

MY SONG.

This song of mine will wind its music around you,
my child, like the fond arms of love.

This song of mine will touch your forehead like a
kiss of blessing.

When you are alone it will sit by your side and
whisper in your ear, when you are in the crowd it will
fence you about with aloofness.

My song will be like a pair of wings to your dreams,
it will transport your heart to the verge of the unknown.

It will be like the faithful star overhead when dark
night is over your road.

My song will sit in the pupils of your eyes, and
will carry your sight into the heart of things.

And when my voice is silent in death, my song will
speak in your living heart.

By Rabindranath Tagore.
