

Poem LXXII

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.

Key go anthara-thara sey!
Aamaar chethanaa aamaara bedonaa thaari soogovira parasey.
Aankhithey aamaar boolaay manthra,
Baajaay hriday-binaar thanthra,
Katho aanandey jaagaay chhanda katho sookhey dookhey harasey.
Sonaali roopaali saboojey sooniley
Sey yamona maayaa kyamoney gaanthhi-ley --
Thaari sey aarhaaley charan baarhaaley,
Ddoobaaley sey soodhaa-sarasey:
Katho din aasey, katho joog jaay,
Gopaney gopaney paraana voolaay,
Naanaa pori-chaye naanaa naam loye nithi nithi rasa barasey.

1'	2	0	3	#
II GA RA SN,A	-RA N,A RA	^R PA mPA GA	-A -A -A	I
ke go a.	n tha ra	tha ra. sey	. . .	

1'	2	0	3
I SA SA -N,A	N,D,A N,A D,SA	SA SA SA	SA SA SA I
aa maa r	che. tha naa.	aa maa ra	be do naa

1'	2	0	3
I SA RA GA	mA PNA DA	PA PmA ^D PA	-mA -GA -A II
thaa ri soo	go vi. ra	pa ra. sey	. . .

1'	2	0	3
II{GA GA GA	PmA DA -PA	GA PA -DA	PDA -NS'A S'A I
aan khi they	aa. maa r	boo laa y	ma. . n thra

1'	2	0	3
I PA PA -RA	SA RA GA	GSA RA -GA	RN,A -RA SA }I
baa jaa y	hri da ya	bi. naa r	tha. n thra

