

His is my prayer to thee, that I may know before I leave,
 Thy the green earth raised her eyes into the light and called me to her arms,
 Thy the silence of the night spoke to me of stars,
 and daylight stirred in my life glad ripples —
 His is my prayer to thee.

When the time comes for me to go,
 let me see thy face in the light of this life,
 and know that thou hast accepted the garland of beauty that was woven in my
 heart,
 When the time comes for me to go.

—*The Modern Review*, Calcutta.

Poems of Patriotism

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

I.

INDIA'S PRAYER.

Offered at the opening of one of the sessions of the Indian National Congress.)

Thou hast given us to live.
 Let us uphold this honor with all our strength and will,
 For Thy glory rests upon the glory that we are.
 Therefore in Thy name we oppose the power that would plant its banner
 upon our soul.
 Let us know that Thy light grows dim in the heart that bears its insult of
 bondage,
 That the life, when it becomes feeble, timidly yields Thy Throne to untruth.
 For weakness is the traitor who betrays our soul.
 Let this be our prayer to Thee—
 Give us power to resist pleasure where it enslaves us,
 Make us strong that our worship may flower in love and bear fruit in work.
 Make us strong that we may not insult the weak and the fallen,
 That we may hold our love high where all things around us are wooing the
 dust.
 They fight and kill for self-love, giving it Thy name,
 They fight for hunger that thrives on brothers' flesh,
 They fight against Thy anger and die.
 But let us stand firm and suffer with strength
 For the true, for the good, for the eternal in Man,
 For Thy Kingdom which is the union of hearts,
 For the freedom which is of the Soul.