

PR 9499

.3

.T34

S87

1916

Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00003180761













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

AUTHOR OF "GITANJALI," ETC.

FRONTISPIECE IN COLOUR

BY WILLY POGÁNY

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1916

*All rights reserved*

FR6039  
A257

COPYRIGHT, 1916,  
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published November, 1916.

\$1.50

NOV 16 1916

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

©Cl.A445658

201.

TO  
T. HARA  
OF  
YOKOHAMA





# 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.



## STRAY BIRDS

5

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.



# STRAY BIRDS

9

ONCE we dreamt that we were  
strangers.

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.”



## STRAY BIRDS

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. De-  
lusions of knowledge are like the fog  
of the morning.

15

Do not seat your love upon a preci-  
pice 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.





## STRAY BIRDS

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.

## 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

