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## NATURE EDUCATION: ON THE LIGHT OF GURUDEVA'S SONG

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### **Abstract:**

Rabindranath Tagore (7 May 1861 – 7 August 1941), sobriquet Gurudev, was a Bengali polymath who reshaped Bengali literature and music, as well as Indian art with Contextual Modernism in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Author of GITANJALI and its "profoundly sensitive, fresh and beautiful verse", he became the first non-European to win the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1913. In translation his poetry was viewed as spiritual and mercurial; however, his "elegant prose and magical poetry" remain largely unknown outside Bengal. Tagore introduced new prose and verse forms and the use of colloquial language into Bengali literature, thereby freeing it from traditional models based on classical Sanskrit. He was highly influential in introducing the best of Indian culture to the West and vice versa, and he is generally regarded as the outstanding creative artist of the modern Indian subcontinent, being highly commemorated in India and Bangladesh, as well as in Sri Lanka, Nepal and Pakistan

**Keywords;** Nature Education , Bengali literature and music , Contextual Modernism .

### **INTRODUCTION**

#### **Poem 1:**

EI LOBHINU SANGHA TABO describes the grace of God manifested through Nature.  
O Lord, this blessed company of Yours is so Pure and Beautiful; It has made my body Pure, and my mind blessed; O Lord, this Pure and Beautiful company of Yours,  
My eyes have blossomed in wonder by the touch of Your Light, and the breeze in the sky of my heart has become gentle with fragrance (of Love) by the touch of Your grace.  
This touch of Your grace has filled my heart with colours (of liveliness), and this nectar-like companionship of Yours has remained stored in my Life;  
O Lord, in Your company, please fill my life like this with Your ever-present freshness; this life of mine, to which You have brought transformations of several lifetimes at once, O the ever Pure and Beautiful One.

#### **Poem 2:**

MEGHER KOLE ROD HESECHE describes the beauty of Nature as the Sun appears after rains.

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(Look) The Sun Rays have started smiling on the lap of the Clouds, and the Rains have stopped; how beautiful is the scene.

Today is our holiday O friend, today is our holiday; how beautiful is the scene.

What should we do today (to celebrate this beauty of Nature)? What should we do? In which forest should we lose our way? In which field should we run about, we the group of Boys? How beautiful is Nature today.

I will make a boat with the leaves of Keya (a tree) and decorate it with flowers; then float it on the pond (which is) surrounded by Taal trees (Palm); It will move forward swinging gently, swinging gently.

I will tend the cows with the cowherd Boys today, and play the flute with them; I will smear my body with the pollen of flowers in the Campa groves (a kind of Magnolia); How beautiful is Nature today; How beautiful is Nature today.

### **Poem 3:**

GRAM CHARA AI RANGA MATIR PATH describes the poetic imagination associated with the Reddish Soil Road of the village.

The Reddish Soil Road leading from the village has made my mind get lost far far away; Oh! towards whom has my mind stretched out its hands and then rolls down on the dust?

Oh! it has made myself go out of my home, by holding each step of my feet; and taking me away forcefully, is leading me to which unknown place I know not;

Oh! what treasure will it show me in which turn, and what obstacle will it pose in which place, and where will it end, I cannot think it out, I cannot think it out,

The Reddish Soil Road leading from the village has made my mind get lost far far away.

### **Poem 4:**

AAJ DHAANER KHETE RAUDRA-CHAAYAYE describes the beauty of the paddy field when the sun is playing hide and seek behind the clouds.

In the blue sky the white clouds are floating like boats, and the sunlight and shade are playing hide and seek in the field.

Absorbed in this game, the bees have forgotten to sip honey from the flowers and are just flying about becoming one with the light. And the swans are joyfully moving around on the banks of the rivers.

### **Poem 5:**

NIL DIGANTE OI PHULER AAGUN LAGLO describes the beauty of Nature lighting up a mustard field with Flowers.

There, the blue horizon has caught fire with the Colour of the Flowers; In this spring season, the flame of fragrance has awakened.

The Sky is bewildered with this abundance of colours, thinking, "Has the Sun Light got bound on the Earth?"

Probably, the Sun has asked for its own reflection from the Earth, and therefore has woke up within the mustard field as the light of the Flowers.

My feelings have got united with this blue horizon; The Memories of many years have awakened within my mind; The restless breeze (of the past) which was lost (within my memories) has arrived again; from which colourful season (of the past) I know not.

Probably, the breeze has asked itself again from this season of Colours; And therefore has woke up again within this Mustard Field as the waves (swinging the Flowers).

### **Poem 6:**

ESO SHYAMALA SUNDARA invokes the beautiful green of the rainy season, and describes poetically how everyone intently waits for the rain after the intense summer heat.

Bring your nectar-like companionship which removes the heat and the thirst of the summer. The one separated from you is looking at the sky intently. Come, O the beautiful green of the rainy season.

He has laid down and spread out his distressed heart on the way inside the dark groves, under the moist shade; his eyes are playing the sad tunes of separation. Come, O the beautiful green of the rainy season.

Nature has woven the garland of sprouts of the Bakula plants in preparation of your arrival; On the courtyard, the flute is playing the tunes of this great union; Now you bring your cymbals (of rain drops); It will now play with the rhythm of the restless dance (of the rains); The bracelets of Nature will now jingle (with the rains); The anklets of Nature will now jingle with the sound Runu, Runu, Runu. Come, O the beautiful green of the rainy season.

### **Poem 7:**

AALOKER AI JHARNA DHARAYE invokes the beautiful morning to bathe us with the fountain of sunlight.

(Oh the beautiful Sunlit Morning) Wash me with the springing Light-Rays of yours, and remove the dust which has covered my true self, O the beautiful Sunlit Morning, Wash me with the beautiful Light-Rays of yours,

The one within me who is still entangled within the net of sleep, you gently touch his forehead with your golden wand and wake him up.

Today wash me with these rays of Joy coming from the vast Universe, so as to wash away all narrowness and darkness from every corner of my mind.

Within the veena (a stringed musical instrument) of my Heart is sleeping the song of Immortality, which has neither words, nor rhythm or notes; Touch that innermost chord with this awakening of Joy in this morning.

**Poem 8:**

EKI LABANYE PURNO PRANO describes the beauty of Spring season.

O what Beauty has filled Nature and its life-forms, O the Lord of life, due to advent of this joyous Spring season; Love for all has blossomed O friend (due to the beauty of Spring), within the Joyous Garden of my Heart.

The creeper of my life has bowed down at Your feet today, O Lord; Joyous songs are overflowing, O friend, overflowing the sky, which is filled with sun rays; O what Beauty has filled Nature due to advent of this joyous Spring.

**Poem 9:**

SHITER HAOWAYE LAGLO NACHON describes the beauty of Nature during the Winter season when the breeze sheds the leaves of the trees.

(Look) The winter breeze has set the branches of the Amlaki tree dancing; The breeze with its rhythm is shedding the leaves of the tree with a rustling sound.

The frenzy of the breeze to make everything fly off has made the tree a destitute (bereft of leaves); (But has the tree really become a destitute? For see) Now the beautiful arrangement of its fruits have got exposed and are no more in the hiding (behind the leaves).

This is a wondrous play of Nature, wherein it empties one only to fill it; And to see this play in wonder, I am sitting outside all day; The cold winter is giving its touch now and then as if to remind me that your time to empty all will come in some morning (only to reveal the fullness

**Poem 10:**

AAKASH BHARA SURJA TARA describes the wonder of the poet getting a place in this vast universe.

The sky is filled with sun and the stars, and the world is filled with so many life-forms; and in the midst of this Cosmic Life, I have got my place in this Universe; this is awakening my wonder and making me sing.

The huge waves of boundless Time, whose high and low tides swing the Universe, has attracted the blood flowing within my veins; and, this is awakening my wonder and making me sing.

While walking through the forest path over the green grass, my mind was startled by the fragrance of flowers, and seized by the beauty of creation; I saw the bounteous gifts of Nature scattered with joy all around; and, this is awakening my wonder and making me sing.

**Poem 11:**

AAMAR MUKTI AALOYE AALOYE points to the real freedom which we experience in Nature.

My Freedom is in the Light of this Sky,

My Freedom is in the Dust of this Earth,  
and in the Grass which is spreading out,  
In this Freedom I lose myself beyond my body and mind, towards a distant Shore, and with the  
tune of songs my Freedom ascends and floats high above.

**Poem 12:**

ORE BHAI PHAGUN LEGECHE BANE BANE describes the beauty of Nature lighting up the forest with the fire of colours.

Oh my friend, the fire of colours have caught the trees in the forest, in their branches, in their flowers, in their fruits and in their leaves; in every corner of them, and also in places not visible to the eyes.

The sky has become suffused with colours, and songs of joy has made the world indifferent (to worldly concerns); O my friend, the restless new leaves of this season are as if rustling within my mind.

O friend, look, look at the play of colours on the earth; It has broken the meditation of the vast sky; The stroke of its laughter could no longer keep the sky silent, and is making the sky shiver now and then.

The breeze is running all along the forest; It does not know the names of the flowers; and as if because of this it is going from groves to groves, and asking the flowers: "Who are you?"

**Poem 13:**

CAKKHE AAMAR TRISHNA OGO describes the heat of the Summer season.

Thirst has filled my eyes, and thirst has also engulfed my Heart; I am a hot day of Summer, without any rains, and the Heat is burning my life.

A storm has risen which is blowing Hot air and making my mind go towards the distant space, the veil is getting blown away.

The flowers which lighted up the garden, has become dry and black, (And) who has obstructed the waterfall tying it mercilessly on the rocks? over the crest of sorrow?

**Poem 14:**

PAUSH TODER DAAK DIYECHE describes the beauty of Nature during the Winter season when the fields are filled with ripe harvest.

The winter season Paush is calling you all; Come out, come out, come out; Her (i.e. Earth's) basket is today full with ripe harvest, seeing the beauty of which I am wonderstruck.

The breeze swaying the paddy fields have intoxicated the four directions like a newly married bride; and the golden rays of the sun has spread upon the garment of the Earth; seeing the beauty of which I am wonderstruck.

Hearing the flute of the field (in this happy season) the sky has become happy; Who will stay within the house now? Open your doors everyone, O open your doors (and come out in the field to see the beauty of Nature).

The laughter of the light has awakened, after getting reflected from the dew drops over the ears of the corns; The joy of the Earth has gone beyond bounds, and overflowing; seeing the beauty of which I am wonderstruck.

### **Poem 15:**

AANANDADHARA BAHICHE BHUBANE says that streams of bliss are flowing across the Universe.

Day and Night so many nectar-like essence (of that bliss) are overflowing the endless sky.

The Sun and the Moon drink handfuls of that (and shine),

And its undecaying Illumination remains always Luminous and fills the Earth with eternal Life and Light.

(O friend) Why are you sitting enclosed within your own thoughts? Why are you immersed within your little self?

Look around expanding your heart, considering the little sorrows as trivial, and fill your empty life with that bliss of love, O friend, fill your empty life with that bliss of love.

### **Poem 16:**

MONO MOR MEGHERO SANGHI describes the Clouds and Rainstorm with the poetic imagination that our minds have become the companion of the Clouds in the sky.

(Today) My mind has become the companion of the Clouds of the Sky, and is flying towards the horizons in all directions; towards the vast space, along with the music of the rains of Sravana (a month of the rainy season); Rimi Jhim, Rimi Jhim, Rimi Jhim (sound of rain drops).

My mind is flying on the wings of the swans in the vast Sky, which (i.e. the Sky) is getting startled by intermittent lightning; The rainstorm is playing the cymbals of clattering thunder with the joy of the power of Rudra (symbol of destructive power).

The river is rapidly flowing with great kalo-kalo sound and attuning itself with this call of destruction all around; The wind is blowing with great speed from the sea in the east, and swelling the river creating restless waves over it.

My mind is running like the frenzied flow of the river, and also swinging like the Tala and Tamala trees in the forest, whose branches are swinging in an agitated manner in this fury of Nature.