



Songs of Dawn and Dusk of “Bhakta Kabi” Madhusudan Rao

Indrajeet Mohanty

Madhusudan Rao was one of the most prolific and elegant writers, of Odia poetry of the Late 19th and Early 20th Centuries. His writings are adorned with purity, beauty and have an undercurrent of devotion to the Almighty. One cannot forget his magnificent poem “Padma” (Lotus) which is so chaste and natural that one feels the Lotus swaying in the breeze, in the Lake, right in front of us. In fact one almost gets the fragrance of the Lotus and feel of the tepid morning Sun. If he has been compared with Tennyson and Wordsworth for his allegories of nature, he is also a painter like Thomas Gray, who uses a pen as a brush to paint pictures. Madhusudan Rao’s poems are, finally a gift to the Creator, the Divine Master, Who controls the Universe. This is a reflection of his Brahma Samajist outlook. His poems, like that of his compatriot, Kabibara Radhanath Ray, are framed in pure, modest, simple and decent Odia. Fakir Mohan Senapati, the first real Odia novelist, says of Madhusudan



“..... distressed Odia Language will for ever be indebted to Madhusudan”.

The poet was born in 1853 on January 19th (Shree Panchami) at Puri. His Grand-father was Marhathi Offices, before the British occupation, and his father, Bhagiratha Rao brought him up as he lost his mother, Ambika Devi, at the tender age of five. He was a brilliant student, who made Puri Zilla School proud. During his career as a student in Cuttack, he be-friended Pyarimohan Pradhan and became a devout Brahma Samajist. As a school teacher at Balasore he encountered the great Fakir Mohan Senapati and in Cuttack was a student of Radhanath Ray. All there interactions created in his, already illuminated, mind more resplendence. This brilliance effused out in monthlies like “Utkaladarpan” from Balasore, “Sikshabandhu” from Cuttack etc. His ‘Chandamala’ became popular in every home in Odisha, whilst many of his works were greatly



appreciated in Calcutta. His poems on the various seasons was often compared with Rabindra Nath Tagore's seasonal songs. Madhusudan Rao died in 1921 on December 18th.

Madhusudan Rao has penned two sets of poems, on the Dawn (Prabhat) and Dusk (Sandhya). One set is for children written in his 'Sisugita' (Songs for Children) while the other is a component of his "Chandamala" (the garland of Rhymes). Both are beautifully written, evocative of nature's pageant at Sunrise and Sunset. Treatment of movement, colour and sound perception is simple and modest. The language restricted and pure. Here is Madhusudan at his best, using the pen as a brush, words as colour and paints a picture before us, with the divine power as the director.

Below are the translations of the four poems, from original Odia.

(A) From Sisugita (Songs for Children)

୧. ଶିଶୁ ଗୀତ

ପ୍ରଭାତ

ପାହିଲା ଅନ୍ଧାର ରଜନୀ, ଉଠ ଉଠ ବାଳକେ,
ନବୀନ ପ୍ରଭାତ ସମୟ, ଏବେ ଗାଅ ପୂଲକେ ।
ଦଶ ଦିଗ ଦେଖ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ପାଇ ରବି କିରଣ,
ପୁଲ ପୁଟିଅଛି କାନନେ, ଧୀରେ ବହେ ପବନ ।
ଥିଲେ ଅଚେତନ ନିଦ୍ରାରେ ସର୍ବେ ଧରଣୀବାସୀ,
କି ମନ୍ତ୍ର ପଢ଼ିଲା ପ୍ରଭାତ କେଉଁ ଦେଶରୁ ଆସି ।
ନବପ୍ରାଣ ଲଭି କ୍ଷଣକେ ଜାଗି ଉଠିଲେ ସର୍ବେ,
ଆକାଶ ପୃଥିବୀ ପୂରିଲା ମହା-ଆନନ୍ଦ ରବେ ।
ବିହଙ୍ଗେ ଗାଇଲେ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ, ଆହା କି ମନୋହର,
ସେ ଗୀତ ଶ୍ରବଣେ ହୃଦୟ ନାଟିଉଠେ ମୋହର ।
ବିହଙ୍ଗ ସଙ୍ଗତେ ବାଳକେ, ଗାଅ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମନେ,
ହୃଦୟେ ସୁମରି ଜଗତ-ପିତା ସୃଷ୍ଟି-କାରଣେ ।

1. Prabhat (Dawn)

The darkness of the Night ends, Children awake,
It's the time of a new morn, in a delightful song, partake.

Look ! the ten quarters, with the Sun's ray, are glowing,
Flowers are blooming, a gentle breeze is blowing.

The earthlings were rapped in unconscious slumber,
Coming from where ? The Dawn brought what magic wonder ?

Infusing new life, in a moment, it awoke the Earth,
Sky and Earth fills with sounds of great mirth.

Birds are singing, songs so charming,
My heart begins to dance, with the songs, on hearing.

With the birds, Children sing in happy chorus,
In your hearts remember the Creator, Father of the Universe".

୨. ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା

ପଶ୍ଚିମ ଦିଗରେ ବୁଡ଼ଇ ରବି,
ଆହା କି ସୁନ୍ଦର ଲୋହିତ ଛବି ।

ପଶ୍ଚିମ ଆକାଶ ସିନ୍ଦୂରମୟ,
ଦେଖିଲେ ପ୍ରଫୁଲ୍ଲ ହୁଏ ହୃଦୟ ।

କ୍ରମେ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ଆସଇ ଘୋଟି,
ଉଇଁଲେଣି ତାରା ଗୋଟିକି ଗୋଟି ।

ତରା ସାରି ପକ୍ଷୀ ଆକାଶେ ଉଡ଼ି,
ବସାକୁ ଆନନ୍ଦେ ଗଲେ ବାହୁଡ଼ି ।

ହଳକାମ ସାରି କୃଷକମାନେ,
ଫେରିଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ଦିବାବସାନେ ।

ବାଳକେ ଆସିଲେ ପାଠଶାଳାରୁ,
ହସହସ ମୁଖ ଦିଶେ ସୁତାରୁ ।

ଲଗାଇଲେ ସଞ୍ଜଦୀପ ଘରଣୀ,
ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ ବୁଡ଼ିଗଲା ଧରଣୀ ।

2. Sandhya (Dusk)

The Sun sets in the western direction,
Oh ! what a beautiful picturesque Crimson.

The western sky is of Vermilion hue,
My heart fills with joy, when I this do view.



Gradually darkness makes its descent,
The stars, one by one, make their advent.

Birds flying in the sky, finishing their grazing,
With mirth retreat to their nestling.

The farmers, after finishing their ploughing,
Are returning in the evening.

The children return from school,
Their smiling faces looking beautiful.

The housewives, the evening lamps light,
The world drenches in the darkness of the night.

(B) From Chandamala (The Garland of Rhymes)

ପ୍ରଭାତ :

(ନଟବାଣୀ ବୃତ୍ତ)

ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଦିଗ ଘୋଡ଼ିଥିଲା ଅନ୍ଧକାର,
ନୀରବ ନିଶ୍ଚଳ ଥିଲା ଏ ସଂସାର ।

ଧରଣୀକୋଳରେ ଜୀବଜନ୍ତୁଗଣ,
ନିଦ୍ରାମାୟାବଳେ ଥିଲେ ଅଚେତନ ।

ପୂର୍ବ ଆକାଶରେ ବିରାଜିଲା ଜ୍ୟୋତି,
କ୍ଷଣକେ ଜାଗିଲା ସର୍ବ ବସୁମତୀ ।

ବିହଙ୍ଗନାଦରେ ପୂରିଲା ଜଗତ,
ଆକାଶ ସାଗର କାନନ ପର୍ବତ ।

କୋଇଲି ଦୟାଳୁ କଜଳପାତର
କାକଳିକୁ ବହିଆଣାଇ ସମୀର ।

କାଆ କାଆ ରାବେ ଘରେ ଘରେ ରାଇ,
କୁଆଏ ବୁଲନ୍ତି ଜଗତ ଜଗାଇ ।

ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ରବି ଉଇଁଲା ଗଗନେ,
ଜୀବର ଚକ୍ର ପଡ଼ିଲା ଭୁବନେ ।

ନବପ୍ରାଣ ଲଭି ଧାଇଁଲେ ସରବେ,
ଯେ ଯାହା କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଗମିଲେ ମାନବେ ।

କୃଷକ ବିଲକୁ ଯାଉଛି ବହନ,
ଗୋଠକୁ ଗଉଡ଼ ନେଉଛି ଗୋଧନ ।

ହର୍ଷେ ଶିଶୁଗଣ ଯୋଥୁ ଧରି ହାତେ,
ଚାଟଶାଳୀ ଯାନ୍ତି ଆନନ୍ଦେ ପ୍ରଭାତେ ।

ସୁନ୍ଦର କମଳ ଫୁଟି ସରୋବରେ,
ଧୀରେ ଦୋହଲଇ ବାୟୁ ପରଶରେ ।

ନାନା ଜାତି ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟିଛି କାନନେ,
ଭ୍ରମଇ ଭ୍ରମର ଆନନ୍ଦିତ ମନେ ।

ଶିଶିରର ବିନ୍ଦୁ ମୁକୁତା ପରାଏ,
ପୁଷ୍ପେ ପତ୍ରେ ଆହା କେଡ଼େ ଶୋଭାପାଏ ।

ବାଳକ ବାଳିକା ଧରିଣ ଚାହୁଁଡ଼ି,
ଫୁଲ ତୋଳୁଛନ୍ତି ଦଉଡ଼ି ଦଉଡ଼ି ।

ଏକାକେ ବାଳକେ ଜାଗି ଆନନ୍ଦରେ,
ସୁମର ହୃଦୟେ ଜଗତ-ଜଗ୍ନରେ ।

ତାଙ୍କରି କୃପାରୁ ପାଇଲ ପ୍ରଭାତ,
ଭକ୍ତିଭରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ କର ପ୍ରଣିପାତ ।

1. Prabhat (Dawn)

There was darkness all around,
With silent stillness the Earth did abound.

On Earth's lap, all its inhabitant,
Were under sleep's illusion, quiescent.

In the Eastern Sky, the glow adverts
Awakening the universe, in moments.

With the twittering of birds, the world does fill,
Pervading sky, ocean, garden and hill.

The notes of the merciful, wagtail to the nightangle,
Are being dispersed by a breeze, so gentle.

The crowing of the raven is heard from every home,
Who, to arouse the world, do everywhere roam.

In a twinkle of an eye, the Sun rises in heaven,
There is the stirring of life on Earth, all over again.

Everybody hastens, rejuvenated with new life,
To go to each one's daily strife.

Carrying his plough, to the field, goes the farmer,
The cowherd is guiding the cattle to the pasture.

Children holding books in their hands, happily,
Are going to school, in the morn, joyfully.

The delightful lotus blooms in the lake,
Slowly rocking in the mild wind's wake.



In the garden, flowers bloom, in various hues,
The bumble bee drones with an euphoric muse.

Dew glisten like pearls, beautifully set,
On the leaves of the many floret.

Boys and girls holding flower baskets,
Are plucking flowers running to the thickets.

At this time children, with, joy, arise,
The 'Lord of the Universe', in your minds, memorize.

Due to His mercy, you have got this dawn,
Prostrate before Him, with all devotion.

୨. ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା

(ରାଗ-ବସନ୍ତ)

ଅସ୍ତ ହେଲେ ଦିନମଣି ହେଲା ଦିନ ଶେଷ,
ଆସଇ ରଜନୀରାଣୀ ଧରି କଳା ବେଶ ।

ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ହେଲା ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ହେଲା ବୋଲି ପକ୍ଷୀଗଣ
ରାବ ଦେଇ ଯେଝା ବାସେ କରନ୍ତି ଗମନ ।

ଧୂଳି ଉଡ଼ାଇଣ ଦାଣ୍ଡେ କରି ହମ୍ମା ରଡ଼ି,
ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ଗୋରୁପଲ ଗୋଠରୁ ବାହୁଡ଼ି ।

ହଳକାମ ସାରି ଚଷା ମହାଆନନ୍ଦରେ
ନାନା ରଙ୍ଗେ ଗୀତ ଗାଇ ବାହୁଡ଼ଇ ଘରେ ।

ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ଘୋଟଇ ଗଗନ,
ଆବରଇ ଜଳ, ଛଳ, ପର୍ବତ, କାନନ ।

ରତ୍ନଦୀପାବଳୀ ପ୍ରାୟେ ତାରା କୋଟି କୋଟି
ଜଳୁଛନ୍ତି ଆକାଶରେ ହୋଇ ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ।

ଭାଙ୍ଗିଯାଇଅଛି ଏବେ ଦିବସ ଗହଳ,
ନାହିଁ ଆଉ ଏ ଭୁବନେ ଜୀବନଚହଳ ।

ଦିନ-ଶ୍ରମ ଅନ୍ତେ ବସି ନିଜ ନିଜ ଘରେ,
ବିଶ୍ରାମ ଲୋଡ଼ନ୍ତି ସର୍ବେ ଆକ୍ରମ ଅନ୍ତରେ ।

ଧୀରେ ଆସୁଅଛି ନିଦ୍ରା, ନରନାରୀଗଣ
ତାହାର ପରଶେ ଏବେ ମୁଦିବେ ନୟନ ।

ଦିନ ଅନ୍ତେ ରାତି ଆସେ ଯାହାଙ୍କ ବିଧାନେ,
ସୁମର ସେ ବିଧାତାଙ୍କୁ ଆହେ ଶିଶୁମାନେ ।

କରଯୋଡ଼ି କର ଏବେ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ବନ୍ଦନ,
ବୋଲ, ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଭୁବନକାରଣ ।

2. Sandhya (Dusk)

The day has come to an end, the Sun has retired,
The nocturnal queen has come, in black, attired.

Evening has come ! it has come ! is the avians' clarion,
As they fly back to their nests, each alone.

Raising the dust on the road and mooing,
The cattle, to their sheds, are returning.

The farmer, all happy, after a days ploughing,
Is returning home joyfully singing.

In a twinkle of an eye, the sky darkens,
Enveloping, water, land, hills and gardens.

Stars, like crores of golden lamps, burning,
One by one, in the sky are twinkling.

Gatherings and crowds of the day have now broken,
In this world there is no living sound to harken.

Sitting in each one's home after the day's labour,
Everyone desirous of repose, they harbor.

Sleep is coming in a pace so languid,
Leading humanity to close its eye lid.

After day, comes night, by Divine Amity,
Oh ! Children, please count the name of this Almighty.

Folding your palms, sing the evening hymn,
Saying, "Creator of the Universe", Praise Him, Praise Him.

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