

CHOWTAL RANG BAHAR

चौताल रंग बहार

*A Treasury of Chowtal Songs
from India and the Caribbean*



Compiled by
Ramnarine Sasenarine
Edited by Peter Manuel

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Compiled by Ramnarine (Rudy)
Sasnarine
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2010

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Dedication by Rudy Sasenarine

This book is dedicated to my parents,
Sasenarine and Saraswati, for giving me life.

In Honor of Tej Singh

My guru, Tej Singh, the grand master of chowtal and Ramayan
singing

East Indian music in the Caribbean has been sustained and enriched over the years by a number of experts, who have been not university-based musicology professors, but rather individuals distinguished by their vast knowledge of the rich heritage of Indo-Caribbean music. Some of these experts, in a spirit of competitive rivalry, have hoarded their knowledge or imparted it only to their immediate associates. Others, meanwhile, have been happy to share it with any enthusiasts interested in learning. One such outstanding individual is Tej Singh of Guyana.

Tej was born in 1917 in West Coast Demerara; during Tej's childhood, his father, who had arrived from North India in 1914, developed health problems which obliged Tej, the oldest child, to quit school at an early age and shoulder much of the responsibility of supporting the family through hard manual labor. Despite such adversity, as a youth he learned to read, write, and speak Hindi, and energetically absorbed from knowledgeable elders all he could about the rich heritage of Indian singing that had been brought from the old country. Upon becoming the leader of a chowtal and Ramayan gol in 1959, he applied himself to learning the full breadth of the song repertoire; as a result, during Phagwa his group sang not merely the familiar chowtals and ullaras, but a diverse and rich variety of other "technical" song types like jhumar, lej, jati, chahka, baiswara, and bhartal. Tej also composed songs in several of these genres, such as the jhumar included in this book.

Immigrating to New York in 1978, from 1985 he again became active in singing and teaching chowtal and Ramayan singing, especially with the Mahatma Gandhi Satsang Society, enriching its repertoire with his contributions. Tej's many acquaintances and admirers know him as a unassuming and generous man whose humility is incommensurate with his great erudition.

P.M.

Preface

Chowtal is one of the most dynamic traditions of East Indian culture in the Caribbean and Fiji, and in their secondary Bhojpuri diaspora sites in the USA and elsewhere. Although declining in India itself, chowtal continues to thrive among international communities descended from Bhojpuri indentured workers. Its vitality is remarkable, given that the Hindi language has declined in most of these communities, and that the chowtal tradition has not been reinforced by any contact with the ancestral Bhojpuri homeland since indentureship ended in 1917. Because of the decline of chowtal in India, the Caribbean and Fijian chowtal traditions (including those that thrive in the USA) should not be seen as weak, degraded, and insignificant derivatives of a richer Indian tradition. Rather, they are dynamic centers of chowtal that play essential roles in maintaining its vitality.

However, the continued strength of chowtal is threatened by modernity, and more specifically by the decline of spoken Hindi, not only in Guyana and Trinidad, but even among Surinamese and Indo-Fijians. Further, some of the most knowledgeable experts have sometimes hoarded their repertoire rather than sharing it with others. It is hoped that this booklet can help perpetuate the chowtal tradition, which is such a unique cultural treasure, brought from the plains of North India and nurtured lovingly in the Americas. Some of the songs in this book derive from old anthologies published in India, dating back as far as 1864. Others are written in the New World, by such authors as Daulat Ram of Guyana and Tej Singh of Guyana and New York.

P.M.

Acknowledgments

Gratitude is due to the erudite elders—especially Tej Singh—who generously shared their musical knowledge with Rudy Sasenarine. The Mahatma Gandhi Satsang Society also played an essential role in performing this repertoire and hosting Sasenarine over the course of several years in Queens, New York. Medini Hombol, of Banaras, India, provided translations of the songs and typeset Sasenarine's Hindi script versions of them.

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About Chowtal

Chowtal is originally a group folksong style sung during Holi (Phagwa) season in the Bhojpuri- and Awadhi-speaking areas of what is now Bihar and eastern Uttar Pradesh. During the indentureship period (essentially, 1845-1917), emigrant workers from this region brought chowtal and other folksong traditions to the Caribbean, Fiji, and elsewhere. Some of these folksong styles died out, and some evolved into "chutney," but chowtal has continued to thrive in its traditional form, even though knowledge of Hindi has declined in Guyana and Trinidad. People from other regions of India, such as Punjabis and Gujaratis, have never heard of chowtal.

The word "chowtal," in a general sense, denotes the distinctive format in which two sets of singers (who also play *jhâl* cymbals) alternate singing lines, taking the song (with the help of the *dholak* player) through a fixed set of complex rhythmic modulations, accelerations, and decelerations. "Chowtal," in this sense, is an umbrella term which collectively comprises a set of more specific sub-styles, including that which is itself called "chowtal," as well as *ullâra*, *dhamâri*, *kabir*, *jogira*, *jhumar*, *baiswâra*, *jati*, *rasiya*, *bhartâl*, and the farewell song "*sadâ-ânand*." Most chowtal melodies are simple and often similar to each other, but the rhythm of the lyrics and song must match perfectly, and the beauty and exuberance are generated by the way the group moves skillfully through the intricate and exciting rhythmic changes, with their alternations of climax and repose.

Most chowtal lyrics are in Braj-bhâsha, the Hindi dialect of the region around Mathura and Brindavan (believed to be the home of Krishna), which also became a standard language for Krishnaite poetry throughout North India (unlike Bhojpuri, which has little status as a literary language). Lyrics typically portray the romantic and playful antics of Krishna, or they sing praises of other deities, but both in India and the diaspora songs can be about anything (and are sometimes even ribald!).

Chowtal flourishes in a variety of regional styles in the diaspora, and one can even hear different melodies and songs, and distinct versions of the same songs and substyles, in different parts of Guyana alone, not to mention Suriname, Trinidad, and Fiji. Diverse variants also exist in the Fiji islands, where the most common substyle is a type of *jhumar*, rather than chowtal itself. However, some of the same tunes can be found the Caribbean, Fiji, and India itself. In India's Bhojpuri region today, chowtal is still avidly sung in many communities. However, it is in a general state of decline, and in many—perhaps even most—villages and towns it is unheard of. Further, most Indian groups just sing a few simple chowtals, *ullaras*, and *kabirs*, rather than the more esoteric sub-styles like *lej* and *jati*, which are known to some Caribbean groups.

A typical chowtal lyric may be regarded as comprising an initial line (the *tek*) followed by three or four verses (*pad*, rhymes with "bud"), each essentially of two lines. The *tek* commences in what could be regarded as medium-tempo 7/8 meter (somewhat like North Indian light-classical *tâl* called "dîpchandi"), and after a few repetitions adapts the same tune and text line to duple meter (the *daur*, like North Indian "kaharva"); it then accelerates, and accelerates again, and then reverts to the original 7/8. After this rendering of the *tek*, the first line of the *pad* is sung to a new melody ("tune #2") in *kaherva*. Then the same tune is sung, but replacing the first half of that *pad* with the second half of that line, adding a filler word like "savariya" to make the verse fit. Then the first *pad* line is repeated as before. The first half of the second line of the *pad* is then sung four times to its own tune (tune #3), and then sung faster. Then the second half of the second *pad* line, lengthened by adding the final words of the *tek*, is sung more or less in the same manner as line #1, that is, starting in 7/8 with the original melody (tune #1), segueing to duple meter, and accelerating once or twice before reverting to a few renditions in 7/8. The subsequent *pads* are sung in more or less the same manner as the first one, such that the form is essentially strophic. This pattern may be schematized as follows:

Tek, in tune #1 (sthâi)(lasting 6 mm.):

4X in 7/8

4X in 4/8

4X in 4/8, faster

optional: 4X in 4/8, even faster

4X in 7/8 (original tempo)

1st line of *pad*, in tune #2, in duple meter (8 mm)

4X

2nd half of 1st *pad* line, repeated, to same tune

2X, faster

1st line of *pad*, in tune #2, in duple meter (8 mm)

4X

1st half of 2nd line of *pad*, in tune #3, in duple meter (only 4 mm):

4X

4X, faster

2nd half of 2nd line of *pad*, in tune #1 (6 mm):

4X in 7/8

4X in 4/8

4X in 4/8, faster

optional: 4X in 4/8, even faster

4X in 7/8 (original tempo)

For those who read staff notation, the first chowtal is schematically presented below. Chowtals can be sung in different melodies, but the tune shown for this song can be used for all the chowtals in this book if desired.

A chowtal song is generally followed by an ullâra (or dhamari), and then other chowtals or different sub-genres. The session properly begins with an invocatory sumiran, and in the case of a house visit, ends with a "sadâ-nand" blessing the host family. For those who can read Western staff notation, brief transcriptions of a few tunes are presented where space permits throughout this booklet.

Tune #1 (the tek, in 7/8 'dipchandi'), 4X

De - vi - Sha - ra - da su - mi - ri ma - na - vo hr - da - ya se - ja - ni (de - vi)

Same tune, same text line, but in 'kaharva'. 4X, then again 4x faster, then again 4x faster

Sha - ra - da su - mi - ri ma - na - vo hr - da - ya - se ja - ni (de - vi) -

to: "Devi Sharada" (tek), in tune #1 (in 7/8 'dipchandi'), as at the beginning

Tune #2 (1st line of the pad)

(4X:) Su - mi - ra - na ka - ro Ra - ma - ru - La - chi - ma - na Bha - ra - ta bhu - a la - ba - kha - ni (o) -
(2X:) Bha - ra - ta bhu - a laba - kha - ni sa - va - li - ya a - Bha - ra - ta bhu - a - la - ba - kha - ni (o)
(4X, faster: "Sumirana karo...")

Tune #3 (1st half of 2nd line of the pad), 4X, then 4X again, faster

su - mi - ran ka - ron shi - ri ma - tu Ja - na - ki ho (su - mi - ran)

Tune #1 (7/8) (2nd half of 2nd line of the pad), 4X

Tu - ma ho ti - na lo - ka ki ra - ni hr - da - ya se - ja - ni (Tu - ma)

Then: "Tuma ho..." in kaharva, with accelerations, then back to original 7/8 (dipchandi), then to next pad ("Shiv Shankar...") as with first pad

Hindi Pronunciation and Transliteration

In singing chowtal and other Hindi songs, special attention should be paid to those phonemes (sounds) that don't exist in standard English. Aspirated consonants (like "bha" and "dha") should sound like a single "plosive" sound, not like "baha" and "daha"; conversely, non-aspirated consonants (like "ba") have a somewhat drier sound than their English counterparts.

The biggest challenge for non-Hindi speakers is the distinction between "dental" and "retroflex" "d" and "t." In standard English, "d" and "t" are "retroflex," pronounced with the tongue touching the roof of the mouth. These sounds do occur in Hindi, represented by ढ (here transliterated with an underline: ḍa) and ट (ṭa), and the aspirated ढ and ट (ḍha and ṭha). But more common in Hindi are the "dental" "d" and "t" (द and त, and the aspirated द and त), in which the tongue rests against the back of the teeth (as in Spanish). Similarly, त्रि (tri), as in "trimurti," shouldn't sound like the English pronunciation "chree," but should have the dental "t" followed by a "flapped" "r."

Remember that short "a" is like the vowel in English "but." Thus, "Shankar" more or less rhymes with "bunker," not with "rancor" or "banker," and the name "Mangal," instead of being "mangled," should rhyme with "jungle."

In singing and reciting poetry, most consonants are followed by the "inherent" "a" sound. Thus, "Tulsidas" is sung as "Tulasidaasa," although this sort of inherent vowel is generally not indicated in this book's text transliterations.

In this book, nasalized "n" is shown as "ñ" (as in "kyoñ").

The Devnagari alphabet (used for Hindi and Sanskrit) is laid out in a very logical way (unlike the English alphabet!) and is not too hard to learn. The less common characters are omitted from the following chart.

VOWELS

अ a आ aa इ i ई ī उ u ऊ ū ए e ऐ ai ओ o औ au

CONSONANTS

क ka	ख kha	ग ga	घ gha	
च cha	छ chha	ज ja	झ jha	
ट ṭa	ठ ṭha	ड ḍa	ढ ḍha	ण na
त ta	थ tha	द da	ध dha	न na
प pa	फ pha	ब ba	भ bha	म ma
य ya	र ra	ल la	व va	
श sha	ष sha	स sa	ह ha	

Vowels following consonants are shown here with "b":

बा baa बे be बि bi बी bī बै bai बो bo बौ bau बु bu बू bū

1. Chowtal: Devi Shaarada sumiri manaavo
(from *Chowtal Phâg-Sangrah*)

Devi Shaarada sumiri manaavo hrday se jaani
Sumiran karo Raam aru Lachiman
Bharat bhuaal bakhaani
Sumiran karoñ Shri Maatu Jaanaki ho
Tuma ho tîn lok ki raani, hrday se jaani

Shiva Shankar bhola ko sumiroñ,
sumiro Gauri sayaani
Phir se sumiroñ Ganesh ki murti ho
Ati sundar pandit gyaani, hrday se jaani

Kari sumiran anjani ke nandan,
meri araj yaha maani
Phir se sumiroñ Shri Maatu Bhagauti ho
Tum hi ho aadi bhavaani, hrday se jaani

Tulsidaas Sumiran kar gaavat,
sur se aisa baani
Sab devan se aagya leke ho
Baaje dhol manjira aani, hrday se jaani

1 चौताल

देवी शारदा सुमिरि मनावो हृदय से जानी
सुमिरन करो राम अरु लछिमन भरत भुआल बखानी
सुमिरन करों श्री मातु जानकी हो
तुम हो तीन लोक की रानी हृदय से जानी

शिव शंकर भोला को सुमिरों, सुमिरो गौरी सयानी
फिर से सुमिरों गनेश की मूरति हो
अति सुंदर पंडित ज्ञानी हृदय से जानी

करि सुमिरन अंजनि के नन्दन, मेरी अरज यह मानी
फिर से सुमिरों श्री मातु भगौती हो
तुम ही हो आदि भवानी हृदय से जानी

तुलसिदास सुमिरन कर गावत, सुर से ऐसा बानी
सब देवन से आज्ञा लैके हो
बाजे ढोल मंजीरा आनी हृदय से जानी

Oh! Learned people, remember Goddess Sharada with all your heart
King Bharata remembers and praises Ram and Lakshman
Worship Goddess Mother Sita,
You are the Goddess of the three worlds (with all your heart)
Worship Shiv Shankar and also remember the wise Goddess Gauri.
Then remember the image of Lord Ganesh.
He who is the enchanting learned scholar (with all your heart)
Hear my request and worship the son of Anjani (Hanuman).
Then remember the Goddess Mother Bhagavati.
You are the supreme power, Goddess Bhavani (with all your heart)
Tulsidas is singing in a melodious voice with remembrance,
With permission from all the gods,
Come and play the drums and manjiras (with all your heart)

Dhamari

Maiñ sumiroñ Shaarada ho devi sab devan ki
mûlaa

Aadi joti vindha chal sumiroñ

Kaali charan sam tûla

Asht bhuja aru hing laaj ko

Jaako chedh paan phûlaa

Chauharja sukh daayak sumiroñ

Shital charan na bhûla

Sarv rup mahaaraani charan ko

Sharan gaye kaṭe shûlaa

धमारी

मैं सुमिरों शारदा हो देवी सब देवन की मूला

आदि जोति विन्धा चल सुमिरों

काली चरन सम तूला

अषट भुजा अरु हींग लाज को

जाको चढ़ै पान फूला

चौहरजा सुख दायक सुमिरों

शीतल चरन न भूला

सर्व रूप महारानी चरन को

शरन गये कटे शूला

I worship you, O Goddess Sharada, the enabler of all the gods
Worship the ancient flame of Vindhyachal
Equivalent to the feet of Goddess Kali
The eight-armed goddess Durga, the Heeng Laj,
To whom we offer betel leaf and flowers
You give joy to those who remember you,
And who don't forget worshipping your divine feet
Those devoted to the eternal beauty of the queen's feet
Have their worries removed as though cut by a trident

2. Chowtal: Yahaa araj more mahaaraaj Ganesh Gosaiñ

Yahaa araj more mahaaraaj Ganesh Gosaiñ
He Shankar ki suvan daya nidhi, budhi maan
adhikaai

Gyaani bare dīna bhañjan tum
Tero yash tribhuvan chhaai, Ganesh Gosaiñ

Bramhadik pūjan nisivaasar charan kamal shir
naai

Aaṭh sidhi ro ghar bhītar
Rukh dekhi karat sevakaai, Ganesh Gosaiñ

Ati udaar sañsaar maahi tum, chaari padaarat
paai

Tin kar sakal amangal naashat
Jo nar tero gun gaai, Ganesh Gosaiñ

Mati ati pangu chadhat giri ūpar chalati na eka
upaai

Drij chhotkan pari charan manaavat
Yahi avsar ho huñ sahaai, Ganesh Gosaiñ

2 चौताल

यहा अरज मोरे महाराज गणेश गोसांई
हे शंकर की सुवन दया निधि, बुद्धि मान अधिकाई
ज्ञानी बड़े दीना भंजन तुम
तेरो यश त्रिभुवन छाई गणेश गोसांई

ब्रह्मादिक पूजन निसिवासर, चरन कमल शिर नाई
आठ सिद्धि रो घर भीतर
रुख देखी करत सेवकाई गणेश गोसांई

अति उदार संसार माही तुम, चारी पदारत पाई
तिन कर सकल अमंगल नाशत
जो नर तेरो गुण गाई गणेश गोसांई

मति अति पंगु चढ़त गिरि ऊपर चलती न एक उपाई
द्विज छोटकन परि चरण मनावत
यही अवसर हो हु सहाई गणेश गोसांई

Hear my request O my lord Ganesha
O kind, scholarly, and wise son of Shankar
You are the most learned one, remover of all obstacles,
Your fame is renowned in the three worlds (O Lord Ganesha)
Brahma and other gods bow at your lotus like feet
All the eight prosperities (siddhis) reside in the homes of those
Who worship you by seeing your pleasant divine form (O Lord Ganesha)
You are the most generous one in this world,
who provides the four aspects of life (Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha).
You destroy all the obstacles for your devotees,
For those humans who sing your praise (O Lord Ganesha)
Without your blessings the unenlightened try to climb the mountain of success
yet they can't reach the top or succeed in anything
The learned and others all bow at your feet,
This is the correct moment to give your blessings (O Lord Ganesha)

3. Chowtal: Lije kachhu khabari hamaari ho Avadh Bihaari

Lije kachhu khabari hamaari ho Avadh Bihaari
Tuma ho sakal char aachar naayak sab laayak
hitakaari

Asharan sharan dīnta bhañjan
Gañjan jan aarat bhaari, ho Avadh Bihaari

Gyaan nidhaan sujaan shiromani prit karat
adhikaari

Taaran taran baran sab dushan
Mahi bhushan garv prahaari, ho Avadh Bihaari

Saahib sakal abal pratipaalak dhaalak khal gun
jhaari

Dīn dayaal diya ke saagar
Ati naagar ved pukaari, ho Avadh Bihaari

Pranat kalpa taru yahaa bar dije, mohi ati dīn
nihaari

Drija chhotakan ura ayan rayan din
Karu Raghukul kamal samhaari, ho Avadh
Bihaari

(sung to the same tune as #1)

3 चौताल

लीजे कछु खबरी हमारी हो अवध बिहारी
तुम हो सकल चर आचर नायक, सब लायक हितकारी
अशरन शरन दीनता भंजन
गंजन जन आरत भारी हो अवध बिहारी

ज्ञान निधान सुजान शिरोमणी, प्रीत करत अधिकारी
तारन तरन बरण सब दूषण
महि भूषण गर्व प्रहारी हो अवध बिहारी

साहिब सकल अबल प्रतिपालक धालक खल गुन झारी
दीन दयाल दया के सागर
अति नागर वेद पुकारी हो अवध बिहारी

प्रनत कल्प तरु यहा बर दीजे मोहि अति दीन निहारी
द्विज छोटकन उड़ अयन रयन दिन
करु रघुकुल कमल सम्हारी हो अवध बिहारी

O Avadh Bihari [Ram] please pay us some attention
You are the Lord of all living and dead beings, who wishes good for all
You destroy the obstacles of all, whether your devotee or not
You take away the grief and sorrows of all people (ho Avadh Bihari)
Your eminent personality is the abode of knowledge and love
You are the protector of good and destroyer of evil
You are the King of Earth who destroys arrogance (ho Avadh Bihari)
You are the Lord of all, protector of weak and destructor of evil qualities
You are the ocean of humbleness and kindness,
The Vedas hail you as the only Supreme Power (ho Avadh Bihari)
When I bow to you, see my humility and grant my wish
like the heavenly wish tree grants wishes
The days of the learned and others pass by easily
When they worship he who belongs to Raghukul and holds a lotus in hand

4. Chowtal: Bhaju pavan tanai bal dhaama gyaan gun raasi

Bhaju pavan tanai bal dhaam gyaan gun raasi
Ati shay prabal prataap javan sab thau rahi
sabha prakaashi

Sur nar muni dhani karat bimal yash
Us ko Raghunaath upaasi, gyaan gun raasi

Naak pataal jagat jas jaahir, par saakit nivaasi
Raghunaayak ki nikat biraajat
Jaanat prabhu, keru khavaasi, gyaan guna raasi

Krita mukut mani maal bhaal bicha, tilaka rekh
tum naasi

Subaran shail baran tan raajita
Lakhi tum naam udaasi, gyaan guna raasi

Tum upkaar karat sab hi kar, kaati jam ke phaasi
Drij chhotakan pare charan manaavat
Dije ura sumati hulaasi, gyaan gun raasi

4 चौताल

भजू पवन तनय बल धामा, ज्ञान गुण रासी
अति शे प्रबल प्रताप जवन सब थौ रही सभा प्रकाशी
सुर नर मुनि धनि करत बिमल यश
उस को रघुनाथ उपासी ज्ञान गुण रासी

नाक पताल जगत जस जाहिर, पर साकित निवासी
रघुनायक की निकत बिराजत
जानत प्रभु केरी खवासी ज्ञान गुण रासी

क्रीत मुकुट मणी माल भाल बीच, तिलक रेख तुम नासी
सुबरण शैल बरण तन राजित
लखि तुम नाम उदासी ज्ञान गुण रासी

तुम उपकार करत सब हि कर, काती जमके फासी
द्विज छोटकन परे चरण मनावत
दीजे उड़ सुमति हुलासी ज्ञान गुण रासी

I praise the mighty son of Pavan (Hanuman) who has vast knowledge
Young, powerful and valorous, you enlighten your abode
Gods, humans, sages and all praise you,
The one who worships Lord Rama (abundance of knowledge)
Your fame is spread in the entire universe from heaven to the underworld
but you reside in Ayodhya and sit near Raghunayak (Ram)
This is known by all the servants of the Lord (abundance of knowledge)
You are wearing a beautiful jeweled crown and pearl necklace,
on your forehead you put on a tilak
Your entire body is shining like a mountain of gold
Taking your name people forget their sorrows (abundance of knowledge)
You benefit all and cut off the bonds of Yama the God of Death
The learned and others all bow at your feet
You give happiness to all, ignorant or learned (abundance of knowledge)

5. Chowtal: Dhanu tore hai Raam Gosaiñ
(from *Chowtal Chandrika*, Bombay, 1846)

Dhanu tore hai Raam Gosaiñ Janakpur aai
Torav suni Parashuraam ji, aaye raaja samaajaa
Bhrigu Var kopa kihe bahu bidhi sama
Kina dhanva tori bahaai, Janakpur aai

Sab raaja byaakul bhai bhaari, Janak soch
aadhikaari

Byaakul bhai Sita ati dukhit vidhi
Maano bani baat bigraai, Janakpur aai

Boleñ bachan Lakhan bhrigu var se, paani
saroruh jori
Bahut Dhanush toral ham raaur
Prabhu kaba huñ na asa ris laai, Janakpur aai

Bahu prashanottar bhayo Lakhan se,
Bhrigu Var gai van maahiñ
Durga Prasaad dhanush dinheu nij
Puni Raam Jaanaki paai, Janakpur aai

5 चौताल

धनु तोरे है राम गोसांई जनक पुर आई
तोरव सुनि परशुराम जी, आये राज समाजा
भृगु वर कोप किहे बहु बिधि सम
किन धन्वा तोरी बहाई जनक पुर आई

सब राजा ब्याकुल भय भारी, जनक सोच अधिकारी
ब्याकुल भई सीता अति दुखित विधि
मानो बनी बात बिगड़ाई जनक पुर आई

बोलें बचन लखन भृगु वर से, पाणि सरोरुह जोरी
बहुत धनुष तोरल हम राउर
प्रभु कब हूँ न अस रिस लाई जनक पुर आई

बहु प्रश्नोत्तर भयो लखन से, भृगु वर गै वन माहीं
दुर्गा प्रसाद धनुष दीन्हेउ निज
पुनि राम जानकी पाई जनक पुर आई

Lord Ram has come to Janakpur and broken the bow
Hearing the crash of the bow breaking, Parashuram came among the kings; the anger of
Bhrigu Vara (Parashuram) erupted like that of God,
Then he asked who had dared to break the bow (came to Janakpur)
All the kings became anxious and scared, Janak began to worry
Sita became worried and depressed by this turn of fate,
As though a completed task was suddenly disrupted (came to Janakpur)
Lakshman joined his lotus-like palms together
and said a few words to Bhrigu Vara (Parashuram)
My brother Ram and I have broken many bows in our childhood,
But never before did God send any rishi to stop us (came to Janakpur)
After a long talk with Lakshman, finally Bhrigu Vara went to the forest
He gave his bow given to him as blessings by Goddess Durga to Ram,
Then Ram was united with Janaki (came to Janakpur)

6. Chowtal: Gaandhi tumhare charan balihari

Gaandhi tumhare charan balihaari suno asuraari
 Raaj karat 'Britan' ke gora, hamre desa majhaari
 Param pavitra bhûmi yeh paavan
 Jahañ Vishnu janmyoñ tan dhaari, suno asuraari
 Baliraaj Harishchandra bikarma, karan daan kie
 bhaari

Bhaye balvaan amit parataapi vo
 Nij Bhaarat ke dukh taari, suno asuraari
 Deu shakti aapan prabhu ham ko, Gaandhi ko
 aasha tihaari

Dukhiyan ke dukh dûr karatay tum
 Aba ki prabhu paari hamaari, suno asuraari
 Paarath ke liye bane saarhi, Kaurav ko hani
 daari

Chhotakan laal Bhaarat ke raaj yeh
 Prabhu dubat lehu ubaari, suno asuraari

Ullaraa

Ab to daya karo Raghuraai
 Jaise raaj tha Bhaarat varsha ka
 Vaise dehu karaai
 Hove svatantra desa yeh hamaara
 Jo tum karo sahaai

6 चौताल

गान्धी तुम्हरे चरन बलिहारी सुनो असुरारी
 राज करत ब्रिटन के गोरा, हमरे देस मझारी
 परम पवित्र भूमि यह पावन
 जहँ विष्णु जन्म्यों तन धारी सुनो असुरारी
 बलिराज हरिश्चन्द्र बिकर्मा, करण दान किए भारी
 भये बलवान अमित परतापी वो
 निज भारत के दुख टारी सुनो असुरारी
 देउ शक्ति आपन प्रभु हम को, गांधी को आशा तिहारी
 दुखियन के दुख दूर करत तुम
 अब की प्रभु पारी हमारी सुनो असुरारी
 पारथ के लिये बने सारथी, कौरव को हनि डारी
 छोटकन लाल भारत के राज यह
 प्रभु डूबत लेहु उबारी सुनो असुरारी

उलारा

अब तो दया करो रघुराई जैसे राज था भारत वर्ष का
 वैसे देहु कराई होवे स्वतंत्र देस यह हमारा
 जो तुम करो सहाई

Oh Gandhiji, enemy of injustice, we bow at your feet, listen demons
 The foreigners from Britain are ruling, in our country
 This land is sacred and holy,
 Where Lord Vishnu has incarnated in human form (listen, demons)
 Baliraj, Harishchandra, Vishwakarma, and Karna achieved greatness
 They were brave and courageous,
 They gave away everything to lessen India's grief (listen, demons)
 Give us your strength O God, and Gandhiji has faith and hope in you
 You take away the sorrows of the grieved ones,
 Now it's our turn O Lord (listen, demons)
 You became the charioteer for Paarth (Arjun) and destroyed the Kauravas
 Chhotkan Lal says, save India from this reign of Britishers,
 Like God, even save the drowning ones (listen, demons)

Ullara: Now at least show us some mercy O Raghurai (Ram)
 As India was ruled earlier, make it ruled the same way
 Our country will become independent again,
 If you come to our rescue

7. Chowtal: Aadi shakti vandauñ tuhai devi namo
shir naai

Aadi shakti vandauñ tuhai devi namo shir naai
Hing laaj tum janm liyo devi vindhyaa-chal puni
jaai

Paatan meñ asthaan kiye tum
Puni jwaala joti kahaai, namo shir naai

Kalkate meñ bahuri baso tum devan gaadh
chhodaai

Tan biraat Ahiraavan mooreu
Tum maaya rup badhaai, namo shir naai

Palta devi meñ vaas kiye tum paalat naam
dharaai

Gaoñ hi gaoñ pujaavat devi ho
Tum Kaali naam dharaai, namo shir naai

Ko kavi varne rup tumhaaro kiran joti chhabi
chhai

Drij Durga charan shir navat
Var dihu devi harshaai, namo shir naai

7 चौताल

आदि शक्ति वंदौं तुहै देवि नमो शिर नाई
हींग लाज तुम जन्म लियो देवि, विंध्याचल पुनि जाई
पाटन में अस्थान कियो तुम
पुनि ज्वाला जोति कहाई नमो शिर नाई

कलकत्ते में बहुरि बसो तुम, देवन गाढ छोडाई
तन बिरात अहिरावण मारेउ
तुम माया रूप बढाई नमो शिर नाई

पलटा देवी में वास कियो तुम, पालट नाम धराई
गांव हि गांव पुजावत देवी हो
तुम काली नाम धराई नमो शिर नाई

को कवि वरनै रूप तुम्हारो, किरण जोति छबि छाई
द्विज दुर्गा चरण शिर नावत.
वर दिहू देवि हर्षाई नमो शिर नाई

O Goddess Adi Shakti, we bow our heads before you with respect
O Goddess, you took birth at Heeng Laj,
And came again to Vindhyachal
You stayed at Paatan and came to be known as Jwala Joti
You reside at Calcutta and have soothed the griefs of the gods
You are a mighty personage and helped kill Ahiravana,
You have enlarged your illusory form
You resided in the Palta Devi place, came to be known as Pálat
You are worshipped from one village to another
You have adopted the name of Káli
Which poet can describe your divine beauty? Your form is brilliant.
The learned place their heads at your feet, O Durga
O Kali, please bless us

8. Chowtal: Siya Rama naam din rain kahat

Siya Raama naama din rain kahat chalo pyaare
Ganika Giddha Ajaamil taari sevari kîn-ha
sukhaari

Dekh hun Dhruv Prahlaad nayan bhaye
Gaj ke jab graah pukaare, kahat chalo pyaare

Drupad suta ke chîr badhaaye gaanik suta tan
haye

Bhaarat ne bar jora machaao
Gunika tere Krishna Muraari, kahat chalo pyaare

Jab jab gaadh pare bhaktan par, tab tab Hari
avtaare

Kahan lage kar byaan ek mukh
Shaarad nahi paavan paade, kahat chalo pyaare

Shesh Mahesh Ganesh aadi sab, baran hi baar
hi baare

Sundar Braj hi ama hi bas bahu
Dasrath sut Raam dulaare, kahat chalo pyaare

8 चौताल

सिया राम नाम दिन रइन कहत चलो प्यारे
गनिका गीद्ध अजामिल तारी सेवरी कीन्ह सुखारी
देख हु ध्रुव प्रहलाद नयन भये
गज के जब ग्राह पुकारे कहत चलो प्यारे
द्रुपद सुता के चीर बढाये गणिक सुता तन हाये
भारत ने बर जोर मचाओ
गनिका तेरे कृषण मुरारे कहत चलो प्यारे
जब जब गाढ़ परे भक्तन पर, तब तब हरी अवतारे
कहत लगे कर ब्यान एक मुख
शारद नही पावन पाडे कहत चलो प्यारे
शेष महेश गणेश आदि सब, बरन हि बार हि बारे
सुन्दर ब्रज हि अमा हि बस बहु
दशरथ सुत राम दुलारे कहत चलो प्यारे

Keep on repeating the name of Siya Ram (Sitaram) day and night
You have saved Ganika, Jatayu (Giddha), and Ajamil,
and given joy to Shabari
You appeared before Dhruva and Prahlad
And also protected Gaj from death when he called you (keep on repeating)
You extended the sari of Drupad's daughter Draupadi,
And also saved Ganika's daughter
Everyone in India hailed you in one voice
O Ganika, your Krishna Murari (keep on repeating)
Whenever there is trouble for the devotees, then Hari has incarnated
In one voice all begin to praise you,
In bitter as well as pleasant weather (keep on repeating)
Shesh, Mahesh, Ganesh and all others praise you repeatedly
Reside in our beautiful Braj
O Ram, the beloved son of Dasrath (keep on repeating)

9. Chowtal: Taki maarat Mohan pichkaari bhije
tan saari

Taki maarat Mohan pichkaari bhije tan saari
Abir gulaal kum kumaa kesar bhare kanak
pichkaari
Maarat karat dou chhatiyān par
Lakhi choṭ na jaat samhaari, bhije tan saari

Tab sakhi aagar saagar mati ko lalita aadi
pukaari
Aagai Radhe sakhiyan līnhe
Khūb bhushan saaji sañvaari bhije tan saari

Bhar bhar ke kañṭha tilari aur besar aadhik
sudhaari
Gore badan par angiya raajat
Tan dekhi ke mohe muraari bhije tan saari

Shyaam sakha dao dekh parat haiñ madan surati
anuhaari
Aa ori lakhi Shyaam lalit chhabi
Jahañ phaag rache banwaari bhije tan saari

9 चौताल

तकी मारत मोहन पिचकारी भीजे तन सारी
अबीर गुलाल कुमा कुमा केसर, भरे कनक पिचकारी
मारत करत दोउ छतियन पर
लखि चोट न जात सम्हारी भीजे तन सारी

तब सखि आगर सागर मति को ललिता आदि पुकारी
आगई राधे सखियन लीन्हे
खूब भूषन साजि सँवारी भीजे तन सारी

भर भर के कंठा तिलरी और बेसर अधिक सुधारी
गोर बदन पर अँगिया राजत
तन देखि के मोहे मुरारी भीजे तन सारी

श्याम सखा दोउ देख परत हैं, मदन सुरति अनुहारी
आ ओरी लखी श्याम ललित छबि
जहाँ फाग रचे बनवारी भीजे तन सारी

Mohan is spraying colors with a pichkāri, drenching me and my sari
Abir, gulal, kumkum and kesar fill a golden pichkāri
He is throwing colors on my chest,
I am not able to take care of the wounds (drenching me and my sari)
Then I used my wits and called Lalita and my other friends.
Radha came along with her sakhis,
And decorated with many ornaments (drenching me and my sari)
They decorated their bodies with necklaces and nose rings
On her fair body she wears a beautiful blouse,
Murari is fascinated by seeing this beauty (drenching me and my sari)
Shyam and his friend Radha seem equal to Kamdev and Rati
Come all let's enjoy the beauty and glory of Shyam
Where Banvari is playing Phaag (drenching me and my sari)

10. Chowtal: Pati raakho bhaktan hitkaari

Pati raakho bhaktan hitkaari sabha meñ hamaari
 Gaj aru grah lare jal bhitar dūbat gaj ko ubaari
 Narsimha rupa Prahlād hetu ghar
 Harnaakush ko vodra vidaari sabha meñ hamaari

Indra hi kop kiyo Braj uphar prale kaal jal bhaari
 Gwaal baal Siri Krishan pukaare ho
 Nath par girvar Giridhaari sabha meñ hamaari

Sabha bīch Draupadi pat raakhe chīr dusaasan
 haari

Raana risaai vish dīno mīraa ko
 Vish amrit mukh meñ daari sabha meñ hamaari

Jab jab bhīr pare bhaktan par tab tab prabhu
 autaari

Pushkar Daas kahat kar jori ho
 Mohi patit anekan taari sabha meñ hamaari

10 चौताल

पति राखो भक्तन हितकारी सभा में हमारी
 गज अरु ग्रह लड़े जल भीतर, डूबत गज को उबारी
 नरसिंह रूप प्रह्लाद हेतु घरे
 हरनाकुश को वोद्र विदारी सभा में हमारी

इंद्र हि कोप कियो ब्रज ऊपर, प्रले काल जल भारी
 ग्वाल बाल सिरि कृष्ण पुकारे हो
 नख पर गिरवर गिरधारी सभा में हमारी

सभा बीच द्रौपदी पत राखे, चीर दुसासन हारी
 राना रिसाय विष दीनो मीरा को
 विप अमृत मुख में डारी सभा में हमारी

जब जब भीर परे भक्तन पर तब तब प्रभु औतारी
 पुस्कर दास कहत कर जोरी हो
 मोहि पतित अनेकन तारी सभा में हमारी

Keep my dignity in the Hitakari Sabha of devotees
 In the lake the elephant and crocodile fought, and you saved the elephant
 You incarnated as Narasimha for Prahlad,
 And killed Hiranyakashyap by tearing his belly (in our sabha)
 Indra thundered angrily upon Braj and flooded it with rain
 The cowgirls called upon Krishna to help them,
 Giridhari came and held the mountain on his finger (in our sabha)
 You saved the dignity of Draupadi in midst of our assembly (sabha),
 When Dushasan tried to remove her sari
 When Rana became furious and gave poison to Meera,
 You turned the poison into nectar (in our sabha)
 Whenever there is some trouble among the devout, then the Lord has incarnated
 Pushkar Das says with his hands joined together,
 You have helped me and many others (in our sabha)

11. Chowtal: Jay Bhaarat bhûmi bhavaani

(by Daulat Ram of Guyana)

Jay Bhaarat bhûmi bhavaani maha sukh daani
Sujash pataaka ura jagat meñ dasa huñ disi
phahraani

Sab retu pûri maha chhabi laagat
Shri shobha na jaai bakhaani maha sukh daani

Dharm karm o kala sabhyata aage tum hi jaani
Rishi muni taapas kahañ lagi barano huñ
Hue bipra bahut vigyaani maha sukh daani

Jag vijai raaja bahu huige nyaai se raaj chalaai
Jinake himmat se ari kaañpat
Kshatriya hue ran khaani maha sukh daani
Gandhi raashtra Javaahar Nehru duniya tumheñ
lubhaani

Daulat Ram karm bhû Bhaarat
Raam kripa bhai jaani maha sukh daani

Ullara

Bhaarat ka jhanda chaai raha
Isa jhanda meñ Bhaarat gaurav
Nehru arth laga raha

11 चौताल

जय भारत भूमि भवानी महा सुख दानी
सुजश पताका उड़ा जगत में, दस हूँ दिसि फहरानी
सब ऋतु पूरि महा छबि लागत
श्री शोभा न जाय बखानी महा सुख दानी
धर्म कर्म ओ कला सम्यता, आगे तुम ही जानी
ऋषि मुनि तापस कहँ लागि बरणो हूँ
हुए विप्र बहुत विज्ञानी महा सुख दानी
जग विजयी राजा बहु हुड़गे, न्याय से राज चलाई
जिन के हिम्मत से अरि काँपत
क्षत्रिय हुए रण खानी महा सुख दानी
गान्धी राष्ट्र जवाहर नेहरू दुनियां तुम्हें लुभानी
दौलतराम कर्म भू भारत
राम कृपा भई जानी महा सुख दानी
उलारा

भारत का झंडा छाय रहा
इस झंडा में भारत गौरव
नेहरू अर्थ लगाय रहा

Hai, O motherland India, equal to Goddess Bhavani who gives pleasure
The flag of your fame is flowing in the world, let it blow in the ten directions
Here all the seasons are glorious and give prosperity
We can't describe the beauty and elegance of our India (gives pleasure)
Dharma, Karma, Kala and Sabhyata, you are above all
About how many rishis, munis, and ascetics should I tell?
As there were many learned persons in this country (gives pleasure)
Kings to win victory over the world were many, who ruled with justice
By whose valor the enemies trembled with fear,
Who were valorous in the battle field (gives pleasure)
The land of Gandhi and Jawahar(lal) Nehru has inspired the world
Daulat Ram says my karma-bhumi is India,
With the blessings of Ram (gives pleasure)

(Ullara:) The flag of India keeps waving
This flag depicts the glory of India, Nehru is giving it meaning

12. Chowtal: Tere charanan ki balihari mahesh

Tere charanan ki balihari Mahesh piyaari
Himagiri janm liye jag taarana kîn-ha tapasya
bhaari

Baarah varsh paarthiv puje ho
Var paai hu tab tripuraari Mahesh piyaari

Sumiroñ aadi tumheñ jag taaran phagwa rache
dhamaari

Dau kar jori vinai kar tumasan
More kanth ki ho rakhvaari Mahesh Piyaari

Raaja Daksh yagya ik thaanyo Shiv aai su kahi
paai

Barajat Shambhu sati nahiñ maanat
Raaja Daksh ki yagya bigaari Mahesh Piyaari

Bando aadi tumheñ jag taaran sur nar muni
tripuraari

Tulsidaas bali aas charan ki hai
Tum raakh huñ laaj hamaari Mahesh Piyaari

12 चौताल

तेरे चरणन की बलिहारी महेश पियारी
हिमगिरि जन्म लिये जग तारन, कीन्ह तपस्या भारी
बारह वर्ष पारथिव पूजे हो
वर पाय हु तब त्रिपुरारी महेश पियारी

सुमिरों आदि तुम्हें जग तारन, फगुआ रचे घमारी
द्वौ कर जोरी विनय कर तुमसन
मेरे कंठ की हो रखवारी महेश पियारी

राजा दक्ष यज्ञ इक ठान्यो शिव आय सु कहि पाई
बरजत शंभु सती नहीं मानत
राजा दक्ष की यज्ञ बिगारी महेश पियारी

बन्दौं आदि तुम्हें जग तारन, सुर नर मुनि त्रिपुरारी
तुलसीदास बलि आस चरण की है
तुम राख हूँ लाज हमारी महेश पियारी

O Mahesh Piyari (Parvati), we worship at your feet
You took birth in the home of Himalaya for welfare of the world,
and did heavy penance
For twelve years you worshipped Parthiv (Shiv),
Then received Tripurari Shiv as your husband (O Mahesh Piyari)
All remember you, Adi the savior of world,
Phagua sings dhamari in your praise
He bows to you with hands joined and requests,
Save my voice for singing (O Mahesh Piyari)
King Daksha organized a yagya, but did not call Shiva
Sati did not listen to Shiva and went there,
And Shiva angrily destroyed the yagya of King Daksha (O Mahesh Piyari)
All gods, humans, and sages of three worlds bow to you
O Adi, the Savior of the world
Tulsidas says our faith lies in your feet
You must keep our dignity (O Mahesh Piyari)

13. Chowtal: Sumiroñ Hanuman Gosaiñ

Sumiroñ Hanumaan Gosaiñ araj suno meri
 Araj karo meri garaj nivaaro kaaṭ hu dukh ke beri
 Nishivaasar sumiroñ hiy bhitār
 Mohi aas charan gati teri araj suno meri
 Aayo sharan tihare swaami har hu dukh sab
 gheri
 Aai ke duri karo dukh paatak
 Dusht han hū prabhu ab heri araj suno meri
 Tum udaar samrath bar niko maiñ byaakul hai
 teri
 Daas gohaari karo dukh bhañjana
 Meri or karo tum pheri araj suno meri
 Tulsidaas dukh dūri kiheu hai dino sukh ki dheri
 Raam ke dut budhi ke saagar
 Sudhi lije tu santan kerī araj suno meri

Ullara

Pavan Sut kaun dish se aaye, Pavan Sut
 Kekar putra kekar tum paayaka
 Kehi tohi kuvar paṭhaayo Pavan Sut
 Kahañ chhore Raam kahañ chhore Lakshman
 Kahañ mudrika paaye Pavan Sut
 Ban chhore Raama banai chhore Lakshman
 Banai mudrika paaye, Pavan Sut

13 चौताल

सुमिरों हनुमान गोसांई अरज सुनो मेरी
 अरज करो मेरी गरज निवारो, काट हु दुख के बेरी
 निशिवासर सुमिरों हिय भीतर
 मोहि आस चरन गति तेरी अरज सुनो मेरी
 आयो शरण तिहारे स्वामी, हर हु दुख सब घेरी
 आई के दूरि करो दुख पातक
 दुष्ट हन हु प्रभु अब हेरी अरज सुनो मेरी
 तुम उदार समरथ बड़ नीको, मैं ब्याकुल है टेरी
 दास गोहारी करो दुख भंजन
 मेरी ओर करो तुम फेरी अरज सुनो मेरी
 तुलसीदास दुख दूरि किहेउ हैं, दीनी सुख की ढेरी
 राम के दूत बुद्धि के साकर
 सुधि लीजे तू संतन केरी अरज सुनो मेरी
 उलारा

पवन सुत कौन दिशा से आये पवन सुत
 केकर पुत्र केकर तुम पायक
 केहि तोहि कुँवर पढाये पवन सुत
 कहँ छोड़े राम कहाँ छोड़े लक्ष्मण
 कहाँ मुद्रिका पाये पवन सुतद्व
 बन छोड़े राम, बनै छोड़े लक्ष्मण
 बनै मुद्रिका पाये पवन सुत

Remembering Hanuman I ask him to hear my plea, take away my problems,
 I remember you day and night in my heart, my hope lies at your feet (hear my plea)
 I have come in your sharan, surround and destroy all the sorrows,
 Come and take away my terrible troubles, destroy the evils now, O my Lord
 You are kind, able and generous, I am anxiously waiting for you
 See this humble servant of yours and destroy my sorrows, look again my way
 You have taken away the sorrows of Tulsidas and given endless pleasure
 Messenger of Ram and ocean of knowledge, take note of your followers too
 (Ullara:) From which direction did Pavan Suta (Hanuman) come?
 Whose son, whose humble servant are you? Where did Kunwar (Ram) send you?
 Where did you leave Ram where did you leave Lakshman?
 Where did you find the ring?
 He left Ram in forest, left Lakshman in the forest, he found the ring in the forest

14. Chowtal: Rang chhirkat kunj bihaari bhije
meri saari

Rang chhirkat kunj bihaari bhije meri saari
Chhirkat rang phir jaise bhauraa kar khiñchat
pichkaari

Lalkaarat maarat sab sakhiyan
Vaito kûdeu gol majhaari bhije meri saari

Dhefîno Mohan ko sakhiyan har har rang ke daari
Jhur abîr malat mukh upar
Nakh sikh lalit banwaari bhije meri saari

Khelat phaag madhya sakhiyan ke dhe dhe
choliyaa phaari
Rasiya Kaanha malat dou joban
Naya joban dote bigaari bhije meri saari

Ha ha karat ek nahiñ maanat malt kapol bihaari
Drij Kari charan Shyaam ras maate ho
Ras le Brishbhaanu dulaari bhije meri saari

14 चौताल

रँग छिरकत कुंज बिहारी भीजे मेरी सारी
छिरकत रँग फिरे जैसे भौरा, कर खींचत पिचकारी
ललकारत मारत सब सखियन
वैतो कूदेउ गोल मझारी भीजे मेरी सारी

धैलीनो मोहन को सखियन, हर हर रँग के डारी
झूर अबीर मलत मुख ऊपर
नख सिख से ललित बनवारी भीजे मेरी सारी

खेलत फाग मध्य सखियन के, धै धै चोलिया फारी
रसिया कान्ह मलत दोउ जोबन
नया जोबन देत बिगारी भीजे मेरी सारी

हा हा करत एक नहिं मानत, मलत कपोल बिहारी
द्विज हरि चरन श्याम रस माते हो
रस लै बृषभानु दुलारी भीजे मेरी सारी

Kunj Bihari (Krishna) is spraying colors, drenching my sari
He is moving like a bee and spraying colors by a pichkâri
He challenges all the sakhis,
He jumps in the middle of the circle (drenching my sari)
The friends have caught Mohan, and thrown different colors on him
They put dry abir on his face,
The banvari who is enchanting from head to toe (drenching my sari)
In the middle of all friends he plays Phâg, and tears clothes playfully
Loveable Kanha smears colors on the breasts of the sakhis
And teases the youngsters (drenching my sari)
Krishna keeps laughing and ignores our pleas, smudging colors on cheeks
The learned Hari Charan says Shyam is completely lost in shringara rasa,
Vrishabhanu Dulari (Radha) enjoys that rasa (drenching my sari)

15. Chowtal: Kaanha roñko na gail

Kaanha roñko na gail hamaari bharan jao paani
 Roj baroj bharo Jamuna jal chalo añhi laani
 Jaane chaho to jaane pai ho
 Tum ho almast javaani bharan jao paani

Kab se bhayo Biraj ko ðhaakur ham tum ko nahiñ
 jaani
 Der bhai ghar jaane de Mohan
 Mohi suni ghar saasu risaani bharan jao paani

Abhîr garûr jarûr na maaneñ bole ati se baani
 Chor baror basat yeh Braj meñ ho
 Tum rokat naari biraani bharan jao paani

Raanha parosin taana maareñ kaheñ aan ki aani
 Dwij Hari charan sharan sat guru ji ke
 Sakhi tum asi chatur sayानी bharan jao paani

15 चौताल

कान्हा रोंको न गैल हमारी, भरन जावों पानी
 रोज बरोज भरो जमुना जल, चाल चलो अठि लानी
 जाने चहो तो जाने पई हो
 तुम हो अलमस्त जवानी भरन जावों पानी

कब से भयो बिरज को ठाकुर, हम तुम को नहिं जानी
 देर भई घर जाने दे मोहन
 मोहि सुनि घर सासू रिसानी भरन जावों पानी

अहिर गरूर जरूर न मानै, बोले अति से बानी
 चोर बरोर बसत यह ब्रज में हो
 तुम रोकत नारि बिरानी भरन जावों पानी

रान्ह परोसिन ताना मारें, कहैं आन की आनी
 द्विज हरि चरन शरन सत गुरु जी के
 सखि तुम असि चतुर सयानी भरन जावों पानी

O Kanha don't block our path, we have to go to fetch water
 Daily we have to fetch water from the Yamuna river, walking gracefully
 If you want our life you can have it,
 Your appearance and youth are enchanting (we have to fetch water)
 Since when did you become the chief of Braj? We don't know you
 It's getting late, let us go home, O Mohan,
 My mother-in-law scolds me at home (we have to fetch water)
 In your pride you tease us and ignore our pleas
 You are the cunning thief of Braj,
 You keep blocking the paths of ladies in lonely places (we have to fetch water)
 The neighbors are taunting, saying you have no dignity
 The learned Dwij Hari Charan goes to the abode of the guru,
 O friend, you are so clever (we have to fetch water)

16. Chowtal: Brij meñ ati dhum machaayi

Brij meñ ati dhum machaayi Nand ji ke laala
Saaje shringaar Radhika thaadhi nakh sikh
sundar bhaala

Aur sakhi sab saaji chale sang
Juṭi gai jaha va sab gwaal Nand ji ke laala

Jitne baaja sang liye haiñ baajat ek taala
Ho ho kari hori sab gaavat
Laulaasi lihe Brijbaala Nand ji ke laal

Taki taki ghaat sakhiyan par maarat bhari bhari
rang Gopaala

Le gulaal Hari ko sakhi maarat
Maano Hari he gaye matwaala Nand ji ke laal

Kanchan ke pichke chhuṭat jyoñ barasat megh
karaala

Raam autar bhiji tehi ausar
Sab lakhi sur hota nihaala Nand ji ke laal

16 चौताल

बृज में अति धूम मचायो नन्द जी के लाला
साजे श्रृंगार राधिका ठाढ़ी नख सिख सुन्दर भाला
और सखी सब साजि चले संग
जुटि गई जह वा सब ग्वाला नन्द जी के लाला

जितने बाजा संग लिये हैं, बाजत एके ताला
हो हो करि होरी सब गावत
लौलासी लिहे वृजबाला नन्द जी के लाला

तकि तकि घात सखियन पर मारत, भरि भरि रंग गोपाला
लै गुलाल हरि को सखि मारत
मानो हरि है गये मतवाला नन्द जी के लाला

कंचन के पिचके छूटत ज्यों बरसत मेघ कराला
राम औतार भीजि तेहि औसर
सब लखि सुर होत निहाला नन्द जी के लाला

The beloved son of Nand has wreaked havoc in Braj
Radhika is standing adorned beautifully, from head to toe she is beautiful
She moves with her other beautifully adorned friends
They gather there where all the cowgirls are present (son of Nand)
The many instruments which they have are playing together (playing ektaal)
All sing Holi songs, singing 'Ho ho'
The gopis of Braj dance with grace and elegance (son of Nand)
With clever aims Gopal and all the cowgirls spray colors on the sakhis,
The sakhis are throwing gulal on Hari,
As though Hari has become crazy (son of Nand)
The colors are spraying from the golden pichkari like rain from clouds
Ram Avtar says he too was soaked at that moment,
All the gods are overwhelmed by seeing this (son of Nand)

17. Chowtal: Sakhi aai Nand ki khori khele rang

Sakhi aai Nand ki khori khele rang hori
 Naana baran chîr sab pahire bhushan ang banori
 Shyaam sundar sab sakhi sang ki ho
 Liye kesar mrag mad ghorî khele ranga hoi
 Haathan kanak liye pichkaari abira liye bhir jhori
 Chirkat rang Shyaam Shyaama par
 Par maarat nainan rori khele rang hori
 Auchat aay dhaay Chandravali Hari bhuj aan
 gahori
 Phaagun dev kahat Brajnaari ho
 Ab meri daav parori khele rang hori
 Murali mukut chhor sab leiheñ motiyan maang
 marori
 Bhagvaan Daas chatur Man Mohan
 Maano naari rup dharori khele rang hori

Ullaraa

Nand Nandan khele Brij hori
 Gwaal baal sang abîr uraave
 Sundar bhir ras jhori
 Baajat aavat taal pakhaavaj
 Git sabe ras bori

17 चौताल

सखी आई नन्द की खोरी खेले रंग होरी
 नाना बरण चीर सब पहिरे, भूषण अंग बनोरी
 श्याम सुन्दर सब सखी संग की हो
 लिये केसर मृग मद घोरी खेले रंग होरी
 हाथन कनक लिये पिचकारी, अबीर लिये भरि झोरी
 छिड़कत रंग श्याम श्यामा पर
 पर मारत नैनन रोरी खेले रंग होरी
 औचत आय धाय चन्द्रावलि, हरि भुज आन गहोरी
 फागुन देव कहत ब्रजनारी हो
 अब मेरी दाव परोरी खेले रंग होरी
 मुरली मुकुट छोड़ सब लैहें, मोतियन माँग भरोरी
 भगवान दास चतुर मन मोहन
 मानो नारी रूप धरोरी खेले रंग होरी

उलारा

नन्द नंदन खेले ब्रज होरी ग्वाल बाल संग अबीर उड़ावे
 सुन्दर भरि रस झोरी बाजत आवत ताल पखाउज
 गीत सबै रस बोरी

Sakhis have come to Nand's home lane to play Holi with colors
 All are wearing beautiful clothes and are adorned with ornaments
 The Sundar Shyam has gone with all the sakhis,
 Taking with them colors like saffron and water (plays holi with colors)
 In their hands they have golden pichkaris, abir fills their bags
 Shyam (Krishna) is spraying colors on Shyamâ (Radha),
 But looking at her with bewitching glances (plays holi with colors)
 Chandravali came running suddenly and held Hari's hands
 The ladies of Braj call him the Lord of Phâgun (Kamdev)
 Now it's my turn, as I've caught you (plays holi with colors)
 Leave the flute and mukut, fill the middle part with pearls
 Bhagwan Das says that clever Man Mohan
 Has taken the form of a lady (plays holi with colors)
 (Ullara:) The son of Nand plays Holi in Braj
 He throws colors with the cowgirls, covering everyone with joyful colors
 They come beating rhythms on the pakhawaj,
 Their songs fill everyone with joy

18. Chowtal: Nar dekho pavan sut khel hrday
mana laai

Nar dekho pavan sut khel hrday man laai
Raam kaaj autaar liho santan par hota sahaai
Nishivaasar seva Raghubar ji ki
U̇thi praat charan shir naai, hrday man laai

Jo koi garva vasudha meñ, tahaañ pavan sut jaai
Maari nikaari dūr kari dushtan
Un ko yam lok paṭhaai, hrday man laai

Garv kiyo Lanka ke rakshas Raam se kīn laraai
Taahi maari sur dhaam paṭhaaye ho
Sab devan bandi kaṭaai, hrday man laai

Aur kahaañ le gaavoñ swaami gaavat thaah na
paai
Tulsidaas prabhu dūt pukarat
Pad sevat shri Raghuraai, hrday man laai

18 चौताल

नर देखो पवन सुत खेल, हृदय मन लाई
राम काज औतार लिहो संतन पर होत सहाई
निशिवासर सेवा रघुबर जी की
उठी प्रात चरन शिर नाई हृदय मन लाई

जो कोई गर्व करे वसुधा में, तहाँ पवन सुत जाई
मारि निकारि दूर करि दुष्टन
उन को यम लोक पठाई हृदय मन लाई

गर्व कियो लंका के राक्षस, राम से कीन लड़ाई
ताहि मारि सुर धाम पठाये हो
सब देवन बन्दि कटाई हृदय मन लाई

और कहाँ लै गावों स्वामी, गावत थाह न पाई
तुलसीदास प्रभु दूत पुकारत
पद सेवत श्री रघुराई हृदय मन लाई

Oh, people watch the playfulness of Pavan Suta with all your heart
For helping Ram he incarnated and he also helps the pious people
Day and night he serves Raghubar ji (Ram).
Every morning bowed his head at Ram's feet (with all your heart)
Whoever acts arrogantly in Vasudha (earth), there Pavan Suta goes
He beats and throws away the evils,
Sends them to Yama Lok (hell) (with all your heart)
The Rakshas of Lanka acted arrogantly and began war with Ram
You destroyed them all and sent them to the heavenly place
And freed all the gods (with all your heart)
What more praise I can sing about you O Lord? I can't reach the bottom
Tulsidas is calling the messenger of Lord,
Who worships at the feet of Raghurai (with all your heart)

19. Chowtal: Hansi bolat Janak dulaari

Hansi bolat Janak dulaari suno sakhi pyaari
Pita hamaare svayambar thaanyo jute bhup
jahañ bhaari
Jaha vaañ Dhanush rahe Shankarji jo
Maiñ to thadhi hoñ kant nihaari, suno sakhi
pyaari
Maiñ apne man soch karat hauñ suni Bhrigu
Nandan gaari
Inko koi samjhaavat naahiñ ho
Baru rahi jaaun vaari kuaari suno sakhi pyaari
Maiñ apne pati jaani chalyo sakhi vidhi ko likha
bichaari
Hoi haiñ byaah sang Raghubar ji ke
Una ke pad prem hamaari, suno sakhi pyaare
Tore Dhanush kant chhan maahi vidhi likhani ko
taari
Bhaagirathi jamaala lihe kara
Siya Raghubar ke gar daari, suno sakhi pyaari
Ullaraa
Sie daare Raam gal jaimaala
Dulah to siri Raam ban haiñ
Lakshman devar sahbaala
Samdhin to bani maatu Kaushalya
Dasrath samdhi mahipaala
Jina ke Shambhu baraati aaye
Odhe Digambar mrga chhaala

19 चौताल

हँसि बोलत जनक दुलारी सुनो सखि प्यारी
पिता हमारे स्वयंवर ठान्यो, जुटे भूप जहँ मारी
जह वॉ धनुष रहै शंकर जी को
में तो ठाढी हों कंत निहारी सुनो सखि प्यारी
में अपने मन सोच करत हौं सुनि भृगु नन्दन गारी
इन को कोई समुझावत नाहीं हो
बरु रहि जाउँ वारि कुँआरि सुनो सखि प्यारी
में अपना पति जानि चल्यो सखि, विधि को लिखा बिचारी
होइ हैं ब्याह संग रघुबर जी के
उन के पद प्रेम हमारी सुनो सखि प्यारी
तारे धनुष कंत छन माहीं, विधि लिखनी को टारी
भागीरथी जैमाल लिहे कर
सिया रघुबर के गर डारी सुनो सखि प्यारी

उलारा

सिय डारे राम गले जैमाला दुलह तो सिरि राम बने हैं
लछिमन देवर सहबाला समधिन तो बनि मातु कौशिल्या
दशरथ समधी महिपाला जिन के शंम्मु बराती आये
ओढे दिगम्बर मृग छाला

The beloved daughter of Janak laughs merrily and says listen, dear sakhi
My father has organized my Swayamvar, where great kings will gather
Where the bow of Shankarji is kept, I am standing and admiring Lord Ram
I am thinking in my mind, listening to the abuses of Bhrigu Nandan
Why no one makes him understand,
If something happens to the groom I'll be left a maiden (listen dear sakhi)
I am going near my husband O sakhi, my fate is already written
I'll be married to Ram, on his feet lies my love (listen dear sakhi)
Ram broke the bow in a second, proved the prophecy correct
Taking the pious garland, Sita puts it in the neck of Raghubar
(Ullara:) Sita has put a garland in Ram's neck, Ram has become the groom, Lakshman
has become a brother-in-law, Mother Kaushalya has become Samdhin, King Dasharath
has become Samadhi
In whose marriage procession came Shambhuji (Shiv)
Digambar (Shiv) wearing skin of deer

20. Chowtal: Hansi puchheñ Janakpur ki naari

Hansi puchheñ Janakpur ki naari naath bal
bhaari
Gaj ko graah gahe jal bhitar Raam naam chit
dhaari
Gaj kar haañk sunat prabhu dhaaye ho
Prabhu gaj ko jal se ubaari, naath bal bhaari
Tîno lok tîn pag kîno bali paatal paṭhaai
Shevari ke bei Sudaama ke tandul
Prabhu khaat ne kîn bichaari, naath bal bhaari
Duryodhan ghar mev tyaage saag vidur ghar
khaai
Jangal jaae taarika maare ho
Tuhañ muni kar yagya suvaari, naath bal bhaari
Khambha phor Hiranakush maare gagan
dudubhi chhaai
Daulat Raam kahat sur jaya jaya
Prabhu bhaktan praan aghaari, naath bal bhaari

Ullaraa

Raam Raam raṭ laavo jagat meñ
Raam naam Baikanṭh ko daata
Ved svayam mukh gaayo, jagat meñ Raam
Raam

20 चौताल

हँसि पूछें जनक पुर की नारी नाथ बल भारी
गज को ग्राह गहे जल भीतर, राम नाम चित धारी
गज कर हांक सुनत प्रभु धाये हो
प्रभु गज को जल से उबारी नाथ बल भारी
तीनो लोक तीन पग कीनो, बलि पाताल पठाई
शेवरी के बैर सुदामा के तंदुल
प्रभु खात न कीन बिचारी नाथ बल भारी
दुर्योधन घर मेवा त्यागे, साग विदुर घर खाई
जंगल जाय ताड़िका मारे हो
तहँ मुनि कर यज्ञ सुवारी नाथ बल भारी
खंभ फोर हिरणाकुश मारे, गगन दुंदुभी छाई
दौलत राम कहत सुर जय जय
प्रभु भक्तन प्राण अघारी नाथ बल भारी

उलारा

राम राम रट लावो जगत में राम नाम बैकुंठ को दाता
वेद स्वयं मुख गायो जगत में राम राम

Laughingly the lady of Janakpur says O valorous lord
When the crocodile was pulling the elephant into the water,
In his heart he remembered you, Ram
You came when the elephant begged you to come and save him,
And O God, you saved the elephant from the water (O valorous lord)
You measured three worlds in three steps, and sent Bali to Paatal
You ate the beri of Shabari and the rice of Sudama
Who were worried if God would accept this small offering
You refused dry fruits at Duryodhana's palace,
And ate plain vegetable at Vidur's home
You went to the forest and killed the demoness Tadaka,
And enabled the sages to continue their yagya in peace (O valorous lord)
You broke the pillar and emerged to kill Hiranyakashyap,
Dundubhi started playing in the sky
Daulat Ram says the gods then hailed you, O Lord
The god saves the life of the devotees (O valorous lord)
(Ullara:) Repeat the name of Ram in the world
The name of Ram leads to the Baikanth
The Vedas themselves sing your praise (Ram Ram in this world)

21. Chowtal: Santo Manwa haiñ ajab divaani

Santo Manwa haiñ ajab divaana kare man
 maana
 Maaya moh janam ke thagiya un ke rûp bhulaana
 Chhal aru kapaṭ karat nishivaasar
 Dukh ko sukh kar jaana (kare man maana)
 Phikar tahaañ ki tanik nahiñ haiñ ant samay
 jahañ jaana
 Mukh te dharam dharam goharaavat
 Karam karat man maana (kare man maana)
 Jo ishvar ghaṭ ki jaane tehite karat bahaana
 Tehite puchhat maarag ghar ke ho
 Aap to jaat bhulaana (kare man maana)
 Yahaañ kahaañ sajjan karavaas hoyan itno
 gyaana
 Daulat Raam soi nar gyaani ho
 Nija dharam karam man laana (kare man
 maana)

Ullara

Nija dharam karm man laavo sant jan
 Apna dharam param sukh daayak
 Apna sandhya kar man laavo

21 चौताल

सन्तो मनुआ हैं अजब दीवाना करे मन माना
 माया मोह जनम के ठगिया उन के रूप भुलाना
 छल अरु कपट करत निशिवासर
 दुख को सुख कर जाना करे मन माना
 फिकिर तहां की तनिक नहीं हैं अंत समय जहँ जाना
 मुख ते धरम धरम गोहरावत
 करम करत मन माना करे मन माना
 जो ईश्वर घट की जाने तेहिते करत बहाना
 तेहिते पूछत मारग घट के हो
 आप तो जात भुलाना करे मन माना
 यहां कहां सज्जन करवासा होयन इतनो ज्ञाना
 दौलत राम सोइ नर ज्ञानी हो
 निज धरम करम मन लाना करे मन माना

उलारा

निज धरम कर्म मन लावो सन्तजन
 अपना धरम परम सुख दायक
 अपना सन्ध्या कर मन लावो सन्तजन

Santo Manua is crazy and does whatever his heart says
 Illusion (maya) and affection (moha) are deceivers of life and make you forget God. Day
 and night they deceive everyone, making people mistake their sorrow for joy. They don't
 worry about about the place where they have to go at the last moment of life. They go on
 proclaiming "dharma"
 while doing what they want, whether right or wrong. The ones who know the path to
 God's home, they themselves go on giving excuses. They themselves ask where this
 path of God leads; you yourself have forgotten the path of the Lord. Here, where humble
 people reside, even I know little
 Daulat Ram says: that person is wise who keeps his heart in his dharma and karma.
 (Ullara:) Put your hearts in your works of dharma and karma, O learned ones, your
 dharma itself will provide abundance of joy,
 Do your prayers and put your heart in it (O learned ones)

22. Chowtal : Ek aaya baanar bhaari Ashok ujaari

Ek aaya baanar bhaari Ashok ujaari
 Phal khaaya nischar ko maare patak patak mal daari
 Daantan kaantan laatan maarat
 Gahi taang samudra meñ daari, Aashok ujaari
 Raavan bole Meghnaad se sab dal laave sanchaari
 Maare vo nahiñ baandh le aave ho
 Kapi dekhi kahañ se bhaari, Aashok ujaari
 Le dal Meghnaad tahañ pahunche kaṭ kaṭaai kapi bhaari
 Meghnaad kapi larat bal
 Kapi nischar ko de maari, Aashok ujaari
 Bare kolaahal bhaye Lanka meñ naag Phaans le daari
 Bhairo Prasaad kudi gaye Hanuman
 Saari Lanka bhasm kari daari, Aashok ujaari

22. चौताल

एक आया बानर भारी अशोक उजारी
 फल खाया निसचर को मारे पटक पटक मल दारी
 दांतन कांटत लातन मारत
 गहि टांग समुद्र में दारी आशोक उजारी
 रावण बोले मेघनाद से सब दल लावे संचारी
 मारे वो नहि बांध लै आवे हो
 कपि देखि कहां से भारी आशोक उजारी
 ले दल मेघनाद तहँ पहुँचे कट कटाई कपि भारी
 मेघनाद कपि लड़त महा बल
 कपि निसचर को दै मारी आशोक उजारी
 बड़े कोलाहल भये लंका में नाग फांस लै दारी
 भैरो प्रसाद कूदि गये हनुमन
 सारी लंका भस्म करि डारी आशोक उजारी

A mighty monkey came and destroyed the Ashok Vātika [where Rāvan kept Sita]
 He ate fruits and killed the demons by smashing them on the ground
 He bites and kicks and grabbing the asuras [demons] by the feet,
 He hurls them into the sea (destroyed the Ashok Vātika)
 Rāvan told Meghnād to go with whole army
 And not to kill the monkey but to bind him and bring him before Rāvan,
 As he has never seen such a huge monkey (destroyed the Ashok Vātika)
 Meghnād reached there with the army, but Hanuman ground his teeth seeing them
 Meghnād fought bravely with the monkey
 Who had killed many demons (destroyed the Ashok Vātika)
 Chaos reigned in Lanka when Hanumān escaped from the Nāg Phāns
 Bhairo Prasād says Hanumān then jumped
 And burned all of Lanka to ashes (destroyed the Ashok Vātika)

23. Chowtal: Ur basi gaye Kuvar Kanhaai sakhi bilamhaai

Ur basi gaye Kuvar Kanhaai sakhi bilamhaai
Mathura Kaanha janam liyo hai Gokul bajat
badhaai

Kans-aasur putna hi pathaaye ho
Soto dudha piyaavan aai, sakhi bilamhaai
Kans-aasur ika daitya pathaaye Pandit Rûp
banaai

Rasna dînha marori muraari ho
Vaito rovat Mathura hi jaai, sakhi bilamhaai
Maari Aghaasur aadik Mohan kunj men raas
rachaai

Radha lalita dik sakhiyan kara
Sab chhîn ruchir dadhi khaai, sakhi bilamhaai
Mathura jaai Kans ko maaryo maata pita ko
chhoraai

Bhagvaan Daas kahat kari ke
Sakhi nit uṭhi phaag machaai, sakhi bilamhaai

23. चौताल

उर बसि गये कुँवर कन्हाई सखी बिलम्हाई
मथुरा कान्हा जन्म लियो है गोकुल बजत बधाई
कंसासुर पूतना हि पठाये हो
सोतो दूध पियावन आई सखी बिलम्हाई
कंसासुर इक दैत्य पठाये पंडित रूप बनाई
रसना दीन्ह मरोरि मुरारी हो
वैतो रोवत मथुरा हि जाई सखी बिलम्हाई
मारि अघासुर आदिक मोहन कुंज में रास रचाई
राधा ललिता दिक सखियन कर
सब छीन रुचिर दधि खाई सखी बिलम्हाई
मथुरा जाय कंस को मारयो माता पिता को छोड़ाई
भगवानदास कहत करि जोरि के
सखी नित उठि फाग मचाई सखी बिलम्हाई

The young Kanhai, who is residing in my heart, hasn't yet come, O sakhi
Kanhai was born in Mathura, but celebrations are being held at Gokul
The demon Kans sent the demoness Putana,
To breast-feed the child and kill him (hasn't yet come, O sakhi)
The demon Kans sent a demon in the disguise of a pandit
Murari (Krishna) twisted his tongue
And he went to Mathura lamenting (hasn't yet come, O sakhi)
Mohan destroyed Agh-âsur and other demons, and played râs in the arbor
With Radha and other beautiful sakhis [OR:] he cheated Radha and other
beautiful friends,
He stole and ate tasty curd with relish (hasn't yet come, O sakhi)
He went to Mathura, killed Kans, and released his parents
Bhagwan Das says with hands joined respectfully,
O sakhi let's play Phâg with him every day (hasn't yet come, O sakhi)

24. Chowtal: Jo maata ne dudha pilaai prem dikhalaai

Jo maata ne dudha pilaai prem dikhalaai
 Lekar god mujhe baiṭhaari chum chum kar bhaai
 Jab maiñ rota maata sutaavati
 Aari nindiya vo nindiya bulaai, prem dikhalaai
 Nīnd nahīñ jab mujhe ko aati tab jhulaa jhulavaai
 Mukh mera dekh maha sukh paati ho
 Vo to pyaar ke aañsu bahaai, prem dikhlaai
 Mujhe bukhaar lage jab bhaai tab maata akulaai
 Raat divas mukh hamro taakat
 Hamre marne ke dar se daraai, prem dikhlaai
 Jo maata mama seva kīna kaise use bhulaai
 Daulat Ram maatu ke charanan
 Ab soch soch ghabraai, prem dikhlaai

Ullara

Maata charan chit laavo putrajan
 Jin ki maata rovat kalpat
 Putra kuputra kahaa vo, putrajan

24. चौताल

जो माता ने दूध पिलाई प्रेम दिखलाई
 लेकर गोद मुझे बैठारी चूम चूम कर भाई
 जब मैं रोता माता सुतावति
 आरी निंदिया वो निंदिया बुलाई प्रेम दिखलाई
 नींद नहीं जब मुझ को आती तब झूला झुलवाई
 मुख मेरा देख महा सुख पाती हो
 वो तो प्यार के आंसु बहाई प्रेम दिखलाई
 मुझे बुखार लगे जब भाई तब माता अकुलाई
 रात दिवस मुख हमरो ताकत
 हमरे मरने के डर से डेराई प्रेम दिखलाई
 जो माता मम सेवा कीना कैसे उसे भुलाई
 दौलत राम मातु के चरनन
 अब सोच सोच घबड़ाई प्रेम दिखलाई
 उलारा

माता चरन चित लावो पुत्रजन
 जिन की माता रोवत कलपत
 पुत्र कुपुत्र कहा वो पुत्रजन

The mother who fed me milk and showered love upon me
 She takes me on her lap and kisses me affectionately, O brother
 When I cry, mother makes me sleep,
 She sings a lullaby and calls sleep to come over me
 When I didn't sleep, she'd rock me in the cradle
 Seeing my face she is overjoyed and sheds tears of love
 If I get a fever my mother frets, night and day she watches over me
 Terrified by the thought of my death (showered love upon me)
 The mother who cared for me so much, how can I ever forget her?
 Daulat Ram says, now place yourself at the feet of your mother
 Who is always worried for you (showered love upon me)
 (Ullara:) O sons, place your devotion at the feet of your mother
 Those whose mothers cry and lament,
 Those sons are called kuputra [worthless sons] (O sons)

25. Jati #1: Janani samjhaavo sutâ ko maano ho dulaari

Janani samjhaavo sutâ ko maano ho dulaari
 Beriya ke beri tohi barajo laal ri suno gori re
 Jasumati ke, mati jaiho are apne man yaar
 Mohan sang ke raas rachaayo log lagaavat gaari
 Guriya deh mangaai laal ri suno gori re
 Hariyar piyar laal are khelan ko yaar
 Ghar hi khelu pita tore dekho maiñ dekho
 banvaari
 Tore pita suni laaj marat haiñ suno gori re
 Khaan paan ras tyage are apne man yaar
 Naam baraa kul daag lagaavat dekho maiñ chaal
 tumhaari
 Itna suni ke Radha bikal bhai suno gori re
 Sakhiyan ke lagi jaihe are apne man yaar
 Sur kahe naino nahi dekhe, kekar hai man haari

25. जती - 1.

जननी समुझावे सुता को मानो हो दुलारी
 बेरिया के बेरी तोही बरजो लाल रि सुनो गोरि रे
 जसुमति के, मति जैहो अरे अपने मन याार
 मोहन संग के रास रचायो लोग लगावत गारि
 गुरिया देह मंगाय लाल रि सुनो गोरि रे
 हरियर पीयर लाल अरे खेलन को याार
 घर हि खेलु पिता तोरे देखो मैं देखो बनवारी
 तोर पिता सुनि लाज मरत हैं सुनो गोरि रे
 खान पान रस त्यागे अरे अपने मन याार
 नाम बरा कुल दाग लगावत देखो मैं चाल तुम्हारी

इतना सुनि के राधा बिकल भई सुनो गोरि रे
 सखियन के लागि जैहे अरे अपने मन याार
 सूर कहे नैनो नहि देखे केकर है मन हारी

Mother tries to make her beloved daughter understand
 Your enemies are trying to stop you, listen, O Gori [fair-skinned lady]
 Don't go near Yashoda's home, try to understand this in your heart
 You played rās with Mohan, and people are criticizing you
 I'll bring a doll for you my daughter, listen, O Gori,
 In green, yellow and red colors, for you to play with
 Play in the house, your father is watching, I will go and see Banvari
 Your father is ashamed, listen, O Gori
 He has renounced food, drink, and pleasure, try to see in your heart,
 Your family has a high reputation, don't taint it, I understand your cunning
 Listening to this, Radha was distressed, listen, O Gori,
 I'll only go with my friends, and do what my heart says
 Sur says she hasn't seen with her eyes the one to whom she has given her heart

26. Jati #2: Suni sej gayo re jab se ghar aayo

Suni sej gayo re jab se ghar aayo na piya
 Uthat agin bhabhakat tan meñ suno gori re
 Rakta maas jari kaaya are apne man yaar
 Jaai samundar dhaai gire shashi laagat hai sab
 jiva

Prem agin lapṭat tan meñ suno gori re
 Dîp jarat chhin chhin se are din din mori yaar
 Ang ke chîr agaari bare tore chîra bare jaise dîpa
 Choli ke bandan tarkan laage suno mori re
 Shyaam surat chali aaye are apne man yaar
 Paatari naari papiya bhai din rain raṭe piya piya
 Bhog bilaas gaye jîvana se suno gori re
 Birha bikal bhai naari are kunjan ban yaar
 Sur saneh kahe piya se more praan
 sanvaare piya re

26. जती- 2

सूनि सेज गयो रे जब से घर आये न पिया
 उठत अगिन भभकत तन में सुनो गोरि रे
 रक्त मास जरि काया अरे अपने मन यार
 जाई समुंदर धाई गिरे शशी लागत है सब जीवा
 प्रेम अगिन लपटत तन में सुनो गोरि रे
 दीप जरत छिन छिन से अरे दिन दिन मोरि यार
 अंग के चीर अगारि बरे तोरे चीर बरे जैसे दीपा
 चोलि के बंदन तरकन लागे सुनो गोरि रे
 श्याम सुरत चलि आये अरे अपने मन यार
 पातरि नारी पपिया भई दिन रैन रटे पिया पिया
 भोग विलास गये जीवन से सुनो गोरि रे
 बिरह बिकल भई नारी अरे कुंजन बन यार
 सूर सनेह कहै पिया से मोरे प्रान संवारे पिया रे

My bed is empty since my beloved has not come home
 Hot passion rises in my body, listen, O Gori,
 My body of bones and blood is burning with passion, I feel it in my heart
 I feel like jumping in the sea, to become calm like Shashi [the moon]
 The flame of love is burning in my body, listen, O Gori
 Just as the lamp's flame becomes weak by burning daily,
 The same way my body is becoming weak as days pass
 I feel like someone has cut my body and filled it with burning flames,
 just as the insects burn when they come near the candle
 The ties of my blouse are giving away, listen, O Gori,
 I move along with love for Shyam in my heart,
 The lady in love with God repeats his name day and night like a cuckoo
 All the joy has gone from my life, listen, O Gori,
 I am filled with the sorrow of separation, in this arbor where I can't go
 Sur lovingly says to the beloved, take care of me, O my beloved

27. Lej #1: Shri Krishna charan ki balihari

Shri Krishna charan ki balihari
 Maathe so chandan atar sugandhan jag bandan
 haiñ banvaari
 Topi shir sohe sab jag mohe mohe rahi rahi Brij ki
 naari
 Surati vishaal nirakhat nihaal Gopaal Laal ki
 chhabi nyaari
 Kanthe bich hîra mukh meñ bîra ajab sharîri
 giridhaari
 Gauvan ke paachhe kachhni kaachhe aachhe
 aavat karataari
 Shri mor mukut pitaambar sohe tirchhi chitvani ati
 pyaari
 Aise prabhu taniya bare chikaniya paayan
 ghunghar jhanakaari
 Motin ke maala odhe dushaala Nand Laal ki
 chhabi bhaari
 Tehi chhan chadhe kadam ke ûpar sab sakhiyan
 ko de gaari
 Kar sava bilsat baañs ke-murli tehi meñ chhed
 bane chaari
 Jab othan par kahar kiye hai mohi rahi Brij ki
 gvaari
 Ras ki khel kiye Brij bhitari asur anekan ko maari

27. लेज - 1.

श्री कृष्ण चरन की बलिहारी
 माथे सो चन्दन अतर सुगन्धन जग बन्दन हैं बनवारी
 टोपी शिर सोहे सब जग मोहे मोहे रही बृज की नारी
 सूरति विशाल निरखत निहाल गोपाल लाल की छबि न्यारी
 कंठे बिच हीरा मुख में बीरा अजब शरीरा गिरिधारी
 गऊवन के पाछे कछनी काछे आछे आवत करतारी
 श्री मोर मुकुट पीताम्बर सोहे तिरछी चितवनि अति प्यारी
 ऐसे प्रभु तनिया बड़े चिकनिया पायन घुंघर झनकारी
 मोतिन के माला ओढ़े दुशाला नँद लाल की छबि भारी
 तेहि छन चढे कदम के ऊपर सब सखियन को दै गारी
 कर सवा बिलसत बांस के मुरली तेहि में छेद बने चारी
 जब ओठन पर कहर किये है मोहि रही बृज की ग्वारी
 रस की खेल किये बृज भीतर असुर अनेकन को मारी

I pray to the feet of Sri Krishna
 Chandan on his forehead, scented with perfume,
 Banvâri is prayed to by all
 The cap on his head enchants the entire world and the ladies of Braj
 His face is elegant, everyone is mesmerized,
 everything about Gopal Lal is enchanting
 With a diamond in his necklace and pân in his mouth, Giridhâri is unique
 He goes behind the cows wearing a tight dhoti, moving in his elegant way
 wearing a crown with a lovely peacock feather,
 his sideways glance is alluring
 The body of such a Lord is soft and smooth, ankle-bells jingle at his feet
 With a pearl garland and a shawl, Nandlal's form is dignified
 He darts up the kadamb tree and teases the sakhis
 He holds in his hands a flute one-and-a-quarter fingers long,
 which has four holes
 Whenever he blows it, the cowherd ladies of Braj are mesmerized
 He played râs in Braj and killed many demons

28. Lej #2: Gopi Gopaal khelen hori

Gopi Gopaal khelen hori
 Baajat mrdang murchang jang karataaran baajat
 jori
 Ghanta ghaharaane koti nagaare ektaare dhuni
 ek thori
 Aur manjira jhaanjh vin daf dholak taan adhik tori
 Eke Brij-naari audhat saari suha rang se rang
 bori
 Paayan pagu baaje nupur chhajeñ kar mundari
 pahire bhorì
 Ur bich maala chanchal chaala chitavat chit
 kareñ chori
 Bendi shir sohe sab jag mohe, rupa saloni umiri
 thori
 Chandan mandan jamak jamaaya keshari aur
 gulaab ghorì
 Kanchan pichakaari hani hani maari ek na haare
 Brij gori
 Sang baal anek Gopaal liye abir gulaal bhar jhori
 Eke mrga naini kokil beni dhaave dhamake
 chamke dauri
 Eke chanchal odhe anchal eke badan male rori .

28. लेज - 2

गोपी गोपाल खेलें होरी
 बाजत मृदंग मुरचंग जंग करतारन बाजत जोरी
 घंटा घहराने कोटि नगारे एकतारे धुनि एक ठोरी
 और मंजीरा झांझ वीन डफ ढोलक तान अधिक तोरी
 एकै बृजनारी औढत सारी सूहा रंग से रंग बोरी
 पायन पगु बाजे नूपुर छाजे कर मुँदरी पहिरे भोरी
 उर बिच माला चंचल चाला चितवत चित करेँ चोरी
 बेंदी शिर सोहे सब जग मोहे, रूप सलोनी उमिरि थोरी
 चन्दन मन्दन जमक जमाया केशरि और गुलाब घोरी
 कंचन पिचकारी हनि हनि मारी एक न हारे बृज गोरी
 सँग बाल अनेक गोपाल लिये अबीर गुलाल भर झोरी
 एकै मृग नैनी कोकिल बैनी धावे धमके चमके दौरी
 एकै चंचल ओढे अंचल एकै बदन मले रोरी

Gopi and Gopal are playing Holi
 The mrdang and murchang are resounding,
 and hands are clapping rhythmically
 Huge bells are ringing, the nagaras are playing,
 The ektara is also played in a corner
 And manjira, jhānjh, vina, daf, and dholak are resounding
 One lady of Braj is wearing a sari, which got drenched in deep red color
 Her ankle-bells tinkle, and she wears rings on her fingers,
 She wears necklace at her chest and walks gracefully,
 Her enchanting glance steals one's heart
 Her bindi enchants the world, she is a dark beauty at such a young age
 She smears sandalwood paste on her body, dissolving saffron and rose
 Spraying colors with a golden pichkari,
 The lady of Braj doesn't accept defeat
 Gopal came along with many friends and bags filled with abir and gulal
 A doe-eyed gopi with a voice like a nightingale runs quickly
 One is covering with herself with her sari,
 And other is smearing color on her body

29. Belwara: Brij karat bihaari Shyaam

Brij karat bihaari Shyaam Radhika dono jane
 Aanand sur pur baaje tabla dhundhunkaar
 Kankan kar kar baaje gati baaje sitaar
 Bhari bhari jhori abîra keshari bhari thaar
 Aisi kîch machaave Brij hoi andhiyaar
 Baaje dhol manjîra auro karataar
 Ta bîch naacheñ gopika hari taahi manchaar
 Gopi sabhe mili gaaveñ Brij hoi gulajaar
 Sur Shyaam ho swaami ab laav hu paar

29. बेलवारा

बृज करत बिहारा श्याम राधिका दोनो जने
 आनंद सुर पुर बाजे तबला धुँधूकार
 कंकन कर कर बाजे गटि बाजे सितार
 भरि भरि झोरि अबीरा केशरि भरि थार
 ऐसी कीच मचावै बृज होइ अँधियार
 बाजे ढोल मंजीरा औरो करतार
 ता बीच नाचै गोपिका हरि ताहि मँझार
 गोपि सभै मिलि गावै बृज होइ गुलजार
 सूर श्याम हो स्वामी अब लाव हु पार

In Braj Shyam and Radha are wandering joyously
 Joyously they sing melodious songs and the tabla is playing vigorously
 The bangles on her hands are swaying in rhythm, while the sitar is playing
 The bags are filled with abir, and kesari is piled on plates
 They make a muddy pond, and the colors fill the sky of Braj with darkness
 Dhol and manjira are playing along with kartal,
 Between them the gopikas dance, and Hari dances amidst them
 When the gopis together sing melodiously, Braj becomes enlightened,
 Shyam, O Lord, only you can be our savior

30. Bhartal #1: Bhala sakhiyan ke biche Radhe

Bhal sakhiyan ke biche Radhe albeli vari hañ
 Sakhi das aage sakhi das pichhe
 Lachkat aave akeli, vari haañ
 Kau sakhi linhe pan kar bira
 Kau linheñ phul chameli, vari haañ
 Taahi samay prabhu aani milyo tahañ
 Phaagu saaji dou kheli, vari haañ
 Machi dhamaari Shyaam ras ke vash
 Mohit sakal saheli, vari haañ

31. भरताल - 1

भला सखियन के बीच राधे अलबेली वरि हाँ
 सखि दस आगे सखी दस पीछे
 लचकत आवे अकेली – वरि हाँ
 कोउ सखि लीन्हे पान कर बीरा
 कोउ लीन्हे फूल चमेली – वरि हाँ
 ताहि समय प्रभु आनि मिल्यो तहँ
 फागु साजि दोउ खेली – वरि हाँ
 मची धमारि श्याम रस के वश
 मोहित सकल सहेली – वरि हाँ

Amidst many sakhis comes gorgeous Radha, oh yes
 Ten friends are in front and ten are behind,
 She alone walks with a graceful liit, oh yes
 A friend has in her hand pân leaf with betel-nut,
 Another has taken the chameli flower in her hand, oh yes
 At that time Lord came and met there,
 Both of them together played Phâg, oh yes
 All sang dhamari immersed in Shyam's love
 Enchanting all the friends, oh yes

31. Bhartal #2: Chalo piya soi rahi akhiyaa

Chalo piya soi rahi akhiyaa alasaani vari haañ
 Laali palang par jarad bichhona
 Taapar chaadar taani, vari haañ
 Sej ke ûpar sugundh lagaayo
 Chhir ki Ganga paani, vari haañ
 Dhire se paauñ dhare palang par
 Jaagat mori jethaani, vari haañ
 Ras ki khel karo hamre sang
 Pia tore haath bikaani, vari haañ

31 भरताल 2

चलो पिया सोइ रही अँखिया अलसानी वरि हाँ
 लाली पलंग पर जरद बिछोना
 तापर चादर तानी वरि हाँ
 सेज के ऊपर सुगंध लगायो
 छिर की गंगा पानी वरि हा
 धीरे से पाचँ धरे पलँग पर
 जागत मोरि जेठानी वरि हा
 रस की खेल करो हमरे सँग
 पिय तोरे हाथ बिकानी वरि हाँ

Come beloved, let's sleep, my eyes are feeling sleepy, oh yes
 On a red bed is a golden embroidered mattress,
 On top of that a bed sheet is spread, oh yes
 On the bed I have sprayed perfume,
 And sprinkled Ganges water, oh yes
 Put your feet on the bed very slowly,
 Or my elder sister-in-law will awaken, oh yes
 Play with me the game of passion,
 I am sold to you completely, my beloved, oh yes

32. Bhartal #3: Bhala kara leeke gagariya

Bhala kar leke gagariya kaamini maskaani, vari
 haañ
 Nai naagariya nai lijuriya
 Nai naari bhare paani, vari haañ
 Thaadhi bhara lijuri nahi aate
 Nihure bharat lajaani, vari haañ
 Dhire chale ghar baalaka rove
 Haule chalat deraani, vari haañ
 Drij Hari Charan thaadh hoi dekhat
 Mast naari uñhi laani vari haañ

32 भरताल 3

भला कर लैके गगरिया कामिनि मुसकानी वरि हाँ
 नई नागरिया नई लिजुरिया
 नई नारि भरे पानी वरि हाँ
 ठाढी भरे लिजुरी नही आटे
 निहुरे भरत लजानी वरि हाँ
 धीरे चले घर बालक रोवे
 हउले चलत डेरानी वरि हाँ
 द्विज हरि चरन ठाढ होइ देखत
 मस्त नारि उठि लानी वरि हाँ

Holding a pot in her hands the beautiful lady gives a sweet smile
 With a new pot and a new rope,
 A young bride goes to fetch water, oh yes
 But the rope is short and she is unable to fill the pot
 Seeing which she feels ashamed to go home with an empty pot, oh yes
 She goes slowly to home where the child is crying,
 She walks slowly as if shy and scared, oh yes
 The wise Hari Charan stands and watches
 The gait of the beautiful lady, oh yes

33. Dhamari #1: Sumiro Raam anand hrdai

Sumiro Raam ananda hrdai bhari
 Avadhपुरी श्री धामा जहाँ जन्म लिये श्री
 Raam
 Sarayu bahat jala nîra dukh paap na rahe shariri
 Santan ki bhakti pyaari tahañ dekha hrday
 bichaari
 Jahañ tahañ santan ka dera meñ tahañ tahañ
 prabhu hera
 Hiranakushako maare Prahlaad hi kînh ubaare
 Mare Kaurav sau bhaiya tab Lanka ko kînh
 chadhaya
 Utre saagar tira ati baandhe setu gambhîra
 Taapar sena utaare sab nishichar jaai sanhaare
 Lankapati ko maare devtan ki bandi chhuraaye
 Raajya vibhishaan ko dinha tab utaari gavan hari
 kînh
 Raaja Janak ki baari Gautam ki naari piyaari
 Paayan parat jajîraa hori gaave daas Kabir

33. धमारि 1

सुमिरो राम अनन्दा हृदय भरि
 अवधपुरी श्री धामा जहाँ जन्म लिये श्री रामा
 सरयू बहत जल नीरा दुख पाप न रहे शरीरा
 सन्तन कि भक्ति पियारी तहँ देखा हृदय बिचारी
 जहँ तहँ सन्तन का डेरा मैं तहां तहां प्रभु हेरा
 हिरनाकुश को मारे प्रहलाद हिं कीन्ह उबारे
 मारे कौरव सौ भैया तब लंका को कीन्ह चढैया
 उत्तरे सागर तीरा अति बाँधे सेतु गंभीरा
 तापर सेना उतारे सब निशिचर जाय सँहारे
 लंकापति को मारे देवतन की बंदि छुड़ाये
 राज्य विभीषण को दीन्हा तब उतरि गवन हरि कीन्हा
 राजा जनक की बारी गौतम की नारी पियारी
 पायन परत जजीरा होरी गावे दास कबीरा

Remember Ram in your heart, which will immediately be filled with joy
 Avadhपुरी is the holy place of Lakshmi, where Sri Ram was born
 The holy water of Sarayu flows, bathing in it washes away grief and sin
 The zeal of devotees is endearing, when I see and think in my heart
 Wherever devotees are residing, I go to find God there
 He killed Hiranákush and rescued Prahlaad from danger
 He destroyed the hundred Kauravas, and then besieged Lanka
 He got down at the seashore, built the bridge
 Then crossed with the whole army and killed all the demons
 He killed the Lankapati (Rávan) and freed all the gods
 He gave the kingdom to Vibhishan, and then walked away graciously
 He married the daughter of Janak, saved the beloved wife of Gautam
 Along with the whole island, the servant Kabir is singing Holi

34. Dhamari #2: Nadi bahe jal dhaara (santo)

Nadi bahe jal dhaara (santo)

Puraini paati jala hi meñ upaje jala meñ kare
pasaara

Vaake paat paani nahi laage dharki pare jaise
paara

Jaise sati chadhe sat ûpar piya bachan nahiñ
taara

Aap pare auran ko taare taarekul parivaara

Jaise shur chadhe lerne ko prem magan lalakaari

Jaaki surati rahi lerne ko dhe dhe shur pachhaara
Bhavsagar ika nadi bahat haiñ lakh chauraasi

karaara

Santa rahe so paar utari ge nigura bare
manjhaara

34. धमरि 2

नदि बहे जल धारा सन्तो

पुरइनी पाती जल हि में उपजे जल में करे पसारा

वाके पात पानी नही लागे ढरकि परे जैसे पारा

जैसे सती चढ़े सत ऊपर पिया बचन नहिं टारा

आप परे औरन को तारे तारे कुल परिवारा

जैसे शूर चढ़े लड़ने को प्रेम मगन ललकारा

जाकी सुरति रही लड़ने को धै धै शूर पछारा

भवसागर इक नदी बहत हैं लख चौरासी करारा

संत रहे सो पार उतरी गे निगुडा बड़े मँझारा

Water is flowing in the river

The old weeds grow in the water, and flourish in it too

But water doesn't affect their leaves, it drops off like beads of mercury

As Sati climbs the funeral pyre, keeping the vow to her beloved

She receives salvation and saves the entire family

As the warriors go to fight, filled with love of war they challenge the enemy

Their faces show their valor, which defeats many of their enemies

In this worldly river are flowing, the 8,400,000 births and rebirths of souls

Those who are learned cross this river and reach the shore,

but those who are foolish are drowned in it

35. Dhamari #3: Dau kuñvar nihaari Jaanaki dekhan

Dau kuñvar nihaari Jaanaki dekhan chale
phulavaari

Raam Lakhan ko rūp nihaarat

Hañsi hañsi Janak dulaari

Raam Lakhan ko nain rasile

Rash vash bhai sab naari

Siya lakhi kangan parchhaahi

Palak jaat nahiñ taari

Un ke shobha kahaañ lagi barani

Tulsidaas balihaari

35. धमारी 3

दोऊ कुँअर निहारी जानकी देखन चले फुलवारी
राम लखन को रूप निहारत
हँसि हँसि जनक दुलारी
राम लखन को नैन रसीले
रस वश भई सब नारी
सिय लखि कंगन में परछाही
पलक जात नही टारी
उन के शोभा कहां लागि बरनो
तुलसीदास बलिहारी

Both the princes, after seeing Janaki, went to roam in the garden
Seeing the beauty of Ram and Lakshman
Janak Dulâri (Sita) smiled with joy
The eyes of Ram and Lakshman are attractive and expressive,
Everyone is mesmerized by their beauty
Sita saw their reflection in her bangle,
And is unable to take her eyes away from their beauty
How much can I praise the elegance of the Lord?
Tulsidas is completely enchanted by their beauty

36. Dhamari #4: Aave na koi kaam Raam

Aave na koi kaam Raam binu laakh karo
 chaturaai
 Kheti banij bepaar sabhe koi
 Nishi din dhyaan lagaai
 Aise Raam ko kaun bisaare
 Sankat hot sahaai
 Un ko gun jaanat kou naahiñ
 Shaarad thaah na paai
 Sab taji Raam naam gun gaavat
 Tulsidaas bataai

36. धमरि 4

आवे न कोई काम राम बिनु लाख करो चतुराई
 खेती बनिज बैपार समै कोई
 निशि दिन ध्यान लगाई
 ऐसे राम को कौन बिसारे
 संकट होत सहाई
 उन को गुन जानत कोउ नाहीं
 शारद थाह न पाई
 सब तजि राम नाम गुन गावत
 तुलसीदास बताई

No one will come to rescue you except Ram,
 whatever cleverness you show
 Whether a farmer or a businessman,
 all must remember the Lord night and day
 Who can forget such a Ram who helps in difficult times
 No one can understand his divinity
 Even Saraswati could not measure the depth of his divine form
 Leave everything and sing the praises of Lord Ram,
 Thus says Tulsidas

37. Dhamari #5: Mohan mohi jaay de Jamuna paani

Mohan mohi jaai de Jamuna paani
 Shir par ghara ghara par jhaari
 Taapar abharan bhaari
 Hathva chuni gulel lagaaye
 Gaagar meñ hane nishaani
 Jaahi bade tum roko toko
 Sau maram ham jaani

37. धमरि 5

मोहन मोहि जाय दे जमुना पानी
 शिर पर घडा घडा पर झारी
 तापर अभरन भारी
 हथवां चुनी गुलेल लगाये
 गागर में हने निशानी
 जाही बदे तुम रोको टोको
 सोउ मरम हम जानी

Mohan, let me go to Yamuna River to fetch the water
 With a big clay pot on my head and a small pot on top of that
 And meanwhile I am wearing heavy ornaments
 With a handmade slingshot in hand,
 He aims at the pot
 Why do you keep stopping us?
 I know your ways

38. Dhamari #6: Jamuna bich naiya lagaaye

Jamuna bich naiya lagaaye Kanhaiyya tanik dahi
ke kaarana
Kaahe kaaṭh ki naiya bani haiñ
Kaahe lagi karu aari
Chandan kaaṭh ki naiya bani hai
Sone lagi karu aari

38. धमारि 6

जमुना बिच नैया लगाये कन्हैया तनिक दही के कारण।
काहे काठ की नैया बनी है
काहे लगी करु आरी
चन्दन काठ की नैया बनी है
सोने लगी करु आरी

In the middle of the Yamuna Krishna has placed his boat,
to get a little curd from the gopis
What kind of wood is the boat made of?
What is the paddle made of?
The boat is made of sandalwood
The paddle is made of gold

39. Baiswara: Akeli paniya na jaihoñ sang leho

Akeli paniya na jaihoñ sang leho Nanad ke Laal
Kuvna paani meñ na gai ho kuvana meñ kaala
naag
Kaala naag se maiñ bachi aayo apne piya ki
bhaag
Kaala paani meñ na piyo re kaala mirachi na
khaauñ
Kaala marda ki sej na suto maiñ kaali hoi jaauiñ

39 बैसवारा

अकेली पनिया न जैहों संग लेहो ननद के लाल
कुवना पानी में ना गई हो कुवना में काला नाग
काला नाग से मैं बचि आयो अपने पिया की भाग
काला पानी में ना पियो रे काला मिरचि न खाऊँ
काला मर्द की सेज न सूतो में काली होइ जाऊँ

Don't go alone to fetch water, take Nand's son along with you
I won't go near the well to fetch water, there is a black serpent in the well
I escaped from the black serpent, went running to my beloved
I won't drink black water, I won't eat black pepper,
I won't sleep with a black man, or else I'll become black

40. Rasiya #1: Chitavaniya meñ naina lagaaye
 aai Raam
 Chitavaniya meñ naina lagaaye aai Raam
 Kekari ho tum baari dulaari
 Kekari naari kahaaye aai Raam
 Raaja Janak ki baari dulaari
 Raam ki naari kahaay aai Raam
 Tulsidaas bali aas charan ke
 Jhaanki jhuke rame nihaari aai Raam

40. रसिया 1

चितवनिया में नैना लगाय आई राम
 केकरि हो तुम बारी दुलारी
 केकरि नारी कहाय आई राम
 राजा जनक की बारी दुलारी
 राम की नारी कहाय आई राम
 तुलसीदास बलि आस चरण के
 झांकी झुकी रामे निहारि आई राम

After seeing Ram she has placed him in her heart, O Ram
 Whose beloved daughter are you?
 Whose wife will you be known as, O Ram?
 She is the beloved daughter of King Janak
 She will be known as the wife of Ram, O Ram
 Tulsidas devotes himself at the feet of Ram,
 And bows with respect in front of Ram, O Ram

41. Rasiya #2: Kaali dah par khelan aayori baaro

Kaali dah par khelan aayori baaro se Kanhaiya
 Kaahe ke paṭ gend bani hai hare
 Kaahe ke danda layo re
 Resham ke paṭ gend bani hai
 Chandan danda laayo re
 Maare gend gire Jamuna meñ hare
 Gend ke sanga dhaayo re

41. रसिया 2

काली दह पर खेलन आयोरी बारो से कन्हैया
 काहे के पट गेंद बनी हैं हरे
 काहे के दन्डा लायो रे

रेसम के पट गेंद बनी हैं हरे
 चन्दन दन्डा लायो रे
 मारे गेंद गिरे जमुना में हरे
 गेंद के संग धायो रे

On the banks of Yamuna near the black serpent's home,
 young Krishna is playing
 Of what cloth is the ball made? (O Hari)
 What kind of stick did you bring?
 The ball is made of silk (O Hari)
 I have brought the stick made of sandalwood
 When hit the ball fell into the Yamuna river (O Hari)
 Run along with the ball

42. Rasiya #3: Jhagra thaano re Kanhaiya Gokul meñ

Jhagra thaano re Kanhaiya Gokul meñ
 Jo tum hai Kaanha dudha ke bhukhe hare
 Chhoro laau bachru duhaai laavo gaya, Gokul
 meñ
 Jo tum hai Kaanha dahi ke bhukh hare
 Choro laau bachru duhaai laavo gaya Gokul meñ
 Jo tum haiñ Kaanha panch ke bhukhe hare
 Jori laau panch bulaai laau gaiya Gokul meñ

42. रसिया 3

झगरा ठानो रे कन्हैया गोकुल में
 जो तुम हैं कान्हा दूध के भूखे हरे
 छोड़ो लाऊ बछरू दुहाय लावो गैया गोकुल में
 जो तुम हैं कान्हा दही के भूखे हरे
 छोड़ो लाऊ बछरू दुहाय लावो गैया गोकुल में
 जो तुम हैं कान्हा पंच के भूखे हरे.
 जोरि लाऊ पंच बुलाय लाऊ गैया गोकुल में

Krishna has come to start a fight in Gokul
 Kānha (Krishna) if you are hungry for milk, O Hari,
 Bring the calf near the cow and milk the cow (in Gokul)
 Kānha, if you are hungry for curd, O Hari,
 Bring the calf near the cow and milk the cow (in Gokul)
 Kanha, if you want the fine cloth, O Hari,
 I'll bring the fine cloth for you and also bring the cow (in Gokul)

43. Kabir #1: Are bhaai sunle more kabîr are

Are bhaai sunle more kabîr are bhaai sunle more
 kabir
 Raam Lakshman Bharat Shatrughan aur
 Hanumanta bîr
 In paancho ka sumiran karke pichhe kahe kabir
 Bhala, Govinda bhajan kar more mana

43. कबीरा 1

अरे भाई सुनले मोरे कबीरा अरे भाई सुनले मोरे कबीरा
 राम लक्ष्मण भरत शत्रुघन और हनुमंता बीरा
 इन पांचो का सुमिरन करके पीछे कहे कबीरा
 भला – गोविंदा भजन कर मोरे मना

O my brother, listen to my kabir [poetry], O my brother, listen to my kabir
 Ram, Lakshman, Bharat, Shatrughan, and courageous Hanuman
 By remembering and praising these five, then says the poet
 (Nicely sing the praise of Govind, O my heart)

44. Kabir #2: Phaagun maas basant

Phaagun maas basant hai sab gaavat chowtaal
Daf manjira jhaanjh aru mrdang haath kartaal
 Bhala, Govinda bhajan kar more mana

44 कबीर 2

फागुन मास बसंत है सब गावत चौताल
 डफ मंजीरा झांझ अरु मृदंग हाथ करताल
 भला – गोविंदा भजन कर मोरे मना

The month is Phagun and season of spring, everyone is singing chowtal
 With daf, manjira, mridang, and kartal in hand
 Sing the praise of Govind, O my heart

45. Kabir #3: Ho ho hori hai rahi

Ho ho hori hai rahi, Krishan Raadhika sang
 Barsaane ki galin meñ abir uraavat rang
 Bhala, Govinda bhajan kar more man

45 कबीर 3

हो हो होरी है रही कृष्ण राधिका संग
 बरसाने की गलिन में अबीर उड़ावत रंग
 भला – गोविंदा भजन कर मोरे मना

Krishna and Radha are playing holi joyously
 In the streets of Barsana, abir and colors are being sprayed
 Sing the praise of Govind, O my heart

46. Kabir #4: Bindraban ke baag meñ bhaura

Bindraaban ke baag meñ bhaura kare gujaar
 Dulhin pyaari Radhika dulha Nand Kumar
 Bhala, Govinda bhajan kar more man

46 कबीर 4

बृन्दावन के बाग में भौरा करे गुजार
 दुलहिन प्यारी राधिका दुल्हा नन्द कुमार
 भला – गोविंदा भजन कर मोरे मना

In the garden of Brindavan, bees are humming,
 Radha is the beautiful bride,
 Nand Kumar (Krishna) is the handsome bridegroom
 Sing the praise of Govind, O my heart

47. Kabir #5: Hamaari sunhu prabhu

Araj hamaari sunhu prabhu Krishnachandra
 Maharaaj
 Maiñ to nipat gañvaar hoñ raakho meri laaj
 Bhala, Govinda bhajan kar more mana

47 कबीर 5

अरज हमारी सुनहु प्रभु कृष्णचन्द्र महाराज
 मैं तो निपट गंवार हों राखो मेरी लाज
 भला – गोविंदा भजन कर मोरे मना

Listen to my plea, O Lord, Krishna, the great king of kings
 I am just an innocent and simple person, save my dignity
 Sing the praise of Govind, O my heart

48. Kabir #6: Pavan tanay sankat

Pavan tanay sankat haran mangal murti rūp
Raam Lakhan Sita sahit hriday baso sur bhup
Bhala, jay bolo Mahaabir swaami ki

48 कबीर 6

पवन तनय संकट हरण मंगल मूर्ति रूप
राम लखन सीता सहित हृदय बसो सुर भूप
भला – जै बोलो महाबीर स्वामी की

Son of wind and destroyer of obstacles, you have an auspicious form
Along with Ram, Lakshman, and Sita, reside in everyone's heart
(Nicely sing the praise and hail Lord Mahabir [Hanuman])

49. Kabir #7: Jis Bhaarat ko sukh den

Jis Bhaarat ko sukh den ko tum lete avtaar
So paraye bas meñ para aao bachaavan haar
Bhala, jay bolo Mahatma Gandhiji

49 कबीर 7

जिस भारत को सुख देन को तुम लेते अवतार
सो पराये बस में पड़ा आओ बचावन हार
भला – जै बोलो महात्मा गान्धी जी

To give prosperity to that India, you take incarnation
That is in hands of others, come and rescue from defeat
(Sing the praise of Gandhiji and hail him)

50. Kabir #8: Chalo sakhi tahañ jaaiye

Chalo sakhi tahañ jaaiye, jahaañ basat Brij raaj
Gauras beñchat Hari mil ek panth do kaaj
Bhala Govind bhajan kar more man

50. कबीर

चलो सखी तहँ जाइये जहाँ बसत ब्रजराज
गोरस बेचत हरि मिले एक पंथ दो काज
भला गोविंदा भजन कर मोरे मना

O sakhi, let's go there, where lives the Braj-raj [Krishna]
While selling the milk we will find Hari, with one work we will fulfill two desires
(Sing the praise of Govind, O my heart)

51. Kabir #9: Chitrakut ke ghaat

Chitrakut ke ghaat par bhayi santan ki bhār
Tulsidaas chandan ghise tilak det raghubîr
Bhala, Shri Raam bhajan kar more man

51 कबीर

चित्रकूट के घाट पर भयी संतन की भीर
तुलसीदास चंदन घिसे तिलक देत रघुबीर
भला श्री रामा भजन कर मोरे मना

On the banks of Chitrakut is assembled a crowd of saints
Tulsidas is making sandal paste, and applies it to Raghurib
(Sing the praise of Sri Ram, O my heart)

52. Kabir #10: Raam Raam sab koi kaheñ

Raam Raam sab koi kaheñ thag thaakur aru chor
Bina prem rñjhe nahi Tulsī Nand Kishor
Bhala, Shri Raam bhajan kara more mana

52 कबीर 10

राम राम सब कोई कहें ठग ठाकुर अरु चोर
बिना प्रेम रीझे नहि तुलसी नन्द किशोर
भला — श्री रामा भजन कर मोरे मना

Everyone says Ram Ram--swindlers, respected people, and thieves
Without love Tulsidas's young Ram is not pleased
(Sing the praise of Sri Ram, O my heart)

53. Jogira

Aadha roti dher karela sab jogi mil khaaya
Aadhi raat ko jaar laage baap baap chilaaya

Baaja baaje baag meñ bajaane vaala kaun
Dharti Maata so gaye jagaane vaala kaun?

Gaoñ gaoñ meñ baag bagicha gali gali
phulvaari

Ghar ghar dekho kova naariyal ghar hi thakur
baari

53. जोगिरा

आधा रोटी ढेर करैला सब जोगी मिल खाया
आधी रात को जारा लागे बाप बाप चिल्लाया
बाजा बाजे बाग में बजाने वाला कौन
धरती माता सो गये जगाने वाला कौन
गांव गांव में बाग बगीचा गली गली फुलवारी
घर घर देखो कोवा नारियल घर हि ठाकुर बारी
Half roti and lots of bitter gourd, the sages ate together
At midnight when they felt cold, they cried for God
Who is playing music in the garden?
Mother Earth is sleeping, who is waking her up?
In every village is a garden, in every street is an orchard
In every home you can see coconuts,
and in the home itself is God's temple

54. Jhumar

(by Tej Singh)

Udho ka takasir hamaari taje banvaari ye aali
 Jeth tape tan maas ang bhaave nahi saari
 Laagat maas asaadh bûndh agra tan jhaari
 Saavan seja bhayaavan laagat
 Bin prîtam bund kataari taje banavaari ye aali

Bhaando gagan gambhir pîr ur hrday majhaari
 Chadhi gae kuaar karaar savat sang phanse muraari
 Kaatik raas rache Man Mohan
 Drig khanjan mochan vaari taje banvaari ye aali

Agahan agra anek bikal brik bhaanu dulaari
 Pûs lage tan jaar det kubaja ko gari
 Maagh basant aakant janaavat
 Jhûmari chowtaal dhamaari taje banvaari ye

Phaagun urat abîr kum kuma kesar jhari
 Chait phule ban tesu dekhi birahaa tan jaari
 Drij chhot kun baisakh janaavat
 Veto kaise jiyे Brij naari taje banvaari

54 झूमर

उधो का तकसीर हमारी तजे बनवारी ये आली
 जेठ तपे तन मास अंग भावे नही सारी
 लागत मास असाढ बूँध अग्रा तन झारी
 सावन सेज भयावन लागत
 बिन प्रीतम बुन्द कतारी तजे बनवारी

मांदो गगन गंभीर पीर उर हृदय मभारी
 चढी गै कोवार करार सवत संग फंसे मुरारी
 कातिक रास रसे मन मोहन
 द्रग खंजन मोचन वारी तजे बनवारी ये आली

अगहन अग्र अनेक बिकल ब्रक भानू दुलारी
 पूस लगे तन जाार देत कुबजा को गारी
 माघ बसंत आकंत जनावत
 झूमरि चौताल धमारी तजे बनवारी ये

फागुन उरत अबीर कुम कुमा केसर झारी
 चैत फूले बन तेसू देखी बिरहा तन जारी
 द्रिज छोटा कुन बैसाख जनावत
 वेतो कैसे जिये ब्रज नारी तजे बनवारी

[Radha:] Udho, Krishna has forgotten us
 In Jeth [summer month] one's sari feels uncomfortable
 In Asadh the pain of separation is intense
 In Sâvan (monsoon) the nuptial bed is desolate without the beloved
 In Bhândo Krishna is off with a rival woman/devotee
 In Kâtik we dance with Krishna
 In Agahan there is no rest without Krishna, nor in Phûs
 In Mâgh jhumar, chowtal, and dhamari are sung
 In Phagun abir and other colors are thrown, in Chait the flowers bloom,
 in Baisâkh...

- 89 Aadha roti dher sab jogi mil khaaya
 22 Aadi shakti vandauñ tuhai devi namo shiranaai
 76 Aave na koi kaam Raam
 79 Akeli paniya na jaihoñ sang leho
 83 Are bhaai sunle more kabir are
 16 Bhaju pavan tanay bal dhaam gyaan
 69 Bhala kar leeke gagariya
 67 Bhala sakhiyan ke biche Radhe
 85 Bindraban ke baag meñ bhaura
 66 Brij karat bihaari Shyaama
 40 Brij meñ ati dhûm machaayi
 68 Chalo piya soi rahi akhiyaa
 87 Chalo sakhi tahañ jaiye
 80 Chitavaniya meñ naina lagaaye aai Raam
 87 Chitrakut ke ghaat
 74 Dau kuñvar nihaari Jaanaki dekhan
 8 Devi Shaarada sumiri manaavo
 18 Dhanu tore hai Raam Gosaiñ
 52 Eka aaya baanar Ashoka ujaari
 20 Gandhi tumhare charan balihaari (with ullara)
 64 Gopi Gopaal khelen hori
 85 Araj hamaari sunhu prabhu
 46 Hansi bolat Janak dulaari
 48 Hansi puchheñ Janakpur ki naari (with ullara)
 84 Ho ho hori hai rahi
 78 Jamuna bich naiya lagaaye
 58 Janani samjhaavo suta ko maano ho dulaari
 30 Jay Bhaarat bhumi bhavaani (with ullara)
 82 Jhagra thaano re Kanhaiya Gokul meñ
 86 Jis Bhaarat ko sukh den
 56 Jo maata ne dudha pilaai prem dikhalaa
 81 Kaali dah par khelan aayori baari
 38 Kaanha roñko na gail
 14 Lije kachhu khabari hamaari ho Avadh Bihaari
 10 Maiñ sumiroñ Shaarada ho devi
 77 Mohan mohi jaay de Jamuna paani
 72 Nadi bahe jal dhaara
 44 Nara dekho pavan sut khel hrdai man laai
 28 Pati raakho bhaktan hitakaari
 86 Pavan tan sankat

- 84 Phaagun maas basant
 88 Raam Raam sab koi kaheñ
 36 Rang chhirkat kunj bihaari bhije meri saari
 42 Sakhi aai Nand ki khori khele rang (with ullara)
 50 Santo Manwa haiñ ajab divaani (with ullara)
 62 Shri Krishna charan ki balihari
 24 Siya Raam naam din rain kahat chalo pyare
 70 Sumiro Raam ananda hrdai
 34 Sumiroñ Hanuman Gosaiñ (with ullara)
 60 Suni seja gayo re jab se ghar aayo
 26 Taki maarat Mohan pichkaari bhije tan saari
 32 Tere charanan ki balihari mahesh
 90 Udho ka taksir
 54 Ur basi gaye Kunvar Kanhaai sakhi bilamhaai
 12 Yahaa araj more mahaaraaj Ganesh Gosain

About the Compiler and Editor

Rudy (Ramnarine) Sasenarine, born in Port Morant, Guyana, is a master drummer and community scholar of Indo-Caribbean music and culture. He has an especially vast knowledge of chowtal, Ramayan singing, and tan-singing. He has been associated with several chowtal gols (singing circles) and was captain of the Mahatma Gandhi Satsang Society Gol before starting his own gol, the New York Youth Ramayan Chowtaal Gol, in 2009. When he was seven years old he started playing dholak for his mother and grandmothers, who were active in a singing group. He was particularly inspired and supported in chowtal and Ramayan by Chinappa Viraswami and Ramnarese Rajdhani. Later, he studied with vocalist Tej Singh. His formal training in drumming and song began with Ustad Deowa, son of the renowned drummer, Ustad Mohana. He continued his studies of tan sangeet with renowned singer Ustad Balgobin Singh and virtuoso dholak player Ustad Ramdhani. He went on to learn the Trinidad style of local-classical music with Ustad Krishna Persaud. He is unique in his mastery of both Bhojpuri and Madrasi traditions. As a youth he started learning Madrasi music—thappu drumming, tarkum, and nargum—from Krishna Maistry, Mookan Nagapoolay, and the Renganaden and Viraswami families at the Madrasi mandir in Albion. In his early career, he gained invaluable experience accompanying the legendary singers of the older generation. As a mature artist, he performs with the top artists of Guyana, Suriname, and Trinidad. In 1979 he moved to New York City, but returned frequently to Guyana to learn drumming from Ustad Ram Dhani. In the USA, he founded the Prem Sangit ensemble, which performs tan-singing regularly in the New York area. Aside from making dholaks, he performs regularly not only with Indo-Caribbean musicians, but also at Gujarati and Punjabi functions.

Peter Manuel is a professor of ethnomusicology at John Jay College and the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. He has spent several years in North India studying its classical, folk, and popular musics. He is the author of several books, including *Tan-Singing, Chutney, and the Making of Indo-Caribbean Culture*, and the documentary videos *Tassa Thunder: Folk Music from India to the Caribbean*, and *East Indian Music in the West Indies: Tan-Singing of Trinidad and Guyana*. When possible, he enjoys singing chowtal with the New York Youth Chowtaal and Ramayan Gol.