



Devotional Sung Poetry from Bengal

A Kirtan Concert with Dyuti Chakraborty and Rahul Krishna Bharadwaj

May 4th, 2021- 7 pm - Online

*Presented with support from the South Asian Studies Council at the Yale MacMillan Center
and the Hindu Life Program in the Yale Chaplain's Office*

Tonight's program:

1. Gaurāṅga chāndera mane (Basudeba Ghosh)

Tāl: Som Tāl/ Boṛo Dashkushī

gaurāṅga cāndera mane ki bhāba uṭhila, āhā mari mari āmār bhābanidhi gaurahari

What feeling arose in the mind of the moon-like Chaitanya?, Oh, my Gaurahari (Chaitanya),
the abode of emotion.

kāṭān: āj pūraber bhābe bibhor hoye, āmār bhāb-nidhi gaura hari

Today, absorbed in his previous emotion, our Gaura-hari (Chaitanya), the abode of
emotion.

Tāl: Chhoṭa Dashkushī

Nadiyāra mājhe, āhāre āhā mari mari

In Nadiya, Oh my...

Tāl: Birām Dashkushī

*Nadiyāra mājhe, āhā nadiyāra mājhe gorā dān sirajila / āj pūrāb līlā smaraṇ kore āmār
bhāb-nidhi gaura hari*

In Nadia, Chaitanya began the Dān (tax episode). Today, my Chaitanya remembers his earlier līlā (divine play).

Tāl: Jhāti

Nadiyāra mājhe gorā dān sirajila, āre mora āre mora āmār dvijamaṇi, āj betra diyā āgulyā rākhaye taruṇī

Oh, my, our Chaitanya [Gorā], the gem of the twice born. With sticks he kept the young women from proceeding.

ākhar: *bhāb bujhate nāri go, bhāb-nidhi gaura harir bhāb, sethe koṭī samudra gambhīra bhāb*

I could not understand [his] thoughts; the thoughts of Gaur-Hari (Chaitanya); they are as solemn and deep as a thousand oceans.

Tāl: Jhāti

Āmār dān deho dān deho bali gorā ḍāke, nadiyā nāgari sab paḍila bipāke

“Give me the tax, give me the tax,” shouts Chaitanya. All the young girls of Nadiya fell into distress.

ākhar: *āmār dān deho deho dān, thākichhu āchhe karo tomāy, tomār jibana joubana kulashīla māna*

Give me an offering, give an offering. Whatever you have, give that to me. Your life, your youth, your familial prestige.

krishna abatāre āmi sādhiyāchi dān, sebhāb paḍila mane basughoshe gān

As Krishna I played this fee-taking role before. “My mind fell into that emotion,” sings Basu Ghosa.

2. Lalitā biśākhā sāthe – (Dviya Mādhaba)

Tāl: Dāshpahirā Tāl

lalitā biśākhā sāthe caliyā jāite pathe, kata sādhe bāṭāiche pā

While going on the path with Lalita and Visakha, there is hope in her [Radha’s] steps.

ākhar: *jāy sakala shrinkhal mochana kari, bhābe kathana dekhā pābo hari, hari abhisārīnī*

While walking all (her) chains have been thrown off, in bliss she goes to see Krishna for a meeting.

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

uthalilā bhābosāra elāiyā keśabhāra, dharane nā jāya āji gā

Her emotion overflowing, her hair falling on her back, she cannot control her body.

ākhar: *ār to dhani colte nāre, āger pā piche pore, krishna anurāger bhabe*

The young girl (Radha) can no longer move, neither forward nor backwards, absorbed in affection for Krishna.

Tāl: Teoṭ Tāl

[tomrā dekho āmāder] uḍani paṛeche bhuinye ghām cunyāiche muiye, cānd mukha kareche jhālamala/

Look, our Radha's scarf has fallen to the ground, [and her] perspiration was dripping down her face. Her moon-like face glitters.

Bistār – 1) *eki anurāger eman anurāg noile ki gobinda darshan payoya jāy, 2) eki anurāger rādhār rakta basan brindābaner dhūlāy pare pathake balche ogo path tumi gobinda darshaner patha bale dāo*

1) Without a unique attraction, and without sincere love, one cannot see Gobinda (Krishna). 2) With that unique attraction, Radha's red clothing falls on the dust of Brindaban. "Oh path, tell me which way to go to obtain the vision of Krishna."

kāṭān: *(āj) rādhār bāhya smriti nai, krishna preme anga dagaman, krishna anurāg bhūjanga danshan kaila, krishna anurāga jāra hay tār jeno emoni dashā hay*

Today, Radha is not cognizant of her body, as her limbs are brimming with love for Krishna. She has been stung by the serpent of Krishna's love. Whoever becomes attracted to Krishna, they enter a state of ecstasy.

ākhar (Lophā Tāl): *jeno jochanā jhare, chānd badane jochanā jhare, kato sudhāra bindu pare jhare, rādhārānīr badana kamale*

Like the light of the moon, that moon-like face (of Krishna) similarly spreads light. Many drops of nectar are showering down onto Radha's face.

Tāl: Jhāti Tāl

hiyāya prabāla māla hema kāṭhi śobhe bhālo, ānkhi duṭi kareche chalachala//

A ruby necklace hangs across her breast, and a golden crown rests on her forehead; her eyes were full of tears.

ākhar: *jeno trishita nayana, bhābe kakhano pabe darshan, byākula hala shrirādhār mana*

With thirsty eyes, she wonders when she will see him. Radha's body and mind become restless.

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

saṅginī ratana mālā sabe naba naba bālā, raser pāthāre śaśī sari

All the companions who were accompanying her, looked like moons in the ocean of bliss (*ras*).

ākhar: *jeno cānder mālā, cānda gheri jāy cānder mālā, brajer path kari ujyālā, bheṭibāre ṭhikana kālā*

Like a garland of moons, encircling the moon, (they) illuminated the Braj path to see the black-complexioned one (Krishna).

dānīra cakora ānkhī tiyāsita tāhā dekhi, majiyā āpanā pāsari

The Cakora-like eyes of the Dānī [Krishna] seemed thirsty, and he forgot himself.

raho raho bali dheye patha āgulilā jeye, dān dāo bali pāte hāt

Saying “stop, stop” he ran towards them barring their path, showing his hands he asked for the tax.

e dvija mādhaber bānī ke tomāy karila dānī, lalitā dhūlāya nija mātha

These are the words of Dvija Mādhaba: “Who has made you the Dānī?”; Lalita put dust on her head.

ākhar (Chanchaput Tāl): *jāo jāninā māni nāhe, ke tomāy karila dānī, āmrā tomāy nāhi māni*

Go! We will not obey you. Who make you the tax collector? We will not obey you.

3. Madhukar ranjita mālāti – (Radhamohana)

Tāl: Boṛo Doṭhukī

madhukara ranjito mālāti mandita jitaghana kunchita kemon

[His] cloud-defeating curly locks of hair are embellished with a bee-adorned jasmine garland.

ākhar: *kona bhāgyabatī sājāyeche, āmār gorābanamālī ke, mallik;a mālāti māle*

Which lucky lady has adorned my Gorābanamālī (Chaitanya) with a garland of jasmines?

tilak binindata, shashadhara rupak

[His] sandalwood-marked forehead demeans the beauty of the moon.

Bistār: *sajanī asakāle, jerupa āmi dekhe elām, ki balbo sai sei rupete kathā*

O confidante! What shall I say about the beauty I saw in the dusk!

(dekhām) tilak binindata, shashadhara rupak jubatī manohara besham

(I saw) his sandalwood-marked forehead, which would demean the beauty of the moon, and his dress would win [any] woman's heart.

Ākhar: *hari candane sajajeche, eje eki ange rādhā-krishna, eje rāsabilāser pariṇati, emona hoyā nāi ār habār nai, eje kalijuge haye gelo*

Hari (Chaitanya) is embellished in sandalwood, as if he is Radha and Krishna in the same body; this is because of the *rasa-lila* (Radha and Krishna's circle dance). This will not happen again, as this is already the *Kali Yuga* (the decadent last of the Hindu Yuga cycle).

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

sakhī kalaya gaura mudāram

My friend, behold the lofty Sri Gaura (Chaitanya).

ākhār: *(āmi) ei ekani dekhe elām, muradhunīr jal ānate giye, aparupa se lābani*

(I) just saw [his] incomparable charm on my way to fetch water from the streams of Suradhuni (River).

nindita hāṭak kānti kalebar, garabita mārak māram

[His] bodily beauty, brighter than molten gold, has defeated the pride of Mara (the Hindu god of love).

Ākhar: *āmi kāchā sonā kise bā gani, gaurānga baraṇ khāni, eje lakh bān hemajini*

How can one measure such molten gold? A fragment of Gauranga's (Chaitanya's) color is like thousands of golden floods.

Tāl: Jhāti Tāl

madhura madhura smita, lobhita tanubhrita, anupam bhāba bilāsam

His sweet smile, which is eagerly stretching, [brings] incomparable emotional pastimes.

ākhar: meje mridu mridu hāsiche, hāsi noy jena madhu jhariche, jena kata kathā kahiche

He is smiling softly, as if dripping honey, as [he] speaks of many things.

nija nabarāg, bimohita mānasa, bikathit gadagada bhāsam

His ever-new power of attraction fascinates the mind and makes one unable to speak.

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

Paramākinchan, kinchan naragaṇ, karuna bitaraṇ shīlam, kshobhita durmati, e rādhā-mohana, nām nirupama shīlang

ākhar: āmār hari balā ār halo nāgo, emana hari balā abatāre, sabāi hari bale tare gela

Without the incarnation who spreads the chanting of Krishna’s name (Chaitanya), I would not be able to do so. Everyone is given the name of Krishna.

4. Oichana bachana – (Gobinda Dasa)

Tāl: Teoṭ Tāl

Oichana bachana kahala jaba kān, shuni braj ramaṇī gaṇa sajala nayāna

While Krishna spoke, the young girls of Braj cried.

Bistār: nidāruṇa kathā shunte nāri, braj ramaṇī gaṇa kende bale, āmrā to kono dosh kari nāi, tabe kena kāndāile

One cannot hear that heart-rending speech. The young girls of Braj said while crying: “we have done nothing wrong. Why have you made us cry?”

kāṭān: tumi amana kare kena kāndāile, oi kūla nāshā muralīr gāne deke kena kāndāile, āmrā kon manda kari nāi tabe kena kāndāile

Why have you made us cry in this way? After summoning us with your family-wrecking flute sound. Why have you made us cry? We have done nothing wrong.

Tāl: Chhoṭa Doṭukī

(āj) ṭuṭala sabahun manoratha karanī, abanata ānane nathe likhu dharanī

Today, our wish has been destroyed. With downward glances, we scratch at the dirt.

Ākhar: *dharanī dvidhā hao, e lāj bala rākhabo kothā, tomār garbe prabesh kari*

Oh earth! Open yourself and tell me where I can conceal my shame. Let me enter within your soil.

ākula antara gadaḡada kahai, akaruṇa bachana bishitha nāhi sahai

With a restless heart, I am begging with a choked voice, I cannot bear your unkind words.

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

shuna shuna suthapaṭa shyāmara canda, koiche kahasi tunhu iha anubandha, bhāngali kulashīla muralīka shāne, kingkarī gaṇa janu keshe chari āne

Listen, listen, oh Krishna, how can you speak to us like this? You have broken our familial position and prestige with your stone-like flute, in the same way that a young woman is defamed by holding her hair.

Ākhar: *tumi āmāder ṭene enecha, kulanāshā muralīr gāne, bānshī bājāye keshe dhare*

You have dragged us here with the song of your family-wrecking flute. Playing your flute is like holding our hair.

abakaha kapaṭa dharam jutha bola, dhārmika haraye kumārī nichola

You speak deceitfully! You steal our veil, which is against dharma (religion).

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

Tohe sopita jiba tuyā rasa pāoba, tuyā pada chhoṛi aba ko kānhā jābo

Those souls who dedicate themselves to you can attain your essence. If I abandon [the shelter of] your feet, where shall I go?

Ākhar: *oi caraṇe saba sanpechi, gobinda tomār halām bale, āpana bolte kichu rākhām nā he*

I have dedicated everything to your feet, and I have become yours, oh Gobinda (Krishna)! I have kept nothing for myself.

etahun kahala braj jibatī mela, shuni nanda nandana harshita bhela, kabī parasād tahin bilāsa, ānande nirathaye gobinda dās

As the young girls of Braj said this, Nanda Nandana (Krishna), who was listening, became pleased. By great fortune, the poet Gobinda Das happily witnesses this pastime.

Ākhar: *ānanda dhare nā, braj gopīder kathā shune, prān gobinder*

There is no limit to the happiness of listening to the speech of the young maidens of Braj, Oh Pranagovinda (Krishna)!

5. Alpa bayase mora – (Jadunath)

Tāl: Choṭa Dashkushī

alpa bayase mora shyām rase jara jara, nā jāni ki habe pariṇāme, parāṇ sakhīre

O my lifelong friend, I do not know what the consequence of this attraction for Shyam (Krishna) will be; (this attraction) has been inflicted as a fever at this young age.

ākhar: *kibā habe go, nā jāni ki, pariṇāme kibā habe, e bayase emana halo, pariṇāme kibā habe*

Whatever will happen, I do not know. At such an age...what will eventually happen? What will happen in the end?

Tāl: Jhāti Tāl

jadi nayana mude thāki antare gobinda dekhi, nayana moliyā dekhi shyām

Though my eyes remain closed, I see Gobinda (Krishna) in my heart. When my eyes are open, I see Shyām (Krishna).

ākhar: *dekhi dāndāye ācho go, āmār hrida kadamba mūla ālo kare, adhare muralī laye, jale sthale antarīkshe*

I see him standing there, lighting my heart like the root of a Kadamba tree, holding a flute to his lips. He is everywhere--on land, water and sky.

Tāl: Chanchapuṭ Tāl

jadi chale jāi pathe, shyām jāy mora sāthe sāthe, charaṇe charaṇa thekāiyā

If I walk on the path, Shyāma (Krishna) also walks with me, step by step.

ākhar: *āmār sāthe sāthe jāy go, charaṇe diyā, adhare muralī laiṇā*

He walks with me, step by step, holding a flute to his lips.

bhramete phirāi ānkhi, keha sange nāhi dekhi

If I turn my eyes by mistake, I see no one behind me.

ākhar: *kathā balbo kāre re, sabāi balbe unmādinī, ei brindāban mājhe*

Alas, everyone in Brindaban speaks of how I am crazy.

Bhramete phirāi ānkhi, keha sange nāhi dekhi, paḍe āchi jena murachiyā

If I turn my eyes by mistake, I see no one with me.

Tāl: Lophā Tāl

kahinu toder āge, dāgā pāilām shyām dāge, e chāra jībaner nāhi dāya

[I] told you before, I was deceived by Shyam, [I] am in no need of this banal life

ākhar: *kāj ki āche, e chāra jībane, jadi shyām dāge dāgā pelām, o lalitā o bishākhā*

Oh Lalita and Bisakha, what is the worth of this banal life if I am deceived by Shyām (Krishna)?

Tāl: Chanchapuṭ Tāl

tila tulasī diyā samarpaṇa karinu hiyā, janamer mato rāngā pāy

With sesame and the sacred tulasī leaf, I offer my heart to [his] crimson feet for life.

ākhar: *sab sanpilām, deha mana prāṇ sab sanpilām, he gobinda tomār halām bale, āmār bolte kichu rākhilām nā*

O Gobinda (Krishna), in your name [I] offer everything, [I] offer [my] body, soul, life, everything, [I] did not keep anything for myself.

joginī hoiyā jābo, shrabaṇe kundela diba, e chāra griha parihari

I will become a renunciate, giving away my earrings, and renouncing this trivial family life.

e chāra grihe rana nā, he grihe krishna nām nāi

[I] won't stay in this mundane home where the praise of Krishna does not exist.

krishna nām laba mukhe, janam goyāb mukhe, jadu kahe ei bānchā kori

I will take Krishna's name on my lips and spend my life in bliss. Jadu (the poet) says, "I make this wish."

ākhar: āmi nām geye beḍabo, brindābaner pathe pathe, hā krishna dayā karo bole

I will sing (Krishna's) name on the paths of Brindaban, Oh Krishna have mercy (on me)

About the Musicians:

Dyuti Chakraborty, also known as Devi Dyuti Kishori Ji. was born in a Brahmin family. Her birthplace is Rishra, Hooghly, West Bengal, India. The place Rishra according to historical evidence, was inhabited by Sages (Rishi) and that is why it was known as Rishira, which later became known as Rishra.

She has shown extraordinary keenness in Indian Classical Vocal music from a very tender age. Initially trained in Hindustani Classical Music under the guidance of Sri Dwijen Bhattacharya of Benaras Gharana, (The senior most disciple of Pt. Mohanlal Mishra & Pt. Rajan, Sajan Mishra), she later learned Padabali Kirtan under the supervision of senior teacher Sri Monoranjan Bhattacharya (Ex. Professor of Rabindra Bharati University) and Pt. Sri Nimai Mitra of Manoharshahi Gharana. She also has learned Brij Lokgeet (Brij Folk) under the guidance of Sri Jagdish Brijwasi, and learned the melodies of Srimad Bhagwat Mahapurān under the guidance of Pt. Sri Arvind Bhai Pandya Ji Maharaj, Sriman Prem Gopal Das Brahmachari (Iskcon) & HH Abhay Charan Bas Babaji Maharaj. For more information about Dyuti Chakraborty, see [here](#).

Sriman Rahul Krishna Bharadwaj, initially trained Hindustani vocal Classical Music under the guidance of Srimati Kakali Majumder. He also learned Srikhol / Mridanga under the supervision of senior teacher Sri Manoranjan Bhattacharya (Ex. Professor of Rabindra Bharati University) and Pt. Sri Nimai Mitra of Manoharshahi Gharana. He studied Tabla under the guidance of Sri Asit Lahiri and Pt. Sri Swapan Shiva, and Brij Lokgeet (Brij Folk) and Bhajan under the guidance of Sri Jagdish Brijwasi. He learned the melodies of Srimad Bhagwat Mahapurān under the guidance of Pt. Arvind Bhai Pandya Ji Maharaj, Sriman Prem Gopal Das Brahmachari (Iskcon) and HH Abhay Charan Das Babaji Maharaj. He has also studied Sri Ramcharit Manas under the guidance of Sri Rajan Ji Maharaj. For more information, see [here](#).

Subho Chakraborty: Sitar

Prasanta Kumar Paul: Flute

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