

Manuscript of English

GITANJALI

અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની

હસ્તપ્રત



**Rothenstein Manuscript
of
*The English Gitanjali***

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ઈ-પ્રકાશન : એકત્ર ફાઉન્ડેશન

Introduction

At the core of this endeavour is a small (12x8cm) manuscript bound in blue roan and deposited in the Houghton Library of Harvard University, among the 'Rothenstein papers.'

This manuscript contains 86 verses in English and 14 in Bangla in the hands of Rabindranath Tagore. None of the verses are dated nor is the place of its composition mentioned anywhere in the diary. All the 14 Bangla verses have been translated into English on the opposite page. All the English verses are translation of verses from various Bangla collection of poems written by Tagore. 83 of these English translations along with 20 more, duly edited by the Irish poet William Butler Yeats in consultation with Rabindranath Tagore, were published in 1912 by India Society, England as *Gitanjali: Song Offerings (English Gitanjali)*. It was this slim collection of poems that was responsible for the 1913 Nobel Prize for literature being awarded to Rabindranath Tagore – the first Asian to be awarded this prestigious Prize.

I was fascinated by the thought of a manuscript containing a significant portion of a collection of verses subsequently published in one book. Generally, poets would write verses in one book and while publishing these may be split into several different volumes depending upon the theme or mood of each volume. Or there may be several drafts or revisions spread over many different notebooks or diaries. It was almost 10 years ago that I saw the manuscript on a microfilm ordered from the Houghton Library.

The poems of *English Gitanjali* were my first introduction to Tagore's poetry and I was swept off my feet by its unique expression of devotion as well as the mood of tranquility and peace pervading in its poems. Exquisite blending between man, nature and divine captivated my imagination and inspired to me pursue Tagore's literature and subsequently his concepts.

Later, when I came to learn about the controversy raised by Yeats' contribution to the success and status of the *English Gitanjali*, my interest in the manuscript was further enhanced. After going through various detailed studies comparing the manuscript and the published version I felt that the best and simplest way to present the difference between the two was not resorted to for reasons difficult to comprehend. Hence, after placing a verse from the manuscript side by side with the published version, I embarked upon a study of my own, which brought out some hitherto unexplored insights and interpretations which I intend to share with the readers.

To make this monograph interesting and comprehensible to readers who are not well versed with Tagoreana, I believe it is necessary to start with a background or the (hi)story of *English Gitanjali*. Hence, I have divided the presentation in three parts:

1. (Hi)story of English Gitanjali
2. Manuscript of English Gitanjali
3. Comparison of the Manuscript with the Published Version

In my endeavour, I have been greatly helped by immaculate and meticulous work presented in Late Prasanta Kumar Paul's Rabijibani, vol. 6. Similarly, bichitra.jdvu.ac.in – the website of online Tagore variorum developed by School of Cultural Texts and Records, Jadavpur University, Kolkata – has been a fantastic tool for researching various Tagore manuscripts from the comfort of home and direct access to computer. Indeed, there have been friends and guides who have helped find archival references from internet and encouraged preparation of this endeavour for publishing by reading and re-reading the analysis of labyrinthine data and offering their own comments and inputs. I am indeed grateful to Don Johnson, Rijuta Mehta, Niranjana Bhagat, Rajendra Patel, Supriya Roy and of course Sankha Ghosh. For snatching away many a moment from their claim and devoting them to my fanciful pursuits of joy, I can never thank my family adequately.

I do hope this endeavour will shed some more light on this oft pursued topic and perhaps, inspire some to pursue an extensive research by following up such unexplored leads as total correspondence of Yeats, Rothenstein and others with reference to Tagore.

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1. (Hi)Story of English Gitanjali

The international icon that is Rabindranath Tagore, owes its eminence not only to the multi-faceted genius of the poet, but also to his *Gitanjali: Song Offerings* (referred to as *The English Gitanjali* from now on) published in 1912. It was this collection of prose-poems translated into English by the poet himself from his own Bangla poems and songs published in several collections, which was primarily responsible for the Nobel Prize of Literature awarded to the first Asian in 1913.

At the outset, it is worth noting that the Bangla *Gitanjali*, which was published in 1910 and contains 72 poems and 85 songs is distinctly different from *The English Gitanjali*, which was published in 1912 and contains 103 prose-poems. *The English Gitanjali* is translated from various Bangla collections as shown below:

No. of Poems	Title	Publication Year
53	Gitanjali	1910
16	Gitimalya	1914 ¹
15	Naibedya	1901
11	Kheya	1906
3	Shishu	1903
1	Achalayatan	1912
1	Kalpana	1900
1	Smaran	1903
1	Utsarga	1914 ¹
1	Chaitali	1896

Table 1

The story of how these translations came about is fascinating and so is the context in which they emerged.

The first decade of the 20th century was a decade of major changes in the life of Tagore. It was in this decade that he had to struggle on more than one front, facing many a frustration and living with the pain of several loved ones dying. In the previous decade he had lived mostly away from Kolkata, looking after the family landed estates. This called for travel by boat on rivers of the then East Bengal. In 1901, he moved to Santiniketan, where he established a school – *brahmacharyashram*. It was a period of unprecedented financial stringency and he was forced to sell his house in Puri as well as his wife's jewelry. After taking an active interest in the movement of *bangabhanga*, (the partition of Bengal) he withdrew from political sphere after his bitter experience of the politicians. His colleagues and people at large were quite upset with him because of this. In 1902, he lost his wife, Mrinalini Devi, in 1903, his daughter, Renuka, in 1905, his father, Maharshi Debendranath; and in 1907, his youngest son, Shamindranath. The pain of losing four family members in a span of five years cannot be expressed in words. Despite such painful and frustrating experiences, because of his optimistic and levitating approach to life, instead of bitterness towards the world, he

cultivated a mode of internal reflection, which resulted in an outpouring of spiritual poems. The poems of 'Naibedya', published in 1901, were primarily spiritual prayers. The summit was Bangla 'Gitanjali', published in 1910.

Till then Tagore was not really known outside of Bengal, where he was known only as an important poet of his time. Neither him nor his literature were universally accepted or acclaimed even in Bengal. His friends and well-wishers such as Sister Nivedita, Jagadishachandra Bose - the great scientist, Ajit Chakravarti, Ramanand Chatterji, Jadunath Sarkar, Anand Kumaraswami among others, were pleading with him to translate his works into English. But he was quite diffident about his own English. In his first major letter in English², addressed to Myron H. Phelps, on January 4, 1909, he said,

as I have never been used to express myself in the English language I shall not be able to give an adequate or effective idea of what I feel to be the truth about our country.³

On June 24, 1911, he wrote to Thanwardas Lilaram Vaswani, later known as Sadhu Vaswani,

As I can very feebly and with difficulty express myself in English I ask your pardon and stop here.⁴

Hence, he encouraged his friends to translate his works. Sister Nivedita was the first known translator of his short story, 'Kabuliwalla', in 1900. The translation remained unpublished till 1910.⁵ Bipin Chandra Pal, one of the renowned political figures of that time, translated four of his stories and all of them were published in *New India*, a journal edited by Pal, between 1901 and 1902. Some of his poems were translated by Pramathlal Sen. However, these efforts were short lived. It was between 1909 and 1912 that there was a sudden emergence of Tagore translators such as Roby Dutt, Ajit Kumar Chakravarti, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Sister Nivedita etc.⁶ His friends, who were in England, spoke about him and his literature to their English literary friends. Hence, his name was known in the literary circles of England.⁷

However, Tagore was not very happy with the translation of his poems undertaken by his friends and he had expressed so in a letter dated 14 May, 1912:

I cannot see how my poems can be properly translated in English – certainly not in metre. Perhaps simple prose would be more suitable. If possible, I will try to do that after going to England.⁸

As I will show later, it is likely that at this time Tagore himself had started translating his poems into English. Normally, Tagore used to talk freely about all his literary endeavours in his letters to his friends. Yet, in numerous letters written during this period, he refrained from disclosing the fact that he was attempting to translate his poems into English. Perhaps this was due to his diffidence about his command over the English language.

In 1910, a group of English gentlemen interested in Indian Arts and culture had established the India Society in England. Its president, William Rothenstein, a famous sculptor, had come to India in November 1910. After traveling through Ajanta, Ellora, Abu and Banaras, he was to visit Kolkata. However, he was so impressed with the beauty of the Ganges near Banaras

that he decided not to visit Kolkata. It was at the instance of two British judges of Kolkata High Court, who were in Banaras on vacation, and a personal invitation from Abanindranath Tagore that Rothenstein changed his mind and visited Kolkata in January 1911. There he met the famous painter brothers, Abanindranath and Gaganendranath Tagore and visited their home at Jora Sanko. There he saw Rabindranath Tagore and was impressed with his personality. He even sketched Tagore. However, there was not much of an interaction between the two. Despite being advised to visit Santiniketan by Anand Kumaraswami and invited by Rabindranath Tagore, he could not go there. Before leaving for England in February 1911, he came across a short story - *Postmaster* - by Rabindranath, translated by Devendranath Mitra, published in *Modern Review* of January 1911. He wrote to Rabindranath,

Yourself I shall always allow myself to regard with reverence & affection, & I hope you will allow me to write to you sometimes & that you will perhaps remember that I shall be grateful for any translations of poems or stories which may appear at any time.⁹

It was in one of his letters in June 1911 that Tagore first expressed his desire for a foreign tour. He said that due to indifferent health he longed to fly far away. In such a state of mind he wrote his famous play '*Dakghar*'.¹⁰ With thoughts towards the prolonged absence due to a foreign tour, he drafted his will and he entrusted various responsibilities of his landed estates and the school at Santiniketan to specific individuals. His proposed foreign tour in October 1911 was postponed due to an accident met by the ship he was to travel on.¹¹ In March 1912, the tour had to be cancelled at the eleventh hour due to his ill health. On this occasion his friends had gone to see him off at the port and were dismayed to see the ship leave without Tagore on board. Even his luggage was on board and had to be called back from Madras.¹² Under medical advice for complete rest, he went to Shelidah instead of Santiniketan.

It was during this period that Tagore started translation of his poems into English. In a letter to his niece, Indira Devi Chaudharani, on 6 May, 1913, he says:

You have alluded to the English translation of *Gitanjali*. I have not been able to imagine to th[is] day how people came to like it so much. That I cannot write English is such a patent fact that I never had even the vanity to feel ashamed of it. If anybody wrote an English note asking me to tea, I did not feel equal to answering it. Perhaps you think by now I have got over that delusion. By no means. That I have written in English seems to be the delusion. On the day I was to board the ship, I fainted due to my frantic efforts at leave-taking, and the journey itself was postponed. Then I went to Shelidah to take rest. But unless the brain is fully active, one does not feel strong enough to relax completely; so the only way to keep myself calm was to take up some light work.

It was then the month of Chaitra (March-April), the air was thick with the fragrance of mango-blossoms and all hours of the day were delirious with the songs of birds. When a child is full of vigour, he does not think of his mother. It is only when he feels tired that he wants to settle easily in her lap. That was exactly my position. With all my heart and with all my holiday I seem to have ensconced myself comfortably in the arms of Chaitra, without missing a particle of its light, its air, its scent, and its song. In such a state one cannot remain idle. When the air strikes one's bones they tend to respond in music; this is an old habit of mine, as you know. Yet I had not the energy to gird up my loins and sit down to write. So I took up the poems of *Gitanjali* and set myself to translate them one by one. You may wonder why such a crazy

ambition should possess one in such a weak state of health. But believe me, I did not undertake this task in a spirit of bravado. I simply felt an urge to recapture through the medium of another language the feelings and sentiments which had created such a feast of joy within me in the days gone by.

The pages of a small exercise-book came to be filled gradually, and with it in my pocket I boarded the ship. The idea of keeping it in my pocket was that when my mind became restless on the high seas, I would recline on a deck-chair and set myself to translate one or two poems from time to time. And that is what happened. From one exercise-book I passed on to another. Rothenstein already had an inkling of my reputation as a poet from another Indian friend. Therefore, when in the course of conversation he expressed a desire to see some of my poems, I handed him my manuscript with some diffidence. I could hardly believe the opinion he expressed after going through it. He then made over the manuscript to Yeats. The story of what followed is known to you. From this explanation of mine you will see that I was not responsible for the offence, which was due mainly to the force of circumstances.¹³

Though the letter is as poetic as all of Tagore's work, it is a heady mix of fact and fiction and there is far more to what is not said than appears at first sight. Recounting some historical details:

Tagore was to leave for England on March 19, 1912. Having missed the boat on account of ill-health, he was advised rest and he left for Shelidah on March 24, 1912.¹⁴ Subsequently, he travelled between Kolkata, Shelidah and Santiniketan, took a train to Mumbai on May 25, from where he boarded a ship for Europe and after disembarking at Marseilles, took a train to London via Paris. He reached London on 16 June 1912. His stay at various places between these dates and what he wrote at those places is presented in Table 2 below:

Period ¹⁵	Place	Writings
March 19 to 24	Kolkata	
March 24 to April 13	Shelidah	18 Poems/Songs, 1 Essay
April 13 to 26	Santiniketan	6 Poems/Songs
April 26 to May 3	Kolkata	
May 3 to 20	Shelidah	Translator
May 20 to 25	Kolkata	
May 26 to June 16	Bombay/Boat/Europe	1 Song, 6 Essays, Translator

Table 2

Somendrachandra Devavarma, who accompanied Tagore from Kolkata to England, gives a vivid description of the translations Tagore was busy with on the ship. In his travelogue titled, *Rabindra-prasange Europe-prabaser Smriti-katha*, published in 1931, referring to the translations of Tagore poems done by Ajitkumar, Kumaraswami etc. he states:

All these translations did not satisfy Rabindranath and hence, he started translating several poems of *Gitanjali*. Whether on road or on a train or on the ship, I saw that Rabindranath was absorbed in translating *Gitanjali*. Like a mother dressing up the child with various ornaments for the sake of her own pleasure, Rabindranath was absorbed in dressing up his own poems in

foreign ornaments for the sake of his own pleasure. He was hesitant to show it or recite it to anyone. ...He used to say, 'I am floating in the pleasure of the flood of this new creation, but through all this writing whether anyone will be satisfied or not I do not know. It is doubtful if all these feelings will create any ripples in the Western literature; it may be better if all these futile efforts end here only.' ... Occasionally, after lunch or dinner he would read the translations to me.¹⁶

Describing the first few days in London, Rathindranath says in his autobiography,

Thomas Cook had arranged rooms for us in a Bloomsbury hotel. We took the Tube from Charing Cross station. This was our first experience of underground travelling and it left us completely bewildered. I was carrying my father's attaché case, which contained among other papers the manuscript of the English translations later published as *Gitanjali* and *The Gardener*. When on the next day father wanted to call on Rothenstein and asked for the manuscript, the leather case was found to be missing. With my heart in my mouth I hastened to the Left Luggage Office. One can imagine my relief, when at last I discovered the lost property there. Since then I have often wondered what shape the course of events might have taken if the manuscript of *Gitanjali* had been lost through my negligence.¹⁷

In due course the historical manuscript was handed over to Rothenstein, the President of India Society. Rothenstein was impressed with the manuscript. He has noted in his autobiography, 'Men and Memories',

That evening I read the poems. Here was poetry of a new order, which seemed to me on a level with that of the great mystics.

Rothenstein made three copies of the manuscript and sent them to the famous poet W. B. Yeats, Andrew Cecil Bradley, professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Stopford Brooke, well-known monotheist author. Bradley responded,

It looks as though we have at last a great poet amongst us again.

Brooke wrote,

I have read them with more than admiration, with great gratitude, for their spiritual help and for the joy they bring and confirm, and for the love of beauty, which they deepen far more than I can tell.¹⁸

Opinion of Yeats has been quoted in his now famous Introduction to the English 'Gitanjali',

I have carried the manuscript of these translations about with me for days, reading it in railway trains, or on the top of the omnibuses, and in restaurants, and I have often had to close it lest some stranger would see how much it moved me.¹⁹

Having heard such unqualified and flattering remarks from three giants of the western literature, Tagore was indeed elated.

On June 25, Rabindranath met Yeats for the first time at Rosenstein's over dinner. On the very next day he wrote to Kshitimohan Sen,

Kshitimohan Babu, last night I dined with one of the poets here, Yeats. He read aloud the prose

translations of some of my poems. It was a very beautiful reading in the right tone. I do not have much confidence in my own English – but he remarked that if someone were to say he could improve this piece of writing, that person did not understand literature. It is proposed that these prose translations of mine will be edited by Yeats, he will write an Introduction and then these will be published.²⁰

On July 7, 1912, Rothenstein arranged a programme of poetry reading in his drawing room. Narrating the incident in his autobiography, Rathindranath Tagore says,

The historic evening at Rothenstein's, when Yeats read out the *Gitanjali* poems in his musical, ecstatic voice to a choice group of people like Ernest Rhys, Alice Meynell, Henry Nevinson, Ezra Pound, May Sinclair, Charles Trevelyan, C. F. Andrews and others had gathered in the drawing-room; the almost painful silence that followed the recitation; the flood of appreciative letters that poured in the next day . . . are well-known.²¹

May Sinclair wrote,

It was impossible for me to say anything to you about your poems last night, because they are of a kind not easily spoken about. May I say now that as long as I live, even if I were never to hear them again, I shall never forget the impression that they made. It is not only that they have an absolute beauty, a perfection as poetry, but that they have made present for me forever the divine . . . Now it is satisfaction – this flawless satisfaction – you gave me last night.²²

Margaret Radford wrote,

. . . what a great experience it was, to me to hear your poems. I never felt as I felt last night save when I first read certain parts of our English Bible.²³

On July 10, a dinner at Trocadero restaurant was organized by India Society to meet Tagore. About 70 persons were present including such luminaries as H. G. Wells, H. W. Nevinson, E. B. Havell, T. W. Arnold, Cecil Sharp etc. apart from Yeats and Rothenstein. Proposing the toast, Yeats had said,

To take part in honouring Mr. Rabindranath Tagore is one of the great events of my artistic life. I have been carrying about with me a book of translations into English prose of 100 of his Bengali lyrics, written within the last ten years. I know of no man in my time who has done anything in the English language to equal these lyrics. Even as I read them in this literal prose translation they are as exquisite in style and thought.²⁴

In this function, Yeats recited the following three poems by Tagore:

1. I was not aware of the moment - Poem No. 95 of English *Gitanjali*
2. In the deep shadows of the rainy July – Poem No. 22 of English *Gitanjali*
3. On the slope of desolate river – Poem No. 64 of English *Gitanjali*²⁵

The Times of July 13 reported the function at Trocadero in detail, reproducing the text of the first two poems recited by Yeats.

Responding to the greetings Tagore had humbly said,

. . . .This is one of the proudest moments of my life. I have a speaking acquaintance with your glorious language; yet I can but feel in my own.I have learned that, though our tongues are different and our habits dissimilar, at the bottom our hearts are one. ideas may have to cross from East to western shores to find a welcome in men's hearts and fulfill their promise. East is East and West is West – God forbid that it should be otherwise – but the twain must meet in amity, peace and understanding; their meeting will be all the more fruitful because of their differences; it must lead both to holy wedlock before the common altar of humanity.²⁶

Perhaps this was the first public utterance of what was to be inscribed on the logo of his '*Visva Bharati*' – '*visvam bhavatyek nidam*'.

Tagore went away to Cambridge on July 12 and returned on July 15. From July 18 to August 2, Yeats and Tagore worked on correcting the Gitanjali manuscript and Yeats took away the corrected typescript to Normandy to write an Introduction to be included in the India Society publication.²⁷

On September 9 *Gitanjali: Song Offerings* was sent to the press. Tagore left for New York on October 19, reaching there on October 27 and *Gitanjali* was published on November 1.²⁸

This is where the story of the *English Gitanjali* or *Gitanjali: Song Offerings*, cast in the documented historical mode ends. Its journey through the corridors of the Swedish Academy leading to the ultimate award of the Nobel Prize, though interesting, is beyond the scope of this endeavour.

2. Manuscript of *English Gitanjali*

We shall now focus primarily on the 12x8cm. diary bound in blue roan at Houghton Library of Harvard University.

As stated in the letter of May 6, 1913, referred to earlier, 'from one exercise book' Tagore 'passed on to another'. This indicates that the translations were spread over two 'exercise books' or diaries. One of them is at the centre of this endeavour. But where is the other? For a while I thought that MS 229, preserved at Rabindra Bhavana, Santiniketan, could be the other one.

This book has been used by Tagore in a peculiar fashion. The earliest poems appear at the end, with the pages turned upside down. (See Plate 1)

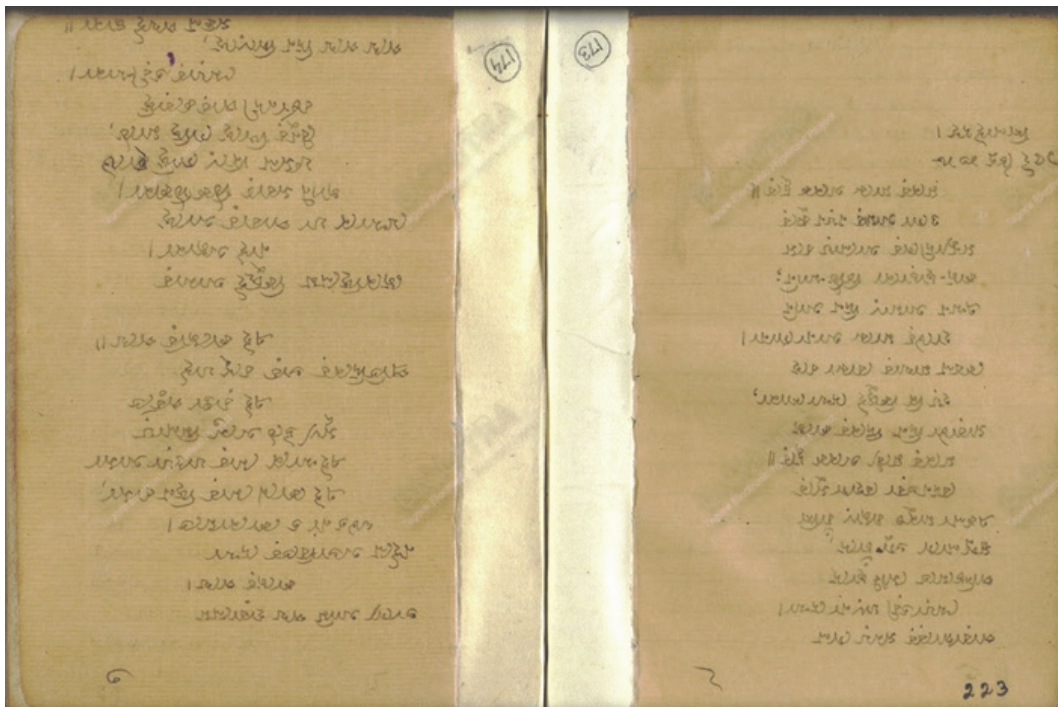
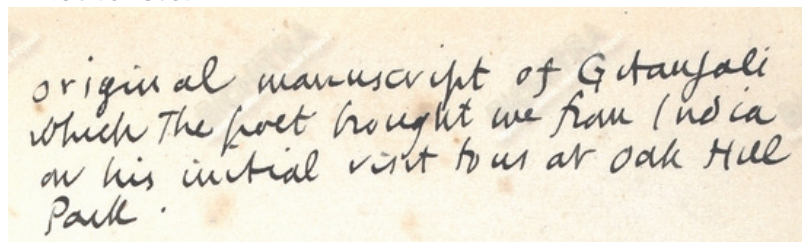


Plate 1

It certainly was with Tagore during the entire period he was away between May 1912 and September 1913. It contains all the *Gitimalya* poems he wrote at Shelidah, on the ship and in England. Poems written between March 1912 and October 1913 appear in this book. Almost all the Bangla poems are dated and include place of their composition. It also has six poems in English. This made me wonder if this was the second exercise book Tagore was referring to! However, none of the English poems are dated and hence, one can only speculate about the dates of these translations based on the dates of composition of the original Bangla poems. Only three of the English poems – referred to as Nos. 15 and 17 of *Poems* and No. 51 of *Fruit Gathering* in the transcription given on bichitra.jdvu.ac.in - are translation of the Bangla poems composed before the publication of *The English Gitanjali*. Their position in the manuscript does not allow us to draw any definite inference about the probable date of translation.

I am reasonably certain that MS 229 is not the second exercise book Tagore referred to. However, it is worth remembering that there was another book that he carried with him and wrote his fresh compositions in during the 1912-1913 travels to England and USA.

The manuscript that Tagore ‘handed to Rothenstein’ was eventually gifted by him to William Rothenstein and is preserved in the Houghton Library of Harvard University along with Rothenstein Papers.²⁹ On the first Page of this manuscript the following remark is found in the hand of William Rothenstein:



It was this manuscript that was read by Rothenstein. He was so impressed with the poems that he made three typed copies and sent them to the famous poet W. B. Yeats, Andrew Cecil Bradley, professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Stopford Brooke, well-known monotheist author. Eventually it was decided by The India Society to publish these poems and Yeats was entrusted with the task of editing the manuscript.

It was this edited version that was published in a limited edition of 750 numbers by The India Society in 1912. Later, Macmillan and Co. published a general edition in March 1913.³⁰

It is this manuscript, a 12x18 cm diary 'bound in blue roan' that is at the centre of my endeavour. My romance with it commenced at 9:30 am on August 14, 2007, when I held it in my hands at the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts (U.S.A.) It has fascinated me ever since, a slim volume, reproduced twice in India – first by Sahitya Samsad, Kolkata in 2009 with Notes by Abhikkumar Dey and second by Ministry of Culture, Government of India with Notes by Swapan Majumdar. Some eminent scholars have studied it over the years.

I would like to mention the details of three of these which I have come across and admired:

1. *Khyati Akhyatir Nepathye*, Saurindra Mitra, Ananda Publishers Pvt. Ltd., Kolkata, 1995 (first edition 1977)
2. *On the Autograph Manuscript of Gitanjali (Song Offerings) and The Manuscript of Gitanjali: A Supplementary Note*, Shyamal Kumar Sarkar, *Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, vol. 43, Nos. 3 & 4 and vol. 44, Nos. 3& 4 respectively
3. *Gitanjali*, Rabindranath Tagore, tr. William Radice, Penguin India, New Delhi, 2011

As stated earlier, I have been fascinated by this manuscript. Occasionally, fascination leads to a point of view that might be inconsequential scholastically but is valuable intrinsically and might perhaps clear the ground for some further consequence. My journey has been guided by this fascination only, and hence, it is for the literary and the scholarly world to see if some thing can be made of the questions I have asked and the answers I have received and realized.

First, I would like to describe the manuscript that I call the Rothenstein Manuscript. It is a diary – bound in 'blue roan', as described by Houghton Library – quite distinct from most other manuscripts, which are exercise books or notebooks. This manuscript contains 86 poems in English and 14 poems in Bangla. The 14 Bangla poems must have been copied here from their original manuscript – MS 229 at Rabindra Bhavana, Santiniketan. The translation of the Bangla poems appears on the opposite page. Out of these 86 poems in English, 83 have been included in the published version of *The English Gitanjali*. However, the order in which they appear here is quite different from the one found in the published version that contains 20 additional poems. Out of these 20 poems, manuscripts of 12 poems are also found in Rothenstein papers at Houghton Library.³¹ This manuscript will be referred to as Crescent Moon Manuscript. Manuscripts of the remaining 8 poems are not available.

In Table 3 below a summarized comparison between the Rothenstein manuscript and *The English Gitanjali* is shown.

No. of Poems in book	Title	No. of Poems in Rothenstein MS	No. of Poems in Crescent Moon MS	Missing Manuscript
53	Gitanjali	46	8	
16	Gitimalya	15		2
15	Naibedya	15		1
11	Kheya	6		5
3	Shishu	3		
1	Achalayatan	1		
1	Kalpana		1	
1	Smaran		1	
1	Utsarga		1	
1	Chaitali		1	
103	Total	86	12	8

Table 3

As mentioned earlier, there are 14 poems for which the original Bangla version is given in this manuscript. One wonders why the poet thought of including Bangla versions of his poems in a manuscript intended to show his poetry to the Western literary world. As a matter of fact, the very first poem starts with the English version on the right-hand side (which is completely cancelled). The English translation is repeated on the left-hand side. The original Bangla is on the bottom of the English translation and continued on the right-hand side, below the erasure. (See plate 1 below).

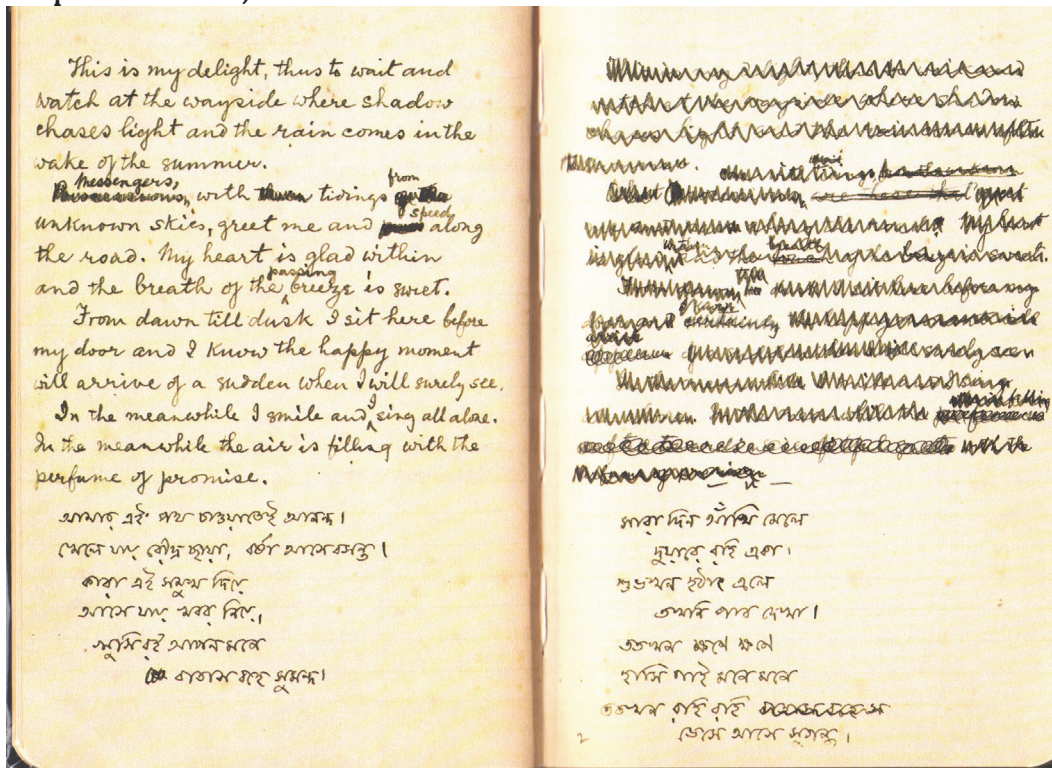


Plate 2: Page 1 of Rothenstein Manuscript

The second, third and fourth poems have Bangla version on the left-hand side and English translations on the right-hand side. This gives us the impression that the poet intends to continue this pattern for the rest of the manuscript. However, for the fifth poem, there is no Bangla version! On a closer scrutiny one realizes that the first four poems were written recently – in March 1912 – and later included in *Gitimalya*, (published in 1914) whereas the fifth poem was written in 1906 and included in *Gitanjali* (published in 1910). Perhaps, the poet intends to consult the Bangla version with his English translation for these new compositions.³² But the next three poems (Poem Nos. 6, 7 and 8) also have Bangla versions on the right-hand side, and these have been written earlier and included in *Gitanjali*! Later in the manuscript we come across 11 *Gitimalya* poems (Nos. 37 to 42, 47, 48, 51, 52 and 58) and 7 of them (nos. 37 to 42 and 52) have their Bangla counterparts presented on the right-hand side. I could not think of any rationale for this practice.

There is no title, either for each poem or for the entire manuscript. The translations are not dated as was his normal practice for Bangla poems. The manuscript of Bangla poems of *Gitimalya*, which were being written at this time are included in MS 229 at Rabindra Bhavana, Santiniketan. In the same manuscript there are a few English translations also. These are not dated either. One wonders about the reason for not dating English translations when most of his Bangla poems not only include the date but also state the place of composition. He might have felt that the date of translation was not important while submitting the poems for opinion or approval. He might have been diffident about the future of these translations and hence might not have felt the need to note the date and place of their creation.

All this indicates that Tagore had taken this manuscript along with him so that he could show his poetry as translated by him to the literary circles in London rather than with a view of publishing the same. As shown earlier he was so diffident about his own English language that he might have considered the very thought of publishing these translations as preposterous. This is precisely what Tagore himself stated in his lecture to the Nobel Academy in Sweden in 1921. He said:

After my *Gitanjali* poems had been written in Bengali I translated those poems in English, without having any desire to have them published, being diffident of my mastery of that language³³

Most of the translations appear so neat and free of major erasures that I cannot rule out the possibility that he was copying out in this diary the translations he had penned down elsewhere. On the other hand, there are quite a few original drafts of English translations in other manuscripts (including MS 229 referred to above) at Rabindra Bhavana, as reported on bichitra.jdvu.ac.in, which are as neat and free of major erasures that it is difficult to conclude anything from the appearance of the manuscript.

Moreover, how did he select the poems to be translated? My first instinct was to check if the length of the poem had anything to do with his selection. It did seem that in his first effort he avoided translating long poems. Of the 27 *Gitimalya* poems (*Gitimalya* Nos. 4 to 30) written during this period (March 28 to June 25, 1912), he translated 17 (*Gitimalya* Nos. 6 to 8, 14 to 18, 20 to 24, 26, 28 to 30). These 17 poems average at 18 lines each. In all of the 27 poems written

during this period, the average number of lines is 25. However, upon checking the 157 poems of *Bangla Gitanjali*, I found that the average number of lines was almost the same as that of 53 poems of *The English Gitanjali*. This means that the choice was not made based on the length of the original Bangla poem.

Next, I wondered whether he preferred to translate songs rather than poems. Of the 27 *Gitimalya* poems written during this period 16 are songs but of the 17 translated *Gitimalya* poems 13 are songs! This would indicate that he might have preferred to translate songs. *Bangla Gitanjali* has 72 poems and 85 songs. Of these he has translated 24 poems and 29 songs. In this case, no preference is evident as about one third of the poems as well as the songs are translated. In the Rothenstein Manuscript 44 poems and 42 songs are translated. Hence, this could not be the basis on which the poet might have selected the poems to be translated.

A conversation with Sri Sankha Ghosh, 'that living concordance of Tagore's works' (in Ketaki Dyson's words³⁴) pointed the correct direction. He said the selection was thematic. Most of the poems translated are devotional or spiritual. It occurred to me that Tagore was still in the mood of internal reflection resulting in outpouring of spiritual poems that had commenced with *Naibedya* (1901) and was to continue for two more years, till *Gitali* (1914). Hence, most of the poems selected for translation were also reflecting the same mood.

Sisir Kumar Das has offered the following comments for the published version of *The English Gitanjali*, which includes 83 of the 86 poems appearing in the Rothenstein manuscript:

The arrangement of the poems in *Gitanjali* [*The English Gitanjali*] is neither in chronological order of their publication nor according to any sequence in the growth of mood or idea. They are self-contained, independent lyrics, though they have a slender thematic connection, all of them being addressed to a god who reveals himself in myriad forms and shapes, in the beauty of nature, in the everyday situations of human relationships.

..... Free from all sectarian and theological doctrines, these poems have so intricately woven the sacred with the secular that the *Gitanjali* poems are conspicuous by their complete coalescence. The dominant note of *Gitanjali* is life-affirmation: it creates a world of light and colour and abundance. If one hears a voice of melancholy in one lyric, there is expression of joy in another; if there is despondency in one, there is another celebrating the joy of fulfillment.³⁵

This thematic coherence and congruence of the sacred and the secular that created an ambience of devotion and dedication to a unique Divine could not have been deliberate; it had to be as innate as the purposeless smile on the lips of an innocent child yet uncorrupted by the world. Perhaps, it was this spontaneous and simple expression of content that was the result of intense meditation and reflection which found unprecedented acceptance and acclaim in an alien land and language. At this juncture, Tagore was like a student apprehensive of his own competence, encouraged and perhaps, pressured by his friends, presenting his works for appraisal by *littérateurs* of a language, which, over a long period of time, had produced a rich harvest of literature that had inspired him. He had progressed through various phases and was at a phase - which was later termed as his *Gitanjali* phase - that must have had the greatest appeal to him. So, his selections were essentially and spontaneously from that phase. In his post-*Gitanjali* translations, which were not as well received, a poet, confident after

tasting success, was deliberately selecting his works to reveal his total personality and hence, his efforts and selections, perhaps, lacked this spontaneity.

The first sentence of Sisir Kumar Das quoted above, viz.:

The arrangement of the poems in *Gitanjali* [*The English Gitanjali*] is neither in chronological order of their publication nor according to any sequence in the growth of mood or idea.

leads to the next topic of concern. How must have the poet gone about deciding the order in which his translations were to appear in this manuscript? Sisir Kumar Das believes that apart from ‘thematic connection’ each of the poems is ‘self-contained and independent lyric’. This implies that there is no need for developing a crescendo of mood or expanding upon an idea by placing the poems in a specific order or sequence. I agree with Das and believe that this applies to the manuscript also. Having made a thematic selection of the poems, which are ‘self-contained and independent lyric’, need to present them in a specific order or sequence is not important anymore. Perhaps, the poems are presented in the same chronological order as they were translated. If Tagore had dated the translations, this would have been easy to check. But as noted earlier, none of the translations are dated and hence we cannot avail of this easy option.

However, we might stumble upon some clue if we examined the details – such as the date and place of composition - of the *Gitimalya* poems written during this period. Fortunately, Tagore has given the date and place of composition of each of these poems in his manuscript (MS 229) as well as the published book, confirmed by Prasanta Kumar Paul. Table 4 below gives all the details about these *Gitimalya* poems:

Gitimalya POEM NO	FIRST LINE IN BANGLA	FIRST LINE IN ENGLISH	DATE	NO IN MS	NO IN BOOK	BANGLA in Rothenstein MS
4	Sthiranayane Takiye Achhi	Not Translated(NT)	28-Mar	NT	NT	
5	Bhagye Ami Path Haralam	NT	29-Mar	NT	NT	
6	Ami Hal Chhadale Tabe	When I give up the helm	30-Mar	47	99	
7	Amar Path-Chaoatei Anand	This is my delight	30-Mar	1	44	Yes
8	Kolahal To Baran Hal	No more noisy loud words	31-Mar	2	89	Yes
9	Namahara Ei Nadir Pare	NT	01-Apr	NT	NT	
10	Ke Go Tumi Bideshi	NT	02-Apr	NT	NT	

Gitimalya POEM NO	FIRST LINE IN BANGLA	FIRST LINE IN ENGLISH	DATE	NO IN MS	NO IN BOOK	BANGLA in Rothenstein MS
11	Ogo Pathik, Diner Sheshe	NT	03-Apr	NT	NT	
12	Ei Duyarti Khola	NT	04-Apr	NT	NT	
13	Ei Je Ero Anginate	NT	05-Apr	NT	NT	
14	Anek Kaler Jatra Amar	The time of my journey	06-Apr	48	12	
15	Ami Amay Karab bado	That I should make much of myself	07-Apr	51	71	
16	Ebar Bhasiye Dite habe Amar	I must launch out my boat	08-Apr	42	21	Yes
17	Jedin Fotal Kamal Kichhui Jani Nai	On the day when the lotus bloomed	08-Apr	39	20	Yes
18	Ekhano Ghor Bhange Na Tor Je	Langour is in my heart	09-Apr	52	55	Yes
19	Jhade Jay ude Jay Go	NT	10-Apr	NT	NT	
20	Tumi Ektu Basate Diyo Kachhe	I ask for a moment's indulgence	11-Apr	38	5	Yes
21	Ebar Tora Amar Jabar Belate	At this time of my parting,	12-Apr	40	94	Yes
22	Ke Go Antartar Se	It is he, the innermost one,	19-Apr	37	72	Yes
23	Amar Tumi Ashesh Karechh	Thou hast made me endless	20-Apr	3	1	Yes
24	Har-mana har Parab Tomar Gale	I will deck Thee	20-Apr	4	98	Yes
25	Emani Kare Ghurib Dure Bahire	NT.	22-Apr	NT	NT	
26	Peyechhi Chhuti, Biday Deho, Bhai	I have got my leave	22-Apr	41	93	Yes
27	Ajike Ei Sakalbelate	NT	26-Apr	NT	NT	

Gitimalya POEM NO	FIRST LINE IN BANGLA	FIRST LINE IN ENGLISH	DATE	NO IN MS	NO IN BOOK	BANGLA in Rothenstein MS
28	Pran Bhariye Trisha Hariye- puja	More life, my lord, yet more,	03-Jun	58	Not included	
29	Tab Rabikar Ase Kar Badaiya	The sunbeam comes upon this earth	23-Jun	N.A.	68	
30	Sundar Bate Tab Angadakhani	Beautiful is thy wristlet	25-Jun	N.A.	53	

Table 4: *Gitimalya* songs/poems written between March 28 and June 26 –
Poems are in **Bold** letters, others are songs

A first glance at this table reveals the fact that during his first 20-day stay at Shelidah between March 24 and April 13, 1912, Tagore wrote 10 poems and 8 songs of *Gitimalya* (*Gitimalya* Nos. 4 to 21). This explodes his epistolary declaration of enervation - ‘not [having] the energy to gird up ... loins and sit down to write.’

During his 14-day stay at Santiniketan between April 13 and April 26, 1912, he wrote 6 songs of *Gitimalya* (*Gitimalya* Nos. 22 to 27).

There are no fresh compositions between 27 April and 3 June – 37 days – when he was in Kolkata, Shelidah, Kolkata again, on the train to Mumbai, and on a ship to Europe.

A song was written on 3 June (*Gitimalya* No. 28) when his ship was passing through the Red Sea.

Finally, two more songs appear after he was settled at Hampstead Heath in London.

Let us arrange this in a tabular form:

Period	Place	Compositions
March 19 to 24	Kolkata	
March 24 to April 13	Shelidah	10 poems and 8 songs
April 13 to 26	Santiniketan	6 songs
April 26 to May 3	Kolkata	
May 3 to 20	Shelidah	
May 20 to 25	Kolkata	
May 26 to June 26	Bombay/Boat/Europe	3 songs

Table 5 – Place of Composition of *Gitimalya* poems/songs (*Gitimalya* Nos. 4 to 30)

Details of his other writings during this period, such as letters and essays, are found in Prasanta Kumar Paul’s *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, pp. 280 to 310.

It is difficult to establish the dates of translation from this information. If one is to believe

Tagore's letter to Indira Devi, of 6 May 1913, the translations commenced in Shelidah in the month of Chaitra. That would indicate that the translations started during his first stay at Shelidah between 24 March and 13 April during which period he was composing poems of *Gitimalya* also. Prasanta Kumar Paul also speculates that the translation must have started at this time.³⁶

However, the bulk of translation seems to have been undertaken during his second stay at Shelidah and must have continued through the rest of the period under consideration. Prasanta Kumar Paul supports this. He states:

Rabindranath wrote his last song or poem on 26 April, at Santiniketan – *ajike ei sakalabelate*. On his next visit [May 3 to 20] to Shelidah, he was primarily a translator. Ten freshly written songs, ten songs of *Gitanjali* and *alo amar, alo ogo* of *Achalayatan* were translated into English before June 3. This can be understood on examination of [Rothenstein Manuscript].³⁷

Personally, I fail to appreciate the rationale behind this statement. The song written on June 3 might have been translated later and entered in the Rothenstein manuscript at any subsequent date. From the date on which the original Bangla song was written, one can only say that that poem could not have been entered in the Rothenstein manuscript before the date on which Bangla poem was written.

Let us make another attempt to see how the translations of *Gitimalya* poems are placed in the Rothenstein manuscript. This is presented in Table 6 below:

Gitimalya No.	Date of Composition ³⁸	Poem No. in MS
7	March 30	1
8	March 31	2
23	April 20	3
24	April 20	4
22	April 19	37
20	April 11	38
17	April 8	39
21	April 12	40
26	April 22	41
16	April 8	42
6	March 30	47
14	April 6	48
15	April 7	51
18	April 9	52
28	June 3	58

Table 6

The above table indicates that the *Gitimalya* poems do not appear in the Rothenstein Manuscript in chronological order. On the other hand, for publication of *Gitimalya* in Bangla, these poems, Nos. 4 to 30, appear in chronological order, as can be seen from Table 4. If there was a scheme to build a particular mood or group the poems in the Rothenstein Manuscript for publication, at the very least, *Gitimalya* poems should have appeared in chronological order as they were grouped in the Bangla publication.

The first poem in the Rothenstein manuscript is translation of *Gitimalya* No. 7, which was written on March 30, 1912. Hence, the first entry in this manuscript could not have been earlier than that date i.e., a week after he reached Shelidah. The next poem being a translation of *Gitimalya* 8, a poem written on the very next day, March 31, it might suggest a chronological order but the next two *Gitimalya* poems (Nos. 3 and 4 in the Rothenstein Manuscript) were written much later – on April 20 – and those written in between appear later! Comparing the order of appearance of *Gitimalya* poems in Rothenstein manuscript with the date of composition of the original Bangla poems, one finds them appearing randomly.

A summary of poems appearing in the Rothenstein manuscript from various sources is presented in Table 7.

NO	SOURCE	SONG(s)/POEM(p)
1 to 4	Gitimalya	all songs
5 to 36	Gitanjali	2s/1p/11s/2p/4s/2p/1s/6p/1s/2p
37 to 42	Gitimalya	all songs
43 to 46	Gitanjali	all songs
47-48	Gitimalya	all poems
49 – 50	Gitanjali	all songs
51-52	Gitimalya	1poem/1song
53 to 56	Gitanjali	2 songs/2 poems
57	Achalayatan	Song
58	Gitimalya	Song
59 to 73	Naibedya	1 song/14 poems
74 to 79	Kheya	all poems
80 to 83	Gitanjali	1 song/3 poems
84 to 86	Shishu	all poems

Table 7

After the first four poems of *Gitimalya*, 32 *Gitanjali* poems appear in ascending order followed in the Bangla book with 7th (*Gitanjali* 142), 28th (*Gitanjali* 119) and 35th (*Gitanjali* 152) appearing out of order. These are followed by *Gitimalya*, and *Gitanjali* poems grouped randomly until one reaches Poem No. 57, which is from *Achalayatan*. This is followed by a poem from *Gitimalya* and then follow *Naibedya* and *Kheya* poems. Again, a group of 4 *Gitanjali* poems appear which is followed by 3 poems from *Shishu*.

No explainable approach can be found even in distribution of songs and poems, as indicated by table 7 above.

This arbitrary approach, which does not fit any readable scheme, tempts me to agree with Prasanata Kumar Paul's statement that the translation was done in a random (*tiryakabhabe*)³⁹ manner. The same appears to be true of the Rothenstein manuscript. This adds to my earlier stated belief that Tagore had no plans for publication when he was preparing this manuscript.

Another important point to be noted is the composition of *Gitimalya* No. 28, *Pran Bhariye, Trisha Hariye*, translated as *More life, my lord, yet more*, and appearing at No. 58 in the Rothenstein Manuscript – though not included in the final published version. This Bangla song was written on June 3 – one week after boarding the ship in Mumbai - when Tagore was still on a ship and the place of composition is reported to be *Lohit Samudra* or Red Sea.

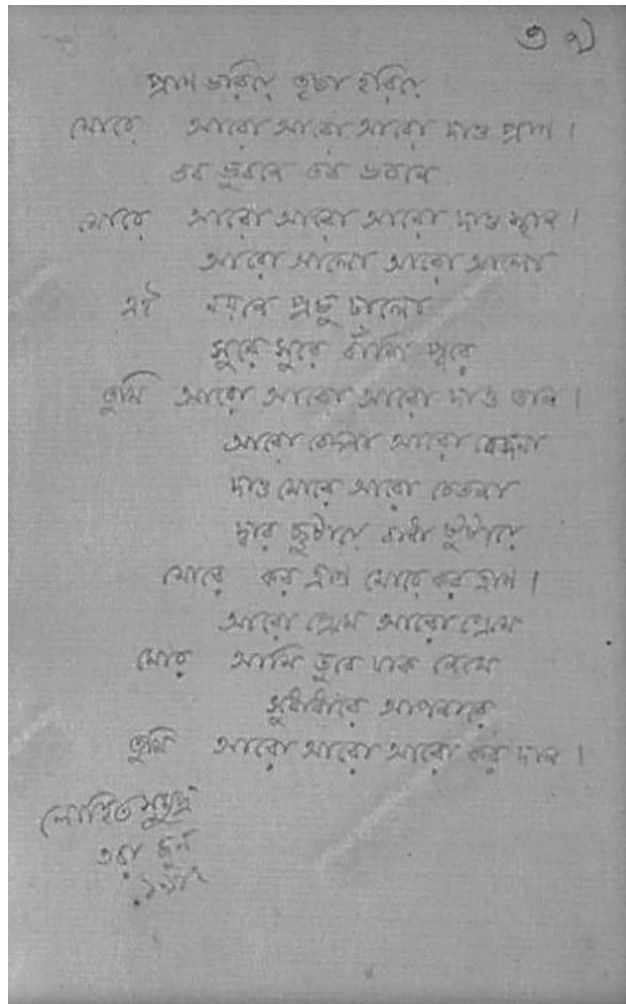


Plate 3: Manuscript of Pran Bhariye, Trisha Hariye (MS229)

Obviously, this and all the subsequent poems (Nos. 58 to 86) in the Rothenstein Manuscript must have been translated on or after June 3 and before June 26. This supports Somendrachandra Devavarma's description of translation continuing on the ship, on the train etc.

It is obvious that 28 poems (nos. 59 to 86) were entered in the Rothenstein Manuscript between June 3 and 26 – 24 days or less. During this period Tagore was aboard a ship or travelling. These are poems from *Naibedya*, *Kheya*, *Gitanjali* and *Sisu* – in that order. He may not have had access to the original Bangla version of these poems. It is quite likely that the translation was ready on separate sheet(s) or book(s), and these were copied. A quick look at the manuscript supports this as the erasures are found to be minimal in these poems (nos. 59 to 86). He might have completed translation of these at Shelidah or Santiniketan before boarding the ship and carried them with him. Or could he have remembered all these poems in original and translated them on the ship?

While it is on record that a few days before he passed away, he recalled and recited *Bipade Mor Raksha Karo* – a song he wrote more than 30 years ago – despite his failing health,⁴⁰ one must appreciate that remembering a few poems for recitation is quite different from remembering at least 29 poems for translation! It is quite likely that he was carrying his earlier publications with him as he intended to continue his translations while on the tour. In the present age of air travel this may appear improbable but in those days it might not have been so. After all, in 1930, he travelled to Europe with 400 paintings!

Apart from my fascination, the Rothenstein Manuscript is a very important historical document already pursued and continuing to be pursued by scholars and by seekers of truth alike. This is because of a great controversy that arose about the contribution of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, who wrote an Introduction to *The English Gitanjali* in which he praised the poems and complimented the poet.

The first signs of this controversy were documented by Tagore himself in his letters to Sturge Moore and Rothenstein in February 1914 – three months after the Nobel Prize was announced. On 17 February 1914, Tagore wrote to Sturge Moore:

A report has reached me from a barrister friend of mine who was present on the occasion when in a meeting of the leading Mohamedan gentlemen of Bengal[,] Valentine Chirol told the audience that the English Gitanjali was practically a production of Yeats...unfortunately for me there are signs of this feeling of antagonism in England itself which may be partly due to the national reaction following the chorus of praise that Gitanjali evoked and partly, as you have said in your letter, to the bitterness of disappointment in the minds of the partisans of the candidates for the Nobel Prize.

To Rothenstein Tagore wrote:

It will amuse you to learn that at a semi-public conference of Mohamedan leaders of Bengal Valentine Chirol gave his audience to understand that the English Gitanjali was practically written by Yeats.⁴¹

Sturge Moore and Rothenstein sympathized with Tagore and had refuted the insinuations. However, there are two letters from Yeats which I would like to quote and comment upon.

Excerpts from his letter dated 28 January 1917, addressed to the owner of Macmillan and Company, Tagore's publishers:

I send *A Lover's Knot* [*Gift*]. It is rather an embarrassment. I hope you will not mind if I write to Tagore that you have asked me to make as few alterations as possible as American publication hurries us. I can add from myself that his English is now much more perfect. You probably do not know how great my revisions have been in the past. William Rothenstein will tell you how much I did for *Gitanjali* and even his Ms. of *The Gardener*. Of course, all one wanted to do 'was to bring out the author's meaning', but that meant a continual revision of vocabulary and even more of cadence. Tagore's English was a foreigner's English and as he wrote to me, he 'could never tell the words that had lost their souls or the words that had not yet got their souls' from the rest. I left out sentence after sentence and probably putting one day with another spent some weeks on the task. It was a delight, and I did not grudge the time, and at my request Tagore has made no acknowledgement. I knew that if he did so, his Indian enemies would exaggerate what I did beyond all justice and use it to attack him. Now I had no great heart in my version of his last work *Fruit Gathering*. The work is a mere shadow. After *Gitanjali* and *The Gardener* and *The Crescent Moon* (exhaustively revised by Sturge Moore), and a couple of plays and perhaps *Sadhana* nothing should have been published except the long autobiography which has been printed in *Modern Review*, a most valuable and rich work. He is an old man now and these later poems are drowning his reputation. I told this to Rothenstein, and he said, 'we must not tell him so for it would put him into the deepest depression.'

I am relieved at your letter though I would not like to tell Tagore so. I merely make ordinary press revisions for there is nothing between that and exhaustive revising of all phrases and rhythms that 'have lost their soul' or never had souls. Tagore's English has grown better, that is to say more simple, and more correct, but it is still often very flat.

Excuse my writing so much unasked criticism but I have been deeply moved by Tagore's best work and that must be my excuse.⁴²

The letter to follow is more like an outburst of feelings. I wish one could examine the complete context to appreciate and judge it meaningfully. It would be equally interesting to find out how it was responded to by the addressee.

A letter from Yeats to Rothenstein, probably written in 1935, post mark reading May 7, 1937:

My dear Rothenstein,

Damn Tagore. We got out three good books, Sturge Moore and I, and then, because he thought it more important to see and know English than to be a great poet, he brought out sentimental rubbish and wrecked his reputation. Tagore does not know English, no Indian knows English. Nobody can write with music and style in a language not learned in childhood and ever since the language of his thought. I shall return to the question of Tagore but not yet – I shall return to it because he has published, in recent [?years], and in English, prose books of great beauty, and these books have been ignored because of the eclipse of his reputation as a poet.

Yours
W. B. Yeats⁴³

By the time these letters appeared in public view, 1917 letter in 1967 and 1935 letter in 1954, all the stakeholders were not around to pronounce the truth. I am indeed at a loss to understand how and why Yeats, who was so impressed with Tagore and his English poetry in 1912-13, takes the above stand as early as 1917 and retain it all the way to 1935. Saurindra Mitra deals with this rather extensively in his *Khyati Akhyatir Nepathye* (referred to earlier). Though it would

be fascinating to delve into this aspect, it certainly is beyond the scope of this endeavour.

If one can assume that the difference between the Rothenstein Manuscript and the published version is all on account of Yeats's intervention, one can see the difference Yeats made to the Tagore translations – whether he had to ‘throw out sentence after sentence’, whether his contribution added to the cadence - by comparing the Rothenstein Manuscript with the published version.

However, before one can test the claims of Yeats by comparing the published version and the Rothenstein Manuscript, I would like to clarify a few points about the published version.

As stated earlier, the first publication was by India Society's limited edition and the second one was a general edition by Macmillan. The following differences between the two have been reported by Sisir Kumar Das:

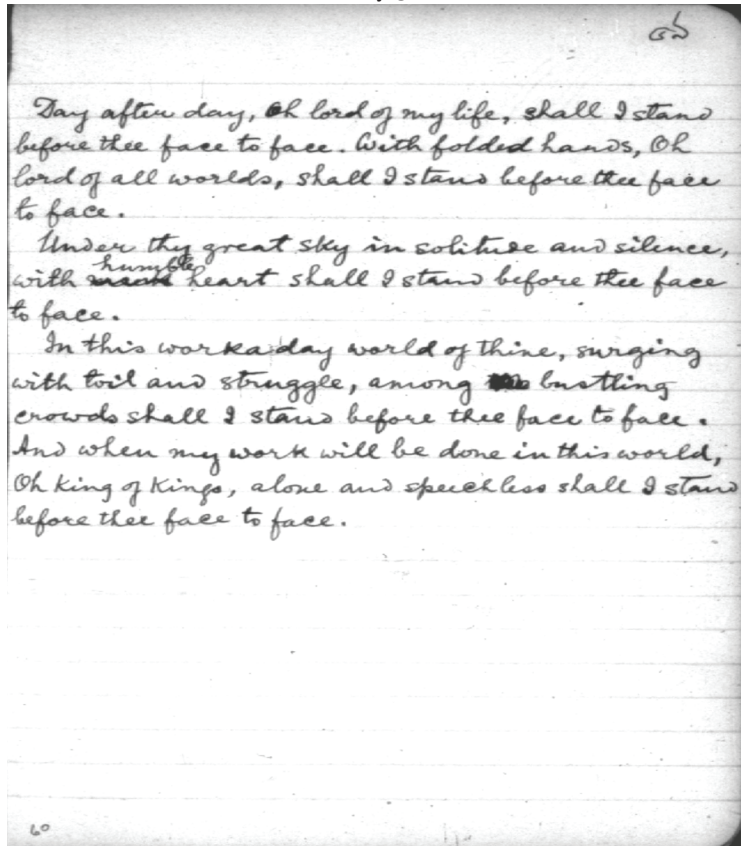
	<u>India Society</u>	<u>Macmillan</u>
Poem 30	My Lord	My lord
Poem 51	Someone has said	Some one has said (fifth paragraph)
Poem 52	Shy and soft demeanour	Coyness and softness of demeanour (Last paragraph)
Poem 87	My Lord	My lord ⁴⁴

The variants in the India Society edition (Poem 52) were prompted by C. F. Andrews which made Yeats extremely unhappy (Yeats to Tagore, January 9, 1913). Tagore apologized and requested Yeats to revise the proofs of the Macmillan edition (Tagore to Yeats, January 26, 1913). Yeats was particularly unhappy with the change in poem no. 52. Tagore asked Rothenstein to request Macmillan to submit the proofs of the second edition of *Gitanjali* to Yeats for ‘necessary restorations’ (Tagore to Rothenstein, February 14, 1913).⁴⁵

Both the published versions are marked with singular distinction of carrying and perpetuating one of the greatest errors in a book as prominent, prestigious, and popular as *Gitanjali: Song Offerings*. I would like to draw your attention to Poem No. 59 of the Rothenstein Manuscript (Poem No. 76 in the published version). This is translation of *Pratidin Ami He Jibanswami* (*Naibedya* No. 1) translated by Tagore as *Day after day, Oh lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face*.

Tagore's five sentence translation is broken into three paragraphs in Rothenstein Manuscript. The published version retains five lines but breaks them into four paragraphs. Three ‘Oh’ in the manuscript become ‘O’ in the published version.; ‘workaday world’ becomes ‘laborious world’, ‘surging with toil’ becomes ‘tumultuous with toil’ and ‘bustling crowds’ become ‘hurrying crowds’.

All the five sentences that end with a full stop in the manuscript end with a question mark in the published version! The error here cannot be overstated. (See Plate 3 below).



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

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

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous
with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face?

And when my work shall be done in this world,
O King of kings, alone and speechless shall I
Stand before thee face to face.?

Plate 4

At first sight one would like to attribute this to printer's error, but I would not be surprised if this was a 'correction' by Yeats. As pointed out earlier, he had checked the India Society edition thoroughly and had objected to changes in poem no. 52 of the manuscript. How could he have overlooked this question mark? This tempts me to believe that he had introduced the same in view of the construction of the line.

This was first pointed out to Tagore by John W. Rattray, who subsequently wrote an article

about it and published it in *Visva Bharati Quarterly*, Vol. 14, No. 1, 1948. In this article he describes his meeting with Tagore in 1938, when the poet confirmed to him, 'Yes, of course, that mark of interrogation should not be there.'⁴⁶

William Radice has not only reproduced the entire article by Rattray, but he also traces the story of this 'mark of interrogation' being perpetuated in various Macmillan editions till 1950; – it reappeared in 2000 edition and has been retained by 2003 and 2012 editions published even by Visva Bharati and Rabindra Bhavana, respectively.⁴⁷

With this background, let us take a detailed look at the changes made by Yeats to the Rothenstein Manuscript. At the outset I must admit that my exposure to language and literature is extremely limited, and I know next to nothing about prosody. Hence, my comments should be accepted as an opinion of a layman, who enjoys poetry and does not mind treading upon the grounds which are not necessarily his forte. Quite frankly, I would have liked the readers to see for themselves, as they would be able to, on the pages to follow, where a page of the manuscript is presented opposite the published version for an immediate reference and comparison and draw their own conclusion. But I have been convinced by my friends and well wishers that as the author is the first reader of what he writes, his opinion must appear. I guess that is another way of saying that by putting in so much effort the author has earned the right to opine even though his opinion may not be worth considering!

On the other hand, persons like me, who do not have the requisite scholastic background but can appreciate and enjoy the poetry and literature merely by their intrinsic nature, may comprehend the contents of the poetry with their common sense uncluttered by canonic diktats of the science of arts!

What is it that made *The English Gitanjali* so appealing? First and foremost are its contents. Next is the simplicity of its presentation. The rhythm, cadence, and other elements of prosody are important from the point of view of literature. But when it comes to acceptance of poetry by people, these play a subordinate role to the elements stated earlier. *The English Gitanjali*, as indicated by the numbers sold and revealed by the reviews received when it was published, was accepted by the people, and acclaimed by the littérateurs.

It is with this explicit admission of my limitations and limited competence that I will venture to offer my own comments on changes made by Yeats.

Yeats introduced or removed, according to the need perceived by him, punctuation marks, such as comma, semicolon etc. He also introduced his own scheme of paragraphs which was different from that provided by Tagore. There have been changes in verbs and at times even phrases – sometimes for the better and sometimes otherwise. Most of the times, I agree with Yeats when he changes 'Oh' to 'O'. I will restrict my comments to what I perceive as a major or significant change, either for better or worse. I will follow the manuscript sequence.

MS NO.	BOOK NO.	REMARK
1	44	Last but one line changed for better cadence
6	63	Change in the third sentence makes it simple
10	79	Change in the last paragraph unnecessary – Introduces ‘sound of flute’ instead of ‘laughter’!
15	70	The first two lines unnecessarily abridged.
17	39	‘regal splendour’ in the fourth line changed to ‘ceremony of a king’ – this is detrimental to the poem
21	77	Changes are not called for and they hurt the rhythm of the original
29	85	Most of the changes make the poem more lucid and simple
31	34	As above
36	17	Change from ‘at’ to ‘into’ is appropriate
40	94	Personally, I prefer Tagore’s ‘sing cheers’ and ‘grey garb’ to Yeats’s ‘wish me good luck’ to ‘red-brown dress’
51	71	I prefer Tagore’s version
59	76	If the five question marks at the end of each sentence were not a printing error and were introduced by Yeats, I would question his comprehension of this poem!
67	4	In last but one line, how does ‘open’ become ‘flower’? Perhaps, we can grant this liberty, knowing that Tagore was also a part of the team!
70	95	Change in the last line makes it more readable
71	25	Elimination of the beautiful first line is meaningless and detrimental to the poem.
72	35	While I prefer Tagore’s ‘fritter into fragments’ to Yeats’s ‘broken up’, Yeats’s last line, (perhaps, due to long period of familiarity?) is better than Tagore’s.
77	52	Like Andrews, I would prefer to retain Tagore’s ‘coyness and sweetness of demeanour’ to Yeats’s ‘shy and soft demeanour’
84	60	I wonder how Tagore’s ‘smiles the sea beach’ became ‘pale gleams the smile of the sea beach’ in the published version!
ADDL	POEMS	
I boasted among	102	Change of ‘ditties’ to ‘songs’ is to be appreciated. ‘Ditties’ is perhaps one of those words that Tagore refers to as ‘without soul’!

In my opinion, Yeats's did go through the manuscript meticulously and did his best to improve the English language, which was reasonably good to begin with - at least from the point of view of a person like me, who has not learned English from his childhood nor has thought in English from the beginning! However, I emphatically believe that his intervention did not improve the poetry of Tagore to the extent he claims in the above referenced letters.

He did not spend more than two weeks at the 'task' of 'bringing out the author's meaning.' This is obvious from the fact that the text of the poems recited at Trocadero restaurant (July 10) as reported by The Times is practically the same as in the manuscript indicating that the 'task' had not begun till July 10. With Tagore's visit to Cambridge and subsequent correspondence cited Pal, concludes irrefutably that the 'task' was accomplished between July 18 and August 2, when Yeats left for Normandy with the corrected manuscript to write the introduction to the same.

"I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that opened me out upon this vast mystery like a bud in the forest in midnight. When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form has taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I will love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away to find its consolation in the left one in the very next moment."

90

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11

"In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

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

"The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh, my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream."

91

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

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

The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream.

10

Plate 5: Text of Poem 95 and 22 – clipping of The Times vs. Manuscript

There certainly was no 'continual revision of vocabulary and even more of cadence' nor did he leave out 'sentence after sentence'. Perhaps, even without the corrections by Yeats, the *English Gitanjali* might have become as popular and prestigious as it did.

Before we proceed to compare the Rothenstein Manuscript with the India Society publication, a summary connecting the two is presented in Table 8 below. Some of the features of this table are:

MS 1 refers to Rothenstein Manuscript.

MS 2 refers to Crescent Moon Manuscript.

Book refers to India Society publication of *Gitanjali: Song Offerings*

Songs are in plain letters and Poems are in **bold** letters.

On the pages following Table 8, the facsimile of Rothenstein Manuscript appears on the left and text as in India Society publication appears on the right. Changes are marked in red and appear in **bold** letters duly underlined.

Table 8

MS	NO	FIRST LINE	BOOK	SOURCE	
1	1	This is my delight	44	Gitimalya	7
1	2	No more noisy loud words	89	Gitimalya	8
1	3	Thou hast made me endless	1	Gitimalya	23
1	4	I will deck thee	98	Gitimalya	24
1	5	My desires are many	14	Gitanjali	2
1	6	Thou hast made known to me	63	Gitanjali	3
1	7	When I leave from hence	96	Gitanjali	142
1	8	Clouds heap upon clouds	18	Gitanjali	16
1	9	In the deep shadow of the rainy July	22	Gitanjali	18
1	10	If it is not my portion to meet thee	79	Gitanjali	24
1	11	The day is no more	74	Gitanjali	26
1	12	Yes, I know, this is nothing	59	Gitanjali	30
1	13	I am here to sing thee songs	15	Gitanjali	31
1	14	I know not from what distant	46	Gitanjali	34
1	15	Is it beyond thee to be glad	70	Gitanjali	36
1	16	You came down from your throne	49	Gitanjali	56
1	17	When the heart is hard	39	Gitanjali	58
1	18	When my play was with thee	97	Gitanjali	68
1	19	If thou speaketh not	19	Gitanjali	71
1	20	Pluck this little flower	6	Gitanjali	87
1	21	I know thee as my God	77	Gitanjali	92
1	22	What divine drink wouldst thou	65	Gitanjali	101
1	23	O fool, to carry thyself upon thy shoulders	9	Gitanjali	105
1	24	There is thy footstool	10	Gitanjali	107
1	25	On the day when death	90	Gitanjali	114
1	26	O thou the last fulfillment	91	Gitanjali	116
1	27	Thus it is that thy joy	56	Gitanjali	121
1	28	Leave this chanting and singing	11	Gitanjali	119
1	29	When first they came out	85	Gitanjali	123
1	30	Ever in my life have I sought	101	Gitanjali	132
1	31	Let only that little remain	34	Gitanjali	138
1	32	He, whom I enclose with my name	29	Gitanjali	143
1	33	On the day thou breakst through this my name		Gitanjali	144
1	34	In one salutation to thee	103	Gitanjali	148
1	35	By all means they try to hold me	32	Gitanjali	152
1	36	I am only waiting for love	17	Gitanjali	151
1	37	It is he the innermost one	72	Gitimalya	22
1	38	I ask for a moments indulgence	5	Gitimalya	20
1	39	On the day when the lotus	20	Gitimalya	17
1	40	At this time of my parting	94	Gitimalya	21
1	41	I have got my leave	93	Gitimalya	26
1	42	I must launch out my boat	21	Gitimalya	16

MS	NO	FIRST LINE	BOOK	SOURCE	
1	43	Art thou abroad on this stormy night	23	Gitanjali	20
1	44	It is the pang of severance	84	Gitanjali	25
1	45	I have had my invitation	16	Gitanjali	44
1	46	He came and sat by my side	26	Gitanjali	61
1	47	When I give up the helm	99	Gitimalya	6
1	48	The time of my journey	12	Gitimalya	14
1	49	Light oh where is the light	27	Gitanjali	17
1	50	I know not how thou singest	3	Gitanjali	22
1	51	That I should make much of myself	71	Gitimalya	15
1	52	Langour is in my heart	55	Gitimalya	18
1	53	I dive down into the depth	100	Gitanjali	47
1	54	Hast thou not heard his silent steps	45	Gitanjali	62
1	55	When thou commandest me	2	Gitanjali	78
1	56	Early in the day	42	Gitanjali	83
1	57	Light, my light,	57	Achalayatan	
1	58	More life my lord yet more		Gitimalya	28
1	59	Day after day	76	Naibedya	1
1	60	On many a idle day	81	Naibedya	24
1	61	The same stream of life	69	Naibedya	26
1	62	Deliverance is not for me	73	Naibedya	30
1	63	The day was when I did not	43	Naibedya	33
1	64	Time is endless	82	Naibedya	39
1	65	Thy gifts to us mortals	75	Naibedya	44
1	66	Thy rod of justice		Naibedya	70
1	67	Life of my life	4	Naibedya	75
1	68	Thou art the sky	67	Naibedya	81
1	69	The rain has held back	40	Naibedya	86
1	70	I was not aware of the moment	95	Naibedya	89/90
1	71	In the night of weariness	25	Naibedya	98
1	72	Where the mind is without fear	35	Naibedya	72
1	73	This is my prayer to thee	36	Naibedya	99
1	74	Where dost thou stand	41	Kheya	Prachhchhan
1	75	I went abegging from door to door	50	Kheya	Krupan
1	76	The night darkened	51	Kheya	Agaman
1	77	I thought I should ask of thee	52	Kheya	Dan

MS	NO	FIRST LINE	BOOK	SOURCE	
1	78	I am like a remnant	80	Kheya	Lila
1	79	When the creation was new	78	Kheya	Haradhan
1	80	Mother I shall weave	83	Gitanjali	10
1	81	That I want thee only thee	38	Gitanjali	88
1	82	I thought that my voyage	37	Gitanjali	124
1	83	Let all the strains of my joy	58	Gitanjali	134
1	84	On the seashore of endless	60	Shishu	Jagat Parabarar
1	85	The sleep that flits	61	Shishu	Khoka
1	86	When I bring to thee	62	Shishu	Kena Madhur

MS	NO	FIRST LINE	BOOK	SOURCE	
2	1	I know that the day will come	92	Chaitali	Durlabh Janm
2	2	I boasted among men that I had known you	102	Utsarg	6
2	3	Deity of the ruined temple	88	Kalpana	Bhagn Mandir
2	4	My song has put off	7	Gitanjali	125
2	5	The child who is decked	8	Gitanjali	127
2	6	She who ever had remained	66	Gitanjali	149
2	7	In desperate hope	87	Smaran	5
2	8	When it was day they came into my house	33	Gitanjali	80
2	9	I came out alone	30	Gitanjali	103
2	10	If the day is done	24	Gitanjali	157
2	11	The song that I came to sing	13	Gitanjali	39
2	12	Obstinate are the tremmels	28	Gitanjali	145
		POEMS WHOSE MS IS NOT FOUND			
		Prisoner, tell me	31	Kheya	Bandi
		The night is nearly spent	47	Kheya	Jagaran
		The morning sea of silence	48	Kheya	Nirudyam
		Beautiful is thy wristlet	53	Gitimalya	30
		I asked nothing from thee	54	Kheya	Kuyar Dhare
		On the slope of the desolate river	64	Kheya	Anabashyak
		The sunbeam comes upon this earth	68	Gitimalya	29
		Death, thy servant is at my door	86	Naibedya	18

Endnotes

- 1 While the collection was published after *The English Gitanjali*, the translated Bangla verses were written prior to 1912.
- 2 *Selected Letters of Rabindranath Tagore*, Ed. Krishna Dutta and Andrew Robinson, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1997. p. 73
- 3 *ibid.*, p. 74
- 4 *ibid.*, p. 81
- 5 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Prasanta Kumar Pal, Ananda Publishers, Kolkata, 1993, p. 259, translation, mine
- 6 *The English Writings of Rabindranath Tagore*, Vol. 1, ed. Sisir Kumar Das, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, 1994, p. 12. For more details about Tagore translations and the circumstances under which translations became a necessity refer to p. 11 to 17.
- 7 For a detailed study of all the translations of Tagore before 1912, refer to *Poets to a Poet(1912-1940): Letters from Bridges, Rhys, Yeats, Sturge Moore, Trevelyan and Pound to Rabindranath Tagore*, ed. Bikash Chakravarty, Visva Bharati, Kolkata, 1998, p. 2 to 12
- 8 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p.302, translation, mine
- 9 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p.194., translation, mine
- 10 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 235, translation, mine
- 11 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 238, translation, mine
- 12 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 278, translation, mine
- 13 This translation by Indira Devi Chaudharani appeared in *Indian Literature*, Vol. II, No. 1, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, October 1958 – March 1959, pp. 3-4, as reported in *The English Writings of Rabindranath Tagore*, Op. Cit., pp. 10-11
- 14 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 277 and 281, translation, mine
- 15 Dates are as reported in *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., pp. 280 to 310
- 16 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 308, translation, mine
- 17 *On the Edges of Time*, Rathindranath Tagore, Visva Bharati, Kolkata, 1981, p. 99-100
- 18 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., as reported on p. 311, translation, mine.
- 19 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 314, translation, mine.
- 20 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 315, translation, mine
- 21 *On the Edges of Time*, Rathindranath Tagore, Visva Bharati, Kolkata, 2nd edition, 1981, p. 101
- 22 *On the Edges of Time*, Op. Cit., p. 102 - 103
- 23 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 316, translation, mine
- 24 *Imagining Tagore - Rabindranath and the British Press*, Ed.: Kalyan Kundu, Shakti Bhattacharya and Kalyan Sircar, Sahitya Samsad, Kolkata, 2000, p. 5
- 25 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 317-9, translation, mine
- 26 *Imagining Tagore - Rabindranath and the British Press*, Op. Cit., p. 5 - 6
- 27 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 322, translation, mine
- 28 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 340, 344 and 345, translation, mine
- 29 Call No. bMS Eng 1159(1), Tagore, Sir Rabindranath, 1861-1941. [*Gitanjali*] A.MS.(unsigned) in English and Bengali; [n.p., ca.1910] 88f.(106p.) . . . A notebook bound in blue roan.
- 30 There are some minor differences between these published versions which have been pointed out by Sisir Kumar Das on page 602 of *The English Writings of Rabindranath Tagore*, vol. 1. To verify the differences incorporated by Yeats, I have decided to follow India Society edition. It may be noted that Visva Bharati follows India Society version in their 2003 publication and Macmillan's version (1938) for their 2012 publication.

- 31 ^{xix}Catalogue No. bMSENG 1159(5) Tagore, Sir Rabindranath, 1861-1941. [*The crescent moon, and poems from other works*] A.MS.s.; [v.p.,v.d.] 70f.(72p.) Some are in the form of letters to Rothenstein; several are slightly revised in the autograph of William Butler Yeats.
- 32 He did not need to do this because, as already stated earlier, all his fresh compositions were included in MS 229 which was with him during the entire trip.
- 33 *The English Writings of Rabindranath Tagore*, Vol. 3, Ed. Sisir Kumar Das, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, 1994, p. 963
- 34 *In Your Blossoming Flower-Garden*, Ketaki Kushari Dyson, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, 1996, pp. 373
- 35 *The English Writings of Rabindranath Tagore*, Op. Cit., pp. 601-602
- 36 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 282, translation, mine
- 37 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p.307, translation, mine
- 38 Refers to the composition of Bangla poems
- 39 *Rabijibani*, vol. 6, Op. Cit., p. 283, translation, mine
- 40 *Gurudeb*, Rani Chanda, Visva Bharati, Kolkata, 2000, p. 157, 158, translation, mine
- 41 *Poets to a Poet*, Op. Cit., pp. 229
- 42 As reported in *Khyati Akhyatir Nepathye*, Op. Cit., pp. 23-24, from *Letters to MacMillan* (1967)
- 43 *The Letters of W. B. Yeats*, ed. Allan Wade, Hart-Davis, London, 1954, pp. 834-835
- 44 *The English writings of Rabindranath Tagore*, vol. 1, Op. Cit., pp. 602
- 45 *Imperfect Encounters*, Mary Lago, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1972, pp. 99
- 46 *Khyati Akhyatir Nepathye*, Op. Cit., pp. 53, translation, mine
- 47 *Gitanjali*, Rabindranath Tagore, tr. William Radice, Penguin India, New Delhi, 2011, pp. 233 - 245

अंग्रेज गीतांजलिनी रोधेन्स्टाईन हस्तप्रत

शैलेश पारेष

ભૂમિકા

હાર્વર્ડ યુનિવર્સિટીની હાઉટન લાયબ્રેરીના ‘રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન પેપર્સ’માં સંરક્ષિત ભૂરા ચામડામાં મઢેલી એક નાનકડી (૧૨x૮ સેમી.) હસ્તપ્રત અંગે વાત કરવાના આશયથી આ પ્રયાસ હાથ ધરાયો છે.

આ હસ્તપ્રતમાં રવીન્દ્રનાથના હસ્તાક્ષરમાં ૮૬ અંગ્રેજી અને ૧૪ બંગાળી કાવ્યો લખાયેલાં છે. આ કાવ્યો ક્યાં કે ક્યારે લખાયાં તેની કોઈ જ નોંધ આ હસ્તપ્રતમાં કરવામાં આવી નથી. ૧૪ બંગાળી કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ તેની સામેના પાનાં પર કરેલો છે. રવીન્દ્રનાથનાં વિવિધ બંગાળી કાવ્યસંગ્રહોના કાવ્યોના અનુવાદ અહીં અંગ્રેજીમાં કરવામાં આવેલા છે. રવીન્દ્રનાથની અનુમતિથી આઈરીશ કવિ વિલિયમ બટ્લર યેટ્સે આમાંના ૮૩ અને બીજા ૨૦ કાવ્યોના અનુવાદોનું સંપાદન કરીને ઈન્ડિયા સોસાયટીના ઉપક્રમે ૧૯૧૨માં *ગીતાંજલિ: સોંગ ઓફરિંગ* (હવે પછી અંગ્રેજી *ગીતાંજલિ*)નું પ્રકાશન કર્યું હતું. આ નાનકડા કાવ્યસંગ્રહને આધારે ૧૯૧૩માં રવીન્દ્રનાથને – પહેલા જ એશીયન કવિને – સાહિત્યનું નોબેલ પારિતોષક એનાયત થયું હતું.

એક જ હસ્તપ્રતમાં સંગ્રહિત કાવ્યોનો એક જ કાવ્યસંગ્રહમાં સમાવેશ થયેલો સાંભળીને મને નવાઈ લાગેલી. હું માનું છું ત્યાં સુધી સામાન્યતઃ કવિઓ એક નોટમાં કાવ્યો લખે અને પછી પ્રકાશનના સમયે વિષય અગર બીજા કોઈ સૂત્રે સાથે બંધાતાં કાવ્યોને એક સંગ્રહમાં સમાવે અને બાકીનાં બીજાં સંગ્રહોમાં સમાવાય. અથવા એમ પણ થાય કે એક કાવ્યના એકથી વધારે મુસદ્દા હોય જે જુદી જુદી નોટ કે ડાયરીમાં લખાયા હોય. કદાચ દસથીય વધારે વર્ષ પહેલાં મેં એ હસ્તપ્રત હાઉટન લાયબ્રેરીમાંથી મેળવેલી માઈકોફિલ્મમાં જોઈ હશે.

રવીન્દ્રનાથની કાવ્યસૃષ્ટિમાં મને દોરી જનાર હતાં અંગ્રેજી *ગીતાંજલિ*નાં કાવ્યો. તેની ભક્તિની અનુપમ અભિવ્યક્તિથી અને તેમાંથી ઉભરાતા શાંત રસથી હું અત્યંત પ્રભાવિત થયો હતો. માનવી, પ્રકૃતિ અને દિવ્ય તત્ત્વ આ કાવ્યોમાં જે રીતે એકબીજામાં ઓતપ્રોત થઈ ગયાં છે તેનાથી મારી ચેતનામાં એવો નિર્વચનીય સંચાર થયો કે મેં રવીન્દ્રનાથના સાહિત્ય અને પછીથી તેમની વિભાવનાઓનો અભ્યાસ આરંભ કર્યો.

આગળ ઉપર જ્યારે મને અંગ્રેજી *ગીતાંજલિ*માં યેટ્સના પ્રદાનને કારણે ઊભા થયેલા વિવાદની જાણ થઈ ત્યારે આ હસ્તપ્રતમાં મારો રસ વધુ ઊંડો થયો. હસ્તપ્રત અને પુસ્તકની સરખામણી કરતાં વિદ્વતાપૂર્ણ અભ્યાસ મેં જોયા અને મને આશ્ચર્ય થયું કે તેમાંના કોઈએ હસ્તપ્રત અને પુસ્તક વચ્ચેનો તફાવત દર્શાવવાનો શ્રેષ્ઠ અને સાદો માર્ગ અપનાવ્યો ન હતો. તેથી હસ્તપ્રતના એક કાવ્યની સામે પુસ્તકમાંનું કાવ્ય મૂકીને મેં મારો પોતાનો અભ્યાસ આદર્યો. આ સરખામણી કરતાં મને જે સમજાયું અને અર્થઘટન ઉપલબ્ધ થયું તે વાચકોની સામે મૂકવાનો મારો આશય છે.

રવીન્દ્રનાથના સાહિત્યજીવન અને સાહિત્યસૃષ્ટિથી સુપરિચિત ન હોય તેવા વાચકોને રસ પડે અને અપૂરતી માહિતીને કારણે રસક્ષતિ ન થાય માટે અંગ્રેજી *ગીતાંજલિ*ની ભૂમિકા અને ઇતિહાસ આપવાનું ઉચિત લાગ્યું

છે. તેથી પ્રસ્તુત લેખને ત્રણ ભાગમાં વહેંચી નાંખ્યો છે:

૧. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની ભૂમિકા
૨. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની હસ્તપ્રત
૩. હસ્તપ્રત અને પુસ્તકની સરખામણી

સ્વ. પ્રશાંત કુમાર પાલના રબીજીબની ખંડ ૬માં પ્રસ્તુત વિગતવાર અને સંદર્ભસંપૂર્ણ માહિતી વિના મારે માટે આ પ્રસ્તુતિ અસંભવ હતી. તદ્દુપરાંત, સ્કૂલ ઓફ કલ્ચરલ ટેક્સ્ટ્સ એન્ડ રેકોર્ડ્સ, જાદવપુર યુનિવર્સિટી, કલકત્તાએ વિકસાવેલી ઈલેક્ટ્રોનિક રવીન્દ્રચનાવલીની વેબસાઇટ - bichitra.jdvu.ac.in – ઘરે બેઠાં રવીન્દ્રનાથની વિવિધ હસ્તપ્રતોનો અભ્યાસ કરવા માટે એક અદ્ ભુત સાધન પૂરું પાડે છે. બીજા મિત્રો અને માર્ગદર્શકો પણ યાદ આવે છે જેમણે ઇન્ટરનેટ પરથી જૂના સંદર્ભો મેળવી આપ્યા અને મુસદ્દો એકથી વધારે વાર વાંચીને સલાહસૂચનો કરી તેને પ્રકાશનયોગ્ય બનાવ્યો. ડોન જહોનસન, ઋજુતા મહેતા, નિરંજન ભગત, રાજેન્દ્ર પટેલ, સુપ્રિયા રોય, શંખ ઘોષ – સૌનો હું ઋણી છું. જેમના સહકાર વિના નિજાનંદે પ્રવૃત્ત રહેવું અશક્ય જ છે તે મારા પરિવારનો આભાર માનવાનું શક્ય હોઈ શકે ખરું?

આ પ્રયાસથી આ દીર્ઘચર્ચિત વિષય અંગે થોડી નવીન માહિતી મળી હોય અને કદાચ કોઈને અત્યાર સુધી ન જોયા હોય તેવા સંદર્ભો જેવા કે ચેટ્સ, રોધેન્સ્ટાઇન અને બીજાઓના સંપૂર્ણ પત્રવ્યવહાર ઈત્યાદિ તપાસવાની પ્રેરણા મળે તેવી આશા સાથે – અસ્તુ.

નવેમ્બર ૨૦૧૪

૧. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિનો ઇતિહાસ

રવીન્દ્રનાથની આંતરરાષ્ટ્રીય પ્રસિદ્ધિમાં જેટલો ફાળો તેમની બહુમુખી પ્રતિભાનો છે તેટલો જ તેમની અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિને મળેલા નોબેલ પારિતોષકનો છે. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિ એટલે ૧૯૧૨માં પ્રકાશિત થયેલો કાવ્યસંગ્રહ જેનું શીર્ષક હતું ‘ગીતાંજલિ: સોંગ ઓફરિંગ્સ’. એ રવીન્દ્રનાથનો પ્રથમ અંગ્રેજી કાવ્યસંગ્રહ હતો અને તેમાં પોતાનાં બંગાળી કાવ્યોનો તેમણે જાતે કરેલો અનુવાદ પ્રગટ થયો હતો.

૧૯૧૦માં પ્રકાશિત બંગાળી ગીતાંજલિ (૭૨ કાવ્યો અને ૮૫ ગીતો) અને ૧૯૧૨માં પ્રકાશિત અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિ (૧૦૩ ગદ્યકાવ્યો) બંને એકબીજાથી તદ્દન જુદાં જ પુસ્તકો છે. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિમાં જુદાં જુદાં બંગાળી પુસ્તકોમાંથી પસંદ કરેલાં કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ સમાવાયો છે. એ પુસ્તકોની વિગતો નીચે મુજબ છે:

કાવ્યોની સંખ્યા	બંગાળી પુસ્તકનું શીર્ષક	પ્રકાશનનું વર્ષ
૫૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૯૧૦
૧૬	ગીતિમાલ્યા	૧૯૧૪ ¹
૧૫	નૈવેદ્ય	૧૯૦૧
૧૧	ખેયા	૧૯૦૬
૩	શિશુ	૧૯૦૩
૧	આચલાયતન	૧૯૧૨
૧	કલ્પના	૧૯૦૦
૧	સ્મરણ	૧૯૦૩
૧	ઉત્સર્ગ	૧૯૧૪ ¹
૧	ચૈતાલી	૧૯૯૬

ટેબલ ૧

આ અનુવાદો કેવી રીતે અને કેવા સંજોગોમાં થયા તેનો એક રસપ્રદ ઇતિહાસ છે.

રવીન્દ્રનાથના જીવનમાં ૨૦મી સદીનો પહેલો દસકો એક બદલાવનો સમય હતો. આ દસકા દરમિયાન તેમને અનેક વિપરીત સંજોગોનો સામનો કરવો પડ્યો હતો. આગલા દસકામાં તેઓ કલકત્તાની બહાર, પોતાની જમીનદારીના પ્રદેશોમાં જ રહ્યા હતા. ૧૯૦૧માં તેમણે શાંતિનિકેતનમાં એક શાળાનો આરંભ કર્યો – બ્રહ્મચર્યાશ્રમ. તેને કારણે તેમને આર્થિક મુશ્કેલીઓનો સામનો કરવો પડ્યો અને પુરીનું ઘર, પત્નીના દાગીના, સોનાનું ઘડિયાળ તેમ જ પોતાના પુસ્તકોના પ્રકાશનના હક વેચવા પડ્યા હતા. ત્યાર બાદ બંગલંગની ચળવળમાં સક્રિય ભાગ લીધો પણ રાજકારણના કાવાદાવા અને હિંસાને કારણે તેઓ તેમાંથી નિવૃત્ત થઈ ગયા. અને કારણે તેમની ખૂબ ટીકા થઈ હતી. તદ્દુપરાંત ૧૯૦૨માં તેમના પત્ની, મૃણાલિનીદેવીનું, ૧૯૦૩માં પુત્રી રેણુકાનું, ૧૯૦૫માં પિતા

મહર્ષિ દેવેન્દ્રનાથનું અને ૧૯૦૭માં સૌથી નાના પુત્ર શમીન્દ્રનાથનું અવસાન થયું. પાંચ વર્ષમાં ચાર સ્વજનોના મૃત્યુની વેદના શબ્દોમાં વર્ણવવી અશક્ય છે. આવા વેદના અને હતાશાગ્રસ્ત અનુભવો છતાં તેમના જીવન પ્રત્યેના આશાવાદી અને ઊર્ધ્વગામી અભિગમને કારણે જગત પ્રત્યે કટુતાને બદલે તેમણે આત્મચિંતનનો માર્ગ લીધો અને તેમાંથી પ્રગટ થયા આગવા ભક્તિકાવ્યો. ૧૯૦૦માં પ્રગટ થયેલા નૈવેદ્યમાં આવા ૧૦૦ આધ્યાત્મિક ભક્તિ કાવ્યોનો સંચય થયો છે. આનું શિખર હતું ૧૯૧૦માં પ્રગટ થયેલી બંગાળી ગીતાંજલિ.

ત્યાં સુધી રવીન્દ્રનાથ બંગાળની બહાર પ્રસિદ્ધ થયા ન હતા અને બંગાળમાં પણ તેમનું સ્થાન માત્ર તત્કાલીન અગત્યના કવિ તરીકેનું જ હતું. તેમને કે તેમના સાહિત્યને બંગાળમાં પણ સર્વગ્રાહી સ્વીકૃતિ મળી ન હતી. સિસ્ટર નિવેદિતા, જગદીશચંદ્ર બાસુ, અજીત ચક્રવર્તી, રામાનંદ ચેટર્જી, જદુનાથ સરકાર, આનંદ કુમારસ્વામી વગેરે મિત્રો તેમને તેમના સાહિત્યનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ કરવા અનુરોધ કરતા હતા. પણ રવીન્દ્રનાથને પોતાના અંગ્રેજી ભાષા પરના પ્રભુત્વ પર વિશ્વાસ ન હતો. તેમના પહેલા મહત્વના^૨ અંગ્રેજીમાં લખાયેલા પત્રમાં તેઓ માયરન ફેલ્સને ૪ જાન્યુઆરી, ૧૯૦૯ના દિવસે લખે છે:

મને અંગ્રેજી ભાષામાં લખવાનો મહાવરો નહીં હોવાથી હું મારા દેશના સત્ય અંગે જે અનુભવું છું તેની સંપૂર્ણ કે સુયોગ્ય અભિવ્યક્તિ કરવી મારે માટે શક્ય નથી.^૩

ફરીથી ૨૪ જુન ૧૯૧૧ના દિવસે તેમણે થંવરદાસ લીલારામ વાસવાનીને (જે પાછાળથી સાધુ વાસવાની તરીકે ઓળખાતા હતા) લખ્યું હતું:

અંગ્રેજીમાં અભિવ્યક્તિ કરવાનું મારે માટે મુશ્કેલ છે અને તે ઘણી નબળી પણ હોય છે માટે તમારી માફી માંગી હું અહીં જ વિરમીશ.^૪

આથી તેમણે તેમના મિત્રોને અનુવાદ કરવા અનુરોધ કર્યો. સૌથી પહેલી વાર ૧૯૦૦માં તેમની ટૂંકી વાર્તા કાબુલીવાલાનો અનુવાદ સિસ્ટર નિવેદિતાએ કર્યો હતો પણ તે અનુવાદ ૧૯૧૦ સુધી છાપાયો ન હતો.^૫ તત્કાલીન સુવિખ્યાત રાજકીય અગ્રણી, બિપીનચંદ્ર પાલ, ન્યુ ઈન્ડીયા નામના એક સામયિકનું સંપાદન કરતા હતા. ૧૯૦૧ અને ૧૯૦૨ની વચ્ચે પાલ અનુદિત રાવીન્દ્રનાથની ચાર ટૂંકી વાર્તાઓ એ સામયિકમાં છપાઈ હતી. તેમની કેટલીક કવિતાનો અનુવાદ પ્રમથલાલ સેને કર્યો હતો. પણ એ પ્રયાસો અલ્પજીવી રહ્યા. ૧૯૦૯ અને ૧૯૧૨ વચ્ચે રોબી દત્ત, અજીત ચક્રવર્તી, આનંદ કુમારસ્વામી, સિસ્ટર નિવેદિતા ઈત્યાદી અનુવાદકોએ રવીન્દ્રનાથના સાહિત્યના અનુવાદનું કામ ઉપાડી લીધું.^૬ તેમના ઈંગ્લેન્ડમાં રહેતા મિત્રો ત્યાંના સાહિત્યિક વર્તુળોમાં રવીન્દ્રનાથના સાહિત્યની વાતો કરતા જેનાથી તેમનું નામ અંગ્રેજી સાહિત્ય જગતમાં જાણીતું થતું હતું.^૭

પણ રવીન્દ્રનાથને તેમના મિત્રોએ કરેલા અનુવાદથી સંતોષ થયો ન હતો અને તેમણે ૧૪ મે ૧૯૧૨ના એક પત્રમાં લખ્યું હતું:

મને સમજાતું નથી કે મારાં કાવ્યોનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ કેવી રીતે કરવો – તે છંદબદ્ધ તો ન જ હોઈ શકે. કદાચ સાદું ગદ્ય જ વધુ અનુકૂળ રહેશે. જો શક્ય થશે તો હું ઈંગ્લેન્ડ ગયા પછી એવો પ્રયાસ કરીશ.^૮

આપણે આગળ જોઈશું તેમ તેમણે એ સમયે પોતાનાં કાવ્યોના અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદનો આરંભ કરી દીધો હશે. સામાન્ય રીતે રવીન્દ્રનાથ તેમના મિત્રોને લખેલા પત્રોમાં તેમની તત્કાલીન સાહિત્યિક પ્રવૃત્તિ અંગે વિગતવાર માહિતી આપતા હતા. પણ એ સમયમાં લખેલા પત્રોમાં તેમણે પોતાના અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદની વાત લખી નથી. કદાચ પોતાના અંગ્રેજી પરના પ્રભુત્વ અંગે શંકાને કારણે તેમણે આમ કર્યું હોય તેમ બની શકે.

૧૯૧૦માં ઈંગ્લેન્ડમાં ભારતીય કળા અને સંસ્કૃતિમાં રસ ધરાવતા અંગ્રેજોએ ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીની સ્થાપના કરી હતી. તેના પ્રમુખ હતા સુપ્રસિદ્ધ શિલ્પી, વિલીયમ રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન. તે ૧૯૧૦ નવેમ્બરમાં ભારત આવ્યા હતા. તેઓ અજંતા, ઈલોરા, આબુ અને બનારસ ફરીને કલકત્તા જવાના હતા. પણ બનારસમાં ગંગાનું સૌંદર્ય જોઈને તેઓ એટલા પ્રભાવિત થઈ ગયા કે તેમણે કલકત્તા જવાનું માંડી વાળ્યું. ત્યાં જ તેમને કલકત્તા હાઈકોર્ટના બે ન્યાયાધીશ મળી ગયા, જેમણે તેમને કલકત્તા જવા માટે સમજાવ્યા. સાથે અવનીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોરનું અંગત આમંત્રણ પણ મળ્યું એટલે તેઓ જાન્યુઆરી ૧૯૧૧માં કલકત્તા પહોંચ્યા. ત્યાં તેઓ ચિત્રકાર બંધુ, અવનીન્દ્રનાથ અને ગગનેન્દ્રનાથને તેમના પારિવારિક નિવાસસ્થાન – જોરા સાંકોમાં મળ્યા. ત્યાં તેમણે રવીન્દ્રનાથને જોયા અને તેમના વ્યક્તિત્વથી પ્રભાવિત થઈને તેમણે રવીન્દ્રનાથનું ચિત્ર પણ દોર્યું. પણ બંનેની વચ્ચે ખાસ વાતચીત થઈ ન હતી. રવીન્દ્રનાથના આમંત્રણ અને આનંદ કુમારસ્વામીના આગ્રહ છતાં તે શાંતિનિકેતન જઈ ન શક્યા. પરંતુ તે ફેબ્રુઆરીએ ૧૯૧૧માં ઈંગ્લેન્ડ જવા નીકળ્યા તે પહેલાં દેવેન્દ્રનાથ મિત્રા અનુદિત રવીન્દ્રનાથની ટૂંકી વાર્તા, પોસ્ટમાસ્ટર, તેમણે જાન્યુઆરી ૧૯૧૧ના મોડર્ન રીવ્યુમાં જોઈ અને તેમણે રવીન્દ્રનાથને લખ્યું:

હું હમેશાં તમને સન્માન અને સ્નેહપૂર્વક યાદ કરીશ. હું આશા રાખું છું કે તમે મને ક્યારેક ક્યારે પત્ર લખવાની પરવાનગી આપશો અને યાદ રાખશો કે તમારા કાવ્યો કે વાર્તાઓના અનુવાદ પ્રગટ થતાં મને મોકલશો તો હું તમારો આભારી થઈશ.⁹

જૂન ૧૯૧૧માં કોઈ એક પત્રમાં રવીન્દ્રનાથે પહેલી વાર પરદેશની મુસાફરી માટેની તેમની ઈચ્છા પ્રગટ કરી હતી. અસ્વસ્થ સ્વાસ્થ્યને કારણે તેમને પરદેશ જતાં રહેવાની તીવ્ર ઈચ્છા થઈ આવી હતી. આવી માનસિક પરિસ્થિતિમાં તેમણે તેમનું સુપ્રસિદ્ધ નાટક, ડાકઘર, લખ્યું હતું.¹⁰ પરદેશનીમુસાફરીને કારણે પોતે લાંબા સમય સુધી શાંતિનિકેતનથી દૂર રહેવાના હોવાથી તેમણે પોતાનું વીલ પણ બનાવ્યું અને શાળાની જવાબદારી પણ સુયોગ્ય વ્યક્તિઓને સોંપી દીધી હતી. ઓક્ટોબર ૧૯૧૧માં તે જઈ ન શક્યા કારણ કે જે જહાજમાં તે જવાના હતા તેને અકસ્માત નડ્યો હતો.¹¹ માર્ચ ૧૯૧૨માં પ્રવાસ સાવ છેલ્લી ઘડીએ મુલતવી રાખવો પડ્યો કારણ કે જવાની અગલી રાતે જ તેમની તબિયત બગડી ગઈ. બંદર પર તેમને વિદાય આપવા આવેલા મિત્રો પણ જહાજને રવીન્દ્રનાથને લીધા વિના ઉપાડી જતાં જોઈને ચકિત થઈ ગયા હતા. તેમનો સામાન પણ જહાજ પર જ હતો અને તે મદ્રાસથી પાછો મંગાવવો પડ્યો હતો.¹² સંપૂર્ણ આરામની દાક્તરી સલાહને કારણે તે શાંતિનિકેતન જવાને બદલે શિલાઈદહ ગયા.

આ સમય દરમિયાન રવીન્દ્રનાથે પોતાનાં કાવ્યોનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ કરવાનો આરંભ કર્યો. તેમની ભત્રીજી, ઈન્દીરાદેવી ચૌધરાણીને ૬ મે ૧૯૧૩ના દિવસે લખેલા પત્રમાં જણાવે છે:

તેં અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિના અનુવાદની વાત કરી છે. તેની આટલી લોકપ્રિયતાનું કારણ હું આજ સુધી સમજી શક્યો નથી. હું અંગ્રેજી લખી નથી શકતો એ એટલું જાહેર સત્ય છે કે મને

તેની શરમ પણ નથી. મને કોઈ અંગ્રેજીમાં ચા માટે આમંત્રણ આપે તો હું તેનો જવાબ આપવા પણ સમર્થ ન હતો. કદાચ તું એમ માને કે હવે હું તે ભ્રમમાંથી મુક્ત થઈ ગયો હોઈશ – પણ તેવું કાંઈ જ નથી. મેં અંગ્રેજીમાં લખ્યું તે એક ભ્રમ જેવું લાગે છે. જે દિવસે હું જહાજની મુસાફરી શરૂ કરવાનો હતો તે જ દિવસે વિદાય સમારંભોના શ્રમને કારણે હું બેભાન થઈ ગયો. મારે મુસાફરી મુલતવી રાખવી પડી. પછી હું આરામ કરવા શિલાઈદહ ગયો. પણ જો મગજ સંપૂર્ણપણે સક્રિય ન હોય તો બરાબર આરામ નથી થઈ શકતો. તેથી મારી જાતને શાંત રાખવા માટે મારે કોઈ હળવું કામ જોઈતું હતું.

ત્યારે ચૈત્ર માસ ચાલતો હતો. હવામાં આંબાના મહોરની ફોરમ હતી અને આખો દિવસ પંખીઓનો કલરવ સંભળાતો હતો. જ્યારે બાળક જોરમાં હોય છે ત્યારે તેને તેની મા યાદ નથી આવતી. તે જ્યારે થાકી જાય છે ત્યારે જ તેને માનો ખોળો યાદ આવે છે. મારી પરિસ્થિતી બરાબર તેવી જ હતી. મારા રજાના સમયમાં હું સંપૂર્ણપણે ચૈત્રના ખોળામાં ગોઠવાઈ ગયો હતો. તેના પ્રકાશનો, તેની હવાનો, તેની સુગંધનો કે તેના ગીતનો એક એક કણ હું માણી રહ્યો હતો. આવા વાતાવરણમાં કોઈ સાવ કામ વિના કેવી રીતે બેસી રહી શકે? જ્યારે પવન હાડમાંસ સુધી પહોંચી જાય ત્યારે તેનો પ્રતિસાદ સંગીતમાં આવે. આ મારી જૂની ટેવ છે એ તું જાણે છે. પણ મારામાં કેડ કસીને કામ કરવાની શક્તિ હતી નહીં. એટલે મેં ગીતાંજલિનાં કાવ્યો લીધાં અને એક પછી એક તેનો અનુવાદ કરતો ગયો. તને થશે કે આવા અશક્ત શરીરે આવી ધૂન કેમ મારા માથા પર સવાર થઈ ગઈ હશે. પણ સાચેસાચ, મારે કોઈ બહાદુરીનો દેખાવ કરવો ન હતો. મને તો માત્ર એવી ઈચ્છા થઈ આવી હતી કે ભૂતકાળમાં જે ભાવ અને ઊર્મિઓથી મારા અંતરતમમાં એક આનંદની મહેફિલ ઉજવાઈ હતી તેને ફરી એક વાર બીજી ભાષાના માધ્યમથી માણું.

ધીમે ધીમે એક નાની નોટનાં પાનાં ભરાતાં ગયાં અને તેને મારા ખીસામાં લઈને હું જહાજ પર ચઢ્યો. તેને ખીસામાં રાખવાનો આશય એટલો જ હતો કે જ્યારે મધદરિયે મન અસ્વસ્થ થાય ત્યારે એક ડેકચેર પર આરામથી બેસીને એકાદ બે કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ કરી શકું. અને ખરેખર તેમ જ થયું. મેં એક નોટ પૂરી કરી અને બીજી શરૂ કરી. બીજા એક મિત્ર દ્વારા રોથેન્સ્ટાઈને મારી કવિ તરીકેની કેફિયત સાંભળી હતી. તેથી જ્યારે વાતવાતમાં તેણે મારાં કાવ્યો જોવાની ઈચ્છા પ્રદર્શિત કરી ત્યારે મેં કાંઈક દ્વિધા સાથે મારી હસ્તપ્રત આપી. વાંચ્યા પછી તેણે જ્યારે તેનો અભિપ્રાય વ્યક્ત કર્યો ત્યારે હું તે માની જ ન શક્યો. પછી તેણે તે હસ્તપ્રત યેટ્સને આપી. ત્યાર પછીની વાત તને ખબર છે. મારા આ ખુલાસાથી તને ખાતરી થશે કે આમાં મારો કોઈ જ દોષ નથી. જે થયું તે બધું જ સંજોગોને આધીન હતું.¹³

રવીન્દ્રનાથના બધા જ સાહિત્યની જેમ આ પત્ર પણ કાવ્યમય છે પણ તેમાં હકીકત અને કલ્પનાનું સુંદર મિશ્રણ છે. હવે થોડી ઐતિહાસિક વિગતો જોઈએ.

રવીન્દ્રનાથ ૧૨ માર્ચ ૧૯૧૨ના દિવસે ઈંગ્લેન્ડ જવાના હતા. અસ્વસ્થ સ્વાસ્થ્યને કારણે મુસાફરી મુલતવી રાખી અને દાક્તરી સલાહ મુજબ આરામ કરવા તેઓ ૨૪ માર્ચ ૧૯૧૨ના દિવસે શિલાઈદહ ગયા.¹⁴ ત્યાર

બાદ તેઓ કલકત્તા, શાંતિનિકેતન અને શિલાઈદહ વચ્ચે ફર્યા અને ૨૫ મે ૧૯૧૨ના દિવસે કલકત્તાથી મુંબઈ જવા ટ્રેનમાં બેઠા. ત્યાંથી સ્ટીમરમાં યુરોપ પ્રતિ પ્રયાણ કર્યું. માર્સેઈ બંદરે ઉતારીને ટ્રેનમાં પેરિસ થઈને લંડન ગયાં. તેઓ ૧૬ જૂન ૧૯૧૨ના દિવસે લંડન પહોંચ્યા. આ દિવસો દરમિયાન તેઓ ક્યારે ક્યાં હતા અને ત્યાં શું લખ્યું તે નીચેના કોષમાં દર્શાવ્યું છે:

સમયગાળો ¹⁵	સ્થળ	લખાણો
માર્ચ ૧૯ થી ૨૪	કલકત્તા	
માર્ચ ૨૪ થી એપ્રિલ ૧૩	શિલાઈદહ	૧૮ કાવ્યો/ગીતો, ૧ નિબંધ
એપ્રિલ ૧૩ થી ૨૬	શાંતિનિકેતન	૬ કાવ્યો/ગીતો
એપ્રિલ ૨૬ થી મે ૩	કલકત્તા	
મે ૩ થી ૨૦	શિલાઈદહ	અનુવાદ(?)
મે ૨૦ થી ૨૫	કલકત્તા	
મે ૨૬ થી જૂન ૧૬	મુંબઈ/સ્ટીમર/યુરોપ	૧ ગીત, ૬ નિબંધ, અનુવાદ

ટેબલ ૨

આ મુસાફરી દરમિયાન સોમેન્દ્રચંદ્ર દેવવર્મા રવીન્દ્રનાથની સાથે કલકત્તાથી ઈંગ્લેન્ડ ગયા હતા. ૧૯૩૧માં પ્રકાશિત રવીન્દ્ર-પ્રસંગે યુરોપ-પ્રવાસેર સ્મૃતિકથામાં તેઓ અજીતકુમાર ચક્રવર્તી, આનંદ કુમારસ્વામી ઇત્યાદિ મિત્રોએ કરેલા રવીન્દ્રનાથના કાવ્યોના અનુવાદની વાત કરતા કહે છે:

આ બધા અનુવાદોથી રવીન્દ્રનાથને સંતોષ થયો ન હતો. તેથી તેમણે ગીતાંજલિનાં કેટલાંક કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ કરવા માંડ્યો. હું જોતો હતો કે મુસાફરી દરમિયાન ગાડીમાં, ટ્રેનમાં કે જહાજ પર રવીન્દ્રનાથ ગીતાંજલિનો અનુવાદ કરવામાં વ્યસ્ત રહેતા હતા. જેમ મા માત્ર નિજાનંદ માટે પોતાના બાળકને આભૂષણોથી સજાવે તેમ જ રવીન્દ્રનાથ નિજાનંદ માટે તેમનાં કાવ્યોને વિદેશી આભૂષણોથી સજાવવામાં તલ્લીન થઈ ગયા હતા. તેઓ આ અનુવાદો કોઈને પણ બતાવવામાં કે કોઈની સામે તેનું પઠન કરવામાં સંકોચ અનુભવતા હતા. ... તેઓ કહેતા, ‘હું તો આ નૂતન સર્જનના પૂરમાં તણાતો જાઉં છું પણ આ બધાં લખાણોથી કોઈને સંતોષ થશે કે કેમ તે હું નથી જાણતો. આ બધી ઊર્મિઓ પશ્ચિમના સાહિત્યમાં કાંઈ રસ જગાવશે કે નહીં તે અંગે મને શંકા છે. કદાચ આ બધા વ્યર્થ પ્રયત્નોનો અહીં જ અંત આવે તે વધુ ઉચિત રહેશે.’ ... ક્યારેક બપોરના કે સાંજના ભોજન પછી તે મારી આગળ અનુવાદો વાંચતા.¹⁶

લંડનના આરંભના દિવસોની વાત કરતાં રવીન્દ્રનાથ પોતાની આત્મકથામાં કહે છે:

થોમસ કૂક કંપનીએ અમારે માટે બ્લૂમ્સ્બરીની એક હોટેલમાં રૂમની વ્યવસ્થા કરી હતી. ચારીંગ ક્રોસ સ્ટેશનેથી અમે ભૂગર્ભ ટ્રેન લીધી. ભૂગર્ભની મુસાફરીના આ પ્રથમ અનુભવથી અમે અભિભૂત થઈ

ગયા હતા. મારી પાસે પિતાશ્રીની એક નાનકડી બેગ હતી જેમાં બીજા કાગળોની સાથે કાવ્યોની હસ્તપ્રત પણ હતી, જેમાં પછીથી પ્રગટ થનારાં ગીતાંજલિ અને ધ ગાર્ડનરનાં કાવ્યો હતાં. બીજા દિવસે જ્યારે પિતાશ્રી રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને મળવાની તૈયારી કરતાં હતાં ત્યારે તેમણે મારી પાસે તે હસ્તપ્રત માંગી. ત્યારે જ મને ખ્યાલ આવ્યો કે બેગ મળતી ન હતી. હાંફળોફાંફળો થઈને હું દોડ્યો લૉસ્ટ લગેજની ઓફિસ તરફ. જ્યારે મને તે બેગ પાછી મળી ત્યારે મને કટલી શાંતિ થઈ હશે તેની કલ્પના પણ કરવી અશક્ય છે. ત્યાર પછી મને ઘણી વાર વિચાર આવ્યો છે કે જો તે ગીતાંજલિની હસ્તપ્રત મારી બેદરકારીને કારણે ખોવાઈ ગઈ હોત તો ભાવિ કેટલું જુદું જ હોત!!⁷

આખરે ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીના અધ્યક્ષ, રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનનો સંપર્ક સાધી તેમને અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની હસ્તપ્રત જોવા આપી. હસ્તપ્રત વાંચીને રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન ખૂબ પ્રભાવિત થયા. પોતાની આત્મકથામાં તેમણે નોંધ્યું છે:

તે સાંજે મેં કાવ્યો વાંચ્યાં. એ કવિતા એક નવા જ પ્રકારની હતી, જે મારા માટે મહાન રહસ્યવાદી સંતોના સ્તરની હતી.¹⁸

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈને ત્રણ નકલો ટાઈપ કરાવીને વિખ્યાત કવિ, વિલિયમ બટલર યેટ્સ, એકેશ્વરવાદી લેખક, સ્ટોફર્ડ બ્રુક અને ઓક્સફર્ડના કાવ્યશાસ્ત્રના પ્રાધ્યાપક, બ્રેડલીને મોકલાવી.

બ્રેડલીએ લખ્યું:

મને લાગે છે કે આખરે આપણી વચ્ચે કોઈ એક મહાન કવિ ફરીથી આવ્યો છે.

બ્રુકે લખ્યું:

આદર સન્માનથી પણ વધારે આભારની લાગણીથી મેં તે વાંચ્યા છે. હું વર્ણવી શકું તેનાથી વધારે આધ્યાત્મિક સહાય, આનંદ અને સૌંદર્યનો પ્રેમ હું તેમાંથી પામ્યો છું.

યેટ્સનો અભિપ્રાય તેમની અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની પ્રસ્તાવનામાં સ્પષ્ટપણે વ્યક્ત થયો છે:

આ અનુવાદની હસ્તપ્રત લઈને હું કેટલાય દિવસો સુધી ટ્રેન, બસ કે રેસ્ટોરાંમાં વાંચતો ફર્યો છું અને કેટલીય વાર મારે વાંચવાનું બંધ કરી દેવું પડ્યું છે કારણ કે મને ક્ષોભ થતો કે આજુબાજુ કોઈ જોઈ જાય કે તેનો મારા પર કેટલો ઊંડો પ્રભાવ પડતો હતો.¹⁹

આમ માત્ર એક નહીં પણ પાશ્ચાત્ય સાહિત્યના ત્રણ સન્માનીય કવિઓની અઢળક પ્રશંસા સાંભળ્યા પછી રવીન્દ્રનાથને પણ તેમના અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ પર વિશ્વાસ બેઠો.

રખમી જૂને રવીન્દ્રનાથ પહેલી જ વાર રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને ઘરે યેટ્સને સાંજના ભોજન સમયે મળ્યા. બીજે જ દિવસે રવીન્દ્રનાથ ક્ષિતિમોહન સેનને એક પત્રમાં લખે છે:

કાલે રાત્રે અહીં કવિ યેટ્સ સાથે ભોજન લીધું. તેમણે કાલે મારા કેટલાંક કાવ્યોનો ગદ્યાનુવાદ વાંચ્યો. તેઓ સુંદર અવાજમાં સંગીતમય રીતે મોટેથી વાંચતા હતા. મને તો મારા પોતાના અંગ્રેજી ઉપર જરા પણ વિશ્વાસ નથી – પણ તેમણે કહ્યું કે કોઈ જો એમ કહે કે આ લખાણને કોઈ વધારે સુધારી શકે તો તેને સાહિત્યમાં જરા પણ સમજ નથી એમ માનવું. ...મારા આ ગદ્યાનુવાદનું યેટ્સ સંપાદન કરીને એક પ્રસ્તાવના લખે, પછી તેને છપાવવાની વાતો ચાલે છે.²⁰

ત્યાર પછી ૭મી જુલાઈની સાંજે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનના ઘરે રવીન્દ્રનાથના કાવ્યોના પઠનનો કાર્યક્રમ યોજાયો. આ પ્રસંગનું વર્ણન કરતાં રથીન્દ્રનાથ પોતાની આત્મકથામાં નોંધે છે:

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનના ઘરની તે ઐતિહાસિક સંધ્યા – જ્યારે યેટ્સે તેમના ઘેરા સંગીતમય અવાજમાં કાવ્યો વાંચ્યા હતાં! બેઠકના ખંડમાં અર્નેસ્ટ લ્હીસ, એલિસ મેનેલ, એઝા પાઉન્ડ, મે સિંક્લેર, માર્ગરેટ રેડફર્ડ, ચાર્લ્સ ટ્રેવેલીન, એન્ડ્રુઝ આદિ જેવા સુપ્રતિષ્ઠિત સજ્જનો એકત્રિત થયા હતાં. પઠન પછી પ્રસારેલું આઘાતમય મૌન અને બીજા દિવસે વરસેલો પ્રશંસાના પત્રોનો વરસાદ²¹

બીજા દિવસે મે સિંક્લેરે લખ્યું:

મારે માટે ગઈકાલે રાત્રે તમને તમારી કવિતા વિશે કાંઈ પણ કહેવાનું અશક્ય હતું, કારણ કે તે એવાં કાવ્યો છે જેમને માટે અભિપ્રાય વ્યક્ત કરવો સહેલો નથી. હવે હું કહી શકું છું કે જો હું જીવનમાં ફરી વાર એમને નહીં પણ સાંભળું તોય તેમની મારા પરની અસર હું ભૂલી શકીશ નહીં. તેમાં માત્ર પ્રગાઠ સૌંદર્ય અને સંપૂર્ણ કવિતા જ નથી પણ તેનાથી તો મારો વર્તમાન સદાને માટે દિવ્ય થઈ ગયો છે. ગઈકાલે રાત્રે તમે મને સંતોષ – ક્ષતિહીન સંતોષનું પ્રદાન કર્યું છે.²²

માર્ગરેટ રેડફર્ડે લખ્યું:

ગઈકાલે રાત્રે તમારા કાવ્યો સાંભળવાનો એક અદ્ભુત અનુભવ હતો. તેનાથી મારી ચેતના સભર થઈ ગઈ છે. મેં પહેલી વાર અમારા અંગ્રેજી બાઈબલના અમુક અંશ વાંચ્યા હતાં ત્યારે જ મને ગઈકાલ રાત્રે જેવો અનુભવ થયો હતો.²³

૧૦મી જુલાઈના દિવસે ઈન્ડિયા સોસાયટીના ઉપક્રમે ટ્રોકાદેરો રેસ્ટોરાંમાં રવીન્દ્રનાથનું અભિવાદન કરવા માટે એક સાંધ્યભોજનનું આયોજન કરવામાં આવ્યું હતું. લગભગ ૭૦ વ્યક્તિ ત્યાં એકત્રિત થઈ હતી. તેમાં યેટ્સ, રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન વગેરે તો હોય જ. સાથે એચ જી વેલ્સ, ઈ બી હવેલ, આર્નોલ્ડ, નેવિન્સન, મે સિન્ક્લેર આદિ પણ હતા. રવીન્દ્રનાથને બિરદાવતા યેટ્સે કહ્યું હતું:

શ્રી રવીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોરને સન્માન આપવાના કાર્યક્રમમાં ભાગ લેવો એ મારા કલાકાર જીવનનો મહાન પ્રસંગ છે. તેમણે છેલ્લા દસ વર્ષમાં લખેલા ૧૦૦ બંગાળી ઊર્મિકાવ્યોના અંગ્રેજી ગદ્યાનુવાદનો સંગ્રહ મારી પાસે છે. હાલમાં કોઈએ અંગ્રેજીમાં આવાં સુંદર ઊર્મિકાવ્યો લખ્યાં હોય એવું મારા ધ્યાનમાં નથી આવ્યું. તેની શૈલી અને તેમાં વ્યક્ત થયેલા વિચારો આ ગદ્યાનુવાદમાં પણ દીપી ઊઠે છે.²⁴

આ સમારંભમાં ચેટ્સે ગીતાંજલિના ત્રણ કાવ્યોનું પઠન કર્યું હતું. આ ત્રણ કાવ્યો હતાં:

૧. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિનું ૮૫મું કાવ્ય: I was not aware of the moment
૨. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિનું ૨૨મું કાવ્ય: In the deep shadows of the rainy July
૩. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિનું ૬૪મું કાવ્ય: On the slope of the desolate river²⁵

૧૩મી જુલાઈના ધ ટાઈમ્સમાં ટ્રોકાદેરો રેસ્ટોરાંમાં યોજાયેલા સમારંભનો વિગતવાર હેવાલ છાપાયો હતો. તેમાં ચેટ્સે પઠન કરેલાં પહેલાં બે કાવ્યોનો પાઠ પણ આવરી લેવાયો હતો.

આ ભવ્ય સન્માનનો નમ્રતા અને ગૌરવપૂર્ણ ઉત્તર આપતા રવીન્દ્રનાથે કહ્યું હતું,

...તમે કરેલા ભવ્ય સન્માનનો યોગ્ય આભાર માનવો મારે માટે શક્ય નથી. મારા જીવનની આ સૌથી વધુ ગૌરવવંતી ક્ષણ છે. તમારી ભવ્ય ભાષાનું મને માત્ર સામાન્ય જ્ઞાન છે; પણ હું અનુભવ માત્ર મારી ભાષામાં જ કરી શકું છું. મારી બંગાળી ભાષા એક ઈર્ષાળુ માલકણ જેવી છે, જે મારી તમામ સેવા પર હક જમાવે છે અને પોતાના પ્રતિસ્પર્ધી પ્રતિ સખત અણગમો ધરાવે છે. છતાં મેં તેની તમામ માંગ આનંદપૂર્વક સ્વીકારી છે; તે સિવાય મારો છૂટકો જ ન હતો. હું તમને ખાત્રી આપવા માંગું છું કે તમે જે અપાર પ્રેમથી મારું અભિવાદન કર્યું છે તેનાથી હું કેટલો વિભોર થઈ ગયો છું તેનું વર્ણન કરવું મારે માટે શક્ય નથી. હું અનુભવી શકું છું કે આપણી ભાષા ભિન્ન અને આપણા આચાર અલગ હોવા છતાં અંદરથી આપણા હૃદય એક છે. નાઈલના કિનારે ઉદ્ભવતાં વાદળ વરસે છે દૂર ગંગાના તટ પર, તેમજ વિચારોનું પણ પૂર્વમાંથી પશ્ચિમ કિનારે આવતાં માનવહૃદયમાં સ્વાગત થાય છે અને તે પરિપૂર્ણ થાય છે. પૂર્વ એ પૂર્વ જ છે અને પશ્ચિમ એ પશ્ચિમ જ છે - ઈશ્વર તેને એમ જ રાખે. છતાં બંનેનું મિલન થવું જ જોઈએ - મૈત્રીમાં, શાંતિમાં અને પરસ્પરના શ્રદ્ધાપૂર્ણ પરિચયમાં; પરસ્પરના આંતરિક ભેદના કારણે આ મિલન ફળદાયી બની રહેશે; આ મિલન બંનેને પવિત્ર લગ્નબંધનની જેમ માનવતાની વેદી તરફ દોરી જશે.²⁶

કદાચ રવીન્દ્રનાથના શેષ જીવનના અને વિશ્વભારતીના મુદ્રાલેખ સમાન 'વિશ્વમ્ ભવત્યેક નીડમ્'નું આ પ્રથમ ઉચ્ચારણ હશે.

રવીન્દ્રનાથ ૧૨ થી ૧૫ જુલાઈ સુધી કેંબ્રિજમાં હતા. ૧૮મી જુલાઈથી રજી ઓગસ્ટ સુધી તેઓ ચેટ્સ સાથે ગીતાંજલિની હસ્તપ્રત સુધારવામાં વ્યસ્ત હતા. ચેટ્સ રજી ઓગસ્ટે સુધારેલી હસ્તપ્રત લઈને નોરમન્ડી ગયા જ્યાં તેમણે ગીતાંજલિની પ્રસ્તાવના લખી.²⁷

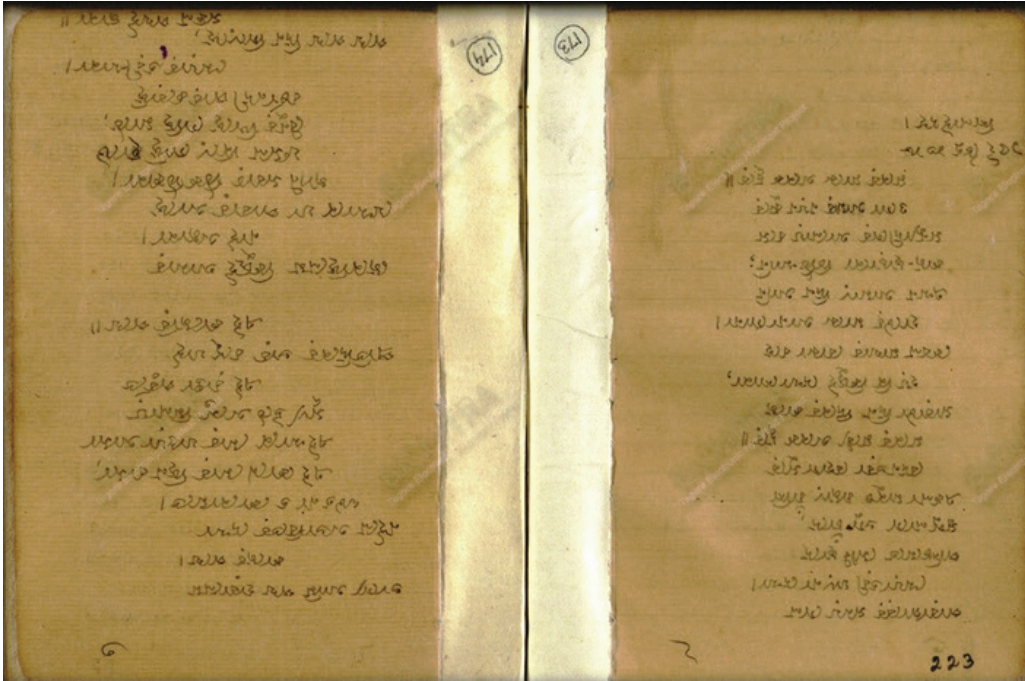
૯મી સપ્ટેમ્બરે ગીતાંજલિની હસ્તપ્રત પ્રેસમાં મોકલવામાં આવી. રવીન્દ્રનાથે ૧૯મી ઓક્ટોબરે ન્યુ યોર્ક પ્રતિ પ્રયાણ કર્યું અને ૨૭મી ઓક્ટોબરે ત્યાં પહોંચ્યા. ૧લી નવેમ્બરે ગીતાંજલિનું પ્રકાશન થયું.²⁸

૨. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની હસ્તપ્રત

હવે આપણે આપણું ધ્યાન હસ્તપ્રત પર કેન્દ્રિત કરીશું.

૬ મે ૧૯૧૩ના પત્રમાં જણાવ્યા મુજબ રવીન્દ્રનાથે એક નોટ પૂરી કરીને બીજી નોટમાં અનુવાદ કરવા માંડ્યો હતો. અર્થાત્ અનુવાદનું સંકલન બે નોટ અથવા ડાયરીમાં થયું હતું. તેમાંની એક વિશે આપણે વાત કરી રહ્યા છીએ પણ બીજી નોટ ક્યાં છે? એક વાર મને થયું કે રવીન્દ્ર ભવન, શાંતિનિકેતનમાં સચવાયેલી હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૨૨૯ એ ‘બીજી નોટ’ હોઈ શકે.

એ નોટનો ઉપયોગ રવીન્દ્રનાથે વિચિત્ર રીતે કર્યો છે. સૌથી પહેલાં લખેલાં કાવ્યો પાછળ લખ્યાં છે અને તે પણ નોટને ઊંધી કરીને! (જુઓ પ્લેટ ૧)



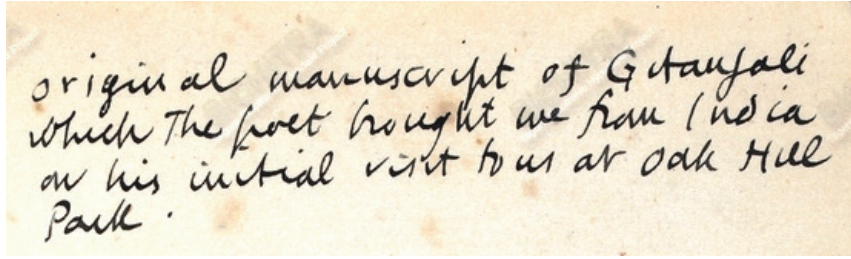
પ્લેટ ૧

આ હસ્તપ્રત આખી મુસાફરી દરમિયાન – મે ૧૯૧૨ થી સપ્ટેમ્બર ૧૯૧૩ – રવીન્દ્રનાથની સાથે જ હતી. તેમાં તેમણે શિલાઈદહમાં, સ્ટીમર અને ઇંગ્લેન્ડમાં લખેલાં ગીતિમાલ્યનાં બધાં જ કાવ્યો છે. માર્ચ ૧૯૧૨ અને ઓક્ટોબર ૧૯૧૩ વચ્ચે લખાયેલાં ગીતો/કાવ્યો આ હસ્તપ્રતમાં મળી આવે છે. લગભગ બધાં જ બંગાળી કાવ્યોની રચનાની તારીખ અને સ્થળ લખેલાં છે. તેમાં છ અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ પણ છે. તે જોઈને મને લાગ્યું કે આ રવીન્દ્રનાથની ‘બીજી નોટ’ હોઈ શકે. પણ કોઈ પણ અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ નીચે રચનાની તારીખ નથી લખવામાં આવી. તેથી અનુવાદની તારીખ અંગે તેના મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યની રચનાની તારીખ ઉપરથી અનુમાન થઈ શકે. છમાંથી માત્ર ત્રણ કાવ્યોના (પોએમ્સ નં. ૧૫ અને ૧૭ તેમ જ ફુટ ગોર્ધરિંગ નં. ૫૧) મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યો અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિના પ્રકાશન પહેલાંના છે. હસ્તપ્રતમાં તેમના ક્રમ ઉપરથી પણ અનુવાદની તારીખ

નક્કી કરવાનું શક્ય નથી જણાતું.

આ જોતાં મને નથી લાગતું કે હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૨૨૯ રવીન્દ્રનાથની ‘બીજી નોટ’ હોય. છતાં, એ નોંધનીય છે કે તેમની ૧૯૧૨-૧૯૧૩ની ઈંગ્લેન્ડ અને અમેરિકાની મુસાફરી દરમિયાન આ હસ્તપ્રત તેમની સાથે જ હતી, જેમાં તેમણે તેમનાં તત્કાલીન સર્જનો લખ્યાં હતાં.

જે હસ્તપ્રત રવીન્દ્રનાથે રોધેન્સ્ટાઇનને પોતાનાં કાવ્યો જોવા આપી હતી તે આખરે રોધેન્સ્ટાઇનને ભેટ આપી દીધી હતી અને તે હાલમાં હાર્વર્ડ યુનિવર્સિટીની હાઉટન લાયબ્રેરીમાં રોધેન્સ્ટાઇનના બીજા દસ્તાવેજો સાથે સચવાયેલી છે.²⁹ તેના પહેલાં પાના પર રોધેન્સ્ટાઇનના હસ્તાક્ષરમાં નીચે મુજબ નોંધ છે:



આ હસ્તપ્રત રોધેન્સ્ટાઇનને વાંચી હતી અને તેનાથી પ્રભાવિત થઈને તેણે તેની ત્રણ ટાઈપ કરેલી નકલ કરાવી અને સુપ્રસિદ્ધ કવિ યેટ્સ, ઓક્સફર્ડ યુનિવર્સિટીમાં પોએટ્રીના અધ્યાપક સેસિલ બ્રેડ્લી અને એકેશ્વરવાદી લેખક સ્ટોફોર્ડ બ્રુક્સને મોકલી. બંધાંની પ્રશંસા પામ્યા બાદ ઈન્ડિયા સોસાયટીએ આ કાવ્યોનું પ્રકાશન કરવાનું નક્કી કર્યું અને યેટ્સને આ હસ્તપ્રતના સંપાદનનું કામ સોંપાયું.

ઈન્ડિયા સોસાયટીએ ૧૯૧૨માં આ સંપાદિત આવૃત્તિની ૭૫૦ નકલ છાપી અને તેનું મર્યાદિત વિતરણ કર્યું. ત્યાર બાદ માર્ચ ૧૯૧૩માં મેકમિલને તેની સામાન્ય આવૃત્તિ છાપી.³⁰

આ હસ્તપ્રત, જે ૧૨×૮ સેંટીમીટરની ભૂરા ચામડામાં બંધાયેલી ડાયરી છે, તેની વાત અહીં કરવાની છે. આ હસ્તપ્રત સાથેનો મારો રોમાંચક અનુભવ શરૂ થયો ૧૪ ઓગસ્ટ ૨૦૦૭ના દિવસે સવારે ૯.૩૦ વાગે. અગાઉથી નક્કી કરેલા સમયે હું પહોંચ્યો હતો હાર્વર્ડની હાઉટન લાયબ્રેરીમાં અને આ હસ્તપ્રત હતી મારા હાથમાં! આ નાનકડા પુસ્તકથી હું પહેલી જ નજરે પ્રભાવિત થઈ ગયો હતો. હવે ભારતમાં તેની બે આવૃત્તિ પ્રગટ થઈ છે – પહેલી પ્રગટ કરી ૨૦૦૯માં કલકત્તાની સાહિત્ય સંસદે, અભિક કુમાર દેની નોંધ સાથે અને બીજી, ભારત સરકારના સાંસ્કૃતિક મંત્રાલયે, સ્વપન મજૂમદારની નોંધ સાથે. સુવિખ્યા વિદ્વાનોએ આનો અભ્યાસ પણ કરેલો છે. મારી જાણમાં આવેલા આવા ત્રણ અભ્યાસની વિગતો:

૧. ખ્યાતિ અખ્યાતિર નેપથ્યે, સૌરિન્દ્ર મિત્રા, આનંદ પબ્લિશર્સ પ્રા. લિ., કલકત્તા, ૧૯૯૫, (૧૯૭૭ – પ્રથમ આવૃત્તિ)
૨. ઓન ધ ઓટોગ્રાફ મેન્યુસ્ક્રિપ્ટ ઓફ ગીતાંજલિ (સોંગ ઓફરિંગ) અને ધ મેન્યુસ્ક્રિપ્ટ ઓફ ગીતાંજલિ: અ સપ્લીમેન્ટરી નોટ, શ્યામલ કુમાર સરકાર, વિશ્વ ભારતી ક્વોર્ટરલી, વોલ્યુમ ૪૩, નં. ૩ અને ૪

અને વોલ્યુમ ૪૪, નં. ૩ અને ૪

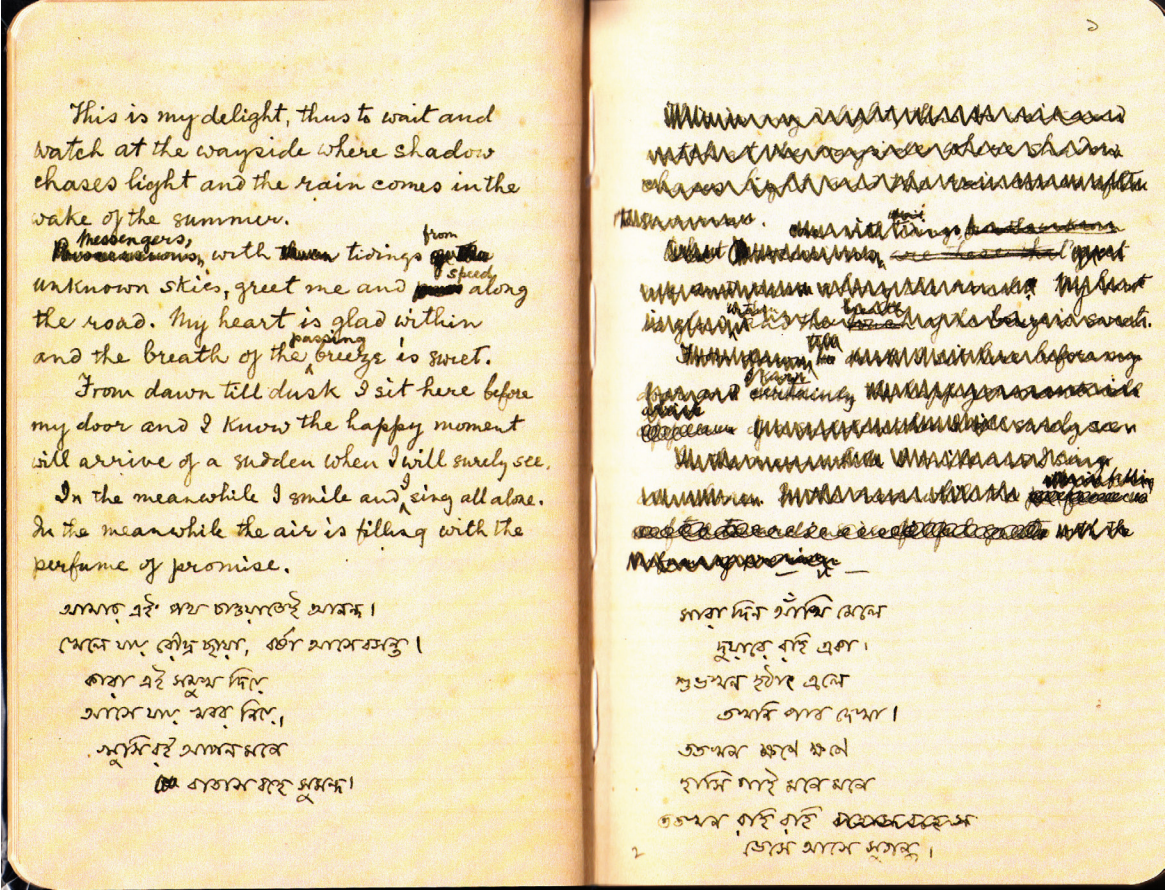
૩. ગીતાંજલિ, રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, અનુ. વિલિયમ રેડિચે, પેંગવિન ઈન્ડિયા, ન્યુ દિલ્હી, ૨૦૧૧
આગળ જણાવ્યું તેમ હું આ હસ્તપ્રતથી પ્રભાવિત થયેલો છું. પ્રભાવની અસર નીચે થયેલું કામ ક્યારેક વિદ્વાતાની દૃષ્ટિથી મહત્વનું ન હોય પણ તેનું મૂલ્ય અંતર્ગત હોય અને તેનાથી મહત્વના કામ પ્રતિ અંગુલિનિર્દેશ થતો હોય એવું બની શકે. મારો પ્રયાસ આ પ્રભાવને કારણે થયેલો છે અને મારા પૂછેલા પ્રશ્નો અને મને મળેલા જવાબોમાંથી કોઈ મહત્વની બાબત મળી આવે છે કે નહીં તે સાહિત્યજગતના વિદ્વાનોએ નક્કી કરવાનું છે.

સૌથી પહેલાં આપણે વાત કરીશું આ હસ્તપ્રતની જેને હવે પછીથી રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત કહીશું. હાઉટન લાયબ્રેરી કહે છે તેમ તે એક ભૂરા ચામડામાં બંધાયેલી ડાયરી છે. શાંતિનિકેતન સ્થિત બીજી મોટા ભાગની હસ્તપ્રતો સાદી ડાયરી કે નોટબુક હોય છે. જ્યારે આ હસ્તપ્રત ચામડાથી મઢેલી છે. તેમાં ૮૬ કાવ્યો અંગ્રેજીમાં અને ૧૪ કાવ્યો બંગાળીમાં લખેલાં છે. ૧૪ બંગાળી કાવ્યો રવીન્દ્રનાથની સાથે રહેલી હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૨૨૮માંથી નકલ કરેલાં હોવા જોઈએ. બંગાળી કાવ્યોનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ તેની સામેના પાનાં પર આપ્યો છે. અહીં લખેલા ૮૬ કાવ્યોમાંથી ૮૩ કાવ્યોનો સમાવેશ અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિમાં કરવામાં આવ્યો છે. પણ હસ્તપ્રતમાંનો કાવ્યોનો ક્રમ અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિના ક્રમ કરતાં સાવ જુદો જ છે. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિમાં કુલ ૧૦૩ કાવ્યો છે એટલે કે હસ્તપ્રતમાંથી લીધેલાં કાવ્યો કરતાં ૨૦ વધારે કાવ્યો છે. આ ૨૦માંથી ૧૨ કાવ્યોની હસ્તપ્રત હાઉટન લાયબ્રેરી સ્થિત અન્ય હસ્તપ્રતમાં મળી આવે છે.^{૩૧} આ હસ્તપ્રતને કેસન્ટ મૂન હસ્તપ્રત કહીશું. બાકીનાં ૮ કાવ્યોની હસ્તપ્રત આજ સુધી મળી નથી. નીચે ટેબલ ઉમાં રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત અને અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની સરખામણી રજૂ કરી છે:

અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિમાં કાવ્યોની સંખ્યા	બંગાળી પુસ્તકનું શીર્ષક	રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં કાવ્યોની સંખ્યા	કેસન્ટ મૂન હસ્તપ્રતમાં કાવ્યોની સંખ્યા	ખૂટતી હસ્તપ્રત
૫૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૪૬	૮	
૧૬	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૧૫		૨
૧૫	નૈબેદ્ય	૧૫		૧
૧૧	ખેયા	૬		૫
૩	શિશુ	૩		
૧	અચલાયતન	૧		
૧	કલ્પના		૧	
૧	સ્મરણ		૧	
૧	ઉત્સર્ગ		૧	
૧	ચૈતાલી		૧	
૧૦૩	કુલ	૮૬	૧૨	૮

ટેબલ ૩

આગળ કહ્યું તેમ આ હસ્તપ્રતમાં ૧૪ મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યો પણ છે. જે હસ્તપ્રત પોતાનાં કાવ્યો પશ્ચિમના સાહિત્ય જગતને બતાવવા માટે હોય તેમાં બંગાળી કાવ્યો લખવાનો શું હેતુ હોઈ શકે? પહેલા જ પાને જમણી બાજુ અંગ્રેજી કાવ્ય લખીને છેકી નાંખ્યું છે. ફરી તે ડાબી બાજુ લખીને તેની નીચે બંગાળી કાવ્ય લખ્યું છે જે જમણી બાજુ આગળ વધે છે. જુઓ પ્લેટ ૨.



પ્લેટ ૨: રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતનું પહેલું પાનું

બીજા, ત્રીજા અને ચોથા કાવ્યમાં બંગાળી કાવ્ય ડાબી બાજુ અને તેનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ જમણી બાજુ પર લખ્યો છે. અહીં કદાચ એમ લાગે કે કવિ દરેક કાવ્ય માટે આમ કરવા ધારતા હશે. પણ પાંચમા કાવ્યમાં બંગાળી કાવ્ય નથી. ઝીણાવટથી જોતાં ખ્યાલ આવે છે કે પહેલાં ચારેય બંગાળી કાવ્યો માર્ચ ૧૯૧૨માં લખાયેલાં છે અને તેમનો પાછળથી ગીતિમાલ્યમાં સમાવેશ કરવામાં આવો હતો. પાંચમું કાવ્ય ૧૯૦૬માં લખાયેલ બંગાળી ગીતાંજલિ (૧૯૧૦માં પ્રકાશિત)ના કાવ્યનો અનુવાદ છે. કદાચ કવિને હાલમાં લખાયેલ કાવ્યનો અનુવાદ કરતી વખતે મૂળ કાવ્ય સામે રાખવાની જરૂર પડતી હશે?^{૩૨} પણ ત્યાર પછીનાં ત્રણ કાવ્યોનાં (નં.. ૬, ૭ અને ૮) મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યો જમણી બાજુ પર આપેલાં છે અને આ કાવ્યો પણ પહેલાં લખાયેલાં છે અને તેમનો ગીતાંજલિમાં સમાવેશ થયેલો છે. હસ્તપ્રતમાં આગળ ઉપોર પણ ગીતિમાલ્યનાં ૧૧ કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ આવે છે (નં. ૩૭ થી ૪૨, ૪૭, ૪૮, ૫૧, ૫૨ અને ૫૮) અને તેમાંથી માત્ર ૭ જ કાવ્યોમાં (નં. ૩૭ થી ૪૨ અને ૫૨) બંગાળી કાવ્યો જમણી બાજુ પર લખેલાં છે. મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યો લખવા પાછળનો હેતુ મને સમજાતો નથી.

આખી હસ્તપ્રત કે પછી દરેક કાવ્યને કોઈ શીર્ષક આપવામાં આવ્યું નથી. અનુદિત કાવ્યોની રચનાની તારીખ નથી આપવામાં આવી. રવીન્દ્રનાથ તેમનાં દરેક બંગાળી કાવ્યમાં રચનાની તારીખ કે માસ અને મોટે ભાગે તો સ્થળ પણ કાવ્યની નીચે લખતા હતા. કદાચ એમ હોઈ શકે કે તેમણે અનુવાદની તારીખ નાંખવાની જરૂર ન લાગી હોય કારણ કે આ અનુવાદો તે કોઈને અભિપ્રાય માટે જોવા આપવાના હતા? કદાચ તેમને એમ પણ લાગ્યું હોય કે આ અનુવાદનું ભવિષ્ય નિશ્ચિત નથી તો શા માટે તેની રચનાના સ્થળ, કાળની નોંધ રાખવી.

આ વિગતો જોતાં એમ લાગે છે કે આ હસ્તપ્રત સાથે રાખવા પાછળ રવીન્દ્રનાથનો હેતુ પશ્ચિમના સાહિત્ય જગતમાં પોતાનાં કાવ્યોના અનુવાદ બતાવવા પૂરતું મર્યાદિત હતો. તેની પાછળ પ્રકાશનનો કોઈ પણ ઇરાદો ન હતો. પહેલાં જણાવ્યું તેમ તેમને પોતાના અંગ્રેજી અંગે એટલી દ્વિધા હતી કે પ્રકાશનનો વિચાર જ અનુચિત લાગે.

મોટા ભાગના અનુવાદો એટલા સ્વચ્છ અને છેકછાકથી મુક્ત લાગે છે કે એક વાર એમ પણ થાય કે કદાચ તેમણે અન્યત્ર કરેલા અનુવાદની અહીં નકલ કરી છે. જો કે હસ્તપ્રત નં. 229 અને bichitra.jdvu.ac.in પર જોયેલી બીજી હસ્તપ્રતોમાં પણ આટલા જ સુઘડ અનુવાદો જોયા છે. તેથી એ અંગે કોઈ પણ નિર્ણય લેવો મુશ્કેલ છે.

અનુવાદ માટે કાવ્યો પસંદ કરવા માટે રવીન્દ્રનાથે શું સિદ્ધાંત અપનાવ્યો હશે? મને પહેલાંએમ લાગ્યું કે તેમણે કદાચ લઘુ કાવ્યો પસંદ કર્યાં હશે. એ સમયમાં (માર્ચ ૨૮ થી જુન ૨૫, ૧૯૧૨) લખાયેલ *ગીતિમાલ્ય*નાં ૨૭ કાવ્યો (નં. ૪ થી ૩૦) સરેરાશ ૨૫ પંક્તિનાં છે. અનુદિત ૧૭ કાવ્યો (નં. ૬ થી ૮, ૧૪ થી ૧૮, ૨૦ થી ૨૪, ૨૬ અને ૨૮ થી ૩૦) સરેરાશ ૧૮ પંક્તિનાં છે. જો કે બંગાળી ગીતાંજલિનાં ૧૫૭ કાવ્યોની સરેરાશ પંક્તિ અને અનુદિત ૫૩ કાવ્યોની સરેરાશ પંક્તિ લગભગ સરખી જ છે. અર્થાત્ અનુવાદ માટે કાવ્યોની પસંદગીમાં પંક્તિની સંખ્યાએ કોઈ ભાગ ભજવ્યો નથી.

પછી મને વિચાર આવ્યો કે કદાચ તેમણે ગીતોનો અનુવાદ કરવો પસંદ કર્યો હોય. એ સમયમાં લખાયેલ *ગીતિમાલ્ય*ના ૨૭ કાવ્યો પૈકી ૧૬ ગીતો છે પરંતુ અનુદિત ૧૭ કાવ્યો પૈકી ૧૩ ગીતો છે. એ જોતાં એમ લાગે કે તેમણે ગીતોનો અનુવાદ કરવાનું પસંદ કર્યું હશે. બીજી બાજુ, બંગાળી *ગીતાંજલિ*માં ૮૫ ગીતો અને ૭૨ કાવ્યો છે. તેમાંથી તેમણે ૨૯ ગીતો અને ૨૪ કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ કર્યો છે એટલે કે ત્રીજા ભાગના ગીતો અને કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ કર્યો છે. રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં ૪૨ ગીતો અને ૪૪ કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ છે. આ માહિતી જોયા પછી પણ કોઈ નિષ્કર્ષ પર આવી શકાય તેમ નથી.

આખરે શ્રી શંખ ઘોષ સાથેના એક વાર્તાલાપે મને સાચા રસ્તે દોર્યો. તેમણે જણાવ્યું કે પસંદગી વિષયના ધોરણે કરવામાં આવી છે. અનુદિત કાવ્યોમાંના મોટા ભાગના કાવ્યો ભક્તિભાવ અથવા અધ્યાત્મિક ભાવ પ્રગટ કરે છે. હવે મને યાદ આવ્યું કે નૈવેદ્યથી (૧૯૦૧) શરૂ થયેલો રવીન્દ્રનાથનો આત્મચિંતનનો અભિગમ હજી બીજા બે વર્ષ સુધી – ગીતાલિ (૧૯૧૪) સુધી - ચાલુ રહેવાનો હતો. અનુવાદ માટે પસંદ કરેલાં મોટા ભાગનાં કાવ્યો આ જ વિષયને આવરી લેતાં હતાં.

અંગ્રેજી *ગીતાંજલિ*નાં ૮૬ કાવ્યોમાં રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતનાં ૮૩ કાવ્યોનો સમાવેશ થયો છે. તેને માટે શિશિર

કુમાર દાસ કહે છે:

ગીતાંજલિમાં કાવ્યોની ગોઠવણી નથી કાલાનુક્રમિક કે નથી કોઈ વિભાવના કે રસની વૃદ્ધિના આધારે. આ કાવ્યો સ્વયંપર્યાપ્ત અને સ્વતંત્ર છે અને એકબીજા સાથે વિષયના આછા સંબંધથી જોડાયેલાં છે. સર્વે કાવ્યોમાં એક એવા ઈશ્વરને સંબોધન કરાયું છે જે અનેક રૂપે, અનેક આકારોમાં, પ્રકૃતિના સૌંદર્યમાં, રોજબરોજના માનવીય સંબંધોમાં પ્રગટ થતો રહે છે. ...

બધાં જ સાંપ્રદાયિક અને શાસ્ત્રોક્ત સિદ્ધાંતોથી મુક્ત એવાં આ કાવ્યો પવિત્રતા અને બિનસાંપ્રદાયિકતા સાથે એવાં ઓતપ્રોત થઈ ગયાં છે કે તેમની સંપૂર્ણ એકરૂપતાને કારણે તે તરત જ નજરે પડે છે. ગીતાંજલિનો મુખ્ય સૂર જીવનને પ્રસ્થાપિત કરવાનો છે. તે પ્રકાશ, રંગ અને સમૃદ્ધિનું જગત સર્જે છે. એક કાવ્યમાં જો વિષાદનો સાદ સંભળાય તો બીજામાં આનંદની અભિવ્યક્તિ હોય, એકમાં જો હતાશા હોય તો બીજામાં ધન્યતાના આનંદની ઉજવણી હોય.³³

પવિત્રતા અને બિનસાંપ્રદાયિકતાના વિષયોને લગતી આ સંવાદિતા અને સુસંગતતા જે એક ભક્તિ અને નિષ્ઠાનું વાતાવરણ ઊભું કરે છે તે એક બાળકના મુખ પર રમતા નિર્દોષ સ્મિત જેટલું સ્વભાવગત અને હેતુહીન જ હોઈ શકે. તેની પાછળ કોઈ ઈરાદાપૂર્વક કરેલા વિચારોનો પ્રયાસ હોઈ ન શકે. એમ બની શકે કે ઊંડા મનન અને ચિંતનને અંતે લાઘેલા સત્યની સાદી, સરળ અને સ્વયંસ્ફૂર્ત અભિવ્યક્તિને કારણે તેનો પારકા પ્રદેશ અને ભાષામાં અપૂર્વ સત્કાર અને સ્વીકાર થયો. આ સમયે રવીન્દ્રનાથ તો પોતાની ક્ષમતા અંગે દહેશત સેવતા એક વિદ્યાર્થી જેવા હતા. તેઓ તો પોતાના મિત્રો અને હિતેચ્છુઓના પ્રોત્સાહન અને દબાણને વશ થઈને પોતાના અનુવાદો એક પારકી ભાષાના સાહિત્યકારોને મૂલ્યાંકન માટે સોંપતા હતા. આ એ જ ભાષા હતી જેને એક દીર્ઘ ઇતિહાસ હતો અને જેના સમૃદ્ધ સાહિત્યમાંથી તેમણે પોતે પ્રેરણા લીધી હતી. તેમનું સાહિત્ય વિવિધ તબક્કાઓમાંથી પસાર થઈને હાલ જે તબક્કામાં હતું - પાછળથી આ તબક્કો ગીતાંજલિ તબક્કા તરીકે ઓળખાયો હતો - તેનું તેમને વિશેષ આકર્ષણ હોય તે સ્વાભાવિક છે. તેથી તેમના અનુવાદો આ જ તબક્કાનાં કાવ્યોના હોય તે સ્વાભાવિક છે. આ સ્વયંસ્ફૂર્ત અનુવાદોને જે સત્કાર અને સન્માન મળ્યાં તે તેમના ગીતાંજલિ પછીના અનુવાદોને ના મળ્યા તેના કારણોમાંનું એક કારણ આ સ્વયંસ્ફૂર્તતાનો અભાવ અને ઈરાદાપૂર્વકનો પ્રયાસ પણ હોઈ શકે.

ઉપર ટંકેલા શિશિર કુમાર દાસના અવતરણનું પહેલું વાક્ય છે:

ગીતાંજલિમાં કાવ્યોની ગોઠવણી નથી કાલાનુક્રમિક કે નથી કોઈ વિભાવના કે રસની વૃદ્ધિના આધારે.

તો પછી કવિએ હસ્તપ્રતમાં અનુદિત કાવ્યોનો ક્રમ શેના આધારે ગોઠવ્યો હશે? શિશિર કુમાર દાસ માને છે કે વિષયના સંબંધ સિવાય દરેક કાવ્ય સ્વયંપર્યાપ્ત અને સ્વતંત્ર છે. તેથી કાવ્યોને એક ખાસ ક્રમમાં મૂકીને કોઈ ભાવનો વિકાસ કરવાની કે વિભાવનાને ઉપસાવવાની આવશ્યકતા રહેતી નથી. હું દાસની સાથે સંમત છું અને માનું છું કે આ મંતવ્ય હસ્તપ્રતને પણ લાગુ પડે છે. વૈષયિક ઐક્ય ધરાવતા સ્વયંપર્યાપ્ત અને સ્વતંત્ર કાવ્યો અનુવાદ માટે પસંદ કર્યા પછી અનુદિત કાવ્યોને કોઈ ખાસ ક્રમમાં ગોઠવવાની આવશ્યકતા રહેતી ન હોઈ અનુવાદનો કાલક્રમ કવિએ સાચવ્યો હોય તેમ પણ બની શકે. જો અનુવાદની તારીખો કવિએ દર્શાવી

હોત તો કદાચ આ સિદ્ધાંતનું સમર્થન થઈ શકત.

આ સમયમાં રચાયેલાં ગીતિમાલ્યનાં (મૂળ બંગાળી) કાવ્યોની રચનાની તારીખની વિગત તપાસતા હસ્તપ્રતના ક્રમ અંગે કદાચ કાંઈ માર્ગદર્શન મળી આવે. આ કાવ્યોની રચનાની તારીખ તેમ જ સ્થળ હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૨૨૯માં અને ગીતિમાલ્ય પુસ્તકમાં દર્શાવ્યાં છે અને તેને પ્રશાંત કુમાર પાલનું સમર્થન પણ મળે છે. નીચે ટેબલ ૪માં આ કાવ્યો અંગેની સમગ્ર વિગતો દર્શાવી છે:

ગીતિમાલ્ય કાવ્ય નં.	બંગાળી પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	અંગ્રેજી પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	તારીખ	હસ્તપ્રતમાં ક્રમાંક	પુસ્તકમાં ક્રમાંક	રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં બંગાળી કાવ્ય
૪	સ્થિરનયને તાકીયે આછી	અનુવાદ નથી	૨૮ માર્ચ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૫	ભાગ્યે આમિ પથ હારાલામ	અનુવાદ નથી	૨૯ માર્ચ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૬	આમિ હલ છાડલે તબે	When I give up the helm	૩૦ માર્ચ	૪૭	૯૯	નથી
૭	આમાર પથ-ચાઓઆતેઈ આનંદ	This is my delight	૩૦ માર્ચ	૧	૪૪	છે
૮	કોલાહલ તો બારન હલ	No more noisy loud words	૩૧ માર્ચ	૨	૮૯	છે
૯	નામહારા એઈ નદીર પારે	અનુવાદ નથી	૧ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૧૦	કે ગો તુમિ બિદેશી	અનુવાદ નથી	૨ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૧૧	ઓગો પથિક, દિનેર શેષે	અનુવાદ નથી	૩ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૧૨	એઈ દુવારટી ખોલા	અનુવાદ નથી	૪ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૧૩	એઈ જે એરો આંગિનાતે	અનુવાદ નથી	૫ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૧૪	અનેક કાલેર જાત્રા આમાર	The time of my journey	૬ એપ્રિલ	૪૮	૧૨	નથી
૧૫	આમિઅમાય કરબ બડો	That I should make much of myself	૭ એપ્રિલ	૫૧	૭૧	નથી
૧૬	એબાર ભાસિયે દિતે હબે આમાર	I must launch out my boat	૮ એપ્રિલ	૪૨	૨૧	છે
૧૭	જેદિન ફૂટલ કમલ કિછુઈ જાની નાઈ	On the day when the lotus bloomed	૮ એપ્રિલ	૩૯	૨૦	છે
૧૮	એખાનો ઘર ભાંગે નાં તોર જે	Langour is in my heart	૯ એપ્રિલ	૫૨	૫૫	છે
૧૯	ઝડે જાય ઊડે જાય ગો	અનુવાદ નથી	૧૦ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી

ગીતિમાલ્ય કાવ્ય નં.	બંગાળી પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	અંગ્રેજી પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	તારીખ	હસ્તપ્રતમાં ક્રમાંક	પુસ્તકમાં ક્રમાંક	રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં બંગાળી કાવ્ય
૨૦	તુમિ એકટુ બસતે દિયો કાછે	I ask for a moment's indulgence	૧૧ એપ્રિલ	૩૮	૫	છે
૨૧	એબાર જાબાર બેલાતે	At this time of my parting,	૧૨ એપ્રિલ	૪૦	૯૪	છે
૨૨	કે ગો આંતરતર સે	It is he, the innermost one,	૧૯ એપ્રિલ	૩૭	૭૨	છે
૨૩	આમાર તુમિ અશેષ કરેછો	Thou hast made me endless	૨૦ એપ્રિલ	૩	૧	છે
૨૪	હાર-માના હાર પરાબ તોમાર ગલે	I will deck Thee	૨૦ એપ્રિલ	૪	૯૮	છે
૨૫	એમની કરે ઘૂરિબ દૂરે બાહિરે	અનુવાદ નથી	૨૨ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૨૬	પેયેછિ છૂટી, બિદાય દેહો, ભાઈ	I have got my leave	૨૨ એપ્રિલ	૪૧	૯૩	છે
૨૭	આજિકે એઈસકાલબેલાતે	અનુવાદ નથી	૨૬ એપ્રિલ	નથી	નથી	નથી
૨૮	પ્રાણ ભરીયે, તૃષા હરિયે	More life, my lord, yet more,	૩ જુન	૫૮	નથી	નથી
૨૯	તવ રવિકર આસે કર બકાઈયા	The sunbeam comes upon this earth	૨૩ જુન	નથી	૬૮	નથી
૩૦	સુંદર બટે તવ અંગદખાની	Beautiful is thy wristlet	૨૫ જુન	નથી.	૫૩	નથી

ટેબલ ૪: માર્ચ ૨૮ અને જુન ૨૬ વચ્ચે લખેલાં ગીતિમાલ્યનાં ગીતો/કાવ્યો – કાવ્યો ઘેરા અક્ષરમાં અને ગીતો સાદા અક્ષરમાં

આ ટેબલ પરથી ખ્યાલ આવશે કે રવીન્દ્રનાથે તેમના શિલાઈદહના ૨૦ દિવસના પ્રથમ રહેવાસ દરમિયાન – ૨૪ માર્ચથી ૧૩ એપ્રિલની વચ્ચે ગીતિમાલ્યના ૧૦ કાવ્યો અને ૮ ગીતો (ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. ૪થી ૨૧) લખ્યાં હતાં. આથી પત્રમાં લખાયેલી તેમની અશક્ત અવસ્થા કેટલી કાલ્પનિક હતી તેનો ખ્યાલ આવશે.

શાંતિનિકેતનમાં ગાળેલા ૧૪ દિવસ – ૧૩ એપ્રિલથી ૨૬ એપ્રિલ વચ્ચે તેમણે ૬ ગીતો (ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. ૨૨થી ૨૭) લખ્યાં હતાં.

૨૭ એપ્રિલથી ૩ જુનના ૨૭ દિવસના ગાળામાં કોઈ જ નવી રચના નોંધાઈ નથી. આ સમયે તેઓ કલકત્તા, શિલાઈદહ, ફરી કલકત્તા અને ત્યાર પછી ટ્રેનમાર્ગે મુંબઈ અને ત્યાંથી સ્ટીમરમાં યરોપ જવા નીકળી ગયા.

તેમની સ્ટીમર જ્યારે રાતા સમુદ્રમાંથી પસાર થઈ રહી હતી ત્યારે, ૩જી જુને તેમણે એક ગીત લખ્યું હતું

(ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. 28).

બીજાં બે ગીતો તેઓ લંડનમાં હેમ્પસ્ટેડ હીથમાં રહ્યા ત્યારે લખ્યાં હતાં. (ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. ૨૯ અને ૩૦).

નીચે ટેબલ પમાં જુઓ:

સમયગાળો	સ્થળ	રચનાઓ
માર્ચ ૧૯થી ૨૪	કલકત્તા	
માર્ચ ૨૪થી એપ્રિલ ૧૩	શિલાઈદહ	૧૦ કાવ્યો અને ૮ ગીતો
એપ્રિલ ૧૩થી ૨૬	શાંતિનિકેતન	૬ ગીતો
એપ્રિલ ૨૬થી મે ૩	કલકત્તા	
મે ૩ થી ૨૦	શિલાઈદહ	
મે ૨૦થી ૨૫	કલકત્તા	
મે ૨૬થી જુન ૨૬	મુંબઈ/સ્ટીમર/યુરોપ	૩ ગીતો

ટેબલ ૫ - ગીતિમાલ્ય કાવ્યો/ગીતોના (નં. ૪થી ૩૦) રચનાસ્થળ

આ સમયગાળામાં લખાયેલાં અન્ય સાહિત્યની (નિબંધો અને પત્રો) વિગતવાર માહિતી પ્રશાંત કુમાર પાલ તેમના રબિ જીબની ખંડ ૬ના પા. ૨૮૦થી ૩૧૦ પર આપે છે.

આ માહિતીના આધારે અનુવાદોની રચના તારીખ અંગે કોઈ પણ નિષ્કર્ષ પર આવી શકાય તેમ નથી. રવીન્દ્રનાથના ઈન્દીરાદેવી પરના ૬ મે ૧૯૧૩ના પત્ર અનુસાર અનુવાદ ચૈત્ર માસમાં શરૂ થયા હતા. એનો અર્થ એમ થાય કે અનુવાદનો આરંભ તેમના શિલાઈદહના પ્રથમ રહેવાસ દરમિયાન એટલે કે ૨૪ માર્ચ અને ૧૩ એપ્રિલની વચ્ચે થયો. આ જ સમયગાળામાં તેઓ ગીતિમાલ્યનાં કાવ્યો પણ રચી રહ્યા હતા. પ્રશાંત કુમાર પાલનું પણ અનુમાન છે કે અનુવાદનો આરંભ આ સમયગાળામાં થયો હશે.^{૩૪}

પણ મોટાભાગનાં કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ તેમના શિલાઈદહના બીજા રહેવાસ દરમિયાન થયો હોવો જોઈએ અને તે છેક ઈંગ્લેન્ડ પહોંચતા સુધી ચાલ્યો હશે. પ્રશાંત કુમાર પાલ પણ આમ જ માને છે. તેઓ લખે છે:

રવીન્દ્રનાથે તેમનું અંતિમ ગીત કે કાવ્ય ૨૬ એપ્રિલે શાંતિનિકેતનમાં લખ્યું - આજિકે એઈ સકાલબેલાતે. શિલાઈદહની બીજી મુલાકાત [મે ૩ થી ૨૦] દરમિયાન તે મુખ્યત્વે અનુવાદક હતા. દસ નવાં ગીતો, દસ ગીતાંજલિનાં ગીતો અને અચલાયતનનું આલો અમાર આલો - આ બધાંનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ ૩ જુન પહેલાં કર્યો હતો. રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત જોતાં આ સમજાશે.^{૩૫}

મને પોતાને પાલનું આ વિધાન સમજાતું નથી. उજ જુને લખાયેલાં ગીતનો અનુવાદ પછીથી કર્યો હોય અને તે હસ્તપ્રતમાં પછીની કોઈ પણ તારીખે લખ્યું હોય એમ બની શકે. અનુવાદની તારીખો ન દર્શાવી હોય ત્યારે મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યની રચનાની તારીખ ઉપરથી એટલું જ તારણ નીકળી શકે કે એ તારીખ પછી જ

અનુવાદ હસ્તપ્રતમાં લખાયો હતો.

હવે જોઈએ કે ગીતિમાલ્યનાં કાવ્યોને રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં કયા ક્રમમાં મૂકવામાં આવ્યાં છે. ટેબલ ૬માં એ દર્શાવ્યું છે:

ગીતિમાલ્ય નં.	રચનાની તારીખ ^{૩૬}	હસ્તપ્રતમાં કાવ્ય નં.
૭	માર્ચ ૩૦	૧
૮	માર્ચ ૩૧	૨
૨૩	એપ્રિલ ૨૦	૩
૨૪	એપ્રિલ ૨૦	૪
૨૨	એપ્રિલ ૧૯	૩૭
૨૦	એપ્રિલ ૧૧	૩૮
૧૭	એપ્રિલ ૮	૩૯
૨૧	એપ્રિલ ૧૨	૪૦
૨૬	એપ્રિલ ૨૨	૪૧
૧૬	એપ્રિલ ૮	૪૨
૬	માર્ચ ૩૦	૪૭
૧૪	એપ્રિલ ૬	૪૮
૧૫	એપ્રિલ ૭	૫૧
૧૮	એપ્રિલ ૯	૫૨
૨૮	જુન ૩	૫૮

ટેબલ ૬

ઉપરના ટેબલ પરથી જણાય છે કે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં ગીતિમાલ્યનાં કાવ્યોનો ક્રમ તેમના રચનાના ક્રમને અનુસરતો નથી. જ્યારે ગીતિમાલ્યના બંગાળી પ્રકાશનમાં એ જ કાવ્યોનો – નં. ૪થી ૩૦ – ક્રમ તેમના રચનાના ક્રમને અનુસરે છે. તેથી જો રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં કાવ્યોનો ક્રમ નક્કી કરવામાં પ્રકાશનનો ખ્યાલ હોત કે પછી કોઈ ખાસ ભાવને ઉપસાવવાનો પ્રયાસ હોત તો ગીતિમાલ્યનાં કાવ્યોનો ક્રમ તેમના રચનાના ક્રમને અનુસરતો હોત.

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાંનું પ્રથમ કાવ્ય ૩૦મી માર્ચે લખાયેલા ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. ૭નો અનુવાદ છે. આના પરથી આપણે જરૂર એમ કહી શકીએ કે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતનો આરંભ એ તારીખ પહેલાં થઈ ના શક્યો હોય. રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાંનું બીજું કાવ્ય ૩૧મી માર્ચે લખાયેલા ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. ૮નો અનુવાદ છે. એ જોઈને પહેલી નજરે એમ લાગે કે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં કાલાનુક્રમ સચવાયો છે. પણ તે પછીનાં બે કાવ્યો – નં. ૩ અને ૪ – ૨૦મી એપ્રિલે લખાયેલાં ગીતિમાલ્ય નં. ૨૩ અને ૨૪નો અનુવાદ છે. ૩૧ માર્ચ અને ૨૦ એપ્રિલ વચ્ચે લખાયેલાં ગીતિમાલ્ય કાવ્યોનો અનુવાદ રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં પાછળથી આવે છે. આમ રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં આવતાં ગીતિમાલ્યનાં કાવ્યોના ક્રમને તેમના મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યોના રચનાના ક્રમ સાથે સરખાવતા

એમ લાગે કે હસ્તપ્રતમાંનો ક્રમ કોઈ યોજના વિનાનો, આડો અવળો છે.

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતના કાવ્યોના મૂળ બંગાળી કાવ્યો કયા બંગાળી પુસ્તકમાંથી લીધા છે તેનો ટૂંક સાર ટેબલ ઊમાં આપ્યો છે:

નં.	બંગાળી ગ્રંથ	ગીત(ગી)/કાવ્ય(કા)
૧ થી ૪	ગીતિમાલ્ય	ગીતો
૫ થી ૩૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૨ગી/૧કા/૧૧ગી/૨કા/૪ગી/૨કા/૧ગી/૬કા/૧ગી/૨કા
૩૭ થી ૪૨	ગીતિમાલ્ય	ગીતો
૪૩ થી ૪૬	ગીતાંજલિ	ગીતો
૪૭-૪૮	ગીતિમાલ્ય	કાવ્યો
૪૯-૫૦	ગીતાંજલિ	ગીતો
૫૧-૫૨	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૧ કાવ્ય/૧ ગીત
૫૩ થી ૫૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૨ ગીત/૨ કાવ્યો
૫૭	અચલાયતન	ગીત
૫૮	ગીતિમાલ્ય	ગીત
૫૯ થી ૭૩	નૈવેદ્ય	૧ ગીત/૧૪ કાવ્યો
૭૪ થી ૭૯	ખેયા	કાવ્યો
૮૦ થી ૮૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૧ ગીત /૩ કાવ્યો
૮૪ થી ૮૬	શિશુ	કાવ્યો

ટેબલ ૭

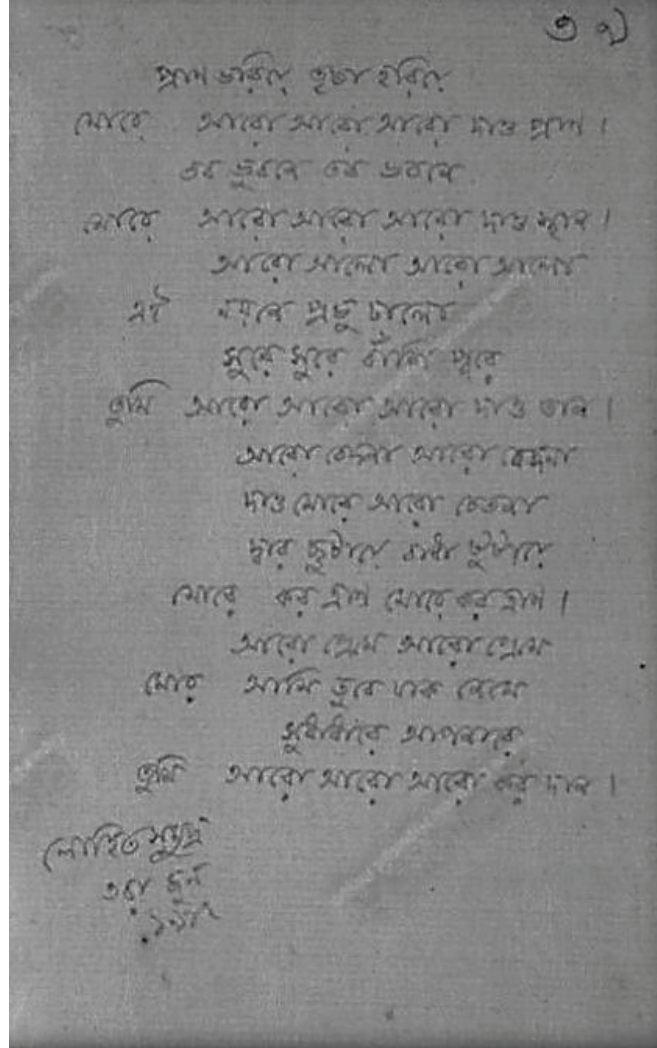
પહેલાં ચાર કાવ્યો ગીતિમાલ્યનાં છે. ત્યાર પછી ૩૨ કાવ્યો ગીતાંજલિનાં આવે છે જે ત્રણ અપવાદ બાદ કરતાં બંગાળી પુસ્તકમાં આવતા ક્રમ પ્રમાણે છે. આ ત્રણ અપવાદ છે: હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૭ (ગીતાંજલિ નં. ૧૪૨), નં. ૨૮ (ગીતાંજલિ નં. ૧૧૯) અને નં. ૩૫ (ગીતાંજલિ નં. ૧૫૨). ત્યાર બાદ ૨૦ કાવ્યો ગીતિમાલ્ય અને ગીતાંજલિનાં કોઈ ચોક્કસ ક્રમ વિના પ્રસ્તુત છે. નં. ૫૭ અચલાયતનના કાવ્યનો અનુવાદ છે. હવે આવે છે ગીતિમાલ્યનું એક કાવ્ય અને તેના પછી નૈવેદ્ય (૧૫ કાવ્યો) અને ખેયાનાં (૬ કાવ્યો) કાવ્યો. અંતે ૪ ગીતાંજલિનાં કાવ્યો અને ૩ શિશુનાં કાવ્યો.

ટેબલ ઊમાં ગીત અને કાવ્યના આધારે પણ કોઈ ગોઠવણી કે સિદ્ધાંતપૂર્વક યોજના હોય તેમ જણાતું નથી.

આ બધી માહિતી જોતાં મને રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતના ક્રમમાં કોઈ વિચારપૂર્ણ સિદ્ધાંત કે યોજના જણાતી નથી. પ્રશાંત કુમાર પાલ એમ માને છે કે અનુવાદની પ્રવૃત્તિ પાછળ કોઈ નિયમ કે વિચારસરણી દેખાતી નથી.^{૩૭} મને લાગે છે કે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતના ક્રમને પણ આ જ વાત લાગુ પડે છે. આગળ જણાવ્યા પ્રમાણે આ હસ્તપ્રત લખતી વખતે રવીન્દ્રનાથના મનમાં પ્રકાશનનો કોઈ વિચાર હતો જ નહીં, એ વાતને આનાથી સમર્થન મળે છે.

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં ૫૮મું કાવ્ય - more life, my lord, yet more life – ગીતિમાલ્યના ૨૮મા

કાવ્ય - પ્રાણ ભરિયે, તૃષા હરિયે - નો અનુવાદ છે. આ અનુવાદનો અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિમાં સમાવેશ કરવામાં નથી આવ્યો. ગીતિમાલ્યનું આ કાવ્ય જુનની ઉજી તારીખે એટલે સ્ટીમરમાં લખાયું હતું. રચનાનું સ્થળ લોહિત સમુદ્ર - રાતો સમુદ્ર - દર્શાવાયું છે. અર્થાત્ આના પછીના એટલે કે પલ્થી ૮૬ સુધીનાં કાવ્યો રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં જુનની ઉજી પછી અને રક્મી પહેલાં લખાયાં છે. સોમેન્દ્રચંદ્ર દેવવર્માના લખવા પ્રમાણે રવીન્દ્રનાથ સ્ટીમર પર પણ અનુવાદ કરવામાં વ્યસ્ત રહેતા હતા. આ કાવ્ય તેનું સમર્થન કરે છે.



પ્લેટ ૩: પ્રાણ ભરિયે, તૃષા હરિયેની હસ્તપ્રત (MS 229)

એક વાત નિશ્ચિત છે કે તેમણે ઉજી થી રક્મી જુનની વચ્ચે - ૨૪ કે તેનાથી ઓછા દિવસોમાં - ૨૮ કાવ્યો (નં. પલ્થી ૮૬) રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં લખ્યાં હતાં. આ સમય દરમિયાન તેઓ સ્ટીમર પર કે બીજી કોઈ રીતે મુસાફરી કરી રહ્યા હતા. આ કાવ્યો નૈબેદ, ખેયા, ગીતાંજલિ અને શિશુમાંથી - તે જ ક્રમમાં - લીધેલાં છે. સ્વાભાવિક રીતે પ્રશ્ન થાય છે કે તેમણે આ બધાં જ બંગાળી કાવ્યો કંઈસ્થ હશે કે તેમની સાથે આ ચારેય પુસ્તકો હશે કે પછી તેમણે અનુવાદો પહેલેથી કરી રાખ્યા હશે અને તેની નકલ રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં કરી હશે? આ અનુવાદોમાં છેકછાક નહીંવત્ જ છે એટલે એમ માનવાનું મન થાય કે મૂળ અનુવાદની આ નકલ છે. પણ હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૨૨૯માં પણ આવા છેકછાક વિનાના અનુવાદ દેખાય છે એટલે આમ હોવાની

સંભાવના નથી.

તેમને આ બધાં જ કાવ્યો કંઈસ્થ હશે? તેમના મૃત્યુના થોડાક જ દિવસો પહેલાં તેઓ ૩૦થી વધુ વર્ષો પહેલાં લખેલું ગીતાંજલિનું કાવ્ય – બિપદે મોર રક્ષા કરો – યાદ કરીને બોલી ગયા હતા એ વાત સુવિદિત છે.^{૩૮} પણ એક કાવ્ય બોલી જવું અને ૨૮ કાવ્યો અનુવાદ માટે યાદ રાખવા એ બેમાં ઘણો ફરક છે. તો પછી એમ માનવું જ રહ્યું કે તેમની સાથે તેમનાં બાંગ્લાળી પુસ્તકો હશે જ. આજના હવાઈ માર્ગની સફરના દિવસોમાં આવી શક્યતા ઓછી લાગે પણ આજથી સો વર્ષ પહેલાં સ્ટીમરની મુસાફરીમાં આ જરૂર શકી હતું. ૧૯૩૦માં તેઓ પોતાના ૪૦૦ ચિત્રો સાથે યુરોપ ગયા હતા તે અહીં યાદ કરવું જોઈએ.

વિદ્વાનો અને સત્યના સંશોધકો માટે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત એક અગત્યનો અને ઐતિહાસિક દસ્તાવેજ છે જેનો ઝીણવટ અને વિદ્વત્તાપૂર્ણ અભ્યાસ થયો છે અને થતો રહેશે. આ હસ્તપ્રતનું મહત્વ વધી જવાના મુખ્ય કારણોમાંનું એક અગત્યનું કારણ છે અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિના સંપાદક અને તેની ભૂમિકા લખનાર પ્રસિદ્ધ આઈરીશ કવિ વિલિયમ બટલર યેટ્સના યોગદાન અંગેનો વિવાદ.

આ વિવાદની પ્રથમ નોંધ નોબેલ પારિતોષકની ઘોષણા પછી ત્રણ જ માસમાં રવીન્દ્રનાથે તેમના સ્ટર્જ મૂર અને રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને લખેલા પત્રોમાં લીધી હતી. તેમણે ૧૭ ફેબ્રુઆરી ૧૯૧૪ના દિવસે સ્ટર્જ મૂરને લખ્યું હતું:

અગ્રગણ્ય બંગાળી મુસ્લીમ નાગરિકોની એક સભામાં હાજર રહેલા મારા એક બેરિસ્ટર મિત્રે મને આપેલા હેવાલ મુજબ એ સભામાં વેલેન્ટાઈન ચિરોલે જણાવ્યું હતું કે અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિમાં મુખ્યત્વે યેટ્સનું જ પ્રદાન હતું. ... મારા કમનસીબે ઈંગ્લેન્ડમાં પણ આવા જ વિરોધની લાગણીના ચિન્હો દેખાઈ રહ્યાં છે. એનાં કારણોમાં ગીતાંજલિની અબાધિત પ્રશંસા તેમ જ તમે તમારા પત્રમાં જણાવ્યું છે તેમ નોબેલ પારિતોષકના ઉમેદવારોના હિમાયતીઓના મનમાં નિરાશાને કારણે જન્મેલી કડવાશ હોઈ શકે.

તેમણે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને લખ્યું હતું:

તમને જાણીને હસવું આવશે કે બંગાળી મુસ્લીમ અગ્રણીઓની એક સભામાં વેલેન્ટાઈન ચિરોલે તેમના સભાજનોને એમ જણાવ્યું હતું કે અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિ યેટ્સનું જ સર્જન કહી શકાય.^{૩૯}

સ્ટર્જ મૂર અને રોધેન્સ્ટાઈને રવીન્દ્રનાથ પ્રતિ સહાનુભૂતિ દર્શાવીને આવા ગર્ભિત સૂચનોને રદિયો આપ્યો હતો. પણ યેટ્સના પોતાના બે પત્રોની વાત વધુ વિગતે કરવી જરૂરી છે.

૨૮ જાન્યુઆરી ૧૯૧૭ના દિવસે યેટ્સે રવીન્દ્રનાથના પ્રકાશક, મેકમિલન એન્ડ કું.ના માલિકને લખેલા પત્રના અંશ:

આ સાથે *A Lover's Knot [Gift]* મોકલાવું છું. ખરેખર શરમ આવે તેવું લખાણ છે. તમને વાંધો ન હોય તો હું રવીન્દ્રનાથને જણાવવા માંગું છું કે તમે મને ઓછામાં ઓછા ફેરફાર કરવાનું કહ્યું છે કારણ કે અમેરિકન પ્રકાશકને ઉતાવળ છે. મારા તરફથી હું ઉમેરવા માંગું છું કે તેમનું અંગ્રેજી હવે ઘણું સુધરી ગયું છે. તમે કદાચ જાણતા નહીં હો કે ભૂતકાળમાં મેં કેટલા બધા સુધારા કર્યા હતા. વિલિયમ રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન તમને કહી શકશે કે મેં ગીતાંજલિ માટે અને ધ ગાર્ડનરની હસ્તપ્રત માટે

કેટલું બધું કામ કર્યું હતું. લેખકનો અર્થ ઉપસાવવા પૂરતો જ અમારો આશય હતો પણ તેને માટે શબ્દોમાં અને તેનાથી પણ વધારે તાલ અને લય માટે સતત સુધારાવધારા કરવા આવશ્યક હતા. રવીન્દ્રનાથનું અંગ્રેજી એક પરદેશીનું અંગ્રેજી હતું અને તેમણે જ મને લખ્યું હતું કે તેઓ મર્મ ગુમાવી બેઠેલા કે હજી મર્મ ન પામેલા શબ્દોની વચ્ચેનો ભેદ પારખી શકતા ના હતા. મારે વાક્યોના વાક્યો કાઢી નાંખવા પડ્યાં હતાં અને એક એક દિવસ કરીને થોડાંક અઠવાડિયાં સુધી તેના પર કામ કર્યું હતું. મને તેમાં આનંદ આવ્યો હતો અને મને સમય આપવાનો વાંધો ન હતો. મારા જ કહેવાથી રવીન્દ્રનાથે મારા પ્રતિ આભાર વ્યક્ત કર્યો ન હતો. હું જાણતો હતો કે જો તેઓ તેમ કરશે તો તેમના ભારતીય દુશ્મનો મારા કામની ગેરવ્યાજબી અતિશયોક્તિ કરીને તેમના ઉપર આક્ષેપ કરશે. તેમના છેલ્લા સર્જન, ફૂટ ગેઝર્સ માટે હું મન મૂકીને કામ કરી શક્યો ન હતો. એ સાવ ઝાંખું સર્જન છે. ગીતાંજલિ, ધ ગાર્ડનર અને ધ કેસન્ટ મૂન (સ્ટર્જ મૂરે ધરમૂળથી સુધારેલું) તદ્દુપરાંત એકાદ બે નાટકો અને કદાચ સાધના સિવાય બીજું કાંઈ પણ છપાવવાની આવશ્યકતા ન હતી. તેમાં અપવાદ છે તેમની મોડર્ન રિવ્યૂમાં છપાયેલી લાંબી આત્મકથા જે એક કીમતી અને સમૃદ્ધ સર્જન છે. હવે તેઓ વૃદ્ધ થઈ ગયા છે અને તેમનાં આ કાવ્યો તેમની પ્રતિષ્ઠાને હાનિ પહોંચાડે છે. મેં રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને લખ્યું તો તેમણે જણાવ્યું કે આપણે રવીન્દ્રનાથને આવું કહેવું ન જોઈએ કારણ કે તેમ કરવાથી તેઓ ઘેરી માનસિક ઉદાસીનતામાં ડૂબી જશે.

હું રવીન્દ્રનાથને જણાવવા નથી માંગતો પણ તમારા પત્રથી મને શાંતિ થઈ છે. હું માત્ર સામાન્ય સુધારા કરીશ કારણ કે આમાં અને બધાં જ શબ્દો/વાક્યો તેમ જ લય અને તાલ અંગેના વ્યાપક સુધારાની વચ્ચે બીજું કાંઈ થઈ શકે તેમ નથી. રવીન્દ્રનાથનું અંગ્રેજી સુધર્યું છે અર્થાત્ સાદું અને શુદ્ધ થયું છે પણ તે હજી ઘણું નીરસ લાગે છે.

મારી આ બધી વણમાંગી ટીકા માટે મને માફ કરશો પણ રવીન્દ્રનાથના શ્રેષ્ઠ લખાણો મને અત્યંત સ્પર્શી ગયાં હોવાથી હું આમ લખી રહ્યો છું.⁴⁰

હવેના પત્રમાં જાણે લાગણીનો જ્વાળામુખી ફાટી નીકળે છે. આ પત્રને બરાબર સમજવા માટે તેના સંપૂર્ણ સંદર્ભ મળવા ખાસ જરૂરી છે. સંબોધિત વ્યક્તિનો જવાબ પણ જાણવો રસપ્રદ થઈ પડશે.

ચેટ્સનો રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને લખેલો – મોટે ભાગે ૧૯૩૫માં – પત્ર જેના પર પોસ્ટનો સિક્કો મે ૭, ૧૯૩૫ની તારીખ દર્શાવે છે:

પ્રિય રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન,

ધિક્ ટાગોર. સ્ટર્જ મૂર અને મેં ત્રણ સરસ પુસ્તકો છાપાવ્યાં અને પછી તેમને મહાન કવિ બનવા કરતાં અંગ્રેજી જાણવાનું અને સુધારવાનું વધારે મહત્વનું લાગવાથી તેઓ ભાવુકતાપૂર્ણ વાહિયાત પુસ્તકો છપાવવા માંડ્યા અને તેમની પ્રતિષ્ઠાને હાનિ પહોંચાડી. રવીન્દ્રનાથ અંગ્રેજી જાણતા નથી, કોઈ પણ ભારતીય અંગ્રેજી જાણતો નથી. જે ભાષા બાળપણથી આવડતી ના હોય અને જે ભાષા બાળપણથી તેમના વિચારોની ભાષા ન હોય તે ભાષામાં સંગીતમય શૈલીમાં કોઈ લખી ન શકે. હું ટાગોરની વાત

પછીથી કરીશ કારણ કે તેમણે હાલમાં અંગ્રેજીમાં અત્યંત સુંદર ગદ્યના પુસ્તકો પ્રગટ કર્યા છે જેના તરફ કોઈનું ધ્યાન ગયું નથી કારણ કે તેમની કવિ તરીકેની ખ્યાતિ ઓસરી ગઈ છે.

તમારો

ડબલ્યુ. બી. યેટ્સ⁴¹

૧૯૧૭નો પત્ર લેટર્સ ટુ મેકમિલન નામના પુસ્તકમાં ૧૯૬૭માં છાપાયો અને ૧૯૩૫નો પત્ર લેટર્સ ઓફ યેટ્સ નામના પુસ્તકમાં ૧૯૫૪માં છાપાયો. તે સમયે બધા જ સંબંધિત પાત્રો સત્યની આલોચના કરવા કે તપાસ કરવા હાજર ન હતા. ૧૯૧૨-૧૩માં રવીન્દ્રનાથની કવિતાથી અત્યંત પ્રભાવિત થયેલા યેટ્સ માત્ર ચાર જ વર્ષમાં - ૧૯૧૭માં - આવો અભિગમ ધરાવતા કેવી રીતે થઈ ગયા તે મને સમજાતું નથી. તદ્દુપરાંત, તેમનો આ અભિગમ બીજા ૧૮ વર્ષ સુધી - ૧૯૩૫ સુધી - બદલાયો પણ ન હતો. ખ્યાતિ આખ્યાતિર નેપથ્યમાં સૌરીન્દ્ર મિત્રા આ અંગેનાં કારણોની વિગતે ચર્ચા કરે છે. રસપ્રદ હોઈને પણ આ ચર્ચાને અહીં સ્થાન નથી.

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત અને પ્રકાશિત કાવ્યો વચ્ચેનો ફરક યેટ્સને આભારી છે એમ ધારી લઈએ તો આ હસ્તપ્રતને પ્રકાશિત પુસ્તક સાથે સરખાવતાં રવીન્દ્રનાથના અનુવાદમાં યેટ્સે કરેલા ફેરફાર જોઈ શકાય અને જાણી શકાય કે યેટ્સે વાક્યોના વાક્યો કાઢી નાંખ્યા છે કે નહીં અને તાલ અને લયમાં શું સુધારો કર્યો છે.

આ સરખામણીમાં ઉતરતા પહેલાં પ્રકાશિત પુસ્તક અંગે થોડા ખુલાસા કરવા આવશ્યક છે.

આગળ જણાવ્યા મુજબ ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીની મર્યાદિત આવૃત્તિ પ્રથમ પ્રકાશન અને ત્યાર બાદ મેકમિલનની સામાન્ય આવૃત્તિનું પ્રકાશન થયું. બે વચ્ચેનો ફરક શિશિર કુમાર દાસ નોંધે છે:

ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટી

મેકમિલન

કાવ્ય નં. ૩૦

My Lord

My lord

કાવ્ય નં. ૫૧

Someone has said

Some one has said (પાંચમો ફકરો)

કાવ્ય નં. ૫૨

Shy and soft demeanour

Coyness and softness of demeanour

(અંતિમ ફકરો)

કાવ્ય નં. ૮૭

My Lord

My lord⁴²

કાવ્ય નં. ૫૨માં સૂચિત ફેરફાર એન્ડ્રુઝને આભારી હતા અને યેટ્સ તેનાથી અત્યંત વ્યથિત હતા. (યેટ્સ, રવીન્દ્રનાથને, તા. ૮ જાન્યુઆરી ૧૯૧૩). રવીન્દ્રનાથે તેમની માફી માંગીને મેકમિલન આવૃત્તિના પ્રૂફ તપાસવા યેટ્સને વિનંતી કરી. (રવીન્દ્રનાથ, યેટ્સને, તા. ૨૬ જાન્યુઆરી ૧૯૧૩). રવીન્દ્રનાથે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને લખ્યું કે તેઓ મેકમિલનને જણાવે કે ગીતાંજલિની બીજી આવૃત્તિના પ્રૂફ યેટ્સને તપાસવા સોંપે. (રવીન્દ્રનાથ, રોધેન્સ્ટાઈનને, તા. ૧૪ ફેબ્રુઆરીએ ૧૯૧૩).⁴³

એ બંને પ્રકાશનોમાં એક મહાન ક્ષતિ રહી ગઈ છે. અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિ જેવાં પ્રસિદ્ધ અને પ્રતિષ્ઠિત પ્રકાશનમાં આવી ક્ષતિ અનેક આવૃત્તિ થવા છતાં સો વર્ષ સુધી કેવી રીતે રહી જાય તે મારી સમજની બહાર છે. એ વાત છે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાંના કાવ્ય નં. ૫૮ ની(પ્રકાશનનું કાવ્ય નં. ૭૬). એ કાવ્ય નૈબેદ્યના કાવ્ય નં.

૧ – પ્રતિદિન આમિ હે જીબનસ્વામી – નો રવીન્દ્રનાથનો અનુવાદ – ડે આફ્ટર ડે, ઓહ લોર્ડ ઓફ માય લાઈફ, શેલ આઈ સ્ટેન્ડ બિફોર ધી ફેસ ટુ ફેસ – છે.

રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં રવીન્દ્રનાથનો પાંચ વાક્યનો અનુવાદ ત્રણ ફકરામાં વહેંચાયેલો છે. પ્રકાશિત પુસ્તક પાંચે ય વાક્યો જાળવી રાખે છે પણ તેને ચાર ફકરામાં વહેંચે છે. હસ્તપ્રતમાંના ત્રણ ‘ઓહ’ પ્રકાશનમાં ‘ઓ’ કરવામાં આવ્યા છે; ‘વર્કઅડે વર્લ્ડ’ બદલાય છે ‘લેબોરિયસ વર્લ્ડ’માં; ‘સર્જિંગ વિથ ટોઈલ’ને સ્થાને આવે છે ‘ટ્યુમલ્ટ્યુયસ વિથ ટોઈલ’ અને ‘બસિલંગ કાઉડ્સ’ને સ્થાને ‘હરીઈંગ કાઉડ્સ’ આવે છે. હસ્તપ્રતમાં પૂર્ણવિરામથી પૂરા થતાં પાંચે વાક્યોનો અંત પ્રકાશનની બંને આવૃત્તિમાં પ્રસ્નાર્થ ચિન્હથી આવે છે! નીચે દર્શાવેલી પ્લેટ ૪ જોવાથી ભૂલનો ખ્યાલ આવશે.

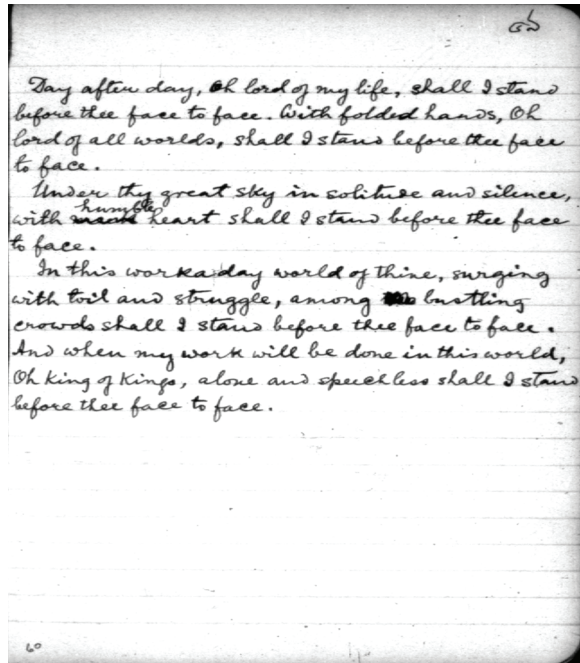
-76-

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

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

In this **laborious** world of thine, **tumultuous**
with toil and with struggle, among **hurrying** crowds shall I stand before thee face to face?

And when my work shall be done in this world,
O King of kings, alone and speechless shall I
Stand



પ્લેટ ૪

પહેલી નજરે જોતાં એમ લાગે કે આ છાપકામની ભૂલ હોઈ શકે પણ મને લાગે છે કે આ વેટસનો સુધારો પણ હોઈ શકે. આગળ જોયું તેમ વેટ્સે ઈન્ડિયા સોસાયટીની આવૃત્તિ ઝીણવટથી તપાસીને કાવ્ય નં. પરના

સુધારા સામે વાંધો ઉઠાવ્યો હતો. તેથી આટલી મોટી ક્ષતિ તેના ધ્યાનમાં ન આવે તે શક્ય નથી લાગતું. વાક્યની રચના જોતાં એમ લાગે છે કે આ પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હ યેટ્સે જ મૂક્યું હશે.

આ ક્ષતિની વાત રવીન્દ્રનાથને જહોન ડબલ્યુ. રાટ્ટે દ્વારા પહોંચી હતી અને વિશ્વ ભારતી ક્વાર્ટરલીના ૧૯૪૮ના પહેલા અંકમાં છપાઈ હતી. આ લેખમાં રાટ્ટે તેમની રવીન્દ્રનાથ સાથેની ૧૯૩૮ની મુલાકાતનું વર્ણન કરતાં કહે છે કે કવિએ સમર્થન કરતાં કહ્યું હતું કે આ પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હ ચોક્કસ ત્યાં ન હોવું જોઈએ.⁴⁴

વિલિયમ રેડિચિએ રાટ્ટેના સંપૂર્ણ લેખનો સમાવેશ પોતાના પુસ્તકમાં કર્યો છે એટલું જ નહીં પણ આ પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હનું મેકમિલનની કેટલી આવૃત્તિમાં પુનરાવર્તન થયું છે તેનો ટૂંકો ઇતિહાસ પણ આપ્યો છે. ૧૯૫૦ પછી મેકમિલને પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હને સ્થાને પૂર્ણવિરામ મૂક્યું હતું પણ ૨૦૦૦ પછી ફરીથી પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હ મૂકવામાં આવ્યું હતું. વિશ્વ ભારતીની ૨૦૦૩ની આવૃત્તિ અને રવીન્દ્ર ભવનની ૨૦૧૨ની આવૃત્તિ પણ પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હ જ વાપરે છે.⁴⁵

આ ભૂમિકાના આધારે આપણે રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતમાં યેટ્સે કરેલા સુધારાની વિગતે તપાસ કરવી જોઈએ. આરંભે જ મારે કબૂલવું જોઈએ કે ભાષા અને સાહિત્યનો મારો અભ્યાસ અત્યંત સીમિત છે અને કાવ્યશાસ્ત્ર વિશે હું કાંઈ જ નથી જાણતો. તેથી મારા અભિપ્રાયને કાવ્યને માણતા એક સામાન્ય વાચકના અભિપ્રાયથી વધારે મહત્વ આપવું ન જોઈએ. ખરેખર તો મારી ઇચ્છા એવી હતી કે હવે પછીનાં પાનાં પર પ્રસ્તુત રોધેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત અને પ્રકાશિત પુસ્તકની સરખામણી ઉપરથી વાચક જ પોતાનો અભિપ્રાય નક્કી કરે. પણ મારા મિત્રો અને શુભેચ્છાકોનો આગ્રહ હતો કે લેખક પોતાનો પહેલો વાચક જ છે માટે તેણે પોતાનો અભિપ્રાય દર્શાવવો જ જોઈએ. બીજા શબ્દોમાં કહીએ તો જેણે આટલો પ્રયત્ન કર્યો હોય તે પોતાનો અભિપ્રાય દર્શાવવાનો હકદાર બની જાય છે.

બીજી રીતે જોઈએ તો મારા જેવા વાચક જે વિદ્વતાપૂર્ણ ભૂમિકા વિના કાવ્ય અને અને સાહિત્યને સહજતાથી માણી અને આસ્વાદી શક્તા હોય તે કદાચ કાવ્યના તાત્પર્યને કલાના વિજ્ઞાનના સિદ્ધાંતો વિના માત્ર સામાન્ય જ્ઞાનથી પામી શકે.

અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિની લોકપ્રિયતાનું કારણ શું હતું? સૌથી અગત્યનો હતો તેનો વિષય. તેના પછી તેની સાદી અને સરળ પ્રસ્તુતિ. તાલ, લય અને બીજા કાવ્યશાસ્ત્રના સિદ્ધાંતો સાહિત્યની દ્રષ્ટિએ અગત્યના છે. પણ લોકપ્રિયતાના દ્રષ્ટિકોણથી વિચારતા તેમનું સ્થાન વિષય અને સહજ પ્રસ્તુતિ પછી આવે છે. વેચાણના આંકડા અને અવલોકનોને ધ્યાનમાં લેતા એમ કહી શકાય કે અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિને જનતાએ અપનાવી હતી અને સાહિત્યકારોએ બિરદાવી હતી.

મારી સીમાઓ અને સીમિત ક્ષમતાના સ્પષ્ટ સ્વીકાર પછી યેટ્સના સુધારા અંગેનું મારું મંતવ્ય રજૂ કરીશ.

યેટ્સે વિરામચિન્હો ઉમેર્યા છે અને પડતાં મૂક્યાં છે અને ફકરા પણ પોતાની રીતે બદલ્યા છે. શબ્દો, વાક્યો બદલ્યા છે તેમ જ તેમાં ફેરફાર પણ કર્યા છે. તેની અસર ક્યારેક સારી થઈ છે તો ક્યારેક વિપરીત પણ થઈ છે. તેમણે કરેલા ‘ઓહ’માંથી ‘ઓ’ સાથે હું બહુધા સંમત છું. જેને હું મુખ્ય કે અગત્યના સુધારા માનું

હું તે અંગે જ મારી ટિપ્પણી રજૂ કરીશ. હું હસ્તપ્રતનો ક્રમ અનુસરીશ.

હસ્તપ્રત ક્રમાંક	પુસ્તક ક્રમાંક	નોંધ
૧	૪૪	છેલ્લીથી આગળની પંક્તિ બદલાવાથી લય સુધર્યો છે.
૬	૬૩	ત્રીજા વાક્યમાં કરેલા સુધારાથી તે સરળ થયું છે.
૧૦	૭૯	અંતિમ ફકરાનો સુધારો બિનજરૂરી છે. 'laughter'ને સુધારીને 'sound of flute' કર્યું છે!
૧૫	૭૦	પ્રથમ બે પંક્તિને અકારણ ટૂંકાવી છે.
૧૭	૩૯	ચોથી પંક્તિમાં 'regal splendour'ને સ્થાને 'ceremony of a king' કર્યું છે તેનાથી કાવ્યને હાનિ થાય છે.
૨૧	૭૭	બિનજરૂરી સુધારાને કારણે મૂળ કાવ્યનો લય રહેતો નથી.
૨૯	૮૫	મોટા ભાગના સુધારાથી કાવ્ય સહજ અને સરળ બને છે.
૩૧	૩૪	ઉપર મુજબ
૩૬	૧૭	'at' સુધારીને 'into' કર્યું તે બરાબર છે.
૪૦	૯૪	મને રવીન્દ્રનાથનું 'sing cheers' અને 'grey garb' યેટ્સના 'wish me good luck' અને 'red-brown dress'થી વધારે ગમે છે.
૫૧	૭૧	રવીન્દ્રનાથનું કાવ્ય વધારે સારું લાગે છે.
૫૯	૭૬	પાંચ પ્રશ્નાર્થ ચિન્હો યેટ્સના સુધારા હોય તો તેમની આ કાવ્યની સમાજ વિશે શંકા થાય!
૬૭	૪	છેલ્લીથી આગળની પંક્તિમાં 'open' ના સ્થાને 'flower' ક્યાંથી આવ્યું?
૭૦	૯૫	અંતિમ પંક્તિમાં કરેલા સુધારાથી તે પંક્તિ વધુ સહજ બને છે.
૭૧	૨૫	પ્રથમ પંક્તિ કાઢી નાંખવાથી કાવ્યનું સૌંદર્ય ક્ષીણ થાય છે.
૭૨	૩૫	મને રવીન્દ્રનાથનું 'fritter into fragments' યેટ્સના 'broken up' કરતાં વધારે પસંદ છે પણ યેટ્સની અંતિમ પંક્તિ (કદાચ દીર્ઘકાલીન પરિચયને કારણે?) નિશ્ચિત વધારે કર્ણપ્રિય છે.
૭૭	૫૨	એન્ડ્રુઝની જેમ મને પણ રવીન્દ્રનાથનું 'coyness and sweetness of demeanour' યેટ્સના 'shy and soft demeanour' કરતાં વધારે આકર્ષક લાગે છે.
૮૪	૬૦	'smiles the sea beach' કેવી રીતે અને શા માટે 'pale gleams the smile of the sea beach' થયું તે સમજાતું નથી!
બીજાં	કાવ્યો	
I boasted among	૧૦૨	'ditties'ને સુધારીને 'songs' કર્યું તે ઉચિત છે. 'Ditties' - જેને રવીન્દ્રનાથ આત્મા/ચેતના વિનાનો શબ્દ કહે છે તે લાગે છે!

હું માનું છું કે યેટ્સે ઝીણવટપૂર્વક હસ્તપ્રત તપાસીને અંગ્રેજી સુધારવાનો અને કાવ્યનો તાલ અને લય સુધારવાનો સંનિષ્ઠ પ્રયત્ન કર્યો છે. પણ મારા જેવા બાળપણથી અંગ્રેજી ન શીખેલી વ્યક્તિ માટે રવીન્દ્રનાથનું અંગ્રેજી પણ સારું જ હતું. સાથે સાથે હું ભારપૂર્વક કહેવા માંગું છું કે યેટ્સના સુધારા કે ફેરફારથી તેણે પોતાના પત્રોમાં

કરેલા દાવા જેટલો ફરક રવીન્દ્રનાથની કવિતામાં પડ્યો નથી.

ચેટ્સે સુધારા માટે બે અઠવાડિયાથી વધારે સમય આપ્યો ન હતો. ૧૦મી જુલાઈએ ટ્રોકાદેરો રેસ્તોરામાં થયેલા પાઠનો હેવાલ ધ ટાઈમ્સમાં પ્રગટ થયો હતો. તેમાં આપેલા શબ્દોને હસ્તપ્રત સાથે સરખાવતાં જણાય છે કે સુધારાનું કામ ૧૦મી જુલાઈ પછી જ શરૂ થયું હતું. તેના પછીની રવીન્દ્રનાથની કેમ્બ્રિજની મુલાકાત અને ઉપલબ્ધ પત્રવ્યવહારને ટાંકીને પાલ એવા નિષ્કર્ષ પર આવે છે કે સુધારા ૧૮મી જુલાઈ અને રજી ઓગસ્ટની વચ્ચે થયા હતા. ત્યાર બાદ સુધારેલો મુસદ્દો લઈને ચેટ્સ નોરમન્ડી ગયા હતા જ્યાં તેમણે પ્રસ્તાવના લખી હતી.

"I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that opened me out upon this vast mystery like a bird in the forest in midnight? When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable power without name and form has taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I will love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away to find its consolation in the left one in the very next moment."

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I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that opened me out upon this vast mystery like a bird in the forest in midnight. ~~When~~ taken in the morning. I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable power without name and form has taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I will love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away to find its consolation in the left one in the very next moment.

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"In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

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

"The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh, my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream."

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In the deep shadow of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

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

The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream.

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પ્લેટ ૫: કાવ્ય નં. ૯૫ અને ૨૨ - ધ ટાઈમ્સ અને હસ્તપ્રતની સરખામણી

‘શબ્દોમાં અને તેનાથી પણ વધારે તાલ અને લય માટે સતત સુધારાવધારા’ કે ‘વાક્યોના વાક્યો કાઢી’ નાંખવાની વાત નરી અતિશયોક્તિ જ છે. બીજા શબ્દોમાં કહું તો ચેટ્સના સુધારા વિના પણ અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિ કદાચ તેને મળેલી લોકપ્રિયતા અને સન્માનની અધિકારી થઈ હોત.

રોઢેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત અને ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીના પુસ્તકની સરખામણી રજૂ કરતાં પહેલાં ટેબલ ૮માં તે બંનેની વચ્ચેની કડી સ્થાપવાનો પ્રયત્ન કર્યો છે. તેના મુખ્ય અંશઃ

હસ્તપ્રત ૧ઃ રોઢેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રત

હસ્તપ્રત ૨ઃ કેસન્ટ મૂન હસ્તપ્રત

પુસ્તકઃ ગીતાંજલિઃ સોંગ ઓફરીંગનું ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીનું પ્રકાશન

ગીતો સાદા અક્ષરમાં અને કાવ્યો ઘેરા અક્ષરમાં

ટેબલ ૮ પછી રોઢેન્સ્ટાઈન હસ્તપ્રતની પ્રતિકૃતિ ડાબા પાનાં ઉપર અને ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીના પ્રકાશનનો પાઠ જમણા પાનાં ઉપર આપી છે. સુધારા ઘેરા લાલ અક્ષરમાં, નીચે લીટી દોરીને દર્શાવ્યા છે.

ટેબલ ૮

હસ્તપ્રત	ક્રમાંક	પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	પુસ્તક ક્રમાંક	બંગાળી પુસ્તક	
૧	૧	This is my delight	૪૪	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૭
૧	૨	No more noisy loud words	૮૯	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૮
૧	૩	Thou hast made me endless	૧	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૩
૧	૪	I will deck thee	૯૮	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૪
૧	૫	My desires are many	૧૪	ગીતાંજલિ	૨
૧	૬	Thou hast made known to me	૬૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૩
૧	૭	When I leave from hence	૯૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૪૨
૧	૮	Clouds heap upon clouds	૧૮	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૬
૧	૯	In the deep shadow of the rainy July	૨૨	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૮
૧	૧૦	If it is not my portion to meet thee	૭૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૨૪
૧	૧૧	The day is no more	૭૪	ગીતાંજલિ	૨૬
૧	૧૨	Yes, I know, this is nothing	૫૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૩૦
૧	૧૩	I am here to sing thee songs	૧૫	ગીતાંજલિ	૩૧
૧	૧૪	I know not from what distant	૪૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૩૪
૧	૧૫	Is it beyond thee to be glad	૭૦	ગીતાંજલિ	૩૬
૧	૧૬	You came down from your throne	૪૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૫૬
૧	૧૭	When the heart is hard	૩૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૫૮
૧	૧૮	When my play was with thee	૯૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૬૮
૧	૧૯	If thou speaketh not	૧૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૭૧
૧	૨૦	Pluck this little flower	૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૮૭
૧	૨૧	I know thee as my God	૭૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૯૨
૧	૨૨	What divine drink wouldst thou	૬૫	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૦૧
૧	૨૩	O fool, to carry thyself upon thy shoulders	૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૦૫
૧	૨૪	There is thy footstool	૧૦	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૦૭
૧	૨૫	On the day when death	૯૦	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૧૪
૧	૨૬	O thou the last fulfillment	૯૧	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૧૬
૧	૨૭	Thus it is that thy joy	૫૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૨૧
૧	૨૮	Leave this chanting and singing	૧૧	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૧૯
૧	૨૯	When first they came out	૮૫	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૨૩
૧	૩૦	Ever in my life have I sought	૧૦૧	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૩૨
૧	૩૧	Let only that little remain	૩૪	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૩૮
૧	૩૨	He, whom I enclose with my name	૨૯	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૪૩
૧	૩૩	On the day thou breakst through this my name		ગીતાંજલિ	૧૪૪
૧	૩૪	In one salutation to thee	૧૦૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૪૮

હસ્તપ્રત	ક્રમાંક	પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	પુસ્તક ક્રમાંક	બંગાળી પુસ્તક	
૧	૩૫	By all means they try to hold me	૩૨	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૫૨
૧	૩૬	I am only waiting for love	૧૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૫૧
૧	૩૭	It is he the innermost one	૭૨	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૨
૧	૩૮	I ask for a moments indulgence	૫	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૦
૧	૩૯	On the day when the lotus	૨૦	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૧૭
૧	૪૦	At this time of my parting	૯૪	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૧
૧	૪૧	I have got my leave	૯૩	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૬
૧	૪૨	I must launch out my boat	૨૧	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૧૬
૧	૪૩	Art thou abroad on this stormy night	૨૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૨૦
૧	૪૪	It is the pang of severance	૮૪	ગીતાંજલિ	૨૫
૧	૪૫	I have had my invitation	૧૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૪૪
૧	૪૬	He came and sat by my side	૨૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૬૧
૧	૪૭	When I give up the helm	૯૯	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૬
૧	૪૮	The time of my journey	૧૨	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૧૪
૧	૪૯	Light oh where is the light	૨૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૭
૧	૫૦	I know not how thou singest	૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૨૨
૧	૫૧	That I should make much of myself	૭૧	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૧૫
૧	૫૨	Langour is in my heart	૫૫	Gitimalya	૧૮
૧	૫૩	I dive down into the depth	૧૦૦	ગીતાંજલિ	૪૭
૧	૫૪	Hast thou not heard his silent steps	૪૫	ગીતાંજલિ	૬૨
૧	૫૫	When thou commandest me	૨	ગીતાંજલિ	૭૮
૧	૫૬	Early in the day	૪૨	ગીતાંજલિ	૮૩
૧	૫૭	Light, my light,	૫૭	અચલાયતન	
૧	૫૮	More life my lord yet more		ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૮
૧	૫૯	Day after day	૭૬	નૈબેદ	૧
૧	૬૦	On many a idle day	૮૧	નૈબેદ	૨૪
૧	૬૧	The same stream of life	૬૯	નૈબેદ	૨૬
૧	૬૨	Deliverance is not for me	૭૩	નૈબેદ	૩૦
૧	૬૩	The day was when I did not	૪૩	નૈબેદ	૩૩
૧	૬૪	Time is endless	૮૨	નૈબેદ	૩૯
૧	૬૫	Thy gifts to us mortals	૭૫	નૈબેદ	૪૪
૧	૬૬	Thy rod of justice		નૈબેદ	૭૦
૧	૬૭	Life of my life	૪	નૈબેદ	૭૫
૧	૬૮	Thou art the sky	૬૭	નૈબેદ	૮૧
૧	૬૯	The rain has held back	૪૦	નૈબેદ	૮૬

હસ્તપ્રત	ક્રમાંક	પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	પુસ્તક ક્રમાંક	બંગાળી પુસ્તક	
૧	૭૦	I was not aware of the moment	૯૫	નૈબેદ	૮૯/૯૦
૧	૭૧	In the night of weariness	૨૫	નૈબેદ	૯૮
૧	૭૨	Where the mind is without fear	૩૫	નૈબેદ	૭૨
૧	૭૩	This is my prayer to thee	૩૬	નૈબેદ	૯૯
૧	૭૪	Where dost thou stand	૪૧	ખેયા	પ્રચ્છન્ન
૧	૭૫	I went abegging from door to door	૫૦	ખેયા	કૃપણ
૧	૭૬	The night darkened	૫૧	ખેયા	આગમન
૧	૭૭	I thought I should ask of thee	૫૨	ખેયા	દાન
૧	૭૮	I am like a remnant	૮૦	ખેયા	લીલા
૧	૭૯	When the creation was new	૭૮	ખેયા	હારાધન
૧	૮૦	Mother I shall weave	૮૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૦
૧	૮૧	That I want thee only thee	૩૮	ગીતાંજલિ	૮૮
૧	૮૨	I thought that my voyage	૩૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૨૪
૧	૮૩	Let all the strains of my joy	૫૮	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૩૪
૧	૮૪	On the seashore of endless	૬૦	શિશુ	જગત પારાબારેર
૧	૮૫	The sleep that flits	૬૧	શિશુ	ખોકા
૧	૮૬	When I bring to thee	૬૨	શિશુ	કેન મધુર

હસ્તપ્રત	ક્રમાંક	પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	પુસ્તક ક્રમાંક	બંગાળી પુસ્તક	
૨	૧	I know that the day will come	૯૨	ચૈતાલી	દુર્લભ જન્મ
૨	૨	I boasted among men that I had known you	૧૦૨	ઉત્સર્ગ	૬
૨	૩	Deity of the ruined temple	૮૮	કલ્પના	ભગ્ન મંદિર
૨	૪	My song has put off	૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૨૫
૨	૫	The child who is decked	૮	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૨૭
૨	૬	She who ever had remained	૬૬	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૪૯
૨	૭	In desperate hope	૮૭	ગીતાંજલિ	૫
૨	૮	When it was day they came into my house	૩૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૮૦
૨	૯	I came out alone	૩૦	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૦૩
૨	૧૦	If the day is done	૨૪	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૫૭
૨	૧૧	The song that I came to sing	૧૩	ગીતાંજલિ	૩૯
૨	૧૨	Obstinate are the tremmels	૨૮	ગીતાંજલિ	૧૪૫
		જે કાવ્યોની હસ્તપ્રત નથી મળતી			

હસ્તપ્રત	ક્રમાંક	પ્રથમ પંક્તિ	પુસ્તક ક્રમાંક	બંગાળી પુસ્તક	
		Prisoner, tell me	૩૧	ખેયા	બંદી
		The night is nearly spent	૪૭	ખેયા	જાગરન
		The morning sea of silence	૪૮	ખેયા	નિરુદ્ધમ
		Beautiful is thy wristlet	૫૩	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૩૦
		I asked nothing from thee	૫૪	ખેયા	કુયાર ધારે
		On the slope of the desolate river	૬૪	ખેયા	અનાબશ્યક
		The sunbeam comes upon this earth	૬૮	ગીતિમાલ્ય	૨૯
		Death, thy servant is at my door	૮૬	નેબેદ	૧૮

Endnotes

1 નોંધ:

- આ સંગ્રહોનું પ્રકાશન ૧૯૧૪માં થયું હતું પણ અનુદિત બંગાળી કાવ્યો અંગ્રેજી ગીતાંજલિના પ્રકાશન પહેલાં લખાયાં હતાં.
- 2 સીલેક્ટેડ લેટર્સ ઓફ રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, સં. કૃષ્ણા દત્ત અને એન્ડ્રુ રોબીન્સન, કેમ્બ્રિજ યુનિવર્સિટી પ્રેસ, કેમ્બ્રિજ, ૧૯૯૭, પા. ૭૩, આ અને આગળ આવતા બધા જ અનુવાદો આ લેખકના છે.
- 3 એજન, પા. ૭૪
- 4 એજન, પા. ૮૧
- 5 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, પ્રણાંત કુમાર પાલ, આનંદ પબ્લિશર્સ, કલકત્તા, ૧૯૯૩, પા. ૨૫૯
- 6 ધ ઈંગ્લીશ રાઈટિંગ્સ ઓફ રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, વોલ્યુમ ૧, સં. શિશિર કુમાર દાસ, સાહિત્ય અકાદમી, ન્યુ દિલ્હી, ૧૯૯૪, પા. ૧૨, વધુ વિગત માટે જુઓ પા. ૧૧ થી ૧૭
- 7 રબીન્દ્રનાથના ૧૯૧૨ પહેલાં થયેલા અનુવાદોની વધુ વિગત માટે જુઓ, પોએટ્સ ટુ અ પોએટ (૧૯૧૨-૧૯૪૦) : લેટર્સ ફ્રોમ બ્રિટિશ, દીસ, યેટ્સ, સ્ટર્જ મૂર, ટ્રેવેલયાન એન્ડ પાઉન્ડ, સં. બિકાસ ચકવર્તી, વિશ્વ ભારતી, કલકત્તા, ૧૯૯૮, પા. ૨-૧૨
- 8 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૦૨
- 9 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૧૯૪
- 10 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૩૫
- 11 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૩૮
- 12 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૭૮
- 13 ધ ઈંગ્લીશ રાઈટિંગ્સ ઓફ રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, વોલ્યુમ ૧, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૧૧-૧૨ પર જણાવ્યા મુજબ ઈન્દીરાદેવી ચૌધરાણીનો અંગ્રેજી અનુવાદ ઈન્ડીયન લિટરેચર, વોલ્યુમ ૨, નં. ૧, સાહિત્ય અકાદમી, ન્યુ દિલ્હી, ઓક્ટોબર ૧૯૫૮-માર્ચ ૧૯૫૯, પા. ૩-૪ પર પ્રગટ થયો હતો..
- 14 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૭૭ અને ૨૮૧
- 15 તારીખોનો આધાર: રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૮૦ to ૩૧૦
- 16 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૦૮
- 17 ઓન ધ એજસ ઓફ ટાઈમ, રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, વિશ્વ ભારતી, કોલકાતા, ૧૯૮૧, પા. ૯૯-૧૦૦, અનુવાદ, મારો
- 18 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૧૧ પર જણાવ્યા મુજબ.
- 19 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૧૪, ૩૧૫.
- 20 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૧૫.
- 21 ઓન ધ એજસ ઓફ ટાઈમ, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૧૦૧,
- 22 ઓન ધ એજસ ઓફ ટાઈમ, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૧૦૨-૩,
- 23 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૧૬.
- 24 ઈમેજિનિંગ ટાગોર: રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર એન્ડ ધ બ્રિટિશ પ્રેસ, સં.: કલ્યાણ કુંદુ, શક્તિ બ ભદ્રાચાર્ય અને કલ્યાણ સરકાર, સાહિત્ય સંસદ, કોલકાતા, ૨૦૦૦, પા. ૫.
- 25 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૧૭-૯.
- 26 ઈમેજિનીંગ ટાગોર – રબીન્દ્રનાથ એન્ડ બ્રિટિશ પ્રેસ, ઉપર મુજબ. પા. ૫ – ૬.
- 27 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૨૨.
- 28 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૩૪૦, ૩૪૪ અને ૩૪૫.
- 29 Call No. bMS Eng 1159(1), Tagore, Sir Rabindranath, 1861-1941. [*Gitanjali*] A.MS. (unsigned) in English and Bengali; [n.p., ca.1910] 88f. (106 p.)... A notebook bound in blue roan.

- 30 આ બંને આવૃત્તિ વચ્ચે થોડા ગૌણ શબ્દભેદ છે જે શિશિર કુમાર દાસે ઈંગ્લીશ રાઈટીંગ્સ ઓફ રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, વોલ્યુમ ૧ના પાના નં. ૬૦૨ પર દર્શાવ્યા છે. યેટ્સે કરેલા સુધારા દર્શાવવા અહીં ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટીની આવૃત્તિનો આધાર લેવામાં આવ્યો છે. વિશ્વ ભારતી તેમના ૨૦૦૩ના પ્રકાશનમાં ઈન્ડીયા સોસાયટી આવૃત્તિનો આધાર લે છે જ્યારે ૨૦૧૨ના પ્રકાશન માટે મેકમિલન (૧૯૩૮) આવૃત્તિનો આધાર લે છે.
- 31 ^{xix}Catalogue No. bMSENG 1159(5) Tagore, Sir Rabindranath, 1861-1941. [*The crescent moon, and poems from other works*] A.M.S.s.; [v.p.,v.d.] 70f.(72p.) Some are in the form of letters to Rothenstein; several are slightly revised in the autograph of William Butler Yeats.
- 32 ખરેખર તો આવી જરૂર હોવી ન જોઈએ કારણ કે આગળ કહ્યું તેમ તેમની સાથે હસ્તપ્રત નં. ૨૨૯ – જેમાં આ બધાં જ બંગાળી કાવ્યો લખેલાં હતાં – હતી જ.
- 33 ઈંગ્લીશ રાઈટીંગ્સ ઓફ રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, વોલ્યુમ ૧, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૬૦૧-૬૦૨
- 34 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા.૨૮૨
- 35 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા.૩૦૭
- 36 Refers to the composition of Bangla poems
- 37 રબિ જીબની, ખંડ ૬, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૮૩
- 38 ગુરૂદેબ, રાણી ચંદ, વિશ્વ ભારતી, કલકત્તા, ૨૦૦૦, પા. ૧૫૭-૧૫૮
- 39 પોએટ્સ ટુ અ પોએટ, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૨૯
- 40 ખ્યાતિ અખ્યાતિર નેપાથ્યે, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૨૩-૨૪, લેટર્સ ટૂ મેકમિલન, ૧૯૬૭માંથી
- 41 ધ લેટર્સ ઓફ ડબલ્યુ. બી. યેટ્સ, સં. એલન વેડ, હાર્ટ-ડેવીસ, લંડન, ૧૯૫૪, પા. ૮૩૪-૮૩૫
- 42 ઈંગ્લીશ રાઈટીંગ્સ ઓફ રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, વોલ્યુમ ૧, ઉપર મુજબ, પા. ૬૦૨
- 43 ઇમ્પ્રેક્ટ એકાઉન્ટર્સ, મેરી લાગો, હાર્વર્ડ યુનિવર્સિટી પ્રેસ, કેમ્બ્રિજ, ૧૯૭૭, પા. ૯૯
- 44 ખ્યાતિ અખ્યાતિર નેપાથ્યે, ઉપર મુજબ, પા.૫૩
- 45 ગીતાંજલિ, રબીન્દ્રનાથ ટાગોર, અનુ. વિલિયમ રેડિચિ, પેંગવિન ઈન્ડીયા, ન્યુ દિલ્હી, ૨૦૧૧, પા. ૨૩૩-૨૪૫

Comparison between Manuscript
and
Gitanjali: Song Offerings

(India Society Edition)

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

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

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

In the meanwhile I smile and ^I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

1. I know the happy moment will arrive of a sudden when I will surely see.
2. In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone.
3. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.
4. From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door and I know the happy moment will arrive of a sudden when I will surely see.
5. Messengers, with their tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road. My heart is glad within and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.

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

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

From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know **that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive** when I shall () see.

In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

No more ^{noisy} loud words from me, such is my
master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers.
The speech of my heart will be carried ^{on} in
murmurings of a song.

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

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

Full many ^{an} hours ~~did~~ ^{have} I spent in the strife of the
good and the evil but now it is the pleasure of ~~the~~
~~god~~ my playmate of the empty days to draw my
heart on to him, and I know not why is this
sudden call to what useless inconsequence!

— u —

No more noisy, loud words from me - such is my
master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers. The
speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings
of a song.

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

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

Full many an hour have I spent in strife of the
good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my
playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on
to him; and I know not why is this sudden call to
what useless inconsequence!

9
Thou hast made me endless, such is thy
pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and
again, and fillest it ever with fresher life.

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

— n —

#

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure.
This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and
fillest it ever with **fresh** life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills
and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies
eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart
loses its limits in () joy and gives birth to utterance
ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very
small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou
pourest, and still there is room to fill.

I will deck thee with trophy-garland of my defeat.
It is never in my power to escape unconquered.
I surely know my pride will go to the wall, my life
will burst its bounds in exceeding pain, and my
empty heart will sob out in music as like a hollow
reed, and the stone will melt in tears.

I surely know the hundred petals of a lotus will
not remain closed for ever and the secret recess
of its honey will be bared. From the blue sky an
eye will gaze upon me and silently will call
me out in the open. Nothing will be left for me
nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive
at thy feet.

— . —

I will deck thee with **trophies, garlands** of my defeat.
It is never in my power to escape unconquered.

I surely know my pride will go to the wall, my
life will burst its **bonds** in exceeding pain, and my
empty heart will sob out in music () like a hollow
reed, and the stone will melt in tears.

I surely know the hundred petals of a lotus will not
remain closed for ever and the secret recess of its
honey will be bared.

From the blue sky an eye **shall** gaze upon me and
summon me in silence. Nothing will be left for me,
nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive
at thy feet.

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful
but thou ever didst save me by hard refusals -
and this strong mercy of thine has been wrought
into my life through and through.

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

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

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but **ever**
didst thou save me by hard refusals; and this strong
mercy () has been wrought into my life through
and through.

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

There are times when I languidly linger and times
when I **awaken** and hurry in search of my goal; but
cruelly thou hidest thyself from before me.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full
acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving
me from perils of weak, uncertain desire.

Thou hast made known to me friends whom I knew not.
Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou
hast ~~bravely~~ brought the distant near and made brother
of the stranger. I am uneasy at heart when I have
to ^{leave} my accustomed shelter; I forget that there
abidest thou the changeless old in the changing new.
Through birth and death, in this world or in others,
wherever thou leadest me it is thou the same one
companion of my endless life who ever linkest
my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar.
When ^{one} knows thee then alien there is none, then no
door is shut. Oh, grant me this my prayer that
I may never lose the bliss of the touch of ^{the} One
in the play of the diverse many.

Thou hast made **me known to** friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made **a** brother of the stranger.

I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forget that there **abides the old in the new, and that there also thou abidest.**

Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever thou leadest me it is thou, the same, **the** one companion of my endless life who ever linkest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar.

When one knows thee, then alien there is none, then no door is shut. Oh, grant me () my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of the **one** in the play of the () many.

9

When I leave from hence let this be my parting word that what I have seen is unsurpassable. I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus yonder that expands on the ocean of light and thus am I blessed, let this be my parting word. In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that eludes all forms. All my living body and limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch — and if the end comes here let it come — let this be my parting word.

When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus () that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed-let this be my parting word.

In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that **is formless**.

() My **whole** body and **my** limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come-let this be my part-ing word.

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah, love,
why letst me wait outside at the door all alone?
In the busy moments of the noontide work I am with
the crowd but in this dark lonely day it is only for
thee that I hope.

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

I keep gazing on at the far away gloom of the sky,
and my heart wanders wailing with the restless
whistling wind.

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens.

Ah, love, why **dost thou let** me wait outside at the
door all alone?

In the busy moments of the noontide work I am
with the crowd, but on this dark lonely day it is
only for thee that I hope.

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

I keep gazing on () the faraway gloom of the sky,
and my heart wanders wailing with the restless
wind.

In the deep shadow of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

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

The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house - do not pass by like a dream.

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

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

The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house-do not pass by like a dream.

20
If it is not my ~~portion~~ portion to ^{meet} ~~and~~ thee
in this my life then let me ever feel that
I have missed thy sight - let me not forget for a
moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow
in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

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

When I sit by the road side tired and panting,
when I spread my bed low in the dust, let me
ever feel that the long journey is still before me,
let me not ^{forget} for a moment &c.

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

If it is not my portion to meet thee in this my life
then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight
- let me not forget for a moment, let me carry
the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my
wakeful hours.

As my days pass in the crowded market of this world
and my hands **grow** full with the daily profits, let
me ever feel that I have gained nothing - let me
not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of
this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When I sit by the roadside, tired and panting, when
I spread my bed low in the dust, let me ever feel
that the long journey is still before me - let me not
forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this
sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When **my rooms have been decked out and the flutes
sound and the laughter there is loud**, let me ever
feel that I have not invited thee to my house-let me
not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of
this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth. The time is for me to come to the stream to fill my pitcher.

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

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

I know not if I shall come back home. I know not whom I shall chance to meet. There at the fording in the little boat the ~~strange~~^{unknown} man plays upon his lute.

The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth.
It is time that I go to the stream to fill my pitcher.

The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water. Ah, it calls me out into the dusk. In the lonely lane there is no passer by, the wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river.

I know not, if I shall come back home. I know not whom I shall chance to meet. There at the fording, in the little boat, the unknown man plays upon his lute.

22
Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love, O beloved of my heart, this golden light that dances upon the leaves, these idle clouds sailing across the sky, this passing breeze leaving its caresses upon my brow.

The morning light has flooded my eyes - this is thy message to my heart. Thy face is bent from above, thy eyes look down on my eyes, and my heart has touched thy feet.

Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love, O beloved of my heart - this golden light that dances upon the leaves, these idle clouds sailing across the sky, this passing breeze leaving its **coolness** upon my **forehead**.

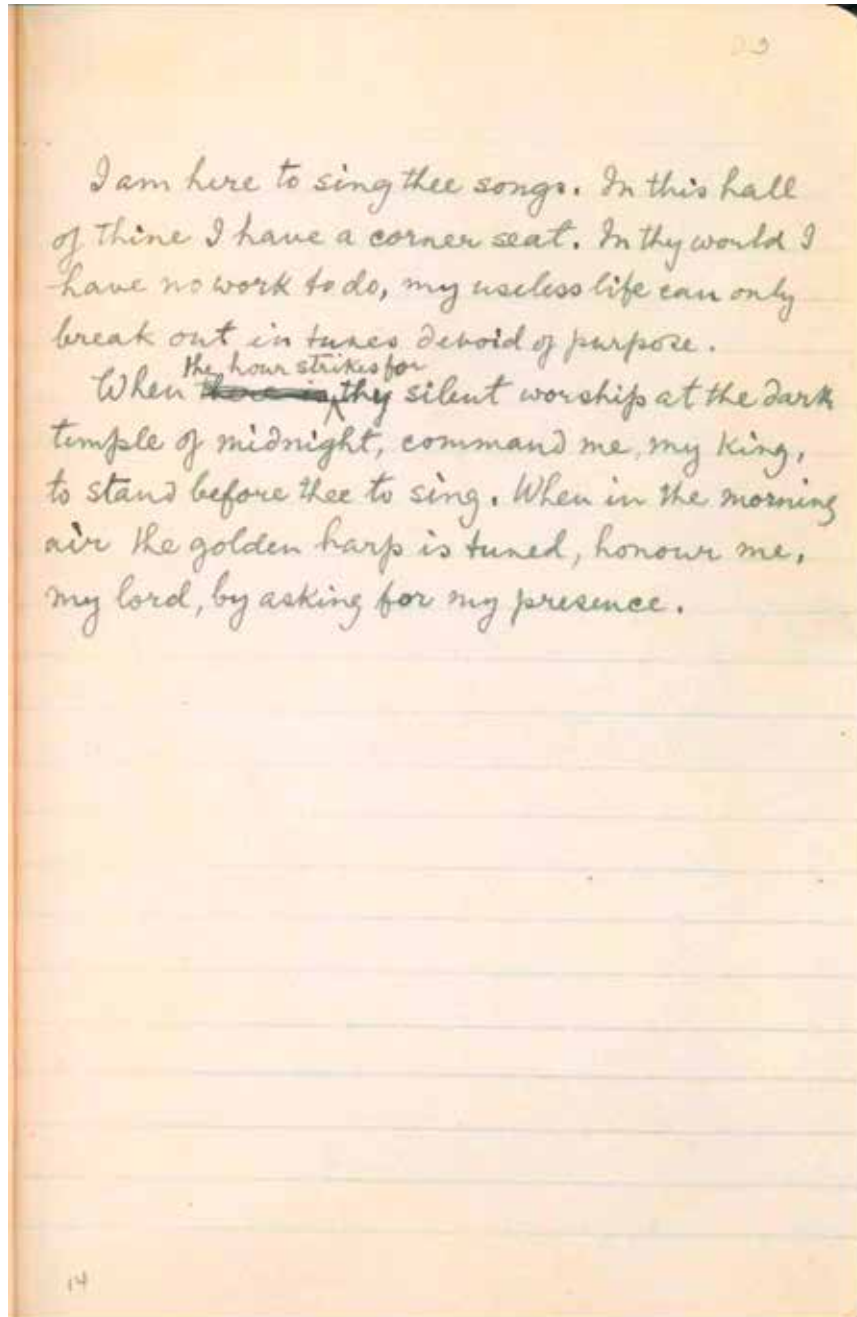
The morning light has flooded my eyes - this is thy message to my heart. Thy face is bent from above, thy eyes look down on my eyes, and my heart has touched thy feet.

I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine
I have a corner seat.

In thy world I have no work to do; my useless life
can only break out in tunes **without a** purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the
dark temple of midnight, command me, my **master**,
to stand before thee to sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned,
honour me, () **commanding** () my presence.



I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall
of thine I have a corner seat. In thy world I
have no work to do, my useless life can only
break out in tunes devoid of purpose.

When ^{the hour strikes for} ~~the~~ thy silent worship at the dark
temple of midnight, command me, my King,
to stand before thee to sing. When in the morning
air the golden harp is tuned, honour me,
my lord, by asking for my presence.

38
I know not from what distant time thou art
ever coming ~~use~~ nearer to meet me. Thy suns
and stars can never keep thee hidden from me
for aye. In many a morning and eve thy
footsteps have been heard and thy mes-
senger has stepped in within my heart and ca-
me in secret.

I know not why today my life is all astir,
and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing thro
my heart. I feel as if the time has come ~~down~~
to wind up ~~the~~ my works and I feel in the air
a faint smell ~~of thy sweet presence~~
^{of thy sweet presence}

I know not from what distant time thou art ever
coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can
never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been
heard and thy messenger has come within my heart
and called me in secret.

I know not why to-day my life is all astir, and a
feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.

It is as if the time were come to wind up my work,
and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet
presence.

26
~~What~~ Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this wild rhythm? to be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy? Listen, canst thou hear from every direction of the sky, from all the sun, moon and stars, the harp player of death ~~to~~ smiting forth a fiery round of music pulsing in burning joy!

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

Keeping steps with that restless rapid ~~restless~~ music seasons come dancing and pass away - colours, tunes and perfumes pour in endless cascades in the abounding joy ^{that} scatters and gives up and dies every moment.

Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this () rhythm? to be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy? ()

All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power can hold them back, they rush on. ()

Keeping steps with that restless, rapid music, seasons come dancing and pass away - colours, tunes, and perfumes pour in endless cascades in the abounding joy that scatters and gives up and dies every moment.

13
You came down from your throne and stopped
and stood at my cottage door.

I was singing all alone ^{in a corner,} and the melody caught
your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door.

At your ^{hall} masters there are many and songs are
sung at all hours. But the simple carol of this
novice struck at thy love. One plaintive ^{little} strain
mingled with the great music of the world and
with a flower for a prize you came down and
stopped at my cottage door.

You came down from your throne and () stood at
my cottage door.

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

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are
sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of
this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little
strain mingled with the great music of the world,
and with a flower for a prize you came down and
stopped at my cottage door.

29

When the heart is hard and parched up come upon
me with a shower of mercy. When grace is lost from
life come with a burst of song. When tumultuous
work raises its din on all sides ^{shutting me out from beyond} ~~the~~ ~~king~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~
come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.
When ^{beggarly} my heart ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~silence~~ sits crouched, shut up
in a corner, break open the door, my King, and come
in with thy ^{regal} splendour. When desire blinds the
mind with delusion and dust, Oh thou Holy one,
thou Wakeful, come with thy light of thunder.

18

When the heart is hard and parched up, come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

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

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

When my play was with thee I never questioned
who thou wast. I knew nor shyness nor fear, my
life was boisterous. In the early morning thou
wouldst call me from my sleep like my own comrade
and lead me running from glade to glade. On those
days I never cared to know the meaning of songs
thou sangst to me. Only thy voice took up the tunes,
and my heart danced in their cadence. Now when
the playtime is over, what is this sudden sight
that I see? The world with eyes bent upon thy feet
stands in awe with all its silent stars.

When my play was with thee I never questioned
who thou wert. I knew nor shyness nor fear, my
life was boisterous.

In the early morning thou wouldst call me from my
sleep like my own comrade and lead me running
from glade to glade.

On those days I never cared to know the meaning
of songs thou sangst to me. Only my voice took up
the tunes, and my heart danced in their cadence.

Now, when the playtime is over, what is this sudden
sight that **is come upon me?** The world with eyes
bent upon thy feet stands in awe with all its silent
stars.

If thou speakest ~~not~~^{not} I will fill my heart with thy
silence and bear it. I will keep still and wait
like the night with starry ~~stars~~^{stars} and its head bent
^{low} with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will
vanish and thy voice will pour down in golden
streams breaking through the sky. Then thy words
will ~~be~~^{not take wings} in songs from everyone of my birds' nests
and thy melodies will break forth in flowers
in all my forest groves.

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy
silence and **endure** it. I will keep still and wait like
the night with starry vigil and its head bent low
with patience.

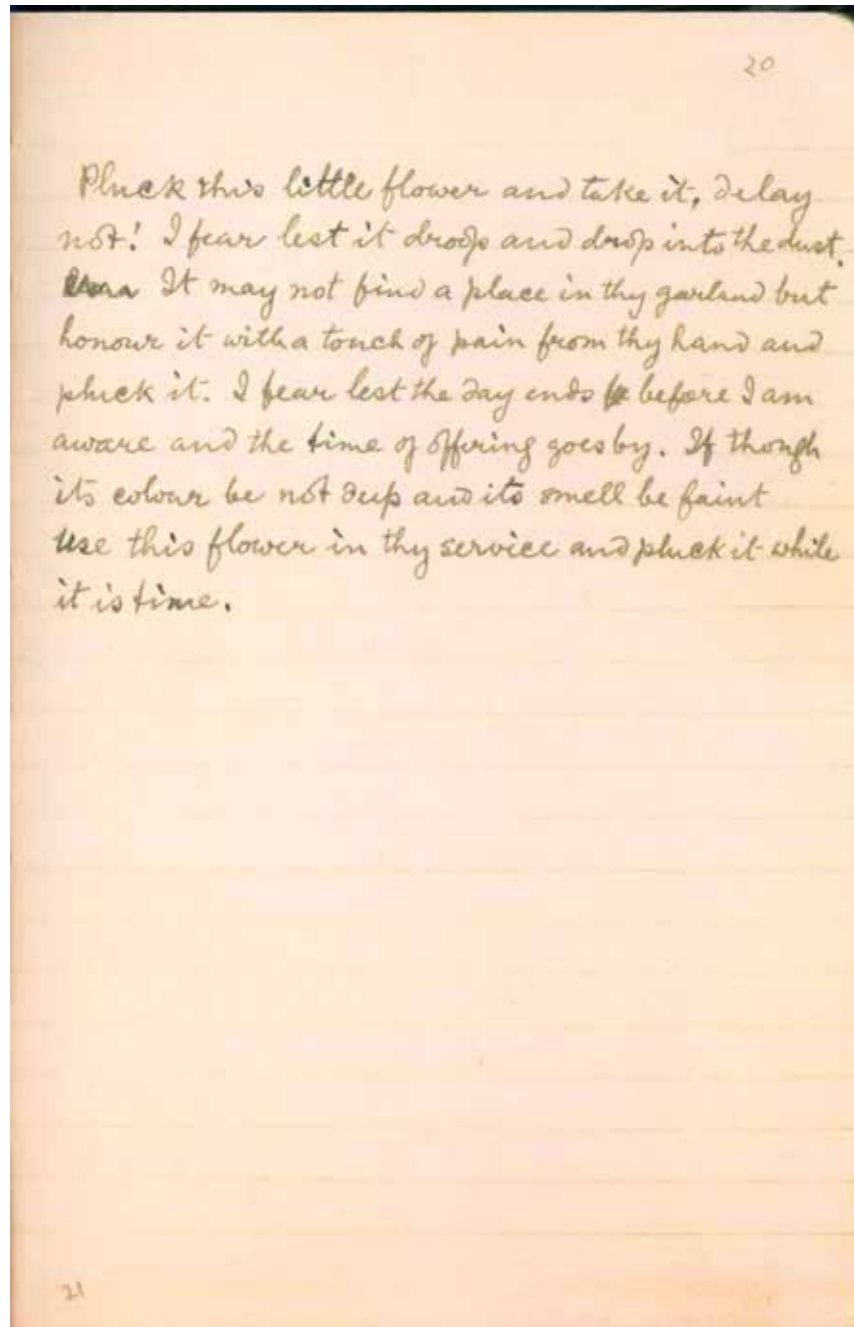
The morning will surely come, the darkness will
vanish, and thy voice () pour down in golden streams
breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wings in songs from **every**
one of () birds' nests, and thy melodies will break
forth in flowers in all my forest groves.

Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it droop and drop into the dust.

It may not find a place in thy garland, but honour it with a touch of pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day **end** before I am aware, and the time of offering **go** by.

() Though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint, use this flower in thy service and pluck it while **there** is time.



23
I know thee ~~not~~ as my God and stand apart, -
I know thee not as my own and come closer. I know
thee as my father and bow to thy feet, I grasp not thy
hand as my friend.

I stand not where in thy simple great love thou
camest down and didst own thyself as mine, there
to clasp thee to my heart and take thee as my comrade.

Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers
but I heed them not, I divide not my earnings
with them thus sharing my all with thee.

In pleasure and in pain I stand not by the
side of men and thus stand by thee. My life to
give up I shrink and thus miss to plunge into the
ocean of life.

I know thee as my God and stand apart - I **do not**
know thee as my own and come closer.

I know thee as my father and bow **before** thy feet
- I **do not grasp** thy hand as my **friend's**.

I stand not where () thou comest down and **ownest**
thyself as mine, there to clasp thee to my heart and
take thee as my comrade.

Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers, but I
heed them not, I divide not my earnings with them,
thus sharing my all with thee.

In pleasure and in pain I stand not by the side
of men, and thus stand by thee. I **shrink to give**
up my life, and thus **do not** plunge into the **great**
waters of life.

22

What divine drink wouldst thou have ^{my God,} from this overflowing cup of my life? My Poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thy own eternal harmony? Thy world is weaving ~~words~~ words in my mind and thy joy is adding music to them. ^{Thou} ~~Thy~~ givest thyself to me in love and then feelest thine own ^{entire} ~~entire~~ sweetness in me.

23

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life?

My poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation through my eyes and to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to **thine** own eternal harmony?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind and thy joy is adding music to them. Thou givest thyself to me in love and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me.

23

O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own
shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thy own door!
Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear
all and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the
lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy -
take not thy gifts through its unclean hands. Accept
only what is offered by sacred love.

24

O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own
shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thy own door!

Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear
all, and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp
it touches with its breath. It is unholy - take not thy
gifts through its unclean hands.

Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

There is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest and lowliest and lost. When I try to bow to thee my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest ~~and~~ among the poorest and lowliest and lost.

Pride can never get access to where thou walkest in the garb of the humble among the poorest and lowliest and lost. My heart ^{can} never find ~~the~~ ^{its} way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest and lowliest and lost.

Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never **approach** to where thou walkest in the **clothes** of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

On the day when ~~the~~ death will ~~be~~ knock at thy door what shalt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life - I will never let him go with empty hands. All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and ~~collections~~ ^{gleanings} of my ^{busy} life will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.

On the day when death will knock at thy door, what wilt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life-I will never let him go with empty hands.

All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and gleanings of my busy life will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.

O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death,
come and ^{whisper} ~~appear~~ to me!

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

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

The flowers have been woven and the garland
is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding
the bride shall leave her home and meet her
lord ^{alone} in the solitude of night.

O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death,
come and whisper to me!

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

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

The flowers have been woven and the garland is
ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the
bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone
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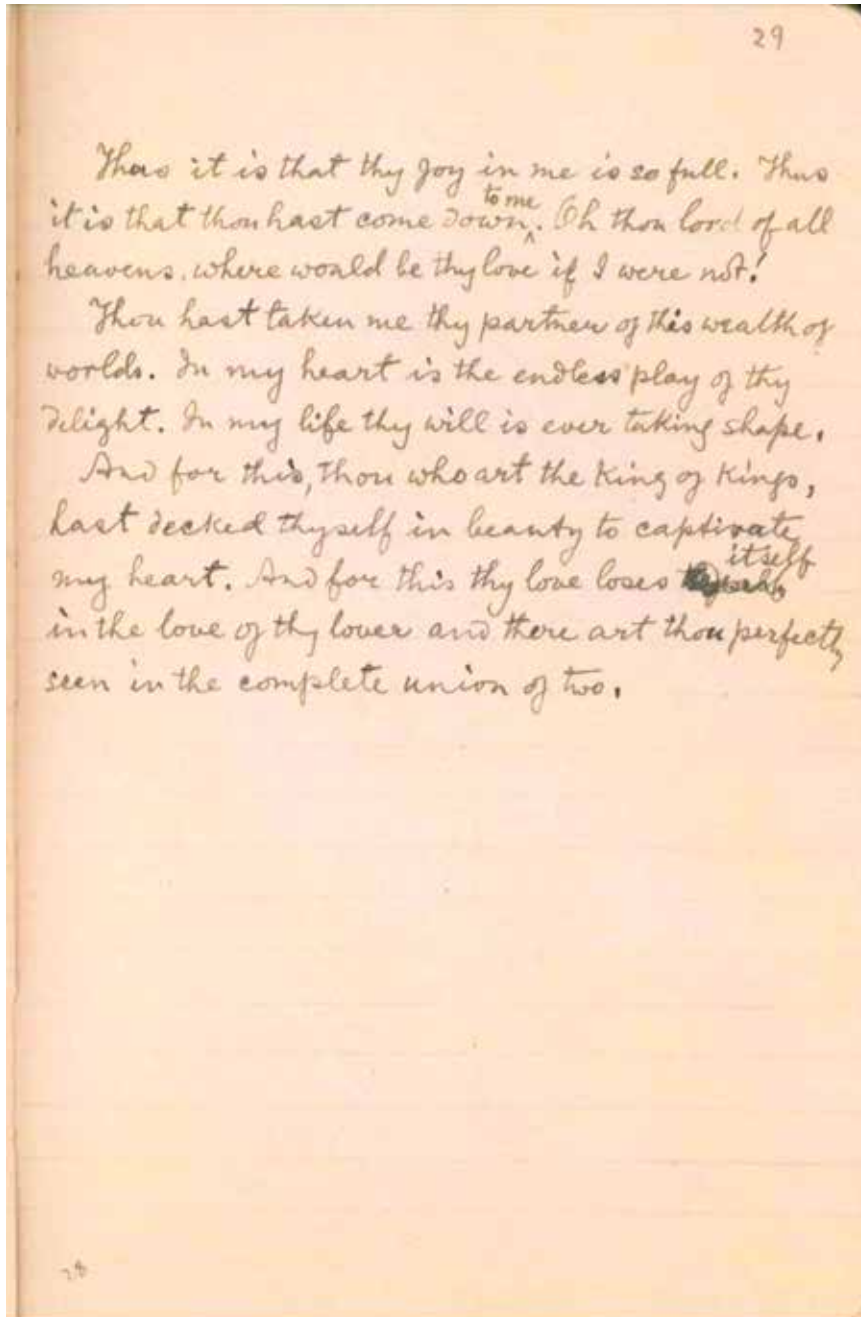
Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full.

Thus it is that thou hast come down to me.

O thou lord of all heavens, where would be thy love if I were not?

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

And for this, thou who art the King of kings () hast decked thyself in beauty to captivate my heart. And for this thy love loses itself in the love of thy lover, and there art thou () seen in the perfect union of two.



210
Leave this chanting, and singing and telling
of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely
dark corner of a temple with doors all shut?
Just open ~~thy~~ thine eyes and see thy god is not
before thee!

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

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

Come out of thy meditations and leave thy flowers
and incense aside! What harm is there if thy
clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him
and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner
of a temple with doors all shut? () Open thine eyes
and see thy God is not before thee!

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

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

Come out of thy meditations and leave **aside** thy
flowers and incense ()! What harm is there if thy
clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and
stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

When first they came out, the warriors, from their master's hall, where kept they hidden their vast powers? Where were their armour and their arms? They looked poor and helpless and arrows were showered upon them from all sides on the day they came out from their master's hall.

When they marched back, the warriors, to their master's hall where again did they hide their powers? Dropped down their swords and their bows and arrows, peace was on their brows, and they left behind them the fruits of all their life on the day they marched back to their master's hall.

When **the warriors came out first** from their master's hall, where **had they hid their** power? Where were their armour and their arms?

They looked poor and helpless, and **the** arrows were showered upon them () on the day they came out from their master's hall.

When **the warriors marched back again** to their master's hall where () did they hide their power?

They had dropped the sword and dropped the bow and the arrow; peace was on their **foreheads**, and they **had left the fruits of their life behind them** on the day they marched back again to their master's hall.

90
Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who led me from door to door and with them have I felt about in searching touch all my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons ~~that~~ I ever learnt, they showed me secret paths, they brought to my ken many a star in my heart's horizon. They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and ^{at last,} to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?

Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who led me from door to door, and with them have I felt about **me, searching and touching** my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons **that** I ever learnt; they showed me secret paths, they brought **before my sight many a star on the horizon of my heart.**

They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and, at last, to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey?

Let only that ^{little} remain of me by which I may call thee my all. Let only that ^{little} of my will be left by which I may feel thee on every side, may come to thee in everything, may offer to thee my love every moment.

Let only that ^{little} remain of me by which I may never hide thee. Let only that ^{little} of my fetters be left by which I am bound with thy will and thy purpose is carried in my life - which is the fetter of thy love.

Let only that little **be left** of me **whereby** I may **name** thee my all.

Let only that little **be left of my will whereby** I may feel thee on every side, and come to thee in everything, **and** offer to thee my love every moment.

Let only that little **be left** of me **whereby** I may never hide thee.

Let only that little of my fetters be left **whereby** I am bound with thy will, and thy purpose is carried **out** in my life-**and that** is the fetter of thy love.

22

He, whom I enclose with my name, is dying in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around and as this name scales the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this rampart of my prison and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

33

He() whom I enclose with my name() is **weeping** in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this **wall goes up into** the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this **great wall**, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

In one salutation to thee, my Lord, let all
my senses spread out and touch this world
at thy feet.

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

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

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying
night and day back to their mountain nests
let all my life take its voyage to its eternal
home in ^{one} salutation to thee.

In one salutation to thee, my **God**, let all my senses
spread out and touch this world at thy feet.

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

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

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night and day
back to their mountain nests let all my life take its
voyage to its eternal home in one salutation to thee.

26

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love which is greater than theirs and thou keepst me free. Lest I forget them they never ~~venture~~^{venture} to leave me alone. But day passes by after day and thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart - thy love for me still waits for my love.

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love which is greater than theirs, and thou keepst me free.

Lest I forget them they never venture to leave me alone. But day passes by after day and thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart, thy love for me still waits for my love.

25
I am only waiting for love to give myself up
at last at his hands. Thus why it is so late
and thus am I guilty of such ~~omissions~~ omissions.

They come with their laws and their codes to
bind me fast. But I evade them ever, for I
am only ~~only~~ waiting for love to give myself up
at last at his hands.

People blame me and call me heedless - I
doubt not they are right in their blame.
The market day is over and ~~the~~ work is all done
for the busy. Those who came to call me in vain
have gone back in anger. I am only waiting for
love to give myself up at last at his hands.

I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last
into his hands. **That is** why it is so late and **why I**
have been guilty of such omissions.

They come with their laws and their codes to bind
me fast; **but** I evade them ever, for I am only waiting
for love to give myself up at last **into** his hands.

People blame me and call me heedless; I doubt not
they are right in their blame.

The market day is over and work is all done for
the busy. Those who came to call me in vain have
gone back in anger. I am only waiting for love to
give myself up at last **into** his hands. afs

29

It is he, the innermost one, who wakens up my consciousness with his deep hidden touches. It is he who reads magic incantations upon my eyes, and joyfully plays ~~upon~~ on the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain. It is he who weaves the web of this maya in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and through its ~~fold~~^{fold} lets peep his feet at whose touch I forget my self. Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who moves my heart in many a name, in many a guise, in many ~~a~~^{a rapture} ~~ecstasy~~ of bliss and sorrow.

He it is, the innermost one, who awakens my being with his deep hidden touches.

He it is who puts his enchantment upon these eyes and joyfully plays on the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain.

He it is who weaves the web of this maya in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through the folds his feet, at whose touch I forget myself.

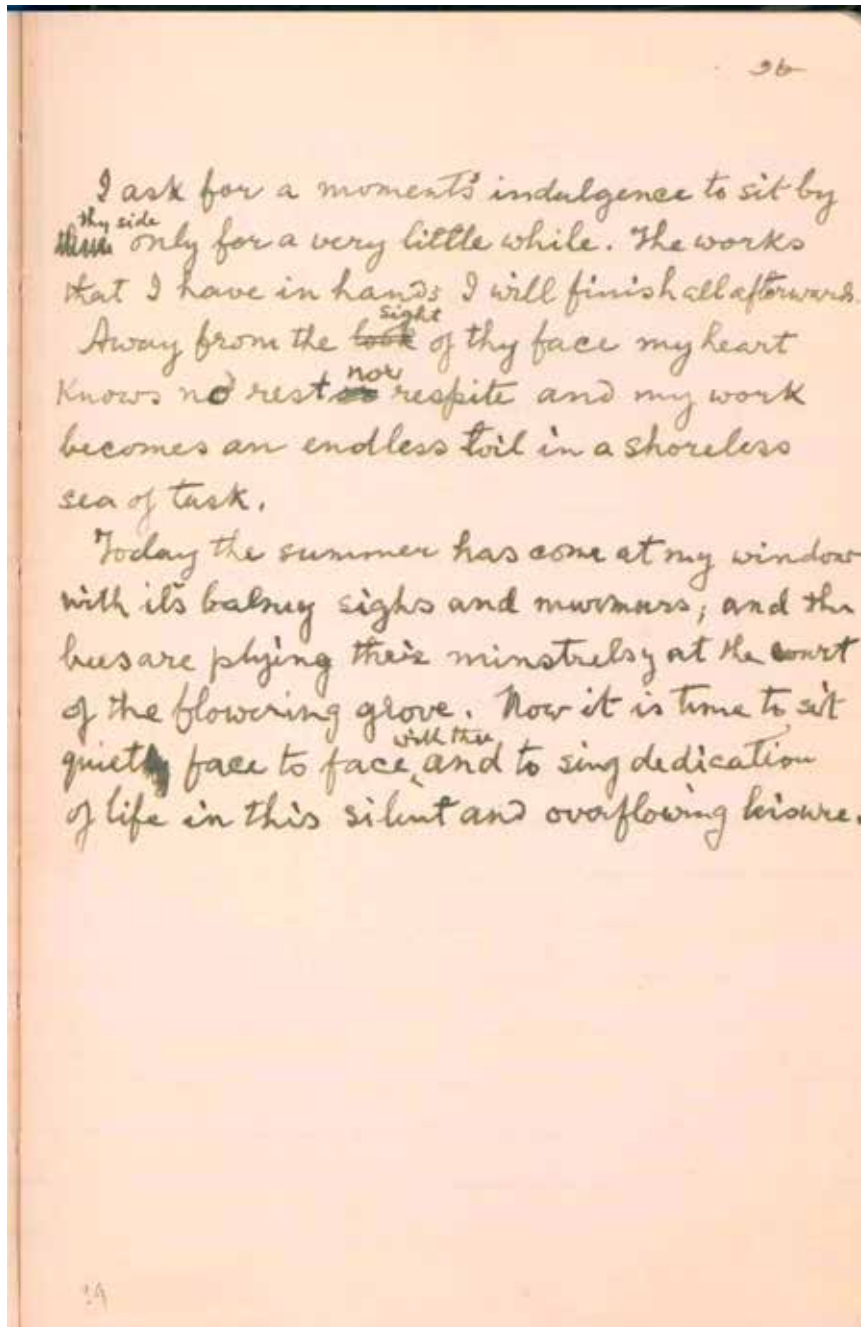
Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who moves my heart in many a name, in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and of sorrow.

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side (). The works that I have in hand I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite, and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.

To-day the summer has come at my window with its () sighs and murmurs; and the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.

Now it is the time to sit quiet, face to face with thee, and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overpowering leisure.



20
On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

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

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

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

On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not.

My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

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

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

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

80
At this time of my parting, sing cheers to me,
my friends! The sky is flushed with the blush of
dawn and my path lies beautiful.

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

I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is
not a traveller's gray garb, and though there are
dangers on the way I have no fear in my mind.

The evening star will come out when my voyage
will be done and the plaintive notes of the twilight
melodies will be struck ^{up} from the king's gateway.

At this time of my parting, **wish me good luck**, my
friends! The sky is flushed with the () dawn and
my path lies beautiful.

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

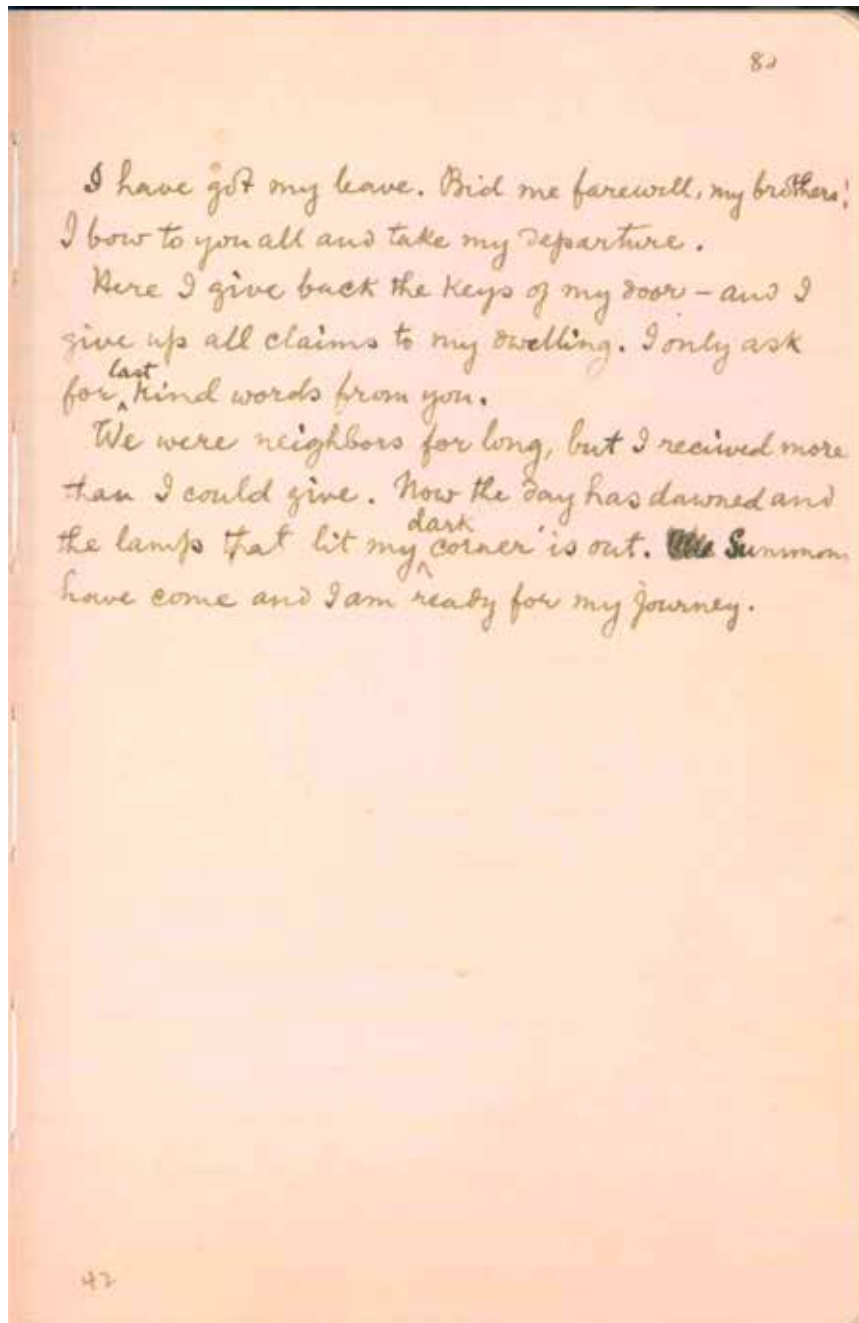
I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not **the
red-brown dress of the traveller**, and though there
are dangers on the way I have no fear in my mind.

The evening star will come out when my voyage **is**
done and the plaintive notes of the twilight melodies
() be struck up from the King's gateway.

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!
I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door- and I give up all claims to my **house**. I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were **neighbours** for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. **A** summons **has** come and I am ready for my journey.



82
I must launch out my boat - I must. The languid hours pass by on the shore - alas for me!

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

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

What emptiness thou gazest upon! Dost thou not feel the thrills passing through the air with the notes of the far away song floating from the other shore?

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

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

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

What emptiness do you gaze upon! Do you not feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far away song floating from the other shore?

Art thou abroad on this stormy night, ^{on thy journey of love} my friend?
 The sky groans like one in despair. I have no sleep
 tonight. Ever and again I open my door and look out
 on the darkness, my friend!

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

By what ^{dim} shore of the ink-black river, by what far
 edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy
 depth of ^{gloom} ~~darkness~~ art thou ^{threading thy course to come to me} ~~coming~~ my friend?

Art thou abroad on this stormy night() on thy
 journey of love, my friend? The sky groans like
 one in despair.

I have no sleep to-night. Ever and again I open my
 door and look out on the darkness, my friend!

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

By what dim shore of the ink-black river, by what
 far edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy
 depth of gloom art thou threading thy course to
 come to me, my friend?

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

~~This~~ ^{It} is this sorrow ^{of separation} that gazes in silence all night
from star to star and becomes lyric ^{among} rustling
leaves in rainy darkness of July.

It is this overspreading pain that ~~deepens~~ ^{deepens}
into loves and desires, into sufferings and joys
in human homes, and this it is that ever melts
and flows in songs through my poet's heart.

It is the pang of **separation** that spreads **throughout**
the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in
the infinite sky.

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

It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves
and desires, into sufferings and joys in human
homes; and this it is that ever melts and flows in
songs through my poet's heart.

83

^{have}
I ^{have} had my invitation in this world festival and
thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen
and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play ^{upon} my harp
and I have done all I could. Now, I ask, has the
time come ^{at last} when I may go in and see thy face
and offer thee my silent salutation?

46

I have had my invitation to this world's festival,
and thus my life has been blessed.

My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play upon my
instrument, and I have done all I could.

Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may
go in and see thy face and offer thee my silent
salutation?

He came and sat by my side but I woke not.
What a cursed sleep it was, oh miserable ~~me~~!
He came when ^{the} night was still; he had his harp in
his hands, and my dreams became resonant with
its melodies.

Alas, why my nights are all thus lost? Ah, why
(Never) miss his ^{sight whose breath} ~~touch~~ ^{touches my} ~~sleeping brow!~~
sleeping brow!

He came and sat by my side but I woke not.

What a cursed sleep it was, O miserable me!

He came when the night was still; he had his harp
in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with
its melodies.

Alas, why are my nights all thus lost? Ah, why **do I**
ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep?

When I give up the helm, then the time will come for thee to take it. I know. What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle for me.

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

These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of breath and trying to light them up again and again I forget all else. But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor - and whenever it is thy pleasure, ^{my lord,} ^{silently} come, and take thy seat ^{here.} ~~there~~

When I give up the helm I know that the time has come for thee to take it.

What there is to do will be instantly done. Vain is this struggle.

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

These my lamps are blown out at every little puff of the wind, and trying to light them I forget all else again and again.

But I shall be wise this time and wait in the dark, spreading my mat on the floor; and whenever it is thy pleasure, my lord, come silently and take thy seat here.

86

The time of my journey is vast and the way long. I came out on the ~~side~~^{chariot} of the first flash of light and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet. It is the most distant course to come nearest to thyself and that training is the most ~~difficult~~ intricate which leads to the utter simplicity in tune. The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own and one has to roam through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end. My eyes strayed far and ~~away~~^{wide} before I shut them and said "Here art thou!" The questioning cry of "Oh where?" melts into tears of a thousand streams and deluges the universe with the flood of ~~the~~ the assurance of "I am!"

49

The time **that** my journey **takes is long** and the way **of it** long.

I came out on the chariot of the first **gleam** of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course **that comes** nearest to thyself, and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity **of a** tune.

The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to **wander** through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said 'Here art thou!'

The **question and the cry** 'Oh, where?' **melt** into tears of a thousand streams and **deluge** the **world** with the flood of the assurance () 'I am!'

Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with ^{the} burning fire of desire! There is the lamp but never a flicker of a flame - is such thy fate, my heart! Ah, death were better by far for thee!

Misery knocks at thy door and her message is that thy lord is wakeful and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night. ~~with a~~ ~~message~~ ~~of~~ ~~offerings~~ ~~of~~ ~~offerings~~.

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

Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with ^{the} burning fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void. The night is black as a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark, kindle the lamp of love with thy life!

Light, oh where is the light? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire!

There is the lamp but never a flicker of a flame, is such thy fate, my heart? Ah, death were better by far for thee!

Misery knocks at thy door, and her message is that thy lord is wakeful, and he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night.

The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless. I know not what **this is** that stirs in me, - I know not its meaning.

A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of the night calls me.

Light, oh where is the light! Kindle it with the burning fire of desire! It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void. The night is black as a black stone. Let not the hours pass by in the dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

I know not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world.

The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on.

My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not **into** song, and I cry **out** baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!

50

I know not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.

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

My heart longs to join in thy song but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak but speech ~~will not~~^{breaks not} ~~in~~ song and I cry sorely baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!

51

52

That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides -
 thus casting coloured shadows on thy ^{radiance,} ~~affluence,~~ such is thy
 maya. Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then
 callest thy severed self in ^{myriad} ~~myriad~~ notes. This thy self-separation
 has taken body in me. The ~~song~~ poignant song of ^{severance} ~~separation~~
 is echoed through all the sky in many-coloured tears and
 smiles, ~~hopes and fears,~~ ^{and} waves rise and fall, dreams
 break and form. In me is thy own defeat of self.

This screen that thou hast raised is painted with
 innumerable figures with the brush of the night and the day.
 And behind it thou hast woven thy seat in wondrous
 mysteries of curves, ^{spurning} ~~spurning~~ all barren lines of ~~the~~
~~own~~ straightness. ^{questing} The great pageant of thee and me has overspread
~~It is the great pageant of thee and me all about the sky, and the~~
~~game is being played on of the air for centuries~~
 With the ^{tune} ~~game~~ of thee and me, ^{all} the air is vibrant and ^{all} ~~the~~
~~hours~~ pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me ~~for~~
~~fast to us~~

53

That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides, thus casting coloured shadows on thy radiance-such is thy maya.

Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.

The poignant song () is echoed through all the sky in many-coloured tears and smiles, **alarms and hopes**; waves rise **up** and sink **again**, dreams break and form. In me is thy own defeat of self.

This screen that thou **has** raised is painted with innumerable figures with the brush of the night and the day. () Behind it **thy seat is woven in** wondrous mysteries of curves, **casting away** all barren lines of straightness.

The great pageant of thee and me has overspread () the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.

Languor is in thy heart and ^{the} slumber is still on thine eyes. Has not the word ~~passed to~~ ^{passed to} thee that the flower is reigning in splendour among thorns? Wake, oh wake up! Let not the time pass in vain!

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

What if the sky ~~pants and trembles~~ ^{pants and trembles} with the heat of the midday sun, or what if the burning sand ~~spreads~~ ^{spreads} its mantle of thirst! Is there no joy in the deep of thy heart? At every footfall of thine, will not the harps of the ^{road} break out in sweet music of pain?

Languor is **upon your** heart and the slumber is still on **your** eyes.

Has not the word **come** to **you** that the flower is reigning in splendour among thorns? Wake, oh **awaken!** Let not the time pass in vain!

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

What if the sky pants and trembles with the heat of the midday sun - what if the burning sand spreads its mantle of thirst -

Is there no joy in the deep of **your** heart? At every footfall of **yours**, will not the harp of the road break out in sweet music of pain?

80
I dive down into the ^{depth of the} ocean of forms, hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless. No more sailing from harbour to harbour with this my weather-beaten bark. The days are long past when my sport was to be tossed on waves. And now, losing myself into the bottom of bliss I am eager to die into ~~the deathless~~ deathlessness.

Into the audience hall at the fathomless abyss where swells up the music of toneless strings I shall take this harp of my life. I shall tune it to the notes of For ever, and, when it has sobbed out its last utterance, lay down my silent harp at the feet of the Silent.

I dive down into the depth of the ocean of forms, hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless.

No more sailing from harbour to harbour with this my weather-beaten **boat**. The days are long **passed** when my sport was to be tossed on waves.

And now() () I am eager to die into **the deathless**.

Into the audience hall **by** the fathomless abyss where swells up the music of toneless strings I shall take this harp of my life.

I shall tune it to the notes of **for ever**, and, when it has sobbed out its last utterance, lay down my silent harp at the feet of the **silent**.

Hast thou not heard his silent steps? He comes,
comes, ever comes. Every moment and every age,
every day and ^{every} night he comes, comes, ever comes.
Many a song have I sung in many a mood, ^{of mind} but
all their notes have always proclaimed, "He comes
comes, ever comes."

By ~~the~~ ^{the} fragrant days of sunny April through
the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes. By
the rainy ~~dark~~ gloom of July ~~dark~~ nights on the
thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever
comes. In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that
press my heart and it is the golden touch of his
feet that makes my joys shine.

Have **you** not heard his silent steps? He comes,
comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day and every
night he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind,
but all their notes have always proclaimed, "He
comes, comes, ever comes."

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the
forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering
chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press
upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his
feet that makes my **joy to** shine.

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride and I look to thy face and tears come to my eyes.

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

I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence. I touch by the edge of ^{the} ~~my~~ far spread ^{minion of my} song thy feet ^{which} I could never ^{aspire} ~~hope~~ to reach. And drunk with the joy of singing I forgot my self and call thee friend who art my lord.

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.

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

I know **that** thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence.

I touch by the edge of the far **spreading wing** of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.

Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail
in a boat only I and thou and ~~never~~ ^{never a soul} in the world would
know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no
end.

~~Whispered~~
In that shoreless ocean, ^{at thy silently listening smile,}
my songs would swell ~~only for thine ears~~ ~~at thy~~ ~~silently~~ ~~listening~~ ~~smile,~~
~~in~~ ⁱⁿ melodies, free as waves, free from all
bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to
do? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore
and in the fading light the seabirds ^{come flying} ~~come~~ ~~and~~ ~~come~~
to their nests. Who knows when the chains would be
off and the boat, like the last ^{glimmer of} ~~frag~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
sunset, will vanish into the night?

Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only **thou and I**, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean, at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the seabirds come flying to their nests.

Who knows when the chains **will** be off, and the boat, like that last glimmer of sunset, () vanish into the night?

89

Light, my light, the world-filling light,
the eye-kissing, heart-sweetening light!
Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre
of my ~~the~~ life; the light strikes, my darling, the
chords of my love; The sky opens, the wind runs
wild - laughter passes over the earth!

The butterflies spread their sails ~~on~~ the
sea of light. ~~The~~ Lilies and jasmines surge
up on the crest of the waves of light. The light
is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,
and ^{it} scatters ^{gems} ^{in profusion} ~~in profusion~~. Mirth
spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness
without measure. The heaven's river has
drowned its banks and the flood of joy is
all ~~the~~ abroad.

58

Light, my light, the world -filling light, the eye-
kissing **light**, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of
my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of
my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter
passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light.
Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the
waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my
darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and
gladness without measure. The heaven's river has
drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

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

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

In this workaday world of thine, surging with toil and struggle, among ~~the~~ bustling crowds shall I stand before thee face to face. And when my work will be done in this world, Oh King of Kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face.

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

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

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face?

And when my work shall be done in this world, O King of kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face?

On many an idle day have I grieved over my lost time. But they are never lost, my lord. Thou hast taken every moment of my life in thine own hands. Hidden into the heart of things thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and imagined all works had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.

On many an idle day have I grieved over () lost time. But it is never lost, my lord. Thou hast taken every moment of my life in thine own hands.

Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and imagined all work had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.

The same stream of life that courses through my veins night and day runs through all the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that ~~is rocked~~ ^{is rocked} in the ^{worldwide} ocean-cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow. ~~And~~ I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world life. And I feel with pride the ~~throbb~~ ^{life} throb of all ages dancing in my blood this moment.

The same stream of life that **runs** through my veins night and day runs through () the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the () ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and **in** flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world **of** life. And **my** pride **is from** the life-throb of () ages dancing in my blood this moment.

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation.
I ~~shall~~ feel the embrace of freedom in the thousand
bonds of delight. Thou ~~thou~~ ever ^{pour'st} ~~pour'st~~ for me
~~the~~ the fresh draught of thy nectar of various
colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel
to the brim. My world will light its hundred
different lamps with thy flame and place them
before the altar of thy temple. No, I will never
shut the doors of my senses. All the delights
of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy
delight. Yes, all my illusions will burn
into ~~the~~ illumination of joy and all my
desires will ripen into fruits of love.

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

Thou ever pour'st for me the fresh draught of thy wine of various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.

My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame and place them before the altar of thy temple.

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses.

The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.

Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires () ripen into fruits of love.

The day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee; and entering my heart unbidden even as one of the **common** crowd, un-known to me, my king, thou didst **press the signet** of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life.

And to-day when by chance I light upon them and see thy signature, I find they **have lain** scattered in the dust mixed with the memory of joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten.

Thou didst not turn () in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom are the same that are echoing from **star** to **star**.

The day was when I did not keep myself
in readiness for thee; ^{and entering} ~~and~~ ~~thou~~ ~~didst~~ ~~press~~ ~~the~~ ~~signet~~ ~~of~~ ~~eternity~~ ~~upon~~
my heart unbidden even as one of the ^{mottley} crowd,
unknown to me, my king, ^{thou didst stamp the seal of eternity upon} ~~thou~~ ~~didst~~ ~~stamp~~ ~~the~~ ~~seal~~ ~~of~~ ~~eternity~~ ~~upon~~ many a fleeting
moment of my life. ~~thou didst stamp the seal of eternity upon~~
~~thou~~ ~~didst~~ ~~stamp~~ ~~the~~ ~~seal~~ ~~of~~ ~~eternity~~ ~~upon~~
And, ^{today} when by chance I light upon them
and see thy signature, I find they lay scattered
in the dust mixed with ^{the memory of} joys and sorrows of my
trivial days forgotten. Thou didst not turn ^{thee}
back in contempt from my childish play ^{among} ~~in~~
dust, and the steps that I heard in my playroom
are the same that are echoing from sun to sun.

Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.
There is none to count thy minutes. Days and
nights pass ~~by~~ and ages bloom and fade like flowers.
Thou knowest how to wait. Thy centuries follow each
other perfecting a small wild flower.
We have no time to lose, and therefore ^{with us there} is such a ^{mad}
scramble for opportunity. We are too poor to be late.
And thus it is that time goes by to pay my dues
to every quarrelous claimant and thy altar
remains empty of all offerings to the last. At the
end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be
shut ~~and~~ ^{but} I find that yet there is time.

Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.

There is none to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like
flowers. Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small
wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and **having no time we
must scramble for our chances**. We are too poor
to be late.

And thus it is that time goes by **while I give it** to
every querulous **man who claims it**, and **thine altar**
is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate
be shut; but I find that yet there is time.

58

Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our ~~our~~ needs
and yet run back to thee undiminished. The
river has its everyday work to do and hastens
through fields and hamlets; yet its ~~ceaseless~~^{incessant}
stream is engaged at washing of thy feet. The
flower sweetens the air with its perfume, yet
its last service is to offer itself to thee. It is
never a performance of thy worship to rob
and make the world poorer. From words uttered
by the poet men take meanings ^{it suits ~~their~~ needs,} as ~~they wish~~
yet their last meaning always points to thee.

Thy gifts to us mortals fulfil all our needs and yet
run back to thee undiminished.

The river has its everyday work to do and hastens
through fields and hamlets; yet its incessant stream
winds towards the washing of thy feet.

The flower sweetens the air with its perfume; yet
its last service is to offer itself to thee.

Thy worship does not impoverish the world.

From the words **of** the poet men take **what** meanings
please them; yet their last meaning points to thee.

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body
pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my
limbs. I shall ever aspire to keep all untruths
out from my thoughts knowing that thou art the
highest truth that hast kindled the light of reason
in my mind. I shall ever struggle to drive all
evils away from my heart and keep my love
pure ~~and~~ open knowing that thou hast thy seat
in the ~~summit~~ ^{shrine} ~~depths~~ of my heart. And it shall
ever be my endeavour to reveal thee in all my
actions knowing that it is thy power which
gives me strength to act.

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure,
knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever **try** to keep all untruths out from my
thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth **which**
has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever **try** to drive all evils away from my heart
and keep my love **in flower**, knowing that thou hast
thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in ()
my actions, knowing () it is thy power () gives me
strength to act. fs

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well.
Oh thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love
that encloses the soul with colours and sounds
and odours. There comes the morning with the
golden ~~pitcher~~ basket on her right hand bearing
the wreath of ^{beauty}, silently to crown the earth.
And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows
deserted by herds, through trackless paths,
carrying cool draught of peace in her golden
pitcher from the western ~~of~~ ocean of rest.
~~And~~ ^{But} there where spreads the infinite sky
for the soul to take ^{her} flight ⁱⁿ, reigns the ^{stainless} white
radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form
nor colour, and never never a word.

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well.

O thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love
that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and
odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket
in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty,
silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely
meadows deserted by the herds, through trackless
paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden
pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the
soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white
radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor
colour, and never, never a word.

52

The rain has held back for days and days,
my God, in my arid heart. The horizon is
fiercely naked - not the thinnest cover of a
soft cloud, not the vaguest hint of a distant
cool shower. Send thy angry storm, dark with
death, if it is thy wish, and with lashes of
lightning startle the sky from end to end.
But, call back, my lord, call back, this
pervading silent heat, still and keen and
cruel, burning the heart with dire despair.
Let the cloud of grace bend low from above
like the tearful look of the mother on the day
of the father's wrath.

The rain has held back for days and days, my God, in my arid heart. The horizon is fiercely naked - not the thinnest cover of a soft cloud, not the vaguest hint of a distant cool shower.

Send thy angry storm, dark with death, if it is thy wish, and with lashes of lightning startle the sky from end to end.

But () call back, my lord, call back this pervading silent heat, still and keen and cruel, burning the heart with dire despair.

Let the cloud of grace bend low from above like the tearful look of the mother on the day of the father's wrath.

90

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that ~~opened~~ opened ^{me} out upon this vast mystery like a bud in the forest in midnight. ~~But~~ when in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in ^{this world,} that the inscrutable power without ^{name and} form has taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I will love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away ~~and~~ ^{to} find its consolation in the left one in the very next moment.

71

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

What was the power that **made me open** out **into** this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable () without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I **shall** love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, **in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.**

Let me never lose ~~hold~~ hold of hope when
mist of depression steals upon me blotting
out the light that is in my heart and ^{the} flower
of love droops in lassitude. In the night of
weariness let me give myself up to sleep without
struggle, resting my trust upon thee. Let me
not force my flagging spirit into a poor
~~poor~~ preparation of thine worship. It is
thou who drawest the veil ^{of night} upon the tired
eyes of the day to renew its sight in a
fresher gladness of awakening.

() In the night of weariness let me give myself up
to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor
preparation **for thy** worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the
tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher
gladness of awakening.

92

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where the world has not been ^{filtered into fragments} ~~fragmented~~ by ~~the~~ narrow domestic walls; where words come out from the depth of truth; where sleepless striving stretches its ~~strains~~ ^{arms} towards perfection; where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the ^{dreary} desert sand of dead habit, and where the mind is led forward by thee into ~~an~~ ever-widening thought and action - there waken up my country into that heaven of freedom, my father!

73

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where the world has not been **broken up** into fragments by narrow domestic walls; where words come out from the depth of truth; where **tireless** striving stretches its () arms towards perfection; where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit; where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action-

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

This is my prayer to thee, my lord, - strike,
~~the~~ strike at the root of all ~~is~~ poverty in my
heart. Give me the strength to lightly bear my
joys and sorrows. Give me the strength to make
my love fruitful in service. Give me the strength
never to ~~allow~~ disown the poor and bend my
~~head~~^{knees} before insolent might. Give me the
strength to raise my mind high above all
daily trifles. And give me the strength to
surrender my strength to thy will with love.

This is my prayer to thee, my lord-strike, strike at
the root of () penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and
sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in
service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor **or**
bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above
() daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength
to thy will with love.

Where dost thou stand behind them all, my lover, hiding thyself in the shadow? They push thee and pass thee by on the dusty road, taking thee for naught. I wait here weary hours spreading my offerings for thee, while passers-by come & and take my flowers one by one and my basket is nearly empty.

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

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

I sit on the grass and gaze upon the sky and

Where dost thou stand behind them all, my lover, hiding thyself in the shadows? They push thee and pass thee by on the dusty road, taking thee for naught. I wait here weary hours spreading my offerings for thee, while passers-by come and take my flowers, one by one, and my basket is nearly empty.

The morning time is past, and the noon. In the shade of evening my eyes are drowsy with sleep.

Men going home glance at me and smile and fill me with shame. I sit like a beggar maid, drawing my skirt over my face, and when they ask me, what **it is** I want, I drop my eyes and answer them not.

Oh, how indeed, could I tell them that for thee I wait, and that thou hast promised to come. How could I utter for shame that I keep for my dowry this () poverty. Ah, I hug this pride in the secret

dream of the sudden splendour of thy arrival,
- with all the lights ablaze, golden pennons
flying over thy car, and they at the roadside standing
agape when they see thee come down from thy
seat to raise me from the dust and set at thy side
this ragged beggar girl atremble with shame and
pride, like a creeper in a summer breeze.

But time glides on and still no sound of the
wheels of thy chariot. Many a procession passes
by with noise and shouts and glamour of glory.
Is it only thou who wouldst stand in the shadow
silent and behind them all? And is it only I who
should wait and weep and wear ^{out} my heart in
vain longing?

of my heart.

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

But time glides on and still no sound of the wheels
of thy chariot. Many a procession passes by with
noise and shouts and glamour of glory.

Is it only thou who wouldst stand in the shadow
silent and behind them all? And () only I who
would wait and weep and wear out my heart in
vain longing?

I went abegging from door to door in the ~~poor~~ village path, when ~~thy~~^{thy} golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all Kings!

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

The chariot stopped where I stood. ^{Thy glance fell} ~~Thy~~ ^{me} on my face and ^{thou} ~~came~~ ^{camest} down with a smile. I felt that the greatest good fortune of my life had come at last to me. When of a sudden ^{thou} ~~you~~ ^{didst} stretch ^{thy} ~~your~~ right hand and ask "What hast thou to give ^{to} me!"

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

But what was my ~~of~~ surprise when at the

I **had gone** a begging from door to door in the village path, when thy golden chariot appeared in the distance like a gorgeous dream and I wondered who was this King of all kings!

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

The chariot stopped where I stood. Thy glance fell on me and thou camest down with a smile. I felt that the **luck** of my life had come at last (). **Then** of a sudden thou didst **hold out** thy right hand and **say** 'What hast thou to give to me?'

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

day's end I emptied my bag on the floor
to find a least little grain of gold shining
among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and
wished that I ~~had~~ had heart to give ^{thee} ~~you~~ my
all.

thee.

But **how great** my surprise when at the day's end
I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little
gram of gold () among the poor heap. I bitterly
wept and wished that I had **had** the heart to give
thee my all.

95
The night darkened. Our day's works had been done. We thought that the last guest had arrived, ^{for the night} and the doors in the village were all shut. Only some said, the King was to come. We laughed and ~~we~~ said "No, it can not be!"

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

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

The night was still dark when the drum sounded. The voice came "Wake up! Delay not!" We pressed our hands on our hearts and shuddered with fear. Some said, "Lo, there is the King's flag!"

The night darkened. Our day's works had been done. We thought that the last guest had arrived for the night and the doors in the village were all shut. Only some said () the king was to come.

We laughed and said 'No, it cannot be!'

It seemed there were knocks at the door and we said it was nothing but the wind. We put out the lamps and lay down to sleep. Only some said,

'It is the messenger!' We laughed and said 'No, it must be the wind!'

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

The night was still dark when the drum sounded.

The voice came 'Wake up! delay not!' We pressed our hands on our hearts and shuddered with fear.

Some said, 'Lo, there is the king's flag !'

We stood up on our feet and cried 'There is no time for delay!'

The king has come - but where are lights, where are wreaths? Where is the throne to seat him? Oh, shame! Oh utter shame! Where is the hall, the

We stood up on our feet and cried "There is no time for delay!"

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

Open the doors, let the conchshells be sounded! In the depth of the night has come the King of our dark dreary house. The thunder roars in the sky. The darkness shudders in lightning. Bring out thy tattered piece of mat and spread it on the courtyard. With ^{the} storm has come of a sudden our King of the fearful night.

decorations? **Someone has** said, 'Vain is this cry!

Greet him with empty hands, lead him into thy rooms all bare!

Open the doors, let the conch-shells be sounded!

In the depth of the night has come the king of our dark, dreary house. The thunder roars in the sky.

The darkness shudders with lightning. Bring out thy tattered piece of mat and spread it in the courtyard. With the storm has come of a sudden our king of the fearful night.

I thought I should ask of thee - but I dared not - the rose wreath thou hadst on thy neck. Thus I waited for the morning, when thou departest, to find a few fragments on the bed. And like a beggar I searched in the dawn only for a stray ^{petal} ~~rose~~ or two.

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

I sit and muse in wonder, what gift is this of thine! I can find no place where to hide it. I am ashamed to wear it, frail as I am, and it hurts me when I press it to my bosom. Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain, this

I thought I should ask of thee - but I dared not - the rose wreath thou hadst on thy neck. Thus I waited for the morning, when thou **didst depart**, to find a few fragments on the bed. And like a beggar I searched in the dawn only for a stray petal or two.

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

I sit and muse in wonder, what gift is this of thine.

I can find no place where to hide it. I am ashamed to wear it, frail as I am, and it hurts me when I press it to my bosom. Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain, this gift of thine.

From now there shall be no fear left for me in this world, and thou shalt be victorious in all my strife.

gift of thine.

From now there shall be no fear left for me in this world, and thou shalt be victorious in all my strife. Thou hast left death for my companion and I shall crown him with my life. Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my bonds and there shall be no fear left for me in the world.

From now I leave off all petty decorations. Lord of my heart, no more shall there be for me waiting and weeping in corner, no more covyness and sweetness of demeanour. Thou hast given me thy sword for adornment. No more doll's decorations for me!

Thou hast left death for my companion and I shall crown him with my life. Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my bonds, and there shall be no fear left for me in the world.

From now I leave off all petty decorations. Lord of my heart, no more shall there be for me waiting and weeping in **corners**, no more **shy and soft** demeanour. Thou hast given me thy sword for adornment. No more doll's decorations for me!

96

I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn
uselessly wandering in thy sky, my sun ever-
glorious! Thy ~~touch~~ touch has not yet melted my
vapour making me one with thy light and thus
I count months and years ~~so~~ separated from thee.

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

And again when it shall be thy wish to end
this play at night I shall melt ~~into~~ and vanish
away in the dark and in the smile of the white
morning shall permeate in a coolness of purity
transparent.

79

I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly
roaming in the sky, O my sun ever-glorious! Thy
touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me
one with thy light, and thus I count months and
years separated from thee.

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

And again when it shall be thy wish to end this
play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the
dark, **or it may be** in a smile of the white morning,
() in a coolness of purity transparent.

92

When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their pristine splendour the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang "Oh, the picture of perfection! the joy unalloyed!"

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

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

From that day the search is unceasing for her and the cry goes on from ~~the~~ one to the other, ~~for~~ ^{that in} her ~~life~~ ^{the world} has lost its one joy! Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves - "Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!"

93

When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their first splendour, the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang "Oh, the picture of perfection! the joy unalloyed!"

But one cried of a sudden-"It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost".

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

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

Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves-"Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!"

60
Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for
thy neck with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light
to deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for
thee to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow
is absolutely mine own and ~~it is mine own~~
~~when I bring it to thee~~ when I bring it to thee
as my offering thou requitest it with thy grace.

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck
with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to
deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee
to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is
absolutely mine own, and when I bring it to thee
as my offering thou **rewardest me** with thy grace.

69

That I want thee, only thee, let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me day and night are false and empty to the core.

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

As the storm still seeks its end in peace when ~~it~~ it strikes against peace with all its might even thus my mad rebellion strikes against thy love and still ~~my~~ ^{its} cry is, I want thee, only thee.

82

That I want thee, only thee-let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me, day and night, are false and empty to the core.

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

As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might, even thus my () rebellion strikes against thy love and still its cry is-'I want thee, only thee'.

गीतांजलि-४४

याँ गो आमी तोमारे याँ

82

thought that my voyage was at its end at
last limit of ~~what was possible~~ ^{my power,} that the
path before me was closed, ~~and~~ provisions were
all exhausted and the time had come for me
to take shelter in a silent obscurity.
But I find that thy will know no end
in me. And when old words die out on
the tongue new melodies break forth from
the heart and where the old tracks are
all lost new country is revealed with
its wonders.

83

I thought that my voyage had come to its end
at the last limit of my power, - that the path before
me was closed, **that** provisions were () exhausted
and the time () come () to take shelter in a silent
obscurity.

But I find that thy will know no end in me. And
when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies
break () from the heart; and where the old tracks
are () lost, new country is revealed with its wonders.

गीतिजलि-124

आई गो आमी तोमारे आई

60

Let all the strains of joy mingle in ~~the strain~~
my last song - the joy that makes the earth
flow over in riotous excesses of verdure, the joy
that sets the twin brothers - life and death - into
mad capers over the whole world, the joy that
sweeps in with the tempest shaking and waking
all life with wild laughter, the joy that sits still
with its tears on the open red lotus of pain,
and the joy that throws everything it has
upon the dust and knows not a word.

— M —

Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song-
the joy that makes the earth flow over in the
riotous excess of the **grass**, the joy that sets the
twin brothers, life and death, **dancing over the wide**
world, the joy that sweeps in with the tempest,
shaking and waking all life with laughter, the joy
that sits still with its tears on the open red lotus
of pain, and the joy that throws everything it has
upon the dust, and knows not a word.

गीतांजलि-134

याई गो आमी तोमारे याई

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

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

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

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

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

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

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

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

The sea surges up with laughter and **pale gleams the smile of** the sea beach. Death-dealing wavering meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children and **pale gleams the smile of**

smiles

the sea beach & ~~scribes~~.

^ On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, the messenger of death is abroad and children play. On the ~~sto~~ seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

the sea beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

The sleep that flits on baby's eyes - does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, it is rumoured that it has its dwelling where in the fairy village among shadows of the forest, dimly lit with glow-worms there hang twin timid buds of parula. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

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

The sweet soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs - does anybody know where it was hidden so long? Yes,

The sleep that flits on the baby's eyes- does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, **there is a rumour** that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest() dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang **two shy buds of enchantment**. From there it comes to kiss **the** baby's eyes.

The () smile that flickers on the baby's lips when **he** sleeps- does anybody know where it **was born**?

Yes, **there is a rumour** that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed **morning**- the smile that flickers on the baby's lips when **he** sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs-does anybody know where it was hidden so

When the mother was a young maiden
it lay pervading her heart in tender
and silent mystery of love - the sweet
^{soft} freshness that has bloomed on baby's
limbs.

long? Yes, when the mother was a young **girl** it lay
pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery
of love-the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed
on baby's limbs.

When I bring to thee coloured toys, my child,
I understand why there is such a play of colours
on clouds, on water, and why are flowers
painted in tints - when I give coloured toys
to thee, my child.

When I sing to make thee dance I truly know
why there is music in leaves and ^{why} waves send
their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening
earth, when I sing to make thee dance.

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

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

When I bring to **you** coloured toys, my child, I
understand why there is such a play of colours on
clouds, on water, and why **flowers are** painted in
tints-when I give coloured toys to **you**, my child.

When I sing to make **you** dance I truly know why
there is music in leaves, and why waves send their
chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth-
when I sing to make **you** dance.

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

When I kiss **your** face to make **you** smile, my darling,
I surely understand what () pleasure () streams from
the sky in morning light, and what delight **that is**
which the summer breeze brings to my body-when
I kiss to make **you** smile.

I know that the day will come to me when my sight of this earth
will be lost and the life will take its leave in silence ~~then~~ drawing the
last curtain over my eyes. Yet stars will watch at night and morning
will rise as before and hours will heave like sea waves casting
up pleasures and pains. When I think of this end of my moments,
the moments' barrier breaks down and I see by the light of death
this world with its careless treasures. Rare is its lowliest seat,
rare is its meanest of lives. Things that I longed for in vain
and things that I got, ~~let~~ let them pass. Let me but truly possess
~~the~~ the things that I ever spurned and overlooked.

-92-

I know that the day will come () when my sight of
this earth shall be lost, and () life will take its leave
in silence, drawing the last curtain over my eyes.

Yet stars will watch at night, and morning () rise
as before, and hours () heave like sea waves casting
up pleasures and pains.

When I think of this end of my moments, the **barrier
of the moments** breaks () and I see by the light of
death **thy** world with its careless treasures. Rare is
its lowliest seat, rare is its meanest of lives.

Things that I longed for in vain and things that I
got - let them pass. Let me but truly possess the
things that I ever spurned and overlooked.

X I boasted among men that I have known thee. They see thy pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me, "Who is she, do tell us!" I know not how to answer them at all. I simply say "Indeed, I cannot tell!" They blame me and they go away, in scorn. And thou sitst smiling!

Thy tales I sang in tuneful deathless ditties. From my heart the secret gushes out. They come and ask me, "Tell me all thy meanings!" I know not how to answer them at all. I simply say, "Ah, who knows what they mean!" They smile and go away in utter scorn. And thou sitst smiling.

I boasted among men that I **had** known **you**. They see **your** pictures in all works of mine. They come and ask me, 'Who is **he** ()?' I know not how to answer them (). I () say 'Indeed, I cannot tell.' They blame me and they go away in scorn. And **you sit** there smiling.

I put my tales of you into lasting songs. The secret gushes out from my heart. They come and ask me, 'Tell me all **your** meanings.' I know not how to answer them (). I () say, 'Ah, who knows what they mean!' They smile and go away in utter scorn. And **you sit** there smiling.

Thou deity of ^{the} ruined temple! The broken strings of vina sing no more thy praise. The bells in the evening proclaim not thy ~~worship time~~ ^{worship}. The air is still and silent about thee.

In thy desolate dwelling comes the vagrant spring breeze. It brings the tidings of flowers - the flowers that for thy worship are offered no more.

Thy worshipper of ~~space~~ ^{old} wanders ever ~~in quest of thee~~ ^{in quest of thee}. In the eventide when forest shadows mingle with the gloom of dusk he wearily comes back to the ruined temple with hunger in his heart.

The deity of the ruined temple! Many a festival day comes to thee in silence; many a night of worship goes away with lamps unlit. Many new images are built by masters of cunning art and carried to the holy stream of oblivion when their time is done. Only the deity of the ruined temple remains unworshipped in deathless neglect.

() Deity of the ruined temple! The broken strings of vina sing no more **your** praise. The bells in the evening proclaim not **your** time of worship. The air is still and silent about **you**.

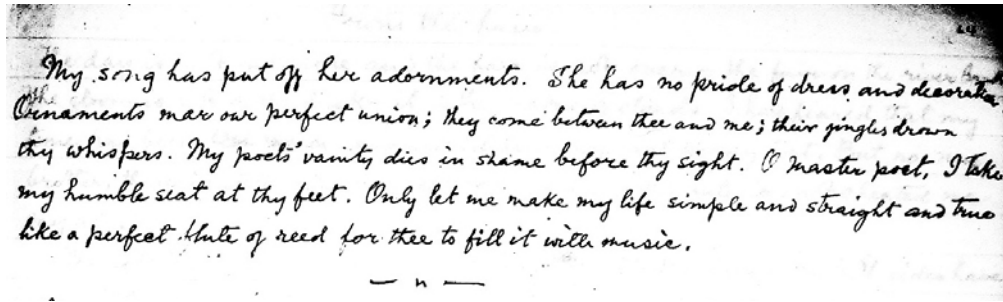
In your desolate dwelling comes the vagrant spring breeze. It brings the tidings of flowers - the flowers that for **your** worship are offered no more.

Your worshipper of old wanders ever **longing for favour still refused**. In the eventide, when fires and shadows mingle with the gloom of dusk, he wearily comes back to the ruined temple with hunger in his heart.

Many a festival day comes to **you** in silence, deity of the ruined temple. **Many** a night of worship goes away with **lamp** unlit.

Many new images are built by masters of cunning art and carried to the holy stream of oblivion when their time is **come**.

Only the deity of the ruined temple remains unworshipped in deathless neglect.

A photograph of a handwritten manuscript snippet on aged paper. The text is written in a cursive script and is partially obscured by a dark, irregular shadow on the right side. The text reads: "My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments mar our perfect union; they come between thee and me; their jingling drown thy whispers. My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I take my humble seat at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight and true like a perfect flute of reed for thee to fill it with music." Below the text, there is a small horizontal line with a 'u' in the center.

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments mar our perfect union; they come between thee and me; their jingling drown thy whispers. My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I take my humble seat at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight and true like a perfect flute of reed for thee to fill it with music.

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments **would** mar **our union**; they would come between thee and me; their **jingling would** drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I **have sat down** at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, () like a () flute of reed for thee to fill () with music.

The child, who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck, loses all pleasure in his play; and trammels of his dress hamper him at every step. Lest they get frayed and lest they are stained with dust he keeps himself aloof from the world and he is ever afraid to move. Mother, it is no gain this bondage of apparel if it keeps one shut from the healthful dust of the earth, if it robs one the right of his entrance to the great fair of the common human life where banded music plays its melody in manifold symphony.

The child () who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck () loses all pleasure in his play; () his dress **hampers** him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself () from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, **thy** bondage of **finery**, if it keeps one shut **off** from the healthful dust of the earth, if it robs one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life ().

She who ever had remained in the depth of my being, in the twilight of gleams and glimpses and who never opened her veils in the morning light, will be my last gift to thee, my God, folded in my final song. Words have ~~come~~ wooed yet failed to win her, tunes have stretched to her their eager arms in vain. I have roamed from country to country keeping her into the core of my heart; and around her have risen and fallen all the growths and decays of my life. Over all my thoughts and actions, my slumbers and dreams she reigned, yet ~~dwelled~~ ^{dwelled} alone and apart.

Many a man knocked at my door and asked for her and turned away in despair. There was none in the world who ~~could see~~ ^{ever saw} her face to face and she remained in her maiden loneliness waiting for thy recognition.

She who ever had remained in the depth of my being, in the twilight of gleams and glimpses; **she** who never opened her veils in the morning light, will be my last gift to thee, my God, folded in my final song.

Words have wooed yet failed to win her; **persuasion** has stretched to her **its** eager arms in vain.

I have roamed from country to country keeping her **in** the core of my heart, and around her have risen and fallen () the growth and decay of my life.

Over () my thoughts and actions, my slumbers and dreams, she reigned () yet dwelled alone and apart.

Many a man **have** knocked at my door and asked for her and turned away in despair.

There was none in the world who ever saw her face to face, and she remained in her () loneliness waiting for thy recognition.

In ~~desperate~~ desperate hope I go and search ^{for} her in all corners of my room; ~~I find her not.~~
~~My house is small and what once is lost from there can~~ ^{My house is small and what once is lost from there can}
~~never be found again.~~ ^{never be regained.} But infinite is thy mansion, my Lord, and seeking her
I have come to thy door. I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and
I lift my eager eyes to thy face. I have come to the brink of eternity from which
nothing can vanish - no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.
Oh, dip my ~~emptied~~ ^{emptied} life into that ocean - plunge it into the deepest
fulness. Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch ^{in the fullness of thy world.}

In desperate hope I go and search for her in all the corners of my room; I find her not.

My house is small and **what once has gone from it can never be regained.**

But infinite is thy mansion, my Lord, and seeking her I have come to thy door.

I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky and I lift my eager eyes to thy face.

I have come to the brink of **eternity** from which nothing can vanish - no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.

Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean, plunge it into the deepest fullness. Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the **allness** of the **universe.**

When it was day they came into my house and said, "We shall only take the smallest room here." They said, "We shall help thee in the worship of thy God and humbly accept only our own share of his grace." And thus they took their seat in a corner and they sat quiet and meek. But at the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from my God's altar.

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When it was day they came into my house and said, 'We shall only take the smallest room here.'

They said, 'We shall help **you** in the worship of **your** God and humbly accept only our own share of his grace'; **and then** they took their seat in a corner and they sat quiet and meek.

But **in** the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with unholy greed the offerings from () God's altar.

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me
in the silent dark? I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.
He makes ^{the} dust rise from the earth with his swagger, he adds his loud voice to
every word that I utter. He is my own little self, my lord; He knows no shame
but I am ashamed to come to thy door with his company.

— n —

-30-

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door **in** his company.

— n —
If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if the wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed petals of the drooping lotus at dusk. ~~The~~ ^{From the} traveller, whose sack of provisions is ~~now~~ empty before the ~~end~~ ^{voyage} is ended, whose garment is torn and dust-laden and strength exhausted, remove his shame and poverty and renew his life like a flower under the cover of thy kindly ~~light~~ night.

If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if the wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed **the** petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveller, whose sack of provisions is () ended, whose garment is torn and dust-laden, () **whose** strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty, and renew his life like a flower under the cover of thy kindly night.

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day. I have ~~also~~ spent my time in stringing and unstringing my harp. The tune has not come true, the word has not been set right. Only there is the agony of wish in my heart. The blossom has not yet opened, only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his ^{gentle} footsteps from the road before my house. The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor. But the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him in. I live in the hope of his meeting but the meeting is yet to be.

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my **days** in stringing and in unstringing my **instrument**.

The time has not come true, the **words have** not been **rightly set; only** there is the agony of **wishing** in my heart.

The blossom has not opened; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.

The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor; but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him **into my house**. I live in the hope of **meeting him**; but **this meeting is not yet**.

Obstinate are the ~~obscure~~ trammels but my heart aches when I try to break them.
^{Freedom}
~~My~~ Freedom is all I want but to hope for it I feel ashamed. I am certain that
thou art my best and that priceless wealth is in thee, but I have not the heart
to sweep away the tinsels that fill my room. The shroud that covers me over
is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it yet hug it in love. My debts are large,
my failures great, my shame is secret and heavy, yet when I come to ask for
my good I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.

Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches when I try to break them. Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it I feel ashamed. I am certain **that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend**, but I have not the heart to sweep away the **tinsel** that **fills** my room. The shroud that covers **me is** a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love. My debts are large, my failures great, my shame secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.