

# Programme

1.

## “Kirtanam”

Sacred song in praise of the Deity, Sanscrit period.

- (i) Before the Sovereign Lord of the universe, to Whom all  
I bow.  
Before the King of the dwellers in Heaven,  
Before the King of the dwellers on earth,  
Before the King of the kings of the world, to Whom all  
Before the Sovereign Lord of the universe, to Whom all  
I bow.
- (ii) Before the Spirit Who inspireth all divine beings,  
At Whose feet the angels humbly stand,  
Low and high are made in His likeness,  
Who knoweth all things and shapeth all;  
In prayer, in reward, in renunciation,  
In self-denial, in success and in loss,  
Before the Sovereign Lord of the universe, to Whom all  
I bow.
- (iii) Whatsoever things are lovely,  
They adore the Loveliness of His Perfection,  
He is the goal of the worshipper's heart.  
Every face reflects the light of His countenance,  
But His light is perfect.  
Every soul is fashioned in His likeness,  
But He is Sublime.  
Creatures without speech, birds, beasts, insects and  
[worms,  
Praise Him in their being,  
Before the Sovereign Lord of the universe, to Whom  
I bow.
- (iv) Chance and design, meditation and the essence of all  
[knowledge sought,  
Are in His service and are all for His sake.  
Of those who are self-sustaining and of those sustained  
[by others.  
He is the sustenance.  
Whatever joy shines out, He alone is its Source.  
Wisdom is He, and yet beyond all knowledge.  
Truly unknown is He.  
Before the Sovereign Lord of the universe, to Whom  
I bow.

*Translated from the Sanscrit by I.K.*

2.

## “Dhurpad”

Sacred song of the Prakrit period.

- (i) Creator of all beings, and Thyself  
The only Being, ever-blessful One,  
The Source of peace, the Omnipotent, the All.  
Govinda Lord, and yet Yashoda's son.  
(ii) Sustainer of the poor, Solace of grief,  
Exalted one, before Whose feet we bow,  
Gardener of the jungle, Vasudev,  
Lord of Vraja, blissful One, art Thou.

*Translated by I.K. and J.D.W.*

3.

“**Khayal**”

Classical lyric, Mogul period.

“O, Krishna, do not keep me, here by the river, the sacred banks of Ganges. I may not linger. Look, how many there are who can watch, and home they will go and talk of me. Oh, be not so bold before my maidens; oh, they will see, my maidens of Brandavana will see.”

*From the Hindi*

4.

**Solo**

Showing the structures of different rages (themes).

5.

“**Jogia**”

Song of the dawn.

- (i) Piercing the veil of dawn, the sun looks through  
Then come the morning breezes cool with dew,  
To call the waking world to work anew.
- (ii) One to the mosque with pious steps hath sped,  
And one within the temple bows his head,  
While many rise to toil for daily bread.
- (iii) I ask my heart—Where doth my journey lie?  
It weeping says: “Like all love’s victims I,  
Must seek the well-beloved till I die.”

*Translated from the Urdu by I.K. and J.D.W.*

6.

“**Cruti**”

Slowly among her maids, I see her walk,  
Her eyes downcast, her modest head down-bent  
Youthfully, as a lily on its stalk;  
Her loveliness her only ornament.  
But clouds arise, the shadow of the years  
Dewing her gay sari with rain, like tears.

*From the Hindi of Inayat Khan by I.K. and J.D.W.*

7.

“**Astai**”

Extemporisations on the manner of Northern India  
on the following theme.

Around my body, at the day of death  
Lay neither spices rare, nor attar sweet,  
Nor camphor with its purifying breath;  
But seek *her* dwelling, and there, from off the street  
Bring me some dust—it may have touched her feet.

*Translated from the Urdu by I.K. and J.D.W.*

8.

**Ghazal** :—

1. (i) No need have you on me to cast your spell  
Unnecessary is the glance you gave,  
I have been yours so long—you know full well  
I am your slave.
- (ii) After my death no loneliness I fear  
Though in my poor forsaken grave I rest,  
Already do I wear your portrait here  
Graved on my breast.
- (iii) I sewed the garment I in madness tore,  
But idle was my toil—again a flame  
Lit all my soul, I rent my robe—once more  
My madness came.

*From the Urdu of Muztar by I.K. and J.D.W.*

2.—(i) If the beloved face thou canst not see,  
Within thy heart still cherish thy desire,  
And if her love she will not grant to thee,  
In *thy* love never tire.

(ii) What though her face be hidden from thy sight  
Within the sanctuary of thy heart,  
Still keep her image for thine own delight,  
Hidden, apart.

(iii) And if the Keeper of the Garden close  
Before your face the inexorable gate,  
Oh, linger yet! The perfume of the rose  
Will float to you and find you as you wait,  
Not all disconsolate.

*From the Persian of Princess, Zeb-un Nissa,  
By I.K. and J.D.W.*

3.—(i) To win, O Lord to Thee  
The learned and the wise shall strive in vain  
Useless their knowledge and their skill shall be  
Thy Presence to attain.

(ii) And vain alike the quest  
Of those who earthly paths or heavenly choose  
He who the peace of God attaineth best  
His very self must lose.

(iii) The idle state of kings  
Endures but for a little length of days.  
Before Thy gateway, till the end of things  
The regal music plays.

*From the Urdu of Zahir by I.K. and J.D.W.*

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