

GÔPÂLAKRISHNA BHÂRATI

M. S. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

GÔPÂLAKRISHNA BHÂRATI

(Author of Nandan Charitram)

BY

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WITH A FOREWORD

BY

THE HON'BLE

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FOREWORD.

My only claim to write a foreword to this *delightful* book is that I greatly admire the author's devotion to Music, which induced him to write the biography of the great composer of South India, Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati.

In these days when the spirit of Hinduism is on its trial, who does not remember Nanda? He sang in Bhârati's fine words :

“ வருகலாடோ ஐபா-உந்தன்
அருகினில் நின்று கொண்டாடவும் பாடவும்”

(May I ^o come to sing and dance near Thee?)

The great men of the land laughed at his birth and frowned at his doing. But Natarâja opened the great gates of mercy to him ; and Nanda remains to us the memory of our rise and the witness of our fall.

I had heard the songs of *Nandan Charitram* in distant Travancore fifty years ago, where a different language is spoken. They have stuck to my memory and have been a great comfort, ever since.

But the fact that Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati worked with a special view of bringing Nanda to the distant Malayali homes as well as to the masses that toil in the fields of the Tamil country and also the other facts delineated in this delightful book were unknown to me. They must be equally unknown to the thousands of men and women who draw comfort from his songs.

Mr. M. S. Ramaswami Aiyar deserves the thanks of all, who love music, for the service he has done.

The reader will, I hope, spend a *very pleasant* two hours, with Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar as a guide, living, again, the lives of Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati and his contemporaries.

KILPAUK,

18th December 1932. }

K. PANDALAI.

PREFACE.

Early in 1896, Patnam Subramanier and Ramaswami Sivan (Maha Vythinathier's Brother) gave me, though casually, their own reminiscences of Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati. But it was in October 1898 that the well-known Krishna Bhâgavatar of Tanjore gave, at Saidapet, such a splendid performance of *Nandan Charitram* and moved my heart so much that, 'by appointment, I met the Bhâgavatar, a week hence, at Madras and got from him a deal of information about the immortal author of *Nandan Charitrâm*.

My visit to Chidambaram, Mayavaram, Thirupunkoor and also to Anathandavapuram enabled me to make local inquiries and add to the stock of my knowledge about Bhârati.

The valuable hints and suggestions on the subject, vouchsafed to me, by Mahâmahôpâdyâja Pundit (now Dr.) V. Swâminâthier find a proper place in the following pages.

Finally, the short sketch of Bhârati found in Messrs. Longmans and Co's edition of *Nandan Charitram*, also passed under my notice.

The subject-matter of this biography was delivered by me as a Lecture, in January 1931, under the auspices of the Annamalai University.

'BAI BHAVAN'
TRIPPLICANE, } M. S. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.
12th December 1932.)

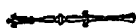
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Gôpalâkrishna Bhârati.



CHAPTER I.



BHÂRATI'S DATE



Great men have been remarkable no less for what they suffered than for what they achieved. To this fraternity, I add the name of Gôpâlâkrishna Bhârati, the renowned author of *Nandan Charitram*, who was born in a village, called NARIMANAM, in the Negapatam Taluq of the Tanjore District and who was a Brahmin of the Vadama Sect.

Gôpâlâkrishna Bhârati lived from 1811 to 1881 A. D. This date I was able to fix from two independent sources which happily confirmed or corroborated each other.

I. From very aged and respectable eye-witnesses, both in and out of Anathandavapuram, some of whom were even grand old women, such as for instance, Sâlâkshi and Kalyâni—the following three, amidst other, statements, were obtained:—

(i) From *now* (that is, from 1930 when I met them), it is 49 years since Bhârati died and 70 years since his patron, Annuvier, died.

(ii) Towards the end of the month of *Thai* of Sidhârthi year, the celebration of Annuvier's *Shashti-Poorthi-Shânthi* or Diamond Jubilee had been arranged for ; but, two or three days prior to it, Annuvier suddenly died.

& (iii) Bhârati was 11 years younger than Annuvier.

From the first statement, the date of Bhârati's death is computed to be $(1930-49=)$ 1881 ; and that of Annuvier to be $(1930-70=)$ 1860. The second statement confirms Annuvier's date of death to be 1860, as it corresponds to the end of the month of *Thai* of Sidhârthi year and also indicates that he was born in $(1860-60=)$ 1800. The third statement makes it clear that Bhârati was born in $(1800 + 11=)$ 1811.

Hence the date of Bhârati is 1811 to 1881

II. Mahâmahôpâdyâya Pundit (now Dr.) V. Swaminathier, when interviewed, made—amidst other things—the following three observations :—

(i) I was 17, when Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati was 60.

(ii) I heard of Bhârati's activities even in 1880, when I entered service ; and I think he lived up to the age of 70.

& (iii) I am *now* (that is, in 1930 when I met him) 76 years old ; and the year of my birth is Ananda.

From the first and third observations, it is clear that Dr. Swaminathier was born in 1854~~7~~ and that, in 1871, he was 17; while Bhârati was 60. If Bhârati was 60 in 1871, his date of *birth* must be $(1871 - 60 =) 1811$. From the second observation, the date of Bharati's *death* is computed to be $(1811 + 70 =) 1881$.

Hence, Bhârati's date is, again, 1811 to 1881.

CHAPTER II.

HIS EARLY SURROUNDINGS.

Bhârati's birth, like Keats's, presents a striking instance of nature's inscrutability. For, both of them opened their infant eyes in a dull and middling walk of life; and neither their parents nor their early surroundings had been conducive to the development of their respective divine instincts¹. If one became a great poet and the other a great musician, it was because their irresistible inners force inevitably flowed, like the Sivasamudram Falls, and dispelled the darkness of the world by illuminating it with electric effect.

Later on, their works were, alike, misunderstood, misinterpreted, and even spitefully criticised. While an anonymous writer vindictively remarked of Keats thus: "It is a better and wiser thing to be a starved apothecary² than a starved poet; so, back to the shop, Mr. Keats, back to the plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes. But for heaven's sake, be a little more sparing, of extenuatives and soporifices, in your practice, than you have been in your poetry; another equally anonymous imp vindictively sang of Bhârati thus:

¹ It is said that Bhârati's father and great grandfather were both Vynikas. But it is also said that their Vinas did not help them to get out of the chill penury which depressed them. So, they neglected and even abandoned their instruments and took to other sundry pursuits for their livelihood. From either of them, therefore, Bhârati could learn little or nothing.

² Keats was a duly qualified Doctor; but, he preferred Literature to Medicine.

Kambhōji — Adī

Pallavi

நந்தன் சரித்ரத்தைக் கேளாதே—நானும்
வந்த தரித்ரங்கள் மீளாதே.

Anupallavi.

தந்தனமாய்க் கொள்வான் தடிப்பிருமசாரி
தையலர்மேல் பெரும் காமவிகாரி.

Charanam.

பெரிய புராணத்திலே இருப்பதைவிட்டுப்
பேய்த்தனமாக இவன் சொன்னதைத் தொட்டு
அரியபுலவர்க்கு வந்ததே ஒரு சொட்டு
அய்யய்யோ அத்தனையுங் கதைக்கட்டு.

This unfounded calumny may, at once, be brushed aside, in view of the fact that, in the manuscripts¹ of his songs, Bhârati used to unfailingly make marginal notes with regard to the sources of his information which the learned Krishnier, son of Sivaswamier (another patron of Bharati's), ungrudgingly supplied.

Further, why should he—a true poet that he was—not be allowed, like Sir Walter Scott, to draw freely from his imagination and supply the necessary flesh and blood² to the bare skeleton³ of facts presented to him or to turn

¹ The Manuscripts were in cudjan leaves and are not now available. I therefore rely on the evidence of those that saw Bhârati making the marginal notes.

² Such as the introduction of Brahmin-Master, Pariah friends and foes etc.

³ Such as barely mentioned in *Periapuranam* which consists of only 37 verses regarding Nanda.

those facts to such shapes as his fertile imagination would body forth and give even to airy nothing a local habitation and a name?

As for the charge of immorality, he must be bracketted along with George Frederic Handel; and both of them must, alike, be honcrably acquitted. For, their lives of alternate contemplation, industry, and excitement, from beginning to end, were unstained by any suspicion of dishonesty and licentiousness. A few indistinct rumours of unsuccessful love-affairs, in very early life, reach us; but we hear no more of women nor of any need of their love. Of no men, in short, was it ever truer than of these two *bachelor*-musicians that they were wedded to their art.

CHAPTER III.

HIS EARLY DIFFICULTIES.

Early in his life, Bhâratî lost his parents ; and his paternal uncle's son, Anantharamier, looked upon him, from his very birth, with an unaccountable abhorrence, exactly in the same manner as Countess Macclesfield had looked upon her own son, Richard Savage. Anantharamier cheated the innocent boy of a little property and left him adrift in the open world, again, in the same manner as Savage had been mercilessly abandoned by his remorseless mother.

It is therefore no wonder that both Bhâratî and Savage found themselves, even in their boyhood, launched upon the ocean of life, only that they might be drowned under its surging waves or dashed upon its dreadful rocks.

The three well-known lines—

“ நன்மையும் துன்மையு மில்லாமற் போச்சு,
சந்திக்குச்சந்தி கூத்தாடி லாச்சு,
சாமியுமில்லாம லெங்கேயோ போச்சு ”,

which Bhâratî put into the mouth of the pariahs, savour indeed of an autobiographical touch.

As a poor, helpless boy, Bhâratî aimlessly wandered from village to village ; and his only ambition, like that of Oliver Goldsmith, was to *live*. Again, like Goldsmith, he sang his way throughout his peregrination. Once again, like Goldsmith, who in his travels had the honor of meeting the famous Voltaire, he had in his travels the

honor of meeting the now-famous Krishna Bhâgavatar of Tanjore, through whom alone—be it noted—his *Nandan Charitram* came to be as popular as it now is.

That memorable meeting took place, as we shall see, at Mayavaram in 1876.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS.

In appearance, Bhârati was a tall, middle-sized man of dark complexion and uncouth sight with his back tending to bend forward. His head was bald ; his forehead was bulgy ; and his legs were curved. Nevertheless, he was a clean-dressed and clean-minded person. His white under-cloth stopped with his knees and never went further down ; while his equally white upper-cloth hung loosely on his left-shoulder, serving as a contrast to the red thread which ran round his neck and which held in front a single Rudrâksha, just below his protrusive Adam's apple.

He was ordinarily a recluse ; but, whenever inclined, he was also a brisk conversationist and had a fund of wit and humour to enliven his friends with. Further, he had a trick of making a rhyme to the last word people said and then laughing. This *trick* stood him in good stead, when he sat down to write his masterpiece. His *Irusol-lalankâram* (இரு சொல்லலங்காரம்) is in point :—

Nandan—திருச்சிற்றம்பலங் கண்டால் தேஹங்களிக்கும் ;

Brahmin—பொரிச்ச குழம்புகொண்டால் தேஹம்
பெருக்கும்.

Nandan—மறையோருக் கெப்போதும் வாயிலே தர்க்கம் ;

Brahmin—பறையோருக் கெப்போதும் சேரியே சொர்க்கம்.

Nandan—கடுமையாய் வந்து கவலைப் படுத்துவதேன் ;

Brahmin—அடுமையாய் வந்து அவலைப் படுத்துவதேன்.

Nandan—காற்பதுன்கடமை கட்டுவிடு ;

Brahmin—நாற்பது வேலியை நட்டுவிடு.

He had no regular education but was endowed with rich instincts. He picked up plenty of learning but did not care to be a scholar. He learnt music, but only by hearsay, from Ghanam Krishnier, Papanâsa Mudaliar, and Râma Dâs of Hindustani fame, attached to the palace of Prathâpasimha Mahârâja. His attempt to learn various languages gave him only a smattering in each of them ; but his knowledge (again, only hearsay knowledge) of Vêdânta left a deep impression in his mind. He even practised Yôga in a small shed put up under a Bilva tree in the street of Annuvier.

But, at the same time, as if to illustrate the old saying—‘*Man is a bundle of contradictory habits*—he was a little too sensitive on the score of his obscure origin. When he made Nanda sing—

“இந்த ஜன்மம் வேண்டாம்—வேறு
எந்த ஜன்மம் வந்தாலும் வரட்டும்,

he only extended his own self in that saintly pariah. Again, his couplet—

“பசிக்குதென்று வருகையிலொருவன்
பசிக்கப் பொறுக்கமாட்டேன்,”

summed up a phase of his bitter experience, in early life, and accounted for his regarding any person of so-called noble birth as a sort of natural enemy.

We shall, however, see in the following pages how Annuvier’s kindness made him forget, for the time being,

his obscure origin ; how, while listening to Nanda's Tale, he feelingly sympathised with the pariah, more on account of his obscure origin and was thereby reminded of his own ; and how the fallacy of his notion was finally exposed by Sivaswamier to such an extent that he completely changed his view and sang—

“ நீசனாய் பிறந்தாலும் பேரதாம்—ஆசையுடன்
அம்பலவனடியிலிருந்தாலே

—————

CHAPTER V.

HIS PATRON—ANNUVIER.

I said that, as a poor, helpless boy, Bhârati aimlessly wandered from village to village. So did he do, till he was 24, when he chanced to enter Anathândavapuram—a tiny village of two parallel streets with a third, in the north, crossing them and now a South Indian Railway Station, next south of Vythisvarankoil. There he met a rich Mirasdar, named Annuvier, who was, like the Duke of Chandos, beloved at sight and who was as popular as he was wealthy.

In his own time, Annuvier was the magnetic attraction of all the social activities of Anathândavapuram. He had immense riches but had not the anxieties concomitant to them. He had extensive lands but his pariah-tenants were rigorously disciplined to bear upon their shoulders the responsibility of looking after them and to so far free their master from it. Except the general supervision over his agricultural and banking business which he had been careful enough to entrust with capable and trustworthy hands and except the unavoidable duty of 'setting his tenants' quarrels, Annuvier was master of his time and attended to different pursuits of pleasure, such as, carpentry, making of musical instruments, manufacture of fire-works, and preparation of scents and scented sticks.

In his periodical visits to the neighbouring temples, he used to organise a cheerful company of friends and slowly march with them, making on the way a delightful

HIS PATRON—ANNUVIER

display of fireworks and carrying with him, for presentation to the gods, various kinds of cakes, cocoanuts, fruits, almonds, betels, scents, scented sticks, sandal, kunkumum, vibhuthi, incense, and camphor.

His pariah-tenants caught the contagion from their master, organised their own company of Viran-Irulan-Kättêri, and in their march to the temple of the great *Pidâri*, took along with them their own time-honored and communal perquisites, viz., leather for drum, and fowls and sheep for sacrifice.

Hence Bhârati, be it noted, represented Nanda, the hero of his masterpiece, as carrying with him leather-pieces and leather-stripes and presenting them to whichever Siva temple he went, together with a moving song—

“வாரிருக்குது தோலிருக்குது வாங்கிக் கொள்வீரே—மத்தளம்
பேரிகைக்கும் வீணைக்கும் நல்ல இறுக்கிக் கட்டும் விசை.”

Such was the noble example Annuvier set for his pariah tenants. But his main pastime was music. No doubt, he gave his morning to puranic and even philosophical studies; but he gave his evening unfailingly to what was dearest to him—music. Not even a single day would pass without his house being filled, from 3 to 9 p.m., with sweet music, so as to attract the magnates of even the neighbourhood; not to speak of the people of that hamlet itself.

But during the periodical festivals, such as for instance, *Sri Râma Navami*, the whole day and night would be spent in music and the grand spectacle would be one even for angels to witness. A magnificent pandal would, then, be erected in front, as well as in the lane

to the south, of his house¹, with ever-green festoons, variegated by life-like pictures of Râma, Krishna, and Natarâja representing their different activities. The waving of the many-colored flags, hoisted above, would appear to give a hearty welcome to the people ; and the fire-works, manufactured by Annuvier himself, would herald the night-fall, when the Pandal would add to itself one more beauty—illumination.

Now, a disciple of Kshetriyar's would sing a few *Padas* of the most enchanting kind ; and now, a Bhâgavatar would deliver his Katha with Jayadêva's *Gîtagôvindam* ; and still again, a Bhajana Ghôshti would give the people, as a whole, participation rather than mere spectatorship and kindle even in the children, that attended, the divine spark of the love of music.



1. Annuvier had no sons, thought he had grandsons by daughters. He therefore adopted a son Venguvier, who also died issueless. So, Annuviers's *house* passed on, by reversionary right, to Mr. M. Subramanier, a Sub Judge, who has, of late, renewed its whole construction.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS FIRST MEETING WITH ANNUVIER.

The day, on which our Bhârati entered Ânathândavapuram, happened to be the very *Srî Râma Navami*-Day of 1835.

As the musician entered the opening street of the hamlet, he had to make way for a well-made cart drawn by a well-built pair of bullocks. Inside the cart, there was Mirasdar Annuvier of whom, however, the new-comer took no serious notice.

It was to organise, for the *Srî Râma Navami*-Day, a grand Bhajana Party that Annuvier had gone, the day before, to Shiyali and returned with Arunâchala Kavi's disciples who, soon after their arrival, began the Bhajana and electrified the audience with a few choice songs from *Râma Nâtakam*, such as for instance,

“பரபிருமஸ்வரூபமே ஸ்ரீராமனாகப்பாரில் வந்ததுபாருமாதி.”

This opening song quite befitted the occasion. On reaching *Sundarakânda*, they related how Râvana caused Hanumân's tail to be set on fire and how at once Sita prayed to the God of Fire not to injure, in any way, her Lord's messenger. They, then, sang the exquisite song which conveyed Sita's prayer—

“அக்னி பகவானே வருத்தாதே ஹனுமானே நீ தானே;”

It was at this juncture that Bhârati, after morning bath and ablutions, approached Annuvier's house. He closely listened to the burden of அக்னி பகவானே வருத் தாதே, beautifully elaborated by one of Arunâchala Kavi's disciples.

“ Exactly so,” muttered Bhârati as he entered the pandal, “ that has been the burden of my life's song, in as much as the *fire* of hunger ever torments me. Even the music conspires only to whet my appetite.”

“ Who are you ?” asked Annuvier with an eye of curiosity at the sight of a well-dressed but ill-fed man.

“ I am hungry ; and I shall sing a song for a morsel of food,” was the pathetic reply of the wandering minstrel.

“ What a wretched world it is that allows a singer to starve ?” —so thinking aloud, Annuvier took Bhârati inside his house, fed him, and brought him out, again, to the pandal, when the Bhajana came to a happy close. The sun reached the meridian ; and it was dinner-time for all those that assembled there.

Yet, Annuvier's anxiety to hear Bhârati prompted him to ask for a song. Forthwith the musician sang the same song as he had, a little while ago, improvised and dedicated to the God of Thiruvannamalai, viz :—

“ கண்ணலே கண்டேன் வேறொன்றையும்
எண்ணமலே நின்றேன் ”.

And he sang it so mellifluously that the whole audience forgot their dinner and listened to his ravishing music with profound interest and genuine emotion.

Indeed, this one song made so much furor in that emporium of connoisseurs that Annuvier at once made up his mind to retain with him the apparently needy musician.

“ How long will you stay here ? ” asked Annuvier.

“ Till I am refused the next meal ”, was the prompt, round, unvarnished reply of Bhârati.

“ You shall ”, responded Annuvier, “ never be denied your creature-comforts, so long as you deign to stay with me ”.



CHAPTER VII

HIS BETTER DAYS

This gentle and, what is more, timely offer served Bhârati as a strong lever to overcome the dead weight of his worldly want and even went to the extent of changing his angle of vision so as to set right the aberration of his feelings regarding his obscure origin.

At the end, however, of his physical want, commenced his mental, and even spiritual, craving. For, the close company he had with his philosophically-inclined patron, coupled with his frequent conversations with him and his friends, strengthened his vêdantic turn, deepened his imaginative fervour, and made his piety overflow his heart and even pant for serving God and glorifying all seekers after Him.

Bhârati's life, from his twenty-fourth year, may be deemed to have been a matter of smooth sailing, if not a prosperous voyage. He had now ample opportunities to observe men and measures most impersonally ; and his natural bent inclined him to do so.

Every early morning, he would accompany his patron to the adjoining lands, to which the latter ordinarily went with a view to inquire into, and settle, the disputes and quarrels, if any, of his tenants *inter se*. While Annuvier was engaged in the trial of the cases presented before him, our Bhârati would silently watch its progress from at a distance ; and the results of his

observation were duly recorded in his book, though in a modified form.

For instance, the various barbarous acts and offences which the factitious parties committed against each other—such as, the drunken dance, biting the cheeks under the pretence of kissing them, ensnaring the wayfarers with leather-traps and pinching their thighs with small particles of stone or throwing big stones and thereby wounding them, kicking, and even flogging them with a cane—all these acts and offences were attributed to Nanda, not under the usual motive of low passion but the grand one of high Bhakti, as evidenced by the song :—

“ தத்திப் புலிபோலே தாண்டிக் குதிப்பார்,
முத்தமிடுவது போலே முகத்தைக் கடிப்பார்,
வார் கொண்டு கட்டி வளைத்துப் பிடிப்பார்,
தூர்க்கல் வெடுத்துத் துடைக்குள் னெரிப்பார்,
பல்லாற் கரண்டியே பரம்படித் தீழுப்பார்,
கல்லா வெறிந்து மவர்க் காயப்படுத்துவார்,
குப்புறத் தள்ளியே கோபித் துதைப்பார்,
செப்பிய சிவனைநீர் சேவிப்பீ ரென்றார்.”

And, again, when he put into the mouth of Nanda's Brahmin-Master, the following song of abuse—

“ அடிமை வேலை செய்யு முனக்கிந்தக் கொண்
டாட்டமோ ஜனக் கூட்டமோ ;
அடக்கி யாள மாட்டேனே சிங்கக்குட்டி
யல்லவோ அதைச் சொல்லவோ ;
காளி பூசையவர் போடும் போது
கண்டித்தை அவரைத் தண்டித்தை ;
கபட மெல்லாம் வெளிப்படுவதாக வழி
காட்டுறேன் இதை நாட்டுறேன் ;”

Bhârati had in his mind only Annuvier's method of rebuking his revolting tenants.

Be it noted that, in and around Anathândavapuram, the pariahs are still tenants and the land-owning Mirasdars are still Brahmins. Some of the phrases used by Bhârati, in his *Nandan Charitram*, are still current there. The tyranny of the Brahmin Mirasdars and the subserviency of the pariah-tenants almost continue even today.

I am told that Gôpâlakrishns Bhârati fought with many a Brahmin-Mirasdar and demanded, in the name of mercy, that they should lower the tune of their demand in favour of their poor tenants and that the Brahmin-Mast^r 1 of Nanda was held up to satirise the cruel custom of tyranny that he loathed to see.

Sometimes, our musician's watch turned towards another direction. For, he often left Annuvier to deal with his cases and continued his walk alone, when the various *paracheries* passed before his observing eyes.

A 'parachery' may be described as the quarters of the pariahs, situated far away from those of the other castes. Those quarters consist in a number of small, unventilated, single-roomed, hovel-like huts with pumpkin creepers covering their tops and scattered too wildly to be classified into rows or streets. There are in them black earthenware generally kept outside; heaps of rotten bones and other filthy matter abounding on every side; cocks and hens that chuckled and bode their time; dogs

1. The *Brahmin-Master* is not expressly mentioned in the *Periapuranam* though hinted in the line 'அப்பதியிலூர்ப் புலமை யான்ற தொழிற்றையத்தார்'.

that barked all day long; half-naked women that barked oftener and louder; and troops of dirty, sun-burnt and naked children playing and quarrelling.

All these characteristics and more of a parachery, Bhârati noted and even formulated them into a special species of song, called *Nondichindu*,¹ as follows:—

1. பழன மருங்கணையும்—புலைப்
பாடியது கூரை வீடுதனில்,
2. சரையோ படர்ந்திருக்கும்—அதைச்
சுற்றிலும் நாய்கள் குலைத்திருக்கும்,
3. பருந்தோடி வட்டமீடும்—இளஞ்
பச்சைபிசிதமே விச்சை சொண்டு,
4. கோழிகூவுங் கூக்குரலும்—பாழும்
கொல்லை யருகினில் வெள்ளெலும்பும்,
5. நரம்பும் குவித்திருக்கும்—பல
நெட்டிமிதந்திடும் குட்டைகளில்,
6. கண்டோ குடியிருக்கும்—சிறு
நத்தைகமடம் வலுத்திருக்கும்,
7. தோலுருங் கேணிகளில்—வெகு
தொல்லைபடும் வாடைசொல்லறியாய்,
8. பரம்போ அடித்திருக்கும்—வயற்
பக்கங்களில் மெத்த நொக்கெலும்பும்,
9. கிழித்தோல் நரம்புகளும்—அவர்க்
கீனமில்லை சிறு மீனூலரும்.

Every forenoon, unless it was the new-moon day, Bhârati would sit along with his patron and carefully listen to, or at times take an active part in, the philoso-

1. As for what is 'Nondichindu'—Vide below.

phical discussion which the latter had usually with his friend, Sivaswamier and, on certain days, with Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar of Chidambaram. Every afternoon, he would go to a solitary place and reduce what he had learnt in the morning into some song or other and recite in the same night to his patron and, incidentally, to the people of Anathândavapuram.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW HIS MASTER-PIECE CAME TO BE COMPOSED

One such discussion I shall relate in detail, especially because it directly inspired our Bhârati to compose his master-piece of *Nandan Charitram*.

But before so doing, let us get to know all the four persons that took part in the discussion, viz, Annuvier, Bhârati, Sivaswamier, and Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar.

We are already familiar with the first two. Who, then, were the last two ?

Sivaswamier was a resident of the same Ânathândavapuram and a neighbouring friend and fellow-Mirasdar of Annuvier. Both Annuvier and Sivaswamier had a common taste for philosophy and music, though Sivaswamier relished the former, as Annuvier did the latter, better. Both of them were devout Bhaktas, attended the temple-poojas, and worshipped the gods at home, all regularly. But both of them were unkind and even cruel to their pariah-tenants and mercilessly exacted the agricultural work from them ; just as a certain class of money-lenders, though they spend a good lot of money, for charitable purposes, ensnare the unwary persons to get into their clutches and squeeze them into pauperism and shame.

Our Bhârati, as he came into more and more contact with these two persons, noted with his wonted keenness all their characteristics, good and bad. He did

not, on that account, love them less but loved the suffering pariahs more. As those two Mirasdars treated him well, he loved them; as they were rich, he rejoiced at it; as they were devout Bhaktas, he honored them; but as they were cruel to the pariahs, he stood incensed with indignation.

To know, however, Dikshithar was to love him. His full name was Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar of Chidambaram. He belonged to the ancient family of *Chidambaram Dikshithars*, all of whom were the holy priests of the temple of God Natarâja and were 2999 in number¹. He had a frank and pleasant look; and his ever-smiling face bespoke his generous heart. He was both a Sanskrit Scholar and Tamil Pandit; and he knew by heart all the Vêdas and the Agamas. He had, in fact, the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the profoundness of a philosopher, the sagacity of a prophet, and the piety of a saint. But, over and above all, his nature was only too full of the milk of human kindness. In his own days he was the most senior of all Dikshithars, admired and beloved for qualities both of head and heart.

It was this much-respected Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar that, in one of his periodical visits to Ânathândavapuram, met Annuvier along with Sivawamier. All the three greeted one another and, after refreshment and rest, began to discourse on philosophy.

Our Bhârati remembered his obscure origin, hesitated to freely join them, and so kept himself at a

1. The oft-mentioned 3000, as evidenced by the phrase "Thillai Moovâyiram" included Natarâja also who, when added to 2999, made up that round figure.

respectable distance from them, though at times he was tempted to put one or two brisk questions.

Dikshithar it was that set the ball a-rolling.

Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar :—O ! what a splendid sermon I heard last.

Sivaswamier :—Would that I too had heard it.

Annuvier :—Where did you hear it ? Who preached it ? And on what subject ?

V. D :—At Chidambaram, just a day before I left it, a holy Sanyâsi from Hardwar preached a beautiful sermon on the nature of *Ananda*.

S :—We have been discussing that subject all along but have not been able to touch even the fringe of it.

A :—Be that what it may, let us listen to Dikshithar.

V. D :—The Sermon was all about Chidambaram.

S :—How is it that a North Indian happened to know and speak about a South Indian town ?

Bhârati :—How is it that, a little while ago, you said that the subject was *Ananda* and now you change it to *Chidambaram* ?

V. D :—I shall answer you both. The Sanyâsi is not a North Indian but a Tanjorean. He had been to the Himâlayan Region on a pilgrimage and, on his return, halted at Chidambaram and naturally spoke about that town. He, first, dealt with *Chidambara Mâhâtmyam* and, then, with *Nanda's Tale*, and, in transmitting the tale into his philosophy, represented Nanda himself to be 'Ananda'.

Bhârati :—Is it so ? Then, I am really anxious to hear the whole sermon. No doubt, I had once heard it from Râmalingaswâmi but in outline and had crystalised my hearsay in the form of a Nondichindu. Your sermon may enable me to develop my Nondichindu into a regular Charitram. But Chindu or Charitram, my sympathy will ever be with Nanda, inasmuch as he and I had, alike, an obscure origin, than which a more cursed condition cannot be conceived.

S :—What is there in an obscure origin of which you make so much unnecessary fuss ? Does not the Cauvery have an obscure origin ? And yet, is she not worshipped by millions of people as a Goddess ? Again, is not Nanda himself, despite his obscure origin, worshipped now as a saint ?

V. D :—I prophesy that you too may be worshipped by the people, in spite of your alleged obscure origin, if only you make up your mind to sing Nanda's Tale *in extenso* and thus expand your beautiful *Nondichindu* into a grand, sublime *Nandan Charitram*.

Bhârati :—I must first hear your sermon.

V. D :—Listen.

Whereupon Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar related the Sanyasi's sermon, as faithfully as he could, to his attentive listeners, the most prominent feature of which was a graphical description of *Nanda's Tale*.

CHAPTER IX

BHÂRATI—MISSED

The effect of Dikshithar's narration of Nanda's Tale was, it is said, most telling. The two Aiyars were, alike, impelled to make an introspection of themselves.

Annuvier exclaimed: "O! how foolishly I set a high value on learning. I now see that a handful of good action, like that of Nanda, is worth a bushel of learning"

Quickly did Sivaswamier follow:—

"The real life of man seems to consist in action and endurance which are the only safety-valves of his moral nature. Only now do I realise the meaning of the lines—

'To love is to live,

To live is to serve,

and To serve is to suffer in love'.

Hence God works more by the life of the illiterate than by the ability of the learned. O! Bharati, only now do I understand why you never cared for books. I am learned; and my son is more learned. Yet, our pens dry up before we finish writing a word. But you don't care to be a scholar; and yet your heart pours down, like gentle rain, verses and songs without any kind of straining whatsoever. Pray, sing of Nanda".

As for Bhârati, his thoughts were too deep for tears and his emotions were too strong for speech. He felt himself tongue-tied.

Yet, contain himself he could not. Away he ran ; and whither none knew.

CHAPTER X

BHÂRATI—FOUND

The two Aiyars heartily thanked Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar, gave him the usual presents, and bade him farewell. While Dikshithar started for Chidambaram and Sivaswamier for his house, Annuvier started to search for the missing musician and found him, a week hence, at Thirupunkoor.

It was to verify the truth of the incident narrated by Dikshithar and also to wipe off the shame he felt he had failed to pay even the first visit to such a holy place, however near it was, that Bhârati so unceremoniously ran, with unabated breath, to Thirupunkoor and feasted his wistful eyes with the *darsan* of Sivalôkanâth as well as his obedient Bull.

At Thirupunkoor he became completely absorbed in meditation. It was just when he awoke from his trance that Annuvier found him. But he hesitated to go near him, lest he should interrupt the current of the songs he improvised with a view to permanently record the 'Siva-Bull' Story and feelingly sang :—

1. வழி மறைத்திருக்குதே—மலைபோலே
மாடு படுத்திருக்குதே.

2. ஒருநாளும் வாசாதபக்தன்—திருநாளேப் போவா
[ரெனுஞ்சித்தன்

உலகெங்கும் பிரவித்தங்கண்டு—ஒதுங்காமலிருந்
[தது குற்றம்.

3. சற்றே விலகியிருக்கும் பிள்ளாய்—சந்திதானம்
மறைக்குதாம்.
4. குதித்தார் எக்கலித்தார் உள்ளங்களித்தார்.

Soon after, there was a pause ; and Annuvier broke it.

Annuvier :—Your beautiful songs are quite in keeping with the spirit of Dikshithar's Sermon. But, Bhârati, why did you so unceremoniously run away from us the other day ?

Bhârati :—Because I felt, on hearing the sermon, I was a veritable run-away.

Annuvier —What is the matter ? Did I give you during these five years any cause for offence ?

Bhârati :—Surely not. On the other hand, you were overkind to me ; and that was the reason why my flesh learnt to revolt against my spirit, until it was once again curbed down by Dikshithar's timely sermon. In the belief that unrest was fatal to art, I accepted your hospitality and took rest under your roof in order that my art might flourish. Indeed it did flourish for a time ; and stronger and stronger did my conviction grow that my mission was to serve God as well as to glorify all genuine seekers after Him. But soon I forgot my mission—I don't know how—and I was prone to think more of my creature comforts than of the service I had planned. In as much as I deserted, though for a time, that service I regarded myself as a mean run-away. To make amends for the mistake committed, I hastened to this holy place, where God gave an ocular proof that *to him that knocked, the door would open.*

Annuvier :—Be all that what it may, how did you bear this inclemency of weather ? I fear that in these

seven days you should have suffered a deal. Come on; we shall go back to Ânathândavapuram. Here is my carriage ready.

Bhârati :—I now feel it incumbent on me to compose more and more songs about Nanda and weave them all into an elaborate texture of *Nandan Charitram*. I have also some other works in view. I therefore desire to be as free as air and not to be encumbered with any kind of patronage which I once foolishly courted. I shall however go back to Ânathândavapuram and make it my headquarters. But I shall belong only to God and to none else.

Along with Annuvier, Bhârati returned to Anathândavapuram; but he lived independently, in a room of the house just opposite to Sivaswamier's residence, on *Oonchvrithi* as well as on the income of the Kalakshepams which he performed, from time to time, at Ânathândavapuram and other neighbouring villages. It is said that he got, for every performance, ten to fifteen Rupees; and the bachelor Bhârati was more than satisfied with that sum. The *Oonchvrithi*-rice *plus* the condiments voluntarily sent from Annuvier's house kept the musician in comfort. Hence the Kalakshepam-money he was able to invest with Annuvier himself who faithfully kept it, till his life-time.

Complacently therefore did Bhârati set about to compose his master-piece—*Nandan Charitram*. In about six months' time he finished it; and in another six months' time all the people of the village and its suburbs knew by heart almost all the songs contained therein.

CHAPTER XI.

THE POPULARITY OF NANDAN CHARITRAM.

Such, indeed, was the rage created by *Nandan Charitram* that the people came from all sides and flocked round Bhârati to listen to the G.O.M.'s. persuasive song—

“ ஞாயந்தானே நீர் சொல்லும்—ஓய் நந்தனாரே
நம ஜாதிக்கடுக்குமோ , ”

or to the Brahmin-Master's threatening song—

“ சிதம்பரதரிசனமா—நீ யதை
சிந்திக்கலாமா—பறையா ” ;

or to that immortal air, the entreating song of Nanda---

“ வருகலாமோ ஐயா உந்தன்
அருகில் நின்று கொண்டாடவும் பாடவும். ”

So big did Bhârati grow in fame that Ânathândavapuram could no longer contain him. He therefore moved from place to place, such as, Mayavaram, Chidambaram, Negapatam and Mudikondan.

At Mayavaram, the 'District Munsif,' Mr. S. Vêdanâyakam Pillay (1824 to 1889), the author of the well-known *Sarvasamayasarasa Kirthanas*, welcomed Bhârati, patronised him, and, what was more, took lessons from him. That accounts for the similarity of style in the songs of Pillay and Bhârati, though the former revelled in didactics as much as the latter did in delineation.

At Chidambaram, he was the honored guest of Vrishabhadwaja Dikshithar. There he would often personate Nanda, stand near the car, have all the feelings of the pariah transferred to himself, and sing one of the most enchanting songs of his, which, according to Amirthalingam Pillay's version, attracted the attention of even Thiâgarâja, viz., வருகலாமோ (Varukalâmô).

To Negapatam, one Kandappa Chetty took our musician from Chidambaram and arranged there for a grand music party. People from the surrounding parts, such as Nagur and Karakal, were also present. Bhârati concentrated his attention to his new, or at any rate new-revived, *Nondichindu* and sang it so splendidly that he was requested to repeat it for five successive nights.

It so happened that a few clerks came from Karakal and attended, in one of those nights, our musician's performance and consequently slept in the office next day. Their master, Seesiah, who was himself a bit of a musician, learnt the reason of the clerks' sleeping, sent for Bhârati, and enjoyed the *Nondichindu*—so much so, that he got it printed at his own cost.

Whithersoever he hied, he set up an independent living, gathered round him a battalion of admiring students, persisted in his Oonchvrithi, performed Kalakshepams, got his usual ten to fifteen Rupees even from such Tamil scholars as Arumuka Nâvalar (1822 to 1879), earned the deserved admiration of even such critics as Nâvalar's contemporary, Minakshisundram Pillay who, it is said, specially liked the Dhanyâsi song—கனகஸபாபதி (Kanakasabhâpathi)—and popularised all his songs to

such an extent that one would hear them in any place in the Tamil Nâdu one went to.

The playful children, for example, picked up their pet-words from Bhârati's list, viz :—

“வீரன் இருளன் காட்டேரி வெறியன் நொண்டி சாமுண்டி
தூரித் தூண்டி நல்லண்ணன் தொட்டிய சின்னான் பெத்தண்ணன்
மாரிமுரி சங்கிலி மாடன் கருப்பன் பாவாடை,”

and nicknamed one another therewith. The cart-drivers, as they entered Chidambaram and saw its rising towers, burst with the song—

கோபுரதரிசனமே எந்தன் பாபவிமோசனமே.

The pious pilgrims beguiled their weary way by reciting what they expected to witness at Chidambaram thus—

1. “தில்லையம்பல ஸ்தல மொன்றிருக்குதாம்
—அதைக் கண்ட பேர்க்கு—
ஜனன மரணப்பிணியை அறுக்குதாம் ;
2. உயரும் சிகரக்கும்பம் தெரியுதாம்
—அதைக்கண்ட பேர்க்கு—
உள்ளங்குளிர கருணை புரியுதாம்.”

And the religious preachers impressed on the mind of their audience the well-known Vêdântic song of Bhârati—

ஐயே மெத்தக் கடினம்—உமதடுமை.

After six years of what might be called his “Musical Tour,” Bhârati returned to Anathandavapuram in 1847. the year of Thiâgarâja's death. It is a curious coincidence that Bhârati and Thiâgârâja, like Bach and Handel, lived near each other, heard of each other, and even admired each other, but never met together in all their lives.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS OTHER WORKS.

Encouraged by the growing popularity of his *Nandan Charitram*, Bhârati proceeded to compose a few more works, such as, *Iyarpakai Nâyanar Charitram*, *Thrinilakanta Nâyanar Charitram*, *Kârakal Ammayar Charitram*, *Gnâna Chindu*, *Gnâna Kummi*, and also his admirable *Viduthi Kirthanas* which alone are said to be more than 1000 in number. Curiously enough, he composed also a work of a lower level—*Mâmi Nâtakam*—in which the usual tug between the South Indian Mother-in-law and the South Indian Daughter-in-law is delineated.

When all these new works were finished, our musician found that he was only 48 and had the necessary energy to make a second tour and popularise his new songs. After a stay of one more year at Ânathândavapuram, during which time he taught his pupils some of his *Viduthi Kirthanas*, he got himself ready to start for other places. But lo ! God willed otherwise and hurled upon him a thunderbolt-like calamity, viz, the death of his patron, Annuvier.

It is a pity that Bhârati could not make the contemplated second tour and popularise his 'other works' as much as he did his *Nandan Charitram*. Here and there, we hear a few songs of those *other works*. An air, for instance, in the *Iyarpakai Nâyanar Charitram*, viz, ஏழைப்பார்ப்பாணி, specially caught the fancy of Rama-

swami Sivan (Maha Vythinathier's Brother) who composed, after its model, another air, now very popular with us, viz, முத்துக்குமரையனே. Again, a few of his *Viduthi Krithanas*, such as, யாருக்குத்தான் தெரியும் and பரர்க்கப் பரர்க்கத் திகட்டுமோ surcharge the South Indian musical atmosphere even to-day.

Barring these, Bhârati's *other works* may be deemed to have been consigned into oblivion¹.



1. A few of these *other works* are, I find, in the possession of Mr. G. K. Lakshmana Iyer of Chidambaram. Will any individual or any corporation persuade and even otherwise help him to bring them into the light of the day ?

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS INCOGNITO LIFE.

As hinted in the previous chapter, the most confidential custodian of Bhârati's worldly concerns, viz., Annuvier, suddenly died, in the midst of a splendid preparation to celebrate his Diamond Jubilee. The shock of this unexpected death quite unnerved our musician. To make the matter worse, he found it extremely difficult to get back his own invested money from Annuvier's adopted son, Venguvier, who tried his best to deny, and when denial was impossible, to delay, the payment. It was, however, after unduly prolonged mediation that he received back his hard-earned money; and forthwith he re-invested it, in a safe Bank, with the help of his own pupil—Ramaswamier of Mayavaram.

Fully from the shock, Bhârati did not recover. His mind changed; he ceased to sing; he turned away from the madding crowd; he preferred a secluded life; and he desired to hold communion with God.

Meanwhile a big tide of Thiâgarâja's lyrical music swept away all other kinds of music that lay before it; and in the blaze of the rising sun, all the hitherto-shining stars were completely eclipsed, not excluding Bhârati. True to the saying "*Other times, other heroes,*", the people quite forgot Bhârati's songs and began to sing *Khirasâgara* and *Endudâkinâdô* instead of *Kanakasabhâpati* and *Varukalâmô*.

Bhârati himself noted this change and is said to have declared : " God gives each man his peculiar mission to fulfil. I feel I have done my duty ; and my *Nandan Charitram*-songs have spread far and wide and have, if Amrithalingam Pillay is true, reached the ears of even Thiâgarâja, who, I was told, specially liked my *Varukalâmô*. The said Amrithalingam Pillai met me at Chidambaram and sang a few choice songs of Thiâgarâja's, which made me think that, if all the musicians of our part were melted down together, they would not furnish materials for one Thiâgarâja. It is therefore no wonder that the rising tide of the songs of the Thiruvaiyâr Bard should sweep all other songs that lay before it—even mine. It is therefore time for me to steal myself from the world."

And he did make his word good; for, his whereabouts from 1860 to 1876 were—as they are even now—unknown to the world, except the vague rumour that he was all along keeping close company with Sri Râmalinga-swâmi (1823 to 1876) of *Thiruvârutpa* fame.

Bhârati's leaving music for religion as a mark of respect for Thiâgarâja puts us in mind of Sir Walter Scott's leaving poetry for prose as a mark of respect for Lord Byron.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS RE-APPEARANCE IN THE WORLD.

Sixteen years of *incognito* life seem to have mellowed our musician's mind into returning to the public notice, especially, when he lost his invaluable companion, Sri Râmalingaswâmi.

For, one October morning in 1876, he was found at Mayavaram enjoying, even at 65, his usual morning-bath in the crystal water of the Cauvery and in the same night performing, in the outer pial of his pupil Ramaswamier's house, a Kâlakshêpam of *Iyarṣakai Nâyanaṛ Charitram*. Maha Vythinathier, his brother Ramaswami Sivan, and Vina Vythinathier of Mayavaram were then present.

It was well that Ramaswami Sivan was present ; for, he transmitted to us one tune, if not its wording, of the now-forgotten *Iyarṣakai Nâyanaṛ Charitram*, namely the tune of முத்துக்குபரையனே ; and what was more important, he brought about the memorable meeting between Bhârati and Krishna Bhâgavatar of Tanjore.

Ramaswami Sivan began the conversation.

Ramaswami Sivan :—We feel indebted to you for your splendid performance.

Bhârati :—But I fear all my labour is lost. Yet, I console myself that whatever happens, happens for the best and that the old order, however good, must, in this ever-changing world, give way for the new one.

Ramaswami Sivan :—Why do you say so?

Bhârati :—Why, even my *Nandan Charitram*, which I took care to popularise, is now forgotten, as in one sense it deserves to be., on account of Thiâgarâja's superior music. What hope can I possibly have of my other works, except they will be buried or burnt along with me?

Ramaswami Sivan :—Your ஏழைப் பார்ப்பானடி, specially attracted me and I have decided to make at least its tune a public property.

Vina Vythinathier :—I can sing your யாருக்குத்தான் தெரியும்.”

Maha Vythinathier :—But nothing attracts me more than your “பார்க்கப் பார்க்கத் திகட்டுமோ.”

Ramaswami Sivan :—But everything pales into insignificance before your “வருகலாமோ.”

Bhârati :—But I don't hear it sung or played.

Ramaswami Sivan :—How can you hear it, or for that matter, any song of yours, so long as you shut yourself up in a secluded life?

Bhârati :—True.

Ramaswami Sivan :—To-morrow we shall hear your own *Nandan Charitram*, arranged to be performed, in Sriman Vêdanâyakam Pillay's residence, by a smart, young man of twenty nine, Krishna Bhâgavatar by name, who combines in himself a finished musician and a consummate expositor.

Bhârati :—In Vêdanâyakam Pillay's residence?

Ramaswami Sivan :—Yes.

Bhârati :—O ! I know him. Though a christian, he is a person of broad principles and cosmopolitan views. His taste for music is, for aught I know, really fine ; and during my previous visit to this place, I even taught him a few songs of my *Nandan Charitram*. But I don't know whether he cares to remember them now.

Ramaswami Sivan :—Whether he now remembers them or not, Mr. Pillay had taken care to have them duly taught to Krishna Bhâgavathar whom I spoke of. It is that Krishna Bhâgavathar that will sing your songs to-morrow and expound their meaning. Further, I have been asked by Mr. Pillay to invite you to his residence to-morrow evening ; and I do invite you accordingly.

Bhârati :—With pleasure shall I respond to the invitation.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MEMORABLE MEETING.

The *to-morrow* came; and Bhârati, Ramaswami Sivan, Maha Vythinathier, Vina Vythinathier and a host of others went to Vêdanâyakam Pillay's to attend Krishna Bhâgavatar's performance of *Nandan Charitram*.¹ All were cordially received; but a mark of special honor was, by common consent, given to Bhârati who was requested to preside on the occasion.

Now, the memorable meeting between Bhârati and Krishna Bhâgavatar took place, in October 1876, at Mayavaram; just as that between Thiagarâja and Govinda Mârar had taken place, thirty eight years ago, at Thiruvaiyar.

Forthwith the Bhâgavatar fell before the feet of Bhârati and, rising, submitted to the audience in general, and to Bhârati in particular, the following:—

“The annual Bathing Festival of Mayavaram is now going on. To attend it, about 40,000 persons have come from all directions. Among them, many are high officials, rich mirasdars, thriving traders, learned lawyers, and expert musicians. I thought it was perhaps to introduce me to some of those important personages that my well-wisher and patron, Sriman Vêdanâyakam Pillay invited me to give a performance here this evening. But it was only after I reached this place that Mr. Pillay whispered into my ears: ‘The renowned Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati is

¹ I know of another occasion, in 1888, when, barring Bhârati, almost the same musical experts with Patnam Subramanier added to them, attended and enjoyed Krishna Bhâgavatar's performance of *Lakshmana Shakti* given at Thiruvaiyar.

come and will attend your performance. Sing all the songs of *Nandan Charitram* I taught you last time and, if you can, expound the meaning of those songs as well. This is a golden opportunity for you to be blessed by Bhârati.'

"It is true that, not long ago, I learnt a few songs of *Nandan Charitram* from Mr. Pillay. And I have woven them into a texture of my own which I got rehearsed only in private but never performed in public. O! Bhârati, ever since I got to know your name and learnt some of your soul-stirring songs, I have been looking forward to meet you and pay you my respects. This day I met you; this day is therefore auspicious to me. On this auspicious day, I shall publicly perform *Nandan Charitram*, for the first time in my life, before its very author. If I succeed, the credit is Mr. Pillay's; but if I fail, the discredit is mine own. Any how, O! Bhârati, I crave for your blessings."

With this introduction, Krishna Bhâgavatar commenced his performance and handled the subject so exquisitely as to earn the admiration of the whole assembly. The *Introductory Songs* to enliven the expectant audience; the *Dhrupad* or slow and long-drawn music to invest the performance with an air of awe and solemnity; the *Uṣākrama* or the text of the sermon to make known to the hearers the subject to be dealt with; the telling narration of the story, coupled with Bhârati's beautiful songs, to illustrate the text chosen; the witty sub-stories and lighter songs to give variety; the charming dance in which the nimble legs of the performer moved him from one graceful posture to another as they did the emotions of the spectators from one passion to another; and the *Uṣasamhâra* or conclusion to draw a moral from the

story and fit it in with the Upakrama—all these were exhibited so marvellously that Bhârati could not contain himself, stood up, went near the performer, patted him on his back, and, with big drops in his eyes, said. “I was afraid that my *Nandan Charitram* had gone out of fashion. I am glad to see it living in you. O! Krishna, May God grant you long life and prosperity and bless you with brilliant name and fame. Really do I feel happy to find, in you, a protector of my own name and fame, when I am dead.”

Surely, Krishna Bhâgavatar did protect Bhârati's name and fame, when the latter was dead. For, he availed himself of his visit to Mayavaram to stay with Bhârati for a few months and learn all the songs of *Nandan Charitram* directly from their author and sufficiently popularised them, throughout the Tamil Nâdu, by his excellent and inimitable performance of *Nandan Charitram*.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS LAST DAYS.

The rest of Bhârati's life is soon told. He lived for five more years. And in all those five years he continued to stay at Mayavaram in the Madaveli Street attached to Mayuranâthaswâmi Temple, gave up his Oonchvrithi, and fell back upon his savings as well as upon the hospitality of Ramaswamier and other disciples whom he taught his *Viduthi Kirthanas*.

Such was the determination that Bhârati made, ever since he heard Dikshithar's sermon, to stand on his own legs without hanging on any one's patronage and earn an independent livelihood that, it is said, he had with him, even on his death-bed, a large sum of money which he donated to the temples of Mayavaram and Chidambaram—a gift quite in keeping with his long, religious life.

In 1881, on the Mahâsivarâthri night, Bhârati attended the Mudakkâla Pooja in the Temple, returned home and lay down, only to breath his last.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS SERVICE TO MUSIC.

Since Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati is a nineteenth century musician, he must be deemed to have followed Venkaṭa-makhi's system of Râgas and Thâlas.

The range of his knowledge in Râgas, as revealed by *Nandan Charitram*, was however limited and covered only forty or thereabouts.¹ As for the Thâlas, he chose to use the most popular of them.

He was, no doubt, a contemporary of the Music-Trio—Thiâgarâja, Muthuswami Dikshithar, and Syâma Sâstri. But, perhaps for want of the facilities of communication, he did not come under the influence of any one of them. On the other hand, in and around all the places he stayed, Arunâchala Kavi's songs of *Râma Nâtakam* held complete sway over the people and presented themselves before Bhârati as a model for him to follow. Hence Bhârati's songs, like those of his model, are full more of words than of music and are therefore called *Kirthanas*, as opposed to *Krithis*. His music is therefore recitative.

But, at times, Bhârati delighted to breath the fragrant atmosphere of the lyrical music. His *Varukakalâmô* which, when heard, pleased Thiâgarâja, is in point. The fact that Bhârati, independently of Thiagaraja, peeped into the lyrical region of music, though

Dr. Swaminathier contend that, in his other works, Bhârat made use of a plenty of other Râgas.

occasionally, lays special stress on the necessity of, and forms a justification for, Thiâgarâja's deliberate act of developing the Carnatic Music from its recitative to lyrical stage.

If, as said above, Krishna Bhâgavatar saved *Nandan Charitram* from oblivion; Bhârati, in his turn, saved *Nondichindu* from oblivion. Volume XXV, page 423 of *Āenthamil* (செந்தமிழ்) of the Madura Tamil Sangam contains, perhaps as a sample, a fragmentary portion of an ancient 'Nondichindu', called *Sidharârooda Nondichindu* (a Treatise on Medicine). Pandit (now Dr.) Swaminathier makes mention of a few more, such as, *Thirukasiyar Nondichindu*, *Sârangapâni Nondichindu*, and *Thiruchandur Nondichindu*. But none of them has come to be prevalent in the music-world as Bhârati's *Nondichindu*, now incorporated into his *Nandan Charitram*.

What is *Nondichindu*? A 'Chindu' is a species of old, Dravidian composition in music of three metrical feet¹ and it is one of the well-known nine kinds of Isaippa (இசைப்பா), viz, Chindu, Thripadai, Savalai, Samapâda, Sendurai, Vendurai, Perundêvapâni; Sirudêvapâni, and Vannam² It falls into two main divisions—*Kâvadi Chindu* and *Nondi Chindu*.

A Kâvadi is a decorated pole of wood with an arch over it; carried on shoulders with offerings mostly for Muruga's temple, commonly with some parade. And the *Chindu*-Music, sung or played in connection with the carrying of such Kâvadi, is called *Kâvadi Chindu*.

1. Cf. சிந்து முச்சீரடி.

2. Cf. செப்பரிய சிந்துதிரிபதை சீர்சவலை
தப்பொன்று மில்லாச் சமபாத—மெய்ப்படியும்
செந்துறை வெண்டுறை தேவபாணி வண்ணமென்ப
பைந்தொடியா யின்னிசையின்பா—Arivânâr.

While *Kāvadi Chindu* has a full complement of the three metrical feet (८५ ६ १५) of a Chindu, *Nondichindu* (as the word 'Nondi', which means *lame*, indicates) wants half a foot to make up the three.

But the late Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, in a letter addressed to me on the 4th March of 1931; observed: "From 160. A. D. onwards (if not earlier, for which however there is no evidence) there existed a species of dramatic, auto-biographical *Monologue*, the hero of which was a thief who lost his legs in his adventures and who got them by the favour of a god. The 'monologue' was invariably sung in *Nondichindu* metre and time. I can't say how far the name *Nondi* is derived from the lameness of the hero. But I think *Nondichindu* means a Chindu sung by a Nondi (lame person), just as *Kāvadi Chindu* means a Chindu sung by a Kāvadi-bearer."

Last, but not least, Bhârati's songs, unlike Thiâgarâja's, appealed more to the masses than to the classes. I know of a graduate musician having been once waylaid, in his journey, by a gang of highway robbers, from whose hands he gracefully extricated himself by feasting their ears with a good set of Kirthanas from Bharati's *Nandan Charitram*.

In this way, Bhârati satisfied, even in his own times, the now-growing demand of the people that music should not be confined to a chosen few but should be broadcast to the masses.

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS SERVICE TO MUSIC—(Continued)

I said in the last chapter that, though his music was recitative, Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati delighted, at times, to breath the fragrant atmosphere of the lyrical music.

I proceed, in this chapter as well as in the chapters that follow, to draw the reader's attention to the *relative* value of the recitative and lyrical music and thereby determine Bhârati's right place in the story of the Carnatic Music.

What, in the first place, is meant by *Recitative* and *Lyrical* Music? One aspect of the question I already dealt with in my *Life of Thiâgarâja*. We shall now study another aspect of it.

I shall begin by presenting before the reader two concrete songs—one to illustrate what I mean by the Recitative Music and the other to illustrate what I mean by the Lyrical Music.

First, the Recitative Music. I select for it a song from Arunâchala Kavi's *Râma Nâtakam*, the context of which is as follows:—Indrajit, Râvana's son, by dint of his reputed magical power, brought before Sri Râma a bôgus or sham Sîta and had her brutally butchered. This horrible sight Râma could not bear to see; and he swooned. When, later, he recovered, he cried like a child, when Lakshmana tried to console him but in vain. At this juncture, Hanumân appeared and encouraged Râma with the song, under consideration, the meaning

of which is —“O! Râma, is it for this (brutal butchering) that you feel, though Hanumân stands by, care-worn? Is it difficult for me to terrorize, flog, and even torture Indrajit? I shall do all these things and finally bury him in Ayôdhya to which he now goes. Having despatched Indrajit to the hell, I shall scale the seven walls of his father's fort; catch hold of Râvana; shake his ten heads with as much ease as I would shake a bunch of palmyra-fruits; make him cry and lament the death of his son; stab him along with his legion of demons; and fling all of them away to be preyed upon by eagles and vultures. Or, I shall catch them, bite them to death, drink their blood, and thus wreak my vengeance upon them. While I can do all these things, is it for this (murder), O! Râma, that you feel care-worn?”

A *message*, like this, demands a lot of *words* to convey it. Hence the ‘Message-Music’, by which the Recitative Music may also be called, is full more of words than of music.

Here is the Recitative Song itself :

Kamâs—Adi

Pallavi.

இதுக்கோ இந்த யோசனை ளாயி
ஹநுமான் நானிருக்க.

Anupallavi.

பதைக்கிறேன் இந்திரஜித்தை உதைக்கிறேன் அவனை நான்
வதைக்கிறேன் அயோத்தியில் புதைக்கிறேன் அதுக்கென்ன

Charanam

சுத்திய மதிலேழுமெத்தி ஊரிலே கையை நீட்டி,
ராவணன் தன்னை

கொத்துப் பணங்காய்போலே பத்துத் தலைபும் பிடித்தாட்டி,
மகனே இந்திர

சித்தே என்றவன் அங்கேகத்தி அலரும்படி மாட்டி,
ஆட்டுக்குட்டி போல்

மொய்த்த அரக்கர்களைக்குத்திக் கழுக்குக்கிர யூட்டி,
பாராய் என் னாமி
பிடிப்பேன் ஒரு கடியாய்க்
கடிப்பேன் அவனுயிரைக்
குடிப்பேன் பழிக்குப்பழி
முடிப்பேன் என்னாலாகாதோ?

Secondly, the Lyrical Music, of which the following song is a specimen.

Bilahari—Adi

Pallavi.

நாலீவாதார—நானோமுபலமா

Anupallâvi.

ராலீவலோசன—ராஜராஜ சிரோமணி

Charanam

நாகுப்பரகாசமா—நாநாலிக பரிமளமா

நாஜபவரண ரூபமா—நாதுபூஜாசமமா தியாகராஜநாத

This (lyrical) song, the reader will note, forms merely a *string* of nine vocatives but conveys no serious message, no fine sentiments, nothing whatsoever. For, Thiagaraja, who composed it, wanted to bring its *music* to the forefront and had therefore to throw its *words* to the background,

Indeed, the vital point of difference between the two kinds of music is that, while, in the Recitative Music, there is a full swing of declamation with only an under-current of Music, there is, in the Lyrical Music, a full

complement of music, wherein words dwindle into unimportance and form, if at all, a mnemonic aid thereto. In other words, the Recitative Music has the maximum of words with the minimum of music ; while, the Lyrical Music has the maximum of music with the minimum of words. The rule of one note to one syllable applies to the Recitative Music ; while, the Rule¹ of the division of longer notes into shorter ones applies to the Lyrical Music.

These two kinds of music—be it noted—have assumed different names at different times in the hands of different authors, such as :—Celestial and Terrestrial, Declamatory and Florid, Simple and Elaborate, Plain and Ornate; Literary and Musical, Syllabic and Decorative, Austere and Lively, Expressive and Pattern, Programme and Pure, and Classical and Romantic. In our own country, they are called Nibadha and Anibadha.

Which of these two kinds of music is more important, more useful, and more wanted by the people ? Which of these two kinds, again, did Bhârati identify himself with ? And with what result ?

1. The rule of the Lyrical Music is called, in Europe, the Rule of the running of diminutions and in India, the system, of putting Sangâthis or *Thors*.

CHAPTER XIX

HIS SERVICE TO MUSIC—(Continued)

Answering the first of the questions, raised at the end of the last chapter, is not easy ; for, we have yet to get to know the difference between the two kinds of music in point of the *effect* they produce.

The very first *use* of music points, in a way, to the nature of that "effect." In the early infancy of man, prayers were offered to what we now know as the inexorable laws of nature. It was in offering such prayers that the aid of music was invoked to appease the anger or pacify the malevolence of cruel invisible agencies which threatened with destruction. A close kinship may be traced between the early musical and the religious consciousness of man. Later on, music was employed for worship or commemoration of important events or narration of telling stories. The last use, when coupled with action, led to the institution of Opera or Drama.

All these kinds of music, viz, Prayer-music, Worship-music, Commemoration-music, Narration-music, Opera-music, and Drama-music, will, on close analysis, be found to have each a message to deliver. All of them may therefore be brought under the category of the *Message Music*, which is only another name for the Recitative.

This Message or Recitative Music, humanity has been loving from time immemorial and continues to love, even to-day. For, look at the very large crowd in a

drama or even in a Kâlakshêpam Party and look at the comparatively small crowd in a music party. Look, again, at the musical literature of South India—the Epics, Gitagôvindam, Dêvarnâmas, Sarvasamaya Samarasa Kirthanas, Râma Nâtakam and Nandan Charitram. Look, further again, at Thevaram, Thiruppuhal and Thiruvachakam. One and all these works form so many illustrations of the Recitative Music.

It was only in the latter part of the 18th century that the Lyrical Music developed itself *perceptibly* in South India and began to compete with the Recitative.

Has this competition left behind a wholesome or deleterious effect ?

Take, for instance, the long list of complaints which the pariahs prepared against Nandan and delivered it to the Brahmin-Master in the form of a *Nondi Chindu*, beginning with ஐயே ஒரு சேதி கேளும். This 'Nondi Chindu' is an out-and-out Recitative music and must, properly speaking, be sung in a declamatory strain, giving the eagerly-listening Brahmin more and more information at every step, in the following manner :—

ஐயே ஒரு சேதி கேளும்—உன்
 அபிமைக்காரப் பயல் நடத்தையெல்லாம்
 வரவரக் கெட்டுப்போச்சே—சேரியில்
 வழக்கமில்லாதபடி பழக்கமிட்டான்—நாங்கள்
 குடியிருக்க மாட்டோம்—எப்போதும்
 கூக்குரல் போடுவான் ஆக்க மறந்தே
 இருப்பானொருவேளை—கொள்ளாத
 ஏக்கமடைந்தவன்போல் நாக்கை வளைத்துச்
 சிரிப்பானொருவேளை—தில்லைச்

சிதம்பரமென்று சொல்லி மதம்பிடித்தே
அழைப்பானொரு வேளை

and so forth.

This kind of declamatory style keeps the audience, especially the masses, spell-bound and rapt in attention. But the modern unknowing Bhâgavatar gives that audience a rude shock by abruptly mixing the lyrical music with the recitative one, that is, by proceeding to add his accursed svaram-gymnastics to this declamatory *Nondichindu* thus :—

ஐயே ஒரு சேதி கேளும்—

(1) ஸகிரீ-ஸ்நிஸா-தநிபா-மகமா-மப (ஐயே)

(2) ஸரிநிஸ, தநிபா-மப, கம, ரிகஸா-மப (ஐயே)

(3) ஸநிகரீ-ஸநிரிஸா-ரிநி, ஸத, நிப-மகமப (ஐயே)

(4) கரிஸ, நிரி, ஸநிஸ-ஸபா-மப-தநிஸ-மப

தநிஸ-ரிகமப-தநிஸரி-கமகரி-ஸநி-தரி-ஸநிதப

மகமப(ஐயே)

Is the list of complaints or the *Sa-Ri-Ga-Ma-Gymnastics*-the proper message of the above *Nondichindu*? Surely, the former. Hence the latter must be deemed to be an interloper. The audience must learn to protest against the onset of such interlopers and point-blank tell the Bhâgavatar:—"There may, no doubt, be a place for your Svaram-Gymnastics; but *Nondichindu* is not such a place. Nature rebels against the dualism of declamation and lyrical music. Is not the svaram-singing in a serious *message music* as absurd as loudly playing the organ, while a serious sermon is going on?"

CHAPTER XX

HIS SERVICE TO MUSIC *-(Continued)*

The same confusion created by the promiscuous mixture of the recitative and lyrical music is found even in the modern stage of our country. What the people nowadays want is tune, tune, and tune; and they are content to wait for it, until a leading singer or singers in the drama come forward and treat the audience to the long-expected tune, even in instalments, if need be. The Indian drama has ceased to be a drama but drifted into a sort of music-party, wherein the singers enter into rivalry with show-songs to show off their voices and, incidentally, increase their salaries.

Nor is this all. Let us suppose that two lovers, who meet in a stage, are forcibly separated. The anguish of such separation must be expressed in the stage with suitable music. Which music could successfully express the anguish—recitative or lyrical? Surely, the former. But the theatre-going population of today demands the latter. Hence the “two lovers” choose to pander to the prevailing taste and revel, when pretending to anguish, in the lyrical style.

Some thing worse they sometimes do. Soon after parting, which itself had been sufficiently made false, they return hand in hand before the curtain and receive plaudits, bouquets, garlands, and even medals. No wonder all the dramatic effect is lost; and the spectators return home with talking, not on the action of the drama, but

on the several sangathis, brikas, svaras, and even on the value of the medals presented.

It is a pity that in our country the incongruity of the declamation being wedded to the music proper, that is to say, of the recitative music being confounded with the lyrical music is not so much as even felt, for the simple reason that the art of *Music-Criticism* has not been fully developed.

Further, our lyrical music, that has been brought to prominence by Thiâgarâja, is not even a century old ; and its novelty and freshness have not yet begun to wear away. Hence the classes allow it to dominate over the recitative music ; while, the masses, for whose delight the recitative music was mainly intended, have not learnt to protest against such domination but lie prostrate, like the dumb, driven cattle.

CHAPTER XXI.

A EUROPEAN PARALLEL.

It will be interesting, at this stage, to note that, in Europe, the very leading musicians set an example to the people, at large, in the matter of protesting against the domination we complain of. Palestrina led the way in the sixteenth century; and Gluck carried the reform in the seventeenth century to such a degree that Abbe Arnauld observed; "With Gluck's music, one might find a religion." But Piccini opposed Gluck; and their feud figured prominently in all history of European music:

Gluck, like Palestrina, advocated the recitative music; while, Piccini, like Schubert, advocated the lyrical music. The French Court and, indeed, the whole Parisian people were broken up into two hostile camps—Gluckists and Piccinists. The Dauphiness was Gluck's patron; while, the King's mistress was Piccini's patron. Again, Abbe Arnauld fought for Gluck; while, Marmontel fought for Piccini. Further again, Du Rollet was a Gluckist; while, La Harpe was a Piccinist.

This fight was extended to England in the eighteenth century, when Handel's subordination of words to heighten the musical purpose offended the English musical world. The aristocracy sneered at Handel's *Oratorios* and complained at his innovation. While, the Duchess of Marlborough imported Buononcini and tried her best to ruin Handel. It was about this time that the following epigramme appeared:—

“Some say, compared with Buononcini,
That Mynheer Handel’s but a ninny ;
Others vow that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
’TwiXt Tweedledrum and Tweedledee.”

In No. 258 of the *Spectator*, Mr. Steele observed :
“Music is valuable only if it is agreeable to, and heightens
the purpose of, poetry. Without it, a composure of
music is the same thing as a poem where all the rules of
poetical numbers are observed but the words convey no
sense or meaning. To say it shorter, mere musical
sounds are, in our art, no other than nonsense verses are
in poetry. Music, therefore, is to aggravate what is
intended by poetry. It must always have some passion
or sentiment to express ; or else violins, voices, or any
other organs of sound afford an entertainment very
little above the rattles of children.”

Mr. Mazzini, the Gandhi of Italy, spoke of the
lyrical music as “laughter without mirth or weeping
without virtue.” Music, like poetry, he thought, was nothing
without a moral intention, without practical teaching,
and without powers to inspire. He attacked the operas
of his time as being ingenious mosaics, much of which
was noise and extravagance and all of which was inferior,
for all the technique, to the chants of the medieval
church, when music had a religious work to do.

In the nineteenth century, Wagner perfected the
reform, begun by Palestrina and continued by Gluck,
Steele, Mazzini and others ; and he convinced the world
that the recitative music suited the stage far better than
the lyrical music and that each of the two kinds must be

kept within proper limits and must not be allowed to transgress each other. Wagner's "Music of the Future" reads like a prophesy that, in future, the recitative music will be deemed more important and more useful and will also be more wanted by the people than the lyrical music.

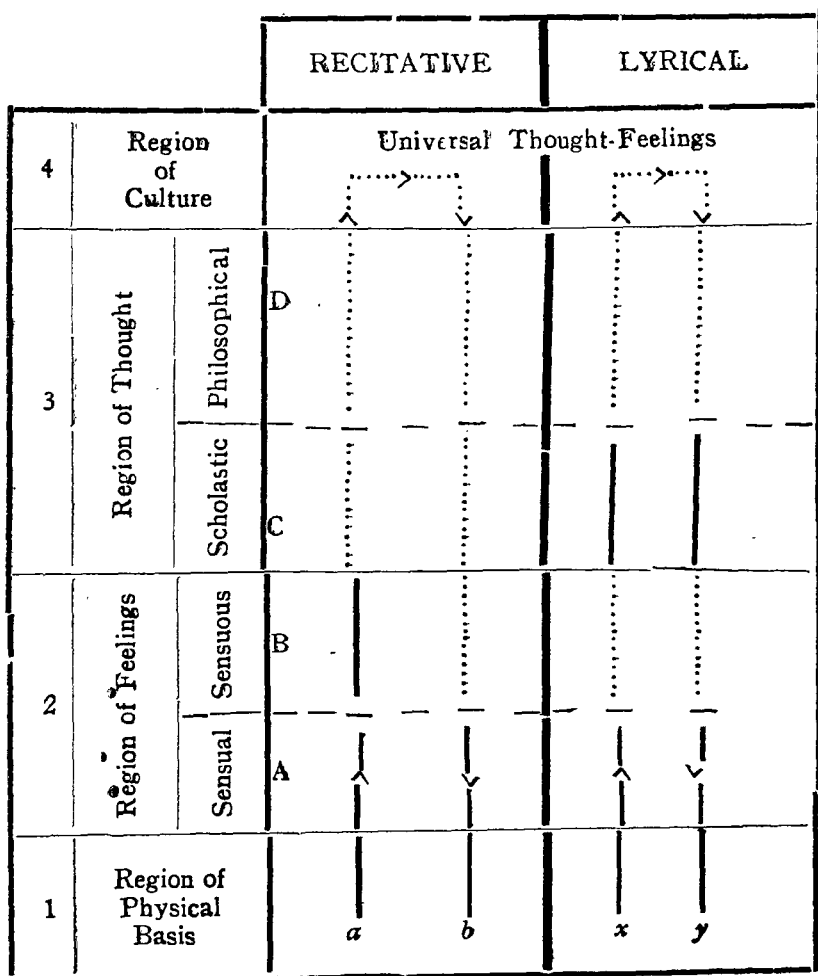
This description of the European music will, I trust, enable the reader to understand that the Europeans, unlike us, fought tooth and nail about the relative value of the recitative and lyrical music, that the art of dramatic (and even music) criticism has advanced in Europe far better than in India, and that—unlike the Europeans—we submissively swallow anything and everything that is given to us and we have neither the ability to find out, nor the courage to express, what we really want, even in music.

Apart from the history of the conflict of these two kinds of music, whether in Europe or in our country; we have yet to probe a little deeper and get both the kinds of music further elucidated, before we make a final estimation of their relative value and determine the real part played by Bhârati in the matter of enabling us to evaluate it.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS SERVICE TO MUSIC—(Further Continued)

In the following Diagram, ¹



1. Vide Jinarajadas' *Classical and Romantic Art*.

there are four regions, *viz*, those of physical basis' feelings, thought, and culture. The physical basis is represented by the nerve-impressions arising from contacts which give rise to the various sensations. The next region of feelings falls into two divisions, *Sensual* and *Sensuous*, called A and B respectively. A connotes the idea of sex, while B is free from such implication. The third region of thought also falls into two divisions, *Scholastic* and *Philosophical*, called C and D respectively. C refers to particular thoughts, while D refers to universal thoughts. The fourth region of culture is the product of all the other three regions and may roughly be termed as the region of the Universal Thought-Feelings.

Now, a nerve-impression begins from the region of the physical basis along both the kinds of music-Recitative and Lyrical; and we shall mark them as a and x respectively. The line a passes *through* the second region but begins to affect the lower part of the third region, *viz*, C. As the thought becomes more and more purified, the line a affects D and, through it, reaches the fourth region of culture.

There is, at once, a returning line, which we shall call b and which affects not only the third region but also the upper portion of the second region, *viz*, B. Then, it descends with a dash into the region of physical basis.

The line x , like the line a , begins with a nerve-impression but, passing through A, affects only B and again, with a dash, shoots up and reaches the fourth, through the third, region. The returning line, which we

shall call y , makes a similar passage as the onward line of x and affects, again, only B.

On close observation, the reader will note that, of the two modes of reaching the cultural region, both start from the physical basis. But the first mode of shooting up and descending by the lines a and b affect first the third region and, then, the B. portion of the second region. While, the second mode of shooting up and descending by the lines x and y affects only the B-portion of the second-region. In other words, it is possible for a person to reach, by either mode, the region of culture and enjoy it. But, by the former, he directly reaches it; while, by the latter, he reaches it only indirectly.

Let me make my position clearer. There are two ways of seeing the moon—the one by lifting up your head and seeing the moon itself in the sky and the other by looking down on a clear sheet of water and seeing in it the likeness of the moon. In the former one has to make an effort to see the moon; while in the latter the moon itself condescends to appear in the water, provided the water remains clear and undisturbed. Similarly, according to the Recitative style, a person has primarily to cultivate his thoughts, not untinged with feelings, in order to attain culture. But, according to the Lyrical style, he may confine himself only to the cultivation of feelings which, if pure and refined, will enable him to attain a similar culture.

Since the recitative method of singing is intended to appeal more to the mind than to the heart and since a serene mind unflinchingly grasps a thing once presented to it, any repetition is said to be abhorrent to the Recitative

music. Hence it is that no sangathis, which only form a phase of repetition, are resorted to, in the recitative style of singing. Inasmuch, again, as the Lyrical method of singing is intended to appeal more to the heart than to the mind and inasmuch as the development of the emotions largely depends upon the repetition of appeal in various forms; the sangathis are said to be inseparable from the lyrical music. Hence, of lyrical music those sangathis form the warp and woof.

As between the two styles of singing, there is nothing really to choose, especially when the end and aim of both of them is practically the same. If, at all, one has any preference, it is due to one's personal equation. Some there are who respond first with the mind; and they will naturally prefer the recitative music. Some, again, there are who respond first with emotions; and they will naturally prefer the lyrical music.

While, thus, the very Nature seems to have made due provision for these two bents of mind; any feud or disputation, such as for instance the feud of *Gluck* vs. *Piccini*, is highly regrettable.

If, by the union of music and poetry, the Recitative Music can inspire heavenly joys as well as infuse soft pity and if it can, at one time, sooth a soul to pleasure and, at another time, swell it to rage; the Lyrical Music, by dint of its freedom from the load of words and of the charm of the *brikas* employed, indicates the jubilation of the mortal whose spirit, lost in joy, tries its best to express the inexpressible and thereby raises him to the skies only to draw an angel down.

From the stand point of the music of the future, the *expression* seems to be the acme of the musical art,

through which is revealed the subtle beauty, the delicate antithesis, and the grace and power of the composer's thought. It gives to a composition individuality and life, redeems it from a machanical sequence of sounds and makes it throb with the deepest passion. It is indeed the fire that fills the inert form with the pathos, the yearning, the sadness, the exultation, the hopes, and the joys of the soul.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

If therefore the whole of our country is to be educated in music and if India's atmosphere is to be rendered musical, it is our bounden duty to further develop our Recitative Music, a major portion of which remains yet unexplored. The contemporaries and successors of Thiagaraja but imitated Thiagarâja and heightened the already high-grown lyrical music but did not choose to broaden our system by further developing the recitative music, in which alone the much-needed National Songs, Action Songs, Military Songs, Sociological Songs, Devotional Songs, Philosophical Songs and even Folk Songs may conveniently be composed and by which alone the people, as a whole, may be enabled to participate in singing *choral music*

A group of people cannot afford to sing a highly complex lyrical song, such as Thiagarâja's *Thoruguna*; but all of them can, with a little effort, sing any recitative song, say for instance, Bhârati's highly devotional song, viz:—

Dhanyâsi—Adi

Pallavi

கனக ஸபாபதி தரிசனம் ஒரு நாள்
கண்டால் கவிதீரும்,

Anupallavi

ஸநக மஹாமுரி கை தொழுதேத்திய
தினகரகோடி தேஜோ மயமாகிய

Charanam

மனதிலொடுங்கிய கல்மஷம் போக்குந்
மாயப்பிணியதை மறுவடியாக்கும்
ஜனனமரண சமுஸாரத்தை நீக்கும்
திருவடி நிழலிலே கூட்டியே காக்கும்

or even his deeply philosophical song—

மாண்பிமானம் விட்டுத்தானாகி நின்றவர்க்கு
சேனாதிபதிபோலே ஞானாதிபதி யுண்டு ;

பாருமே-கட்டிக்காருமே-உள்ளே சேருமே-அதுபோதுமே.

அங்கே—

சங்கையறவே நின்று பொங்கிவரும் பாலுண்டு
அங்கமிளைப்பாறிக்கொண்டு தங்கப் பொம்பை போலவே ;
நில்லுமே-ஏதுஞ்சொல்லுமே-ஞானஞ்செல்லுமே-யாதும்

வெல்லுமே

* * * * *

முப்பாழும் தாண்டி வந்து அப்பாலே நின்றவர்க்கு
இப்பார்வை கிடையாது அப்பா திருநடனம் ;
ஆடுவார்-தாளம்போடுவார்-அன்பர் கூடுவார்-இசை பாடுவார்

— ஜயே மெத்தக் கடினம் —

Hence, Bhârti's music was mostly recitative and was calculated to benefit even those that were not initiated into the mysteries of music, inculcate in the generality of the people deep devotion and enable them to cultivate a religious bent of mind. To make his

music amenable even to the 'choral singing,' he avoided all pomp of erudition and adapted his style and diction to suit the masses' taste.'

In fine, if Thiâgarâja heightened the importance of the *arabesque of sound*, Gôpâlakrishna Bhârati heightened that of the *language of the emotions*.

We have had sufficient number of Thiâgâraja's imitators. But Bhârati's imitators it is that we now want. Who will come forward ?