

FRUIT- GATHERING

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649029525

Fruit-Gathering by Rabindranath Tagore

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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RABINDRANATH TAGORE

**FRUIT-
GATHERING**



Sir Rabindranath Tagore
From a Photograph by John Trevor



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GATHERING**



BY
RABINDRANATH TAGORE



NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1916
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FRUIT-GATHERING

Gift
E. D. Seendeland
7-29-48

I

Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to
bring them in full baskets into your
courtyard, though some are lost and
some not ripe.

For the season grows heavy with its
fulness, and there is a plaintive shep-
herd's pipe in the shade.

Bid me and I shall set sail on the
river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting
the languid waves into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and
in the weary hour of evening the call
comes from your house on the shore in
the sunset.

II

My life when young was like a flower—
a flower that loosens a petal or two
from her abundance and never feels
the loss when the spring breeze comes
to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is
like a fruit, having nothing to spare,
and waiting to offer herself completely
with her full burden of sweetness.

III

Is summer's festival only for fresh blossoms and not also for withered leaves and faded flowers?

Is the song of the sea in tune only with the rising waves?

Does it not also sing with the waves that fall?

Jewels are woven into the carpet where stands my king, but there are patient clods waiting to be touched by his feet.

Few are the wise and the great who sit by my Master, but he has taken the foolish in his arms and made me his servant for ever.