APPENDIX I

List of songs by Rabindranath Tagore containing the words

pagol and khyapa

A few points about this list need to be noted here. First, to avoid unnecessary increase in volume we have given only part of the song containing these words and the minimal part necessary to make the meaning of the usage of the word clear. Where the word occurs not in the first line but in later part of the lyric we have given the first line/stanza of the lyric so that the song can be easily identified. In a few cases, where the whole song is about madness or madmen, we have given the whole lyric of song. Also, where the word ‘mad’ occurs repeatedly, the whole song is given. Second, Tagore’s songs and lyrics are virtually un-translatable. These songs are so much replete with multiple nuances of Bengali culture, Bengali language and allusions of myth and text that they defy translation into another language. Some attempts have been made in the past towards translation into English but these have remained relatively insignificant. Translation of Tagore’s songs may be within the capability of some genius scholar-poet of the future but this task is absolutely beyond the reach of the current author. However, some minimal attempt at translation is necessary for the current work just to make the outcome understandable in English. We have done just that ---- taken the minimal route----- by rendering the minimum part of the song into English so that the usage becomes clear. No attempt has been made towards any literary merit or standard.

William Radice, the renowned Tagore scholar and translator into English, has concentrated mostly on Tagore’s poems. The same is true for most other translators. Few of the songs quoted here have been translated into English, not as song as such but as part of some other book of poem collections. We have avoided these to maintain some consistency of presentation here.

The songs are given in alphabetical order and not in a chronological order. This is in accordance with Gitabitan and not that of the Rabindra-Rachanaboli.
The dance-mad world-soul
Keeps me awake, allows no rest ever.

The madman awakes in the heart in today’s rains
Who that cavorts outside today?
Come with a sweet smile in the land of mad winds.

Lonely madman goes weeping in the dark night
Saying just, let me understand, let me understand, let me understand.

To tell you heart’s contain
The bee never comes rushing madly here.
৬। আনন্দ-গান উঠুক অব বাজি
    আবার আমার বাঘার বাঁকিতে।

পাগল তোমার সৃষ্টিজীব সুরে
    তান দিয়া মোর বাঘার বাঁকিতে।

[২৯ পৌষ ১৩২১]

O madman, play your crazy melody
    In my flute of sorrow.

৭। আবার মোরে পাগল করে গিবে কে।
    হলয় মেন পাণ্ড হেন বিরাগ ভরা বিবেকে।
    আবার প্রাণে নতুন টানে প্রেমের নদী
    পাণ্ড হতে উহল প্রাতে বহার যদি —
    আবার দুটি নয়নে লুটি হলয় হর নিবে কে।
    আবার মোরে পাগল করে গিবে কে।।

হলয়ে এসে মধুর হেসে প্রাণের গান গাছিয়া
    পাগল করে গিবে সে মোরে চারিয়া।
    আপনা থাকি ভাসিবে আঁধি আকুল নীরে,
    ঝরণা-সম জগত মম ঝরিবে শিরে —
    তাহার বণী দিবে প্রা আনিক সকল বণী বাহিয়া।
    পাগল করে গিবে সে মোরে চারিয়া।।

[অষ্টাদ ১২৯৪]
Who will make me mad again.
My heart like a stone, soul full of ennui.

She will sing the song of life in my heart
Making me mad by desiring me.

Her message will fetch all the messages
Making me mad by desiring me.

Where does he hide himself, he who moves around making us mad?
The spring wind is speeding drunk with who knows what madness,
Whirling the sun and stars with his whirl.
The mad sea is dancing to the rhythm of who knows what madness.
Whatever they can snatch from us,
Nobody can take away our *madness* from us.

If you bind me with the bindings of work
Why make me *mad* like this?

Your song awakens the *madman* that was in my soul.
What did she say moving away over the flower garden
Fragrance of flowers went mad and moved off with her.

O mother, in the spring, the fragrance in your mango garden
Turns us mad.

Geel re, Geel rela, Pousaler kemn rela
Dheke se akhul kore, Dey na dhara.

[7.8.1905]

[89x390]O mother, in the spring, the fragrance in your mango garden
Turns us mad.
Who, the mad man, makes me roam hither thither like a mad man.

The day is gone, strange play of the mad man,
Makes us pine by calling us, does not come himself.

15. ‘আমি পথের আকারে এক পথিক এসেছি।

‘ঘরহাড়া এই পালস্টাকে এমন করে কে শো আছে
[২১ চৌক্ত ১৩২২]
Who that calls this homeless madman in such a tune?

16. আমি সব নিতে চাই, সব নিতে থাই রে।

পালস্টামি আজ লাগল পাখায়, পাখি কি আর থাকবে শাখায়।
[আশিন ১৩১৮]
Madness has touched the wings, the bird shall not stay on the bough.

17. আয় আমেরে পাল, ভুলবি রে চল আপনাকে,
ভোর একটুখানির আপনাকে।
[আশিন ১৩২৫]
Come, come, come, O madman, 
Come to forget yourself.
Your tiny little self.

Breaking the fretters of snow 
the mad brook will get its freedom.

Streaming from the world-soul 
the light-mad morning breez,
Streaming from the world-soul 
the life-mad melody-breez,

Moist breeze blows hard 
mad river rises up.
211.  
এ কী মূঢ়হিত্রেল বহিল
আজি প্রভুত, জগত মাতিল তায়।
হৃদয়মূকর ধাইছে দিশি দিশি পাগলপ্রায়।

[জৈষ্ঠ ১২৯১]
Heart-bee running hither thither like mad.

222.  
এই তো ভালো লেগেছিল আলোর নাচন পাতায় পাতায়।
শালের বনে শাপা হওয়া, এই তো আমার মনকে মাতায়।

[২৬ চৈত্র ৯৩২২]
This made me like it, the dance of light on the leaves
Mad breeze in the shal forest, this makes me intoxicated.

231.  
এই শ্রাবণ-বেলা বাদল-ঝরা  যুথবনের গঙ্কে ভরা।

[আগ্রহয়ন ১৩৩০]
Suddenly He the unknown will come at my door
In the darkness of the rainy evening will sing the song to turn the soul mad.
The rain-lashed wind becomes mad with the rumble of the fire.

Storm, the mad woman, wants to disturb your meditations.

My madman laughs in the dark and makes me loose my way.
Who the madman called him,
He went off, leaving his cry behind him -----
O river, mad with your own rushing
Me, silent chanpa tree, sleepless with own fragrance

O river, mad with onrush,
Loosing yourself out there.....

Let the mad man of his hidden soul show himself outside.

Fire of love will burn in the heart of the freedom-mad mendicant.
Wind from afar is calling the melody-mad.

Intoxicated wind pressing the sails, Mad soul goes singing.

Mad wind is raising waves in the forest of eternal pains,

Why do you leave me mad, O you, the flock that goes.
Come, lets go with the mad wind
Let’s take the absent-minded one with .

Are you searching her outside, like mad?

Which fire lights your life-lamp when you come to the earth
O sadhak, O lover, O madman,
When you come to the earth.

[Sadhak – sage and also one striving for something good]
Which mad shravan came running into aswin’s courtyard
Swinging the tangled hair he sings the song of mad winds.

[Shravan ------ month of rains
Aswin ------ month of fall ]

Under the Bakul tree, fragrance of flower merges with
the dance of the shadows
Mind becomes mad with I don’t know what
Which dancing girl’s whirling cloth end touches my body.
Madman, you, with your own fixed ideas.

Each in the world is busy day and night in his own work

They don’t understand what you are searching madly your whole life.

Never tired, no partner in this world,

I would like to know you but don’t have time to do so.

Hey, what you want to tell us, calling so early in the morn?

It is very vexing, disturbing, you’ll make us all mad.
Mad streams on the southern mountains.

The mad wind does not know where from the call for him is coming------

Mad wind, mad with dancing is my soul-mate now---
Laughing loudly rushes around, heeding no injunction.
Full to the brim with madness she creates games of fantasy

Laughs loudly, talks rapidly, the gleeful girl.

In the restless mad waters repeatedly following the rhythms,

What a game you are playing on this lonely beach.

Stars in the darkness stare mutely

Mad wind from who knows where blows around.
৪৯। তোমরা যা বলো তাই বলো, আমার লাগে না মনে।

এই পাগল হাওয়া কী গান গাওয়া
ছড়িয়ে দিয়ে গেল আজি সুনীল গঙ্গনে।

[৩৩২৮]

This mad wind singing what song
Spreads it today over the blue sky.

৫০। তোরা শুনিস নি কি শুনিস নি তার পায়ের ধুনি,

ওই যে আসে, আসে, আসে।

শেংছি গান যখন যত আপনমনে খ্যাপার মতো
সকল সুরে রেঘেছে তার আগমনী --

[৩ জৈষ্ঠ ৩১৭]

All the songs I have sung in my mind like mad
In every tune rung his welcome----

৫১। নয়ন তোমারে পায়না দেখিতে, রয়েছ নয়ন নয়নে।

বাসনার বশে মন অবিরত ধায় দশাদিশে পাগলের মতো,

[ফাল্গুন-চৈত্র ১২৯৩]

Driven by desires, my mind ceaselessly runs to the four corners like mad.
52. না বলে যায় পাছে সে আঁধি মোর ঘুম না জানে ।

খেয়ালের হাওয়া লেগে যে খাপা শেষ জেগে

[জয়েন্ত ১৩০২]

Madman who wakes up at the touch of the wind of fantasy

53. না বে, না বে, হবে না তোর স্পর্ষাধন ----

পথিক বঞ্চ পাগল করে পথে বাহির হবে তোরে ----

হদয় যে তোর ফেটে গিয়ে ফুটবে তবে তোর আরাধন ।।

[১ আশিন ১৩২১]

Traveller friend will make you mad and draw you out on the road
Your heart will burst to let His worship blossom.

54. নীল দিগন্তে ওই ফুলের আগন্ত লাগল,

এল আমার হারিয়ে যাওয়া কোন ফাঁকের পাগল হাওয়া ।

[আশার ১৩২৯]

My lost mad wind of the spring comes back.
With happy limpid, liquid, mad eyes
You look for, whom do you look for?

The madman, today, is removing the hasps
Mad you are, let the world know
Say it loud and brave.
If anybody knocks at the door
Be at the corner, don’t answer,
Let them say ‘bizzare’, let them say ‘useless’.
Rather say, ‘I am nothing
Nobody, Whoever I am’.
The woods will smile listening this,
The flute will sound everywhere----
The air will say “I love”, the sky will bind you in unseen bondage.

On the rainy day of mad winds
My mad mind awakens.

Rain-drunk evening which Balaram’s disciple I am
All the drunkards dance around my dreams.

[Balaram : mythical figure, god of drinking. Comparable to Baccus]
591  পাগলিনী তোর লাগি কী আমি করিব বল।  

[আষাঢ় ১২৮৬]

Tell me I should do for you, O mad woman.

601  পারবি না কি যোগ দিতে এই জুন্দে রে  
এই খসে যাবার, ভেসে যাবার, ভাঙবারই আনন্দে রে।

পাগল-করা গানের তানে ধয় যে কোথা কেই-বা জানে ---

[১৮ আষ ১৩১৬]

With the maddening melody of the song who knows where he is running to-----

611  পোহাতো পোহাতো বিভাবরি  
পূর্বতোরেণ তুনি বঁশরি।।

পাজাবে পাজাবে পাগল জগল, আলসালস পাশরি।।

[মাঘ ১৩২১]

Madman awakes on the leaves, denying desire for lazing

621  প্রেমের জোয়ারে ভাসাবে পোহারে --- বীভন খুলে দাও, দাও দাও দাও।

পাগল হে নাবিক ভুলাও দিগ্বিধিক --- পাজ খুলে দাও, দাও দাও দাও।।

[১৩৪৩/১৩৪৫]

The tide of love will carry these two---- undo the ropes.  
You, the mad boatman make us forget directions --- raise the sails.
The mad and hidden brook falls with the colours of the spring-wind
On the breasts of rose, hibiscus, *parul, palash, parijat.*
There, when I can, I bring my heart out
To colour it with the impudent, mad colours, layer by layer.
I stepped out in the restless wind, by the sign of the anxious path---
O, you colour-mad, how shall I catch you.
At which corner will you hide yourself. If I can’t get you
What for my heart has bled with the colour of your feet.

*Parul, Palash, Parijat ---- different hued flowers of spring in Bengal*

With the coming of spring all the dry leaves fell
Disturbed by the mad wind they fell in hundreds.
O spring end, please end, end your play ---
The *madness* of making the flowers blossom, its madflow.

I have come out of my own self
Shall cross the blue sky with the tide of mad wind.

My lonely flute sends its *madness* to different horizons
For your songs----

Cranes are flying under dark clouds
Their wings are going *crazy* with the *madness* of the wind.
Who are you, the boatman of my dreamboat?
The sails are swelling with the wind of intoxication,
The mad soul moves on singing.

If you gave not given love in the soul

Why from time to time
My heart like a madman
Pushes the boat into the sea whose shores he does not know?

The day is ending, the shravana day is ending.

The mad wind is roaming around.
He, who calls you mad  don’t say anything to him
He will think you odd today,  will throw stones at you
Tomorrow morning he will follow you with a garland in hand
Let him stay today on his pedestal with his pride
Tomorrow he will come down with love, will bow his head.
Who, the mad man, walks your path moves away in this dark night
Call him not call him not to your courtyard.
He sings the song of distant lands, alas, who can understand that…..
Which melody he plays on the ektara.
He will not stay till tomorrow morn
Futile to invite him to stay.
He will sing
In the great festivity of breaking the shackles
In the felicitation of the new light.
[ ektara : a type of one-stringed musical instrument]

৭৩। সে যে পাশে এসে বসেছিল তবু জানি নি ।

জেগে দেখি দশিন-হাওয়া পাগল করিয়া
গজ্জ আহার ভেসে বেড়ায় আঘার ভরিয়া ।

[১২ বৈশাখ ১৩১৭]

Waking, I see the southern wind becoming mad
Its fragrance spreads filling up the darkness.

৭৪। হে অত্যন্তের ধন

পাগল হল বসন্তের এই দশিন-মহীরণ ॥

[১৫ চৈত্র ১৩২০]

The southern wind of spring becomes mad.
Seeing the dark clouds in the blue sky

The wind in the garden gets intoxicated with mad-songs
APPENDIX II

From Abol-Tabol

(A)

আয়রে ভোলা খোঁয়াল খোলা
স্বপনেরলা নাচিয়া আয়।
আয়রে পাঙ্গোল আরোল তারোল
mতু মাঝল বাজিয়ে আয়।
আয় যেখানে ক্ষাপার পানে
নাইকো মানে শাইকো সুর,
আয়রে যেখাম উঠাও হাওয়ায়
মন ভোগে যাব কোন সুদূর।
আয় ক্ষাপা মন বুঝিয়ে বাঁধন
জারিয়ে নামন তাঁধন ফিন,
আয় বোঝাছ সৃষ্টিচাড়া
নিমিনহারা হিসাব-হীন।
আজগোবি চাল বেঁধিক বেঁধল
মাতবি মাতাল রসেতে ---
আয়রে অবে তুলের ভেবে
অসন্তুলের ছন্দেতে।
TOPSY-TURVY

Come on innocent, open minded, Come dancing with your dreams
Come, you mad, meaningless, Come playing the mad madol,
Come where the eccentric sings caring not for rhyme or reason,
Come where the break-away wind takes your mind far away,
Come, you eccentric mind, working up the dance beat,
Come the unruly, odd and bizarre, lawless and account-less.
Strange footsteps, wrong diction, full of drunken gaiety,
Come then in the world of mistakes, in the rhythm of impossibility.

[madol – a drum-like musical instrument]
WAR-MONGER

That’s our loony Jogai, comes here regularly;
Smiles to himself, hums absently
Stumbles suddenly, stops wondering
Jumps a sharp step from right to left.
Defiant posture, sudden anger,
Takes a poke at the air like mad crying a sharp “hey”
Shouts loudly, “laying a trap? Is Jagai going to fall?
Seven German soldiers, Jagai alone, still Jagai goes on fighting.”
Warming up in excitement hops and jumps alone
At times rushes forward threateningly, at times retreats with caution.
Countless strokes/beats of umbrella around, haphazard to a degree
Whirls around with closed eyes, skilful dancing dervish
Pants in exertion, sweating with effort
Drops flat suddenly on the ground
Starts shouting, throwing about limbs, eyes hazy
“Jagai died, blown by a canon shell”
Saying this, is restless for a minute
Then silent and dumb as a mummy.
Then he gets up, sits erect and scratches his head
Takes out from the pocket his laundry book
And wrote there, “Listen Jagai, it was a fierce battle.
Brother Jagai died after finishing off five.”

(C)

ফিতুত

বিদ্যমানে জানায়ার  কিমাকার ফিতুত,
সারাদিন ধ'রে তার  শুধু শুধু ফিৎফুৎ ।
মাঠপাড়ে ঘাটপাড়ে কেঁদে মরে খালি সে,  
গ্যান্ডান আবাদরে  সন সন নালিশে ।
এটা চাই সেটা চাই  কত তার বায়না -
কি যে চায় তাও ছাই  বোধা কিছু যায় না ।
কোকিলের মত তার  কঠিতে সুর চাই,
গলা শুনে আপনার  বলে ‘উছ দূর ছাই !’
আকাশেতে উড়ে যেতে
তাই দেখে মরে কঁদে নে---
হাতিটার কী বাহার
ওরকম জুড়ে তার দিতে
কাঙরুর লাফ দেখে
ঠাং চাই আজ থেকে
সিংহের বেশরের
পিছে খাসা গোসাপের
eকলা সেসব হ'লে
যারে পায় তারে বলে,
পাষীদের মনা নেই-
তার কেন ডানা নেই !
দাতে আর শুনতে --
হবে, মূতে !
ভারি তার হিংসে --
ঠাং ঢেঙে চিমসে !
মত তার তেজ কী ?
খাজকাটা লেজ কী
মেটে তার পাখনা ;
‘মোর দশা দ্যাখ্না না !‘

কেঁদে কেঁদে শেষটায় --
আযাসের রাইশে
হু'লা বিনা চেষ্টায়
য়ে গিয়ে কাদকাটি
চুড়িরি একলাটি ব'সে
লাফ দিয়ে হুসক'রে
কলাগাছ খেলে পরে
থোমাশুক্ত কুকু ডাক
eই দেহে শুনো নাক
‘বুড়া হাতি ওড়ে‘ ব'লে
কান টেনে লাজ ম'লে
কেউ যদি তেড়েমেড়ে
‘কোথাকার তুই কে রে, জবাব কি দেবে ছাই,
কাঁচুমুন ব'সে তাই ,
'নই ঘোড়া নই হাতি,
হৌলামি প্রজাপতি
মাছ বাঙাগ চাষাপলা
নই জুভুতো নই ছাতা,'
Super – Beast
[translation by Sukanta chaudhuri]

A very weird creature, of no proper breed,
Went grumbling all day out of envy and greed.
He wailed on the meadows and wept by the stream
With sulking demands and exorbitant dreams.
You scarcely could tell why he kept up his whine,
Forever complaining, ‘I wish it were mine’.
He wanted a voice like a cuckoo’s refrain;
So practiced his crooning, but warbled in vain.
He envied the birds as they soared in the sky,
And wished he had wings, and could learn to fly.
With trunk and with tusk see the elephant tread:
So why should he settle with less on his head?
He viewed the lithe kangaroo bounding along,
And longed for his legs to be lanky and strong.
For the lion’s proud mane he would also make suit,
The long scaly tail of the lizard to boot.
He called on all creatures to please all his whims,
And moaned to the world for his maladroit limbs.
When lo and behold! On the fifth of July
He suddenly gained all he’d wanted to try!
But once the excitement was utterly over,
He found that he wasn’t quite living in clover.
Should elephants prance in such lolloping manner?
Or kangaroos feed off a stalk of banana?
If Squat-Head cried ‘Cuckoo’, would people be rapt?
Would an elephant’s trunk on that torso be apt?
Supposing they jeered at a jumbo that flew,
Or tweaked his poor ears and guffawed and cried ‘Boo’?
Supposing they challenged him, right to the face,
‘You nameless old boob, you’re a proper disgrace.’
He could not reply, for he’d have no defence,
So burst out at last in anguish intense:
‘I can’t be a moth or a horse or a snake,
A bee or an elephant, donkey or drake,
A fish or a frog or a bird or a tree,
A shoe or a sunshade ----
Oh what can I be?’
APPENDIX III

Devotional Songs (bauls and others)

(A)

Mumbling and prattling the many names…….
While onlookers say, “they are crazy”
Entering and not entering cities
Standing still or swaying
Before a laughing world
They dance, they leap
Undone by feeling
And the gods bow down
Before them.


(B)

Bhagavan [God] is mad, he has created all sorts of confusion
He has made the country mad
Such a man as this, I have not found
O crazy mind
I have not found the madman I desire
I have not found any such madman
Thus I have not become mad.

(untitled Baul song sung by Boidyanath Sharma, Calcutta, 1984, quoted by June McDaniel, 1989)
Mad, mad, everyone is mad,
So why are people criticized for it?
When you drive into the ocean of the heart, you see
That only the madman is truly good.

Some are mad for riches, others for people
Some grow mad from the pull of need.
Some are mad for form, and some for rasa,
And some are mad for love.
These madmen laugh and cry.
There is grandeur to this madness.

Everyone says, “Mad, mad,”
On what tree does madness grow?
When you do not care for truth or falsehood
Everything is equal, the bitter and the sweet.

(baul song quoted in McDaniel, 1989)