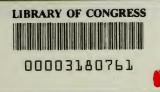
PR 9499 .3 .T34 S87 1916 Copy 1







.

### STRAY BIRDS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TORONTO

# STRAY BIRDS

BY

.

# SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

FRONTISPIECE IN COLOUR BY WILLY POGÁNY

New York THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 1916

All rights reserved

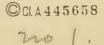


Copyright, 1916, By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published November, 1916.

NOV 16 1916

Norwood Press J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co. Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.



TO T. HARA of Yokohama N Contraction of the second second

### STRAY BIRDS

1

STRAY birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sigh.

#### 2

O TROUPE of little vagrants of the world, leave your footprints in my words.

#### 3

THE world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

#### 4

IT is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles in bloom. [7]



THE mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.

#### 6

IF you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

#### 7

THE sands in your way beg for your song and your movement, dancing water. Will you carry the burden of their lameness?

#### 8

HER wistful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night. 9

ONCE we dreamt that we were strangers.

RAY BIRDS

We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

#### 10

SORROW is hushed into peace in my heart like the evening among the silent trees.

#### 11

Some unseen fingers, like idle breeze, are playing upon my heart the music of the ripples.

#### 12

"WHAT language is thine, O sea?"
"The language of eternal question."
"What language is thy answer, O sky?"
"The language of eternal silence."
[9]

### STRAY BIRD

#### 13

LISTEN, my heart, to the whispers of the world with which it makes love to you.

#### 14

THE mystery of creation is like the darkness of night — it is great. Delusions of knowledge are like the fog of the morning.

#### 15

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it is high.

#### 16

I SIT at my window this morning where the world like a passer-by stops for a moment, nods to me and goes.

[10]

#### 17

THESE little thoughts are the rustle of leaves; they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

#### 18

WHAT you are you do not see, what you see is your shadow.

#### 19

My wishes are fools, they shout across thy songs, my Master. Let me but listen.

#### 20

I CANNOT choose the best. The best chooses me. [11]

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- > Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

