṭKvb GK AvKv•Lvi D`MvUṭb KZ`ṭi;— eüŸY ṭPṭq _wK GKv;
 AcivnæGj eḡS?— ivOv ṭiṭṭ`^agvOvi vOv Dṭo hvq— Wbv wSj wḡṭj;
 Gḡw Avmṭe mÜ`v,— cḡ_extZ wḡḡgvY ṭMvawj bwḡṭj
 b`xi big gḡ ṭ`Lv hrṭe— gḡL Zvi ṭ`ṭn Zvi KZ g`yṭiLv
 ṭZvgwi gḡLi gṭZv : Zey ṭZvgvi mvṭ_ ṭKvṭbw` b nṭe bvṭKv ṭ`Lv|

GBme fvťj v j vťM

(GBme fvťj v j vťM) : Rvbvj vi dUK w`ťq tfvťi i tmvbwj tiv` Gťm
Avgvťi NgvťZ t`ťL weQvqv,— Avgvi KvZi tPvL, Avgvi wegl^Qmb Pž—
GB wbtq tLj v Kti : Rvťb tm th eűw b AvťM Avg KtiwQ wK fž
cŵ_exi metPťq ŷgvnxb Mvp GK ifcmxi gŷ fvťj vťeťm,
cDťi i tkl ivťZ AvťRv Avg t`wL tPťq Avevi tm Avgvť` i t`ťk
wdťi Gj ; iO Zvi tKgb Zv Rvťb IB UmUťm wťťR Rvgi ađ ,
big Rvťgi gťZv Pž Zvi, Nŷy eđKi gťZv Aűy AvOž;—
cDťi i tkl ivťZ wbgťcDwJi mvť_ tm th tťťm

KťeKvi gZ KvK : cŵ_exi cť_ AvR bvB tm Zv Avi ;
Zey tm mb Rvbvj vi cvťk Dťo Avťm bxi e tmvrvťM;
gvj b cvLbv Zvi Lťoi Pvťj i wng wkwťi gvLvq;
ZLb G cŵ_extZ tKvťbv cvwL tRťM Gťm eťmmb kvLvq;
cŵ_exl bvB Avi ; `wKvK GKv GKv mvivivZ RvťM;
ŌwK ev, nvq, Avťm hvq, Zvťi hw` tKvťbw b bv cvB Avevi |Ō

mÜ`v nq— Pvi w` tK

mÜ`v nq— Pvi w` tK g` ybieZv;
Lo gyl wbtq GK kwij L thtZtQ Dto Ptc;
tMvia MmowU hvq tqtVv c_ teto axti axti;
AvwObv fwi qv AvtQ tmbvwj Lttoi Nb`tc;

cw_exi me NnyWwKtZtQ wRtj i etb;
cw_exi me ifc tj tM AvtQ Nvtm;
cw_exi me tctg Avgvt`i` Rbvi gtb;
AvKvk Qortq AvtQ kwš nqtq AvKvtk AvKvtk |

GKw`b Kqvkvi

GKw`b Kqvkvi GB grtV Avgvti cvte bv tKD LtR Avi, Rmb;
nf tqi c_ Pj v tkl nj tmB w`b— MtqtQ tm kvšfmg Nti,
A_ev mvšp v tctZ t`wi nte wKQyKvj — cll_exi GB grVLmb
fij tZ vej ^nte wKQy`b; G grtVi KtqKw kwij tKi Zti
AvOh⁹ie`\$q Avig tPtq itev wKQyKvj AÜKvi weQvbvi tKvtj,
Avi tm tmvbwij wPj Wvbn tgtj `t_t_K AvtRv wK grtVi Kqvkqv
tfm Avtm? tmB b`vov Akšlŀi cvtb AvtRv Pŀtj hvq
mÜ`v tmvbi gtZv ntj ?
avtbi big wktl tgtVv Bűti i tPvL bytŀi w`tK AvtRv Pvq?

mÜ`v ntj ? gDgmQ PvK AvtRv etda bv wK Rtgi mbwo Nb Wvtj,
gD Lvl qv ntq tMtj AvtRv Zviv Dto hvq Kqvkqv mÜ`vi evZvfm—
KZ `ti hvq, Avnv... A_ev nqtZv tKD Pvj Zvi SivcvZv Rvtj
gay Pvtki wbtP— gmQ_tj v Dto hvq... Sŀti cto... gŀti _vtK Nvfm—

tfte tfte e_v cve

tfte tfte e_v cve;— gtb nte, cw_exi ct_hw`_wKZvg tetP
t`wLZvg tmB j 2xtcDwUj gly hvti tKvbw`b fvij v K0ti t`wL bvB Awg—
GgbB j vRk cwl,— ami Wbv wK Zvi Kqvki tXDtq I tV tbtP;
hLb mvZwU Zviv dzu I tV AÜKvti Mvtei wbeo eyK Avtm tm wK bwg?

wRDij i evej vi Aavi Mij i dñK tRvbwKi KztKi Avtj v
Sti bv wK? wSü meR gystm tQvtUv tQvtUv tQtj tqtq eDt` i c0Y
ftj hvq; AÜKvti LjR Zvti AvK>`etbi wfto tKv_vq nvi vtj v
gvKvj j Zvi Ztj wkwkti i bxj Rtj tKD Zvi cvte bv müvb|

Avi tmB tmvbwj wPtj i Wbv— Wbv Zvi AvtRv wK gvtVi Kqvkvq
tfm Avtm;— tmB b`vov AkfI i cvtb AvtRv P0tj hvq
mÜ`v tmvbi gtZv n0tj ?
avbi big wktl tgtVw Bütj i tPvL bytI i w tK AvtRv Pvq?
Avöhe`stq Awg tPtq itev wKQyKvj AÜKvi weQvbi tKvtj |