

**BROWN
BOOK ONLY**

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_210673

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 821/F 99 S Accession No. G 1217

Author ⁹¹² Fur Tada Joseph.

Title Selected poems. 1942

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

SELECTED POEMS

SELECTED POEMS

By

JOSEPH FURTADO

Author of "A Goan Fiddler," etc.

1942

Printed by Raul Pereifa—at Don Bosco Press, Nesbit Road,
Mazagon, Bombay—and published by Joseph Furtado,
Jafferalli Building, Mount Road, Mazagon, Bombay.

All Rights Reserved

PREFATORY NOTE

Of these 125 Selected Poems the earliest ("The Italian Architect") was written in 1903 and the latest ("Kismat") in 1939. The ten poems shown with an asterisk in the Table of Contents are published for the first time now.

Bombay
April 7, 1942.

J. F.

CONTENTS

(New poems are shown with an asterisk)

DE PROFUNDIS

	Page
The Picture	3
Via Sacra 	3
The Flight	4
Say No More 	5
Farewell 	5
Across the Ghats 	6
The Ferry	6
The Hymn 	7
A Tiller of the Soil	8
'Tis not Many Days*	9
All Souls' Day	9

POEMS RELATING TO CHILDHOOD

To an Angel 	13
Venite, Adoremus 	13
When I was a Child 	14
A Cradle Song 	16
Dreams in Childhood 	17
Under the Mango-Tree 	17
The Buibuls' Nest	18
Two Babies 	19
A Child of Our Lady of the Mount	19
My Granny 	21
The Goan Fiddler*	22
Corse of Childhood*	24
Dead Days* 	24
The Presentation 	25
The Parting 	26

NATURE POEMS

A Fiddler 	29
---	----

VI

	Page
At Break of Day	29
Greetings	31
The Cornfield.	32
Salisbury Park	34
The Farmer's Wife	34
To Monsoon Butterflies	35
The Stray Monsoon Butterfly	36
To the Dhyal	37
The Scornful Bird	37
The Munias' Nest	38
To the Tailor-Bird	39
Before a Cage of Bulbuls	40
The King-Crow*	40

LOVE POEMS

The Secret	43
First Love	43
Brahmin Girls	47
Long Years Ago	48
The Mullah's Daughter.	49
The Pariah Girl	49
Dreams of Life	50
Simply Shy	51
The Stranger	51
The Neglected Wife.	53
To Gray-Eyes	54
Spring is Come!	55
Butterflies	55
Nemesis*	56
The Letter	56
A Double Dream	57
Love and Pride	58
The Tables Turned.	58
The Broken Heart	59

HUMOROUS POEMS

The Lord of Creation	63
-----------------------------	----

	Page
Limbo	63
The Fortune-Teller	65
Beggars	66
Mister Brown	67
Carpe Diem	68
A 'Chat with the Crow	68
The Coronation*	69
The Old Irani*	71

POEMS OF MY MOTHERLAND

My Motherland	75
The Feast of Flowers	75
The Dear Hillside	76
The White Bird	77
To the Mandovi	82
My Native Land	83
My Village	83
Sweet Home	83
The Choir-Master	84
The Village Cowboy	84
The Mango	85
Ruzai	86
The Cobra	87
A Good Friday	88
Vishnual	88
Birds and Neighbours	90
The Prophet!	90
The Last of Them	91
The Ghost of Saligao Hill	92
The Italian Architect	94
DomGuzmao... ..	96
The Pilgrims	97
Bygone Days	98

REFLECTIVE POEMS

A Lesson	101
Bidee-Makers	102

VIII

	Page
The Milkman's Hut.	103
Mercy	104
My Friends	105
Unrest.	106
A Reminder.	107
The Child of Light.	108
The Toiler.	108
The Neglected Child.	109
How Long?	110
Resignation	111
Envy	111
In the Ghats.	112
Wild Berries	113
An Old Lesson	113
Kismet*	114
You and I, Brother	115
My Present Home*	115
Father Hegglin, S. J.. . . .	116
The Scourging	117
Christ with the Cross.	117
Saint Anthony's Chapel	118
Lakshmi	119
Saint Anthony's Rice	121
The Recluse.	123
My World	123
Dharna River.	124
The Corse	124

POEMS IN PORTUGUESE

O Balcao	129
O Rendeiro	131
Paraíso Perdido	131
Abolem	132
Triste!	132

DE PROFUNDIS

SELECTED POEMS

THE PICTURE

BEFORE my life there hung a picture,
And it was all my heart desired:
The fields so garden-like they spread,
Each hill it raised its dreamy head
And dreamy thoughts inspired.

And on one hill was seen a cross,
And there, with arms about it, lay
A ragged child, and, hovering near,
A misty form, that yet seemed clear
To call the child away.

But, lo, one night a storm arose
And I awoke with nameless fears:
The fields and hills how changed they were!
The misty form no more was there,
The child lay pierced with spears!

VIA SACPA

WHEN knaves and fools had once conspired
To load me with disgrace,
And some old women wept aloud
At seeing my blood-stained face,

A voice across the buried years
Cried out in accents deep:
"Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not o'er me, but weep

For yourselves and for your children!"
 And right before me stood
 The churchyard with each cross, the folk,
 And the choir-master good.

At Via Sacra thus the good
 Choir-master cried had he
 And touched the heart of everyone—
 Of everyone but me.

Nay, I had mocked him, I alone
 Of all the reverent throng;
 And, doubtless, in this wise at last
 Had Time avenged the wrong.

THE FLIGHT

LIKES a thief I slunk away.
 "Are you leaving us?"
 Asked the palm-trees, bending low.
 "Never, never thus!"
 Cried the birds; "we too shall go"—
 And they followed me.
 I heeded not but hung my head:
 My heart was dead in me;
 The world I loved was dead,
 The rest was naught to me—
 And like a thief I fled.

On my way I sold the house
 I had cherished well,
 "Judas! Judas!" croaked the crows,
 "Sure to burn in hell!"

From his grave my father rose—
 Rose^and followed me.
 I smote my breast, my dead heart bled
 And made the mark on me:
 Strange worlds before me spread,
 My world was lost to me—
 And Judas-like I fled.

SAY NO MORE

"ON this bench you sate together,
 Always smiling to each other."—
 Cruel memory, say no more.
 "Here's the courtyard where you gambolled,
 There the hillock where you rambled!'"*—
 Cruel memory, say no more.
 "There the cross and cashew-tree."—
 Say no more, O say no more—
 Would the earth were over me!

FAREWELL

FAREWELL! but not as men might take it,
 For you and I are one,
 As much as flesh and blood can make it;
 And naught beneath the sun,
 Till all my sands have run,
 Dear hamlet mine, us two shall sever—
 For ever we are one, for ever!

ACROSS THE GHATS

GREAT hills upon great hills, you say,
 On every side they rise?
 One little hill 'tis all I see:
 O friend, cover mine eyes.

And houses scattered far and wide
 On every hill, you say?
 One little house 'tis all I see:
 Now close mine eyes, I pray.

And up and down the folk they go?
 One man alone I see—
 A ghostlike man who digs a grave:
 Good friend, now bury me.

THE FERRY

THERE stood only one hut
 And a temple all hoary,
 But the ricefields around
 They shone in their glory,

The ferrytnan free
 In his boat at the ferry
 (A merry man he)
 Was humming all merry.

The ferryman's wife
 Was the threshold adorning
 And singing as sweet
 As a dhyal in the morning.

And the ferryman's child
 Came down to the jetty
 Crying, "Baksheesh, saib, baksheesh!"—
 And the child was so pretty.

Hut soon crossing the stream,
 I wayworn and weary,
 It all passed like a dream—
 O the corner so cheery!

THE HYMN

AS we three left the village
 We heard some children sing
 A hymn to Virgin Mary
 And the small church-bell ring.
 "For pity stay a while,"
 My heart said with a smile;
 But Fate she would not stay,
 And dragged us both away.

Praise be to Virgin Mary!
 Across the hills and seas
 The hymn it followed us;
 And now, on every breeze,
 My heart and I can hear
 Its cadence just as clear:
 We turn to Fate and say,
 "Come drag the hymn away!"

A TILLER OF THE SOIL

HOW good indeed is toil!
 And bread tastes sweetest then:
 But they that till the soil—
 As yonder peasant now—
 Are blest above all men—

Such hosts of angels tried
 To see the peasant plough,
 The heavens they opened wide
 And lit the darksome field.
 The man was heard to say:
 "Another furrow, son,
 And half our work is done;
 Then you may have your hay
 And I shall have my rice,
 And both can rest a while—
 Come, one more furrow, come!"

It made the angels smile
 To hear an ox called *son*.
 With wonder I was dumb
 And wept full bitterly,
 But wept in vain, in vain;
 They *would* not look on me,
 Naught cared they for my pain,
 To the good peasant then
 I cried, "O blest of men,
 Pray let me hold the plough;
 'Tis sure to do me good,
 Some sweat upon my brow;
 Well after work comes food,
 And work or food to share—

To share it with another—
 Great joy that be and-rare.
 Do try it, O my brother,
 And let me hold the plough."

These words scarce had I said,
 One instant at my brow
 Stared he—then shrieked and fled.

'Tis NOT MANY DAYS

'TIS not many days
 And no lark in the sky
 Was blither than I;
 And to God I gave praise
 When I saw the corn spring
 Or heard the birds sing,
 And I shunned evil ways.

Now my heart is so torn
 No worm under the sky
 Is so wretched as I;
 And I sorrow and moan
 If I see the corn spring
 Or hear a bird sing,
 And I let God alone.

ALL SOULS- DAY

THE bells toll for the dead!
 The dead lie quiet, they say,
 As quiet as babes in bed—

Death, take me then away:
Alive no peace have I,
If dead all quiet I'll lie.

POEMS RELATING TO CHILDHOOD

To AN ANGEL

CHILD, when you dropped down from the sky
 Into mine arms with many a cry,
 Where was I, my child,
 Where was I
 When you dropped down from the sky?...
 - Upon a lonesome wild.

Child, when I look into your eyes
 My heart it thrills with glad surprise,
 What see I, dear child,
 What see I
 When I look into your eyes?...
 A garden undefiled.

And from that garden these sweet flowers
 I plucked while there I strolled for hours:
 Take them all, my Sweet,
 Take them all,
 From that garden these sweet flowers—
 I lay them at your feet.

VENITE, ADOREMUS

BABE of Bethlehem,
 We're children from the Foundling Home
 Come joyful to adore Thee:
 Gifts have we none, but take our hearts—
 Our hearts we lay before Thee,

Babe of Bethlehem,
 We held a lantern in the dark
 And cried, "Behold the Star!
 Come hasten, hasten as they did—
 The kings who came from far."

Babe of Bethlehem,
 We find Thee, lo, in a poor shed
 (They found us on the street),
 Yet art Thou happy, so are vve—
 And kiss Thy little feet.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

MY world was once within four hills
 And I therein a pet;
 The sun it rose behind one hill,
 Behind another set.

The sun, the moon and all the stars
 They sure were not so far;
 The sun and moon I talked to them
 And counted every star.

Then all the people they were kind
 And most of children good;
 And many a child would come to play
 And some would come for food.

Twas nice to see them come and go,
 But nicer, I must say,
 To see the pig come grunting home
 To mother's *ay! ay! ay!*

I he pig it was a pet of mine,
 Though birds and dogs and cats
 I liked them much, but know not why
 I screamed at sight of rats.

And there was one I did not like—
 An ugly drunkard man—
 And, if I saw him passing by,
 Into the house I ran,

He dug the graves and rung the bell,
 And said they, one and all,
 That none could ring so well as he,
 At feast or funeral.

But best I liked the beggarmen,
 I liked to give them rice;
 In small but many handfuls gave—
 Then nice I felt, so nice.

And when the feast of flowers came round,
 That came but once a year,
 I went with flowers to church, and knelt
 And prayed with father dear.

I knelt and prayed to *Mae de Dens*
 That I all good might be;
 Then threw the flowers about Her shrine,
 And sweet She smiled on me.

Now gone are feasts and gone are flowers,
 And this the greater pain:
 Whatever I be I ne'er can be
 That happy child again.

A CRADLE SONG

PLEASE teach me, mother dear,
A pretty cradle song,
And short and sweet, not long
But with a neat neat rhyme
And with a sweet sweet chime,
To sing in the ear ear ear
Of baby dear dear dear—
To sing it all the time
And make him go to sleep.

O look now, mother dear,
How baby in glad surprise
He opens wide his eyes
To hear the song I make
For sweet sweet baby's sake,
To sing in the ear ear ear
Of baby dear dear dear—
To sing it when awake
And make him go to sleep.

O hear now, mother dear,
What baby has to say—
He wants to fly away;
He's quite as big as I,
Says he, and means to fly
On these his wee wee feet
And hands so sweet sweet sweet.—
Now where does baby cry?
Dear baby's fast asleep.

DREAMS IN CHILDHOOD

DEAR mother, now in heaven,
A dreamy child had thought me;
But then my happy childhood
Such happy dreams had brought me.

If e'er she woke too early,
When birds to song are given,
I murmured, "*Do not wake me,*
I hear the birds in heaven."

UNDER THE MANGO-TREE

YOU are so tall,
O mango-tree!
We are so small,
O mango-tree!
Your mangoes all
Red ripe we see—
Do let them fall,
Dear mango-tree!

Come, winds, come blow!
This mango-tree
Won't pity show
Though hungry we.
Blow, winds, and throw
The fruit we see;
Blow, dear winds, blow!—
There!—one, two, three!

THE BULBULS' NEST

THE path of life 'tis full of thorns—
So hard a fate is ours;
Yet, say, the first few feet is not
The path strewn all with flowers,
Strewn all with flowers?

And naught that comes in after days
The memory of the joy
We had of each and every flower,
Indeed, can e'er destroy,
Can e'er destroy.

And one such flower, among the rest,
When, past a summer shower,
A cool breeze blows, remember I
Each day at luncheon hour,
At luncheon hour.

In a *balcao* there sits a man,
A boy upon his knee:
They watch two bulbuls nesting gay
Upon a mango-tree,
A mango-tree.

It stands so small—the mango-tree—
And to the house so near,
The birds, when hatched, will sure be theirs,
The birds they love so dear,
They love so dear.

The boy he laughs or weeps for joy,
And sire and son begin

To make a cage, a pretty cage,
 To keep the birdies in,
 The birdies in.

The picture might to *some* seem dull,
 Not so seems it to *me*]
 And what a world would I not give
 Again that child to be,
 That child to be!

TWO BABIES

CONTENT within a crib it lay,
 A child wrapt all in silk and wool;
 And, "Who are you?" it seemed to say:
 Dear me, it was so beautiful
 I almost feared to touch it.

Anon I saw another child,
 Tumbling all naked in the street;
 Surprised, it looked at me and smiled:
 Dear heart, it smiled so sweet, so sweet,
 I almost knelt to kiss it.

*And then I mused and made this rhyme
 That men might read it for all time.*

A CHILD OF OUR LADY OF THE MOUNT

NO day in all the livelong year
 To little ones is half so dear
 As is, blest Lady, Thine;

So happy they to gather flowers
And lay them at Thy shrine.

The Lord be praised the Lord He gave
A blessed day like this;
Would I too were a little child
To share their simple bliss!

No child is yet content unless
Above its tray of flowers,
However fresh and fair they be,
A water lily towers.

But who will bring that flower to thee,
An orphan as thou art,
Who prayest in vain thy mother dear
To let thee now depart?

In life her only solace thou,
She dares not let thee go,
Since haunted is the lake, dear child,
In which the lilies blow.

But, "Mother, mother, go I will/'
All wilfully she cried,
And kissed her once, and kissed her twice,
And slipped off from her side.

Then light as fawn the maiden sped
Along the pathway hilly,
Gay singing all the way that she
Would bring the fairest lily.

The little birds about the lake

That piped but now in bush and brake—
 Poor things!—in silent awe
 And eyes wide open put out their heads
 When there the child they saw.

And farther on and farther yet,
 Each time she stretched her hand,
 The one fair lily flowering there
 It drifted from the land,

While deeper grew the water round
 And round her, trying in vain
 To reach the flower—and ne'er, O ne'er
 Saw we the child again.

My GRANNY

YOUR home it lay beyond the hills,
 Yet once or twice a year
 You came and stayed with us for days—
 What grand days, granny dear!

"What want you, boy?—dear granny's poor,
 Has brought you nothing, boy,"
 You always said but always brought
 Gram, plantains and a toy.

And then my jolly days begun
 And th'imp of mischief woke:
 What yells rose round the well as one
 By one the pots I broke!

And, going home, the broken pots,
 I found, had gone before,
 And you, as broken nigh as they,
 Awaiting at the door.

You first rebuked me, said no boy
 Was so uncommon wild;
 Then roused yourself to brave the storm
 And shield your dear grandchild.

"My boy you shall not touch!" you cried,
 And kept me safe behind;
 "Boys *will* be boys, why all this noise?—
 Mind now, O daughter, mind!"...

I've done with pots, I've done with play,
 And done with playmates too;
 They thought me heartless—God He knows
 With tears I think of *you*.

THE GOAN FIDDLER

COME, dear little children,
 Come and list to me,
 List to the poor old fiddler
 From the strange countree.

Baba riding the donkey,
 Little baby with ayah,
 Come, I'll play little monkey
 Or the great Ali Baba.

Tell me first, little baby—
 Tell and have no fear—
 Love you ayah or mummy?...
 Ayah!—quite right, my dear.

Now then read me this riddle—
 "I shall riddle you first,
 You and your cracked fiddle,
 Major saib make you burst.

"None so grand as mummy—
 See her dressed for a ball!
 Isn't she, baby darling?...
 Answers not at all.

"She's bewitched, like the children
 Of old Hamelin town;
 And this fiddler's the piper,
 Now to Poona come down."—

Smart boy, Master Bobby—!
 Ayah, whose son, you ken?...
 Major Snobby's?—dear me!
 Bobby is Snobby then?

Future Lord Command'r-Chief,
 Bobby—mighty clear;
 Tell the mighty Major,
 Will be glad to hear.

Come now, little children,
 Hear me play the tune
 Every man and maiden
 Sets a-dancing soon.

CORSE OF CHILDHOOD

I NOW live in the city
 But my heart's in the country;
 In the city I languish;
 And a wild thorn or tree,
 If I happen to see,
 It thrills me with anguish.

For the birds, that so often
 I used to see nesting
 All gay in the wildwood,
 Alas, they appear
 Carrying slow on a bier
 The corse of my childhood.

DEAD DAYS

ALL serene is daylight breaking,
 On the hill I hear the herds;
 Slowly, sadly, I am waking,
 Waking though to song of birds
 And to song of reapers reaping,
 Since through me now age is creeping—
 Lord, vouchsafe me grace to see
 Dead days ere I cease to be!

Come, O come, dear days,
 Come and bring the child with ye,
 The child with winsome face and smiles:
 Mind not his childish pranks and freaks
 (Was ever full of wanton wiles);
 The child if queer the child was dear
 And had such rosy cheeks—

O bring child to me:
 All my near ones, all my dear ones,
 Are waiting here to welcome ye;
 Come, O come!—
 Come, dear dead days, and comfort me.

In the church are children singing,
 Singing hymns to Mother dear;
 Gaily though the bells are ringing,
 Sad they sound unto mine ear;
 Round me night at last is falling
 And the voice I love is calling,
 Calling where I long to be—
 If ye came I could be free.
 Come, O come, dear days,
 Come and bring the child with ye;
 Mind not his dirty frock and face,
 His bleeding hands or bleeding feet
 (Perchance the child is in disgrace);
 The child was wild, as many a child,
 Yet he was ever sweet—
 O bring the child to me:
 All my near ones, all my dear ones,
 Are waiting now to welcome ye;
 Come, O come!—
 Come, dear dead days, and set me free.

THE PRESENTATION

THERE'S the child, dear Mother, near
 He comes not, lest Thou chide him;
 He loves Thee all the same,
 And gladly left off play

And came here all the way:
 Poor boy, and none to guide him,

None to shelter; but do Thou
 A little corner give him:
 A child with gentle ways
 He will not trouble Thee,
 And naught will trouble me,
 Dear Mother, when I leave him.

THE PARTING

LIKE a slave obeyed I thee,
 Like a dog too followed thee,
 Like a dog its master, O my little master,
 Cheerful all I followed thee;
 Now, a child no longer, thou art stepping faster—
 How am I to follow thee?

Little master, pity me—
 Stay, O stay a while for me. . . .
 No, he's gone—mine angel—leaving wings behind
 Only wings to comfort me; [him,
 If in search I wander, never shall I find him—
 All the world that was to me.

NATURE POEMS

A FIDDLER

A FIDDLER am I of fifty-and-three,
 I go fiddling up and down
 Both countryside and town;
 The town swells they call me *Fiddle-dee-dee*,
 But the country folk are all kind to me:
 A fiddler am I of fifty-and-three,
 Yet no clown though somewhat *down*.

No children, nor kith nor kin have I,
 Not even a home of my own—
 I roam in the world alone;
 But just let me pass a-fiddling by
 And the little ones all come dancing nigh:
 No children, nor kith nor kin have I,
 Yet every child is my own,

I take my tunes from the birds on my way
 And some from the winds that blow—
 They are all the tunes I know;
 I hum them o'er as I go and say,
 These birds, indeed, what a blessing are they!
 (I take my tunes from the birds on my way)
 But men they'll never know!

AT BREAK OF DAY

AT break of day
 In pleasant spring,
 When on each spray
 The blithe birds sing,
 While half awake

In bed you lie
And one kiss take
Of her close by—
How earth and life
Seem doubly dear!
And with your wife
You rise to hear
The blithe birds sing,
At break of day
In pleasant spring,
Their matin lay.

And if your soul
Of pride and greed
Be guiltless whole,
What peace indeed
There follows then,
What goodwill to
Your fellow-men
Then glows in you!—
When blithe birds sing,
At break of day
In pleasant spring,
Their matin lay.

Anon you hear
The lowing herds
With bells that cheer
No less than birds.
How lovely then
Appears this earth,
And hill and glen
How full of mirth!
What mad delight,

What poetic fires
And visions bright
The scene inspires!

But soon is heard
Another sound,
The voice of bird
And beast being drowned:
The air is filled
With humdrum din,
And life's revealed
With strife and sin.
Then painful thoughts
And tears succeed
Because our lot's
So sad indeed;
And all resolves
Of gentler kind
The sun dissolves—
What though you find
The valleys ring
With tinklings gay
And blithe birds sing
Their blithest lay.

GREETINGS

AT sunrise o'er the hills
As I go a-whistling gay,
The birds from many a tree,
"Good morning, poet!" they say.
It thrills me so, I, I
Can hardly make reply,

But in my heart I bless them.

At sunset I return
A-musing all the way,
And, to the birds about,
"Good night, dear birds!" I say.
If none of them replies
Because of heavy eyes,
Sure in their hearts they bless me.

THE CORNFIELD

ON I autumn morn
I chanced to cross
A field of corn;
And there it was—
That blessed morn—
To sinful me
The grace was given
On earth to see
The ways of Heaven:
I saw a bird
And heard a voice
I ne'er before
Had seen or heard.
I did rejoice,
Yet with my joy
Was holy awe
At what I saw;
And what I said
I know not well,
For, strange to tell,
I instantly

Was on my knee.

The bird saw too,
Yet did not stir;
And, "Who are you
To ask me, sir?"

It said, and I
Did thus reply,
Grown bolder now,
I know not how:
"An untaught poet
Of trees and birds
Whom no man knoweth
And, wanting words,
But dreams and sings
Of simple things."—

"Peace! all heaven knoweth;
From heaven come I:
Come, *simple* poet!"
The bird rejoined.

So I drew nigh
And heard it say—
That blessed day—
To an ear of corn,
A tiny ear
Then newly born:
"Grow quick, my dear!
There's dearth and death
On every hand,
In every breath
Upon this land—
Grow quick, my dear!"

Then was revealed
 At every ear,
 Throughout the field,
 A bird, and clear
 A voice, "Spare, spare!"
 Was it my prayer
 That blessed morn
 While I did cross
 The field of corn?
 Perchance it was:
 To sinful me
 Such grace was given—
 On earth to see
 The ways of Heaven.

SALISBURY PARK

WHEN the first time I
 Crossed Salisbury Park,
 There was nobody there,
 But alone in the sky
 Was singing a lark:
 We two from the world were apart —
 The lark in the sky,
 Upon the earth I—
 And a strange joy played round my heart.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

A SMALL green hill, an evenfall,
 And, swaying upon a thorn,
 A bulbul—to its mate doth call:

Delighted I look on.—
How soft and tranquil all!

Who comes?—A woman young and fair,
A child against her hip;
Sweet mogras round the knot of hair,
A lilt upon her lip>—
How sweet is all the air!

Upon the ground the child she lays
And plucks the cashews red:
Some farmer's wife, but the sun's rays
A glory round her shed.—
Happy must be her days!

TO MONSOON BUTTERFLIES

WELCOME, pretty butterflies
Coming gaily through the skies.
In a distant land I roam,
You are coming from my home,
You are coming from the south.
Come now kiss me on the mouth:
You did kiss my little one
While he played out in the sun;
Come then kiss me on the mouth,
You are coming from the south.

Come, my beauties, bring us rain,
Come and gladden hill and plain.
He it was had told me all—
With your coming rain must fall.
Come now kiss me for his sake,

Take a thousand kisses, take:
 Father dear is dead and gone,
 / am left here all forlorn;
 Come then kiss me for his sake,
 Take a thousand kisses, take.

THE STRAY MONSOON BUTTERFLY

POOR dear butterfly!
 It has lost its way,
 Knows not what to do;
 Lost its poor head too—
 Just as I too may—
 Mid these flats and wires.

Poor dear butterfly!
 Gay had left its home,
 Safe had crossed the sea,
 Sad its thoughts must be—
 Worse than wild sea foam
 Finds the homes of men.

Pretty butterfly,
 No more flights now take,
 Lest thou break thy wings
 'Gainst these horrid things,
 And my heart too break—
 With thy broken wings,

Pretty butterfly,
 Glad I'll shelter thee;
 Come and take thy rest
 Safe upon my breast;

Come, O come to me
That so loves thy kind.

TO THE DHYAL

THOUGH many a bird of brighter wing
There be and some that sweeter sing,
And the birds I love be many,
Yet I love thee best of any,
For ne'er was bird to man, I ween,
What thou, dear bird, to me hast been.

I loved thy song from cradle days
And oft had tried to sing thy praise:
All my childhood thou didst brighten,
All my burdens thou dost lighten,
And this return I make to thee
Is naught beside thy gifts to me.

Each morn and eve, this many a year,
I've sought this place thy song to hear:
Though my hopes of fame have fled now
And my dreams of life be dead now,
Thank God, one blessing still is mine—
Thy own dear self—then why repine?

THE SCORNFUL BIRD

WHAT blessings love may bring us,
Ev'n love of beast or bird!
Ah ne'er should I have known it
But for a bird I heard.

'The birds what makes you love them
 E'er since a little boy?"
 Thus oft my heart had asked me.
 "Because they give me joy,"

I as oft had answered promptly;
 And now this rich reward.
 My words are they so childish?—
 Pity the child, O Lord!

Day after day I heard it,
 Though never once for long;
 As soon as I went near it
 The bird would cease its song;

Until a voice rebuked me,
 Saying, "Wretch, and would you moan?
 This bird the world despises
 And sings to God alone."

THE MUNIAS- NEST

IN the valley as I rambled,
 Sad with thoughts of childhood days,
 Though the birds sung loud about me,
 How could they my spirits raise?
 All they sung was, "Never, never
 Will return your childhood days."

Then I saw a pair of munias—
 Happy as birds in paradise—
 Make a nest, and sadness left me,
 Changing so my heart and eyes

One wild moment I a child was
 And this earth a paradise.

TO THE TAILOR-BIRD

TWHIT! twhit! twhit!
 From tree to tree or bough to bough
 The livelong day
 You fly and sing and fly, as now—
 No bird so gay,
 No bird so gay.

Sweet! sweet! sweet!
 But sweeter, sweeter was your twitter
 In other years,
 Years when I knew not life was bitter,
 And knew not tears,
 And knew not tears.

Twit! twit! twit!
 Now not a day but you do meet me,
 Your friend of yore,
 And oft you come and oft you greet me,
 The same no more,
 The same no more.

Sweet! sweet! sweet!
 To *you* so cheery, wee wee deary,
 Life still has zest;
 But / am sated, / am weary,
 And fain would rest,
 And fain would rest.

BEFORE A CAGE OF BULBULS

IT pains me, bird, to see thee here:
 All vain is thy despair and rage;
 No more thy voice the woods will cheer,
 A voice that made the woods so dear—
 Confined for life within a cage.

My fate is not less hard than thine,
 Yet much less galling were the chain—
 'Mong strangers doomed to toil and pine—
 And something fain would I resign
 To see thee range the woods again.

THE KING-CROW

AGAIN, as years ago,
 Now every day we meet:
 You watch me from that tree,
 I watch you from this seat—
 Two sorry creatures we!

You're what you ever were;
 You know none other joy
 Than chasing harmless birds:
 Ah, know you not the boy
 Who chased you mid the herds!

He's off—to chase that crow;
 What will the poor bird do?
 It caws and caws and flies:
 'Tis Nature's law, but who
 Would have it otherwise?

LOVE POEMS

THE SECRET

EVERY year you blossom, tamarind,
 And the sunbirds seek you as of old;
 Every day gay children, tamarind,
 Come to romp around you as of old;
 And, lo, every hour of every day
 All these years I've waited, tamarind-
 Silence! silence to the last, I pray;
 It was all so fated, tamarind.
 Pride consumes him, said they, tamarind,
 And no pity had they, tamarind;
 You the secret keep now, tamarind,
 Keep it till all secrets are made known,
 For I go to sleep now, tamarind,
 Till o'er all the trumpet's blown.

FIRST LOVE

MANY years ago, when life to me
 Was like a garden fair
 With flowers that I could pluck at ease
 All day without a care,

A lassie sweet I loved, and loved
 With such intensity
 I thought if she were mine, all mine,
 How happy I would be!

A lad of hardly eight was I
 And she no more than seven,
 With eyes so bright I deemed she was
 An angel dropped from heaven.

It was at school we met, and mine
 A pleasant task indeed,
 For I was bid from out her book
 To make her spell and read.

I made her spell, I made her read,
 And lingered o'er the task;
 But, ah, how silly were at times
 The questions I did ask!

I well remember how I used
 To pinch her pretty hand:
 A childlike wile of mine that she
 My love might understand.

And I remember how one day,
 When she begun to cry,
 I made her sit beside me close
 And kissed her on the sly.

The tender look she give me then
 With joy call I to mind,
 For it was one that promised love
 If I to her were kind.

And I was kind from that dear day
 And loved her more and more:
 But soon we parted-ne'er to meet
 The same way as before.

So hard a lot was mine it left
 No day save sabbath day
 When I my love could see, and then—
 For distant was the way—

I had to give my sire the plea
 Of wanting plants and flowers
 That in their garden grew: I went
 And loitered there for hours.

But then each time, I noticed, she
 Received me with less joy,
 For as she grew more lovely so
 She grew more cold and coy.

Her coldness piqued my pride—and I
 Was proud beyond my age;
 And one kind word to other boys
 Raised fits of jealous rage.

And thus I went no more, but soon
 Forsook my native home
 For lands across the Ghats, which I
 For ten long years did roam,

Returning thence—though greatly changed—
 I could not but desire
 To see for once the maid who could
 A love so deep inspire.

Not that I wished to wed her now,
 Such changes time had wrought
 In me I durst not link my name
 To one with such a blot,

Since well I knew unhallowed were
 The riches of her house;
 Her mother's sister had, besides,
 Profaned her marriage vows,

Yet as her face it haunted me,
Had haunted all my days—
Ev'n in rrtiy wanderings wide, when Fame
Had spoke so much in praise

Of her sweet charms—no marvel I
Should yearn to see the kind
Of welcome she would give me now,
And from her welcome find

If aught in her betrayed the past.
And so I could not wait
But went full soon: I met her lone
Beside the garden gate.

Gently she placed her hand in mine
And raised her tearful eyes:
I could not help but press her hand—
To feel my love arise!

I could not choose but gaze and gaze
Upon her—who so fair?
But, though my heart it bade me love,
Calm reason cried, "Beware!"

And at that warning rose large drops
Of sweat upon my brow,
And wretched to myself I cried,
"Would I were dead ere now!"

Then, from her presence rushing wild,
Straight homeward did I speed
Belike a man who, forced by fate,
Has done a guilty deed.

And—to be brief—we never met
 Nor dare to meet again;
 But dear's the memory of first love,
 Though mine had been in vain.

BRAHMIN GIRLS

I've seen the East, I've seen the West,
 And truth it bids me this declare—
 Of all the girls the Brahmin girls
 Are fairest of the fair:
 The Brahmin girls, the Brahmin girls,
 The Brahmin girls so fair,
 Upon their nose the ring of pearls
 And jasmine in their hair.

No more your Lauras, Kates or Jeans,
 Your eyes of blue and locks of gold;
 Mohini sweet, a girl as sweet
 I never shall behold:
 Mohini sweet, Mohini neat,
 So maddening to behold,
 With *kinnint chinning* round her feet
 And *fas {is* of the fold.

I met a girl at Nasik fair,
 A Brahmin girl of beauty rare;
 She smiled so sweet when I did greet
 As bade me not despair;
 But said all rude—confound the prude,
 She'll drive me to despair—
 "Ere you I wed go shave your head
 Except a tuft of hair."

LONG YEARS AGO

I KNEW a sweet maiden
With beautiful eyes,
Long years ago;
I have seen many eyes
But no pair like hers—
They haunt me so!

She lived on the field side
In a mean little hut,
Long years ago;
I lived on the hill side
In a clean little house—
And hence mine woe.

And ne'er the sun rose,
And ne'er the sun set,
Long years ago—
No matter what weather—
But found us together
And watched us grow.

Two light-hearted children
With smiles we had parted,
Long years ago;
Of partings and pain,
Of life and its trials,
What could we know?

I am sitting now lone
On the steps we sate on,
Long years ago—
O to see once again

The beautiful eyes
That haunt me so!

THE Mullah's DAUGHTER

BECAUSE the mosque upon the mainland
Is much too far away,
The Moslems now have one on th'island,
And full five times can pray.
A-sorry fellow is their mullah,
But O the mullah's daughter!

As oft the mosque I stand admiring—
Conceit it makes them blind—
They think that I have Moslem leanings,
The mullah too he's kind.
A sorry fellow though the mullah,
A beauty is his daughter.

"No trifling, saib, with Moslem maidens;
My daughter can be thine:
Be first a Moslem," says the mullah,
"And give up pork and wine."
A sorry fellow is that mullah,
But I mean have his daughter.

THE PARIAH GIRL

I SEE her every day—
And ne'er without a thrill—
The sylph-like pariah girl
Returning from the mill.

O let the Brahmin say
 Her touch would taint his soul,
 I'll strike my breast and hope
 The touch will make me whole.

When first I spoke to her
 In arms she held a child.
 "Is that your child?" I'd asked.—
 "No," she'd replied—and smiled!

That smile has me undone
 And gives my mind no rest
 For thinking if e'er I
 Shall press her to my breast.

DREAMS OF LIFE

SUCH dreams were mine,
 Though late in autumn they come true,
 When leaves are yellow
 And pleasures mellow;
 But wonders too the gods will do
 When dreams, like mine,
 Are nigh divine.

Now all day long
 Content I sit and dream I hear
 The palm-trees shady
 That praise my lady,
 Whose anklets dear keep jingling near
 And out, ere long,
 There comes a song.

And glad feel I
 When at my feet she takes her seat
 And reads out stories
 Of Vedic glories
 And makes my dreams of life complete,
 With hopes long I
 Might death defy.

SIMPLY SHY

(An Urdu Song)

YOU ask me how I am
 But I make no reply;
 You think me unpolite—
 I'm simply shy.

You take my hand in yours
 And tears come to mine eye;
 You call me timid dove—
 Pm simply shy.

You raise your eyes to mine
 But I look down and sigh;
 You fear I do not love—
 Pm simply shy.

THE STRANGER

WHEN the shades of night were falling
 And the birds each other calling
 In the trees and temple eaves,
 While the folk, with jest and laughter,

Home returned with loads of sheaves—
Softly, like a serpent gliding,
Came he through the bylanes hiding.—
Beware, my child, beware!

All the village, lost in wonder,
Round the stranger stood to ponder
What might be his creed and land,
Since not one among the pundits
Could his lingo understand;
But so wondrous sung and played he,
Of their hearts mere playthings made he.—
Beware, my child, beware!

Village maids robed like the Graces,
Matrons too but veiling faces—
On their way to or from the well—
Round the stranger long would loiter:
While their bosoms rose and fell
At each word he sung or uttered,
How the wild doves leapt and fluttered!—
Beware, my child, beware!

Once the Rajah flaunting sashes,
And his bride with drooping lashes,
Riding past, had paused to hear:
Why so pale had turned the stranger?
Had his looks not shown some fear?
Sure his voice had strangely altered,
Sure his fingers they had faltered.—
Beware, my child, beware!

When the day was slowly breaking
And the birds each other waking,

Loud was heard the palace gong.
 Dumb with terror was the village—
 Why the mournful tale prolong?...
 Great my dread when love-light flashes,
 As in you, through drooping lashes.—
 Beware, my child, beware!

THE NEGLECTED WIFE

(A Goa Song)

THREE years this day—nor more nor less—
 Though married I have been,
 I know not yet what marriage means,
 And now I'm past eighteen;
 And this young age creates a rage
 Of such desires, upon my breast
 This end of saree *will not* rest.

My husband he to Bombay went
 Now three years but a day:
 He writes so seldom, never writes
 When home return he may,
 While all declare I'm young and fair;
 But what is beauty, youth to me
 Deprived of love and liberty?

On Sundays, when to church I go,
 For love, not Ood, I yearn;
 The young men there they smile to me
 And I their smiles return.
 May God forgive the life I live,
 But when I think upon my lot
 I can't suppress the sinful thought.

I went last week to a wedding f^ast;
 The young man I dined beside
 And danced with too he danced and said.
 "I would you were my bride!"
 I felt so glad, I felt so sad,
 But felt too shy to make reply
 And tear on tear came to mine eye.

This morning I confessed in hopes
 Some comfort I might win:
 A fool was I!—the cold old priest
 Sees naught besides my sin.
 I feel so sad, I feel so bad,
 May God upon me pity take—
 I feel my heart is like to break.

To GRAY-EYES

WHAT hour the dear birds go to roost
 I come to you, Gray-Eyes:
 A witching hour indeed, but not
 So witching as you, Gray-Eyes.

What time the moon shines full and bright
 I gaze on you, Gray-Eyes:
 The moon I find her fair, but not
 So fair as you, Gray-Eyes.

When first the dewdrops kiss the rose
 I too kiss you, Gray-Eyes:
 Ah sweet is then the rose, but not
 So sweet as you, Gray-Eyes.

Though not a few to me are dear—
 Just as to you, Gray-Eyes—
 Not one is dear as you: am I
 As dear to you, Gray-Eyes?

SPRING is COME!

ALL day long they sing or hum,
 "Spring is come, glad spring is come!"
 Yet no gladness comes to me.
 All in flower silk-cotton trees
 Every side I see them rise,
 Full of starlings, mynas, crows
 Sipping nectar with glad cries,
 "Spring is come, glad spring is come!"
 Yet no gladness comes to me;
 None at all because of thee—
 False Gray-Eyes, because of thee.

BUTTERFLIES

BEAUTIFUL butterflies
 All fluttering so gay,
 And I feasting mine eyes
 As joyful as they!
 Till you come on the scene—
 You haunting Gray-Eyes—
 You come in between
 And chase them away—
 My poor butterflies
 You chase them away,
 O you cruel Gray-Eyes!

NEMESIS

THE moon tonight shines full and bright
But brings my heart no joy,
For one wild night I cursed her light
That did my love annoy.

And now full soon, O outraged moon,
The curse recoils on me,
And *her* likewise—alas, Gray-Eyes—
Whom ne'er again I'll see.

THE LETTER

FIVE years this day
I came away
From her I love,
And for whose sake
I'd made my foe
The world below
And Heaven above,
Though Christ had come between us.

My parting threat
She'd smiled thereat
With cruel disdain,
So glad was she
The way was clear
For one more dear
I might have slain,
Had Christ not come between us.

Five years—five years
 Of sighs and tears—
 And ne'er a token;
 Nor, till her love
 Is off his head
 And worse than dead,
 The silence broken,
 For Christ had come between us.

In words that bite
 She dares now write:
 "I know you're good—
 For love of Christ
 Forgive, forget,
 And trust me yet.^M
 And fain I would,
 But Christ will come between us.

A DOUBLE DREAM

SHE was making her toilet,
 When I stole from behind
 And covered her eyes;
 Then I read in the mirror,
 "She loves you now duly
 Or this blush would not rise."
 And I read on her mind,
 "Had he loved me not truly
 Would he come from behind
 And cover mine eyes?"

So I said to myself:
 "It was only a dream,

And the serpent seen there
 Awaiting to bite me,
 And my true love resembling,
 All empty as air—
 When are dreams what they seem?"
 And I woke up a-trembling:
 It was only a dream,
 And the serpent was there.

LOVE AND PRIDE

DANCE and music in the house!
 Far from fair, they think, the bride;
 One fair woman's all I see,
 Sad at heart she waits for me:
 Short the road to reach her side—
 Why not let old bygones be?
 Thy pride may prove the curse of thee.

Wine and cheers within the hall!
 Bride and groom a happy pair!
 One sad woman's all I see,
 Sighs and waits in vain for me:
 Haste, thou wretch, and soothe the fair—
 Why prolong this agony?
 Thy pride may prove the death of thee.

THE TABLES TURNED

So glad I made her suffer!
 Won't she burst now into tears
 At sight of me, cruel-hearted,

Made her suffer six long years!
 But gladly she'll forgive me
 Soon as I have kissed her tears.

But here's the house, an angel's:
 Enter we now heaven, my heart....
 Good Heavens, a bride and bridegroom!
 Glances soft begins to dart—
 The vile, vindictive woman!—
 With soft glances breaks my heart!

THE BROKEN HEART

YOU have broken my heart, Gray-Eyes,
 And I die ere my time:
 God forgive you the crime!
 But I won't be long there,
 Be the place e'er so fair .
 And called heaven or paradise—
 And why should I care?
 I want nothing but you, Gray-Eyes.
 So mind now, cruel woman, mind:
 When you're combing your hair
 I will come from behind
 And cover your eyes.

HUMOROUS POEMS

THE LORD OF CREATION

A HEARTY breakfast over,
 Within myself content,
 With all the world at peace,
 Into the town I went—
 The lord of creation I!

Quiet feeding on the garbage,
 That in a street there lay,
 Were pariah dogs, whose looks
 They seemed to plead and say,
 "The slaves of creation we!"

Farther on, while their children
 They scratched each other's face,
 Two ladies swore enough
 To shame the human race—
Ladies'ot creation they!

I bit my tongue, and then,
 Returning the same way,
 Distinct I heard the dogs
 To one another say,
 "The lord of creation he!"

LIMBO

IF, e'er I sneered at mother
 When I found her praying
 That heathens might be Christians,
 She would chide me, saying:

"You know not, son, of limbo
 Where the heathens go;
 Naught like its awful darkness
 Find we here below.

"To think of human beings
 Doomed to such a fate!——"
 "Or," thoughtless I would break in,
 "Kicked from heaven's gate!

"Nay, rather be a heathen
 And in darkness dwell
 Than be a Christian burning
 In the fires of hell/'

At this retort poor mother,
 With her eyes to heaven,
 Would strike her breast, imploring
 I might be forgiven.

But I did truly mean it,
 And of limbo thought
 As of a cave with benches;
 Nor so sad the lot

But, God a comrade granting
 Either side of me,
 I might in friendly converse
 Pass eternity

Last night I died, a heathen,
 And in limbo rose
 And found myself—O horror!—
 'Tween my deadliest foes.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER

FORTUNE-TELLER, memsaib!
 Tell fortune very well,
 Past, present, future tell;
 A only one rupee
 My fortune-telling fee—
 Fortune-teller, memsaib!...

Saib's hand one minute see:
 No like no pay my fee
 Saib plenty money make,
 But cunning people take.
 Saib's luck to marry twice;
 The second memsaib nice,
 So nice and pretty wife
 Keep saib *dilkoosh* all life.
 She give saib children three,
 And darling dear they be:
 First come two boys, then girl
 Just like the beauty pearl.
 Saib reading mighty much,
 Religion books and such.
 Saib's star it rise in west-
 No understand the rest;
 I tell no more no less
 But what be pucca guess.
 Saib's years now forty-four,
 Live certain forty more:
 No lie, saib see this here,
 This line show age quite clear;
 I never telling lie—
 What good do saib or I?
 No good, and why I should?

Saib's fortune very good.
 I get now plenty pice,
 Saib's fortune very nice.

BEGGARS

ONE eve in s,ltry May
 While I, more grave than gay,
 Sat gazing, wondering, at the sky—
 As I am wont to do*—

Two wily beggars, passing by,
 They stopped and asked me for a pie—
 I hadn't a pie with me—
 Ah, what was I to do?
 I'm so afrai.i of them,
 Since something happened to——
 I'm so afraid of them.

The scoundrels wouldn't believe
 I had no pies to give,
 And one he said, "Just hear him, *bhai**—
 He have no pie! and you,
 You tell me saib *lok** tell no lie;
 I know this saib have plenty pie/'
 And home they followed me—
 Ah, what was I to do?
 I have a dread of them,
 Since something happened to——
 I have a dread of them.

* In Hindustani, *bhai* means *brother* and *lok* means *people*.

MISTER BROWN

I MET this morn my neighbour Brown,
The happiest man, as good folk say,
The happiest man in all the town;
And who am I to murmur nay?—
Is not the world turned upside-clown?

"Good morning, Mister Brown," I said,
"I daresay, Mister, you have found
What like it must be to be dead?
You work, it seems, all underground."
At this my neighbour he turned red.

"At break ot day you are away,
And never home till it is night,
You never see the sunshine gay—
'No work no pay,' say you?—that's right....
What, never had a holiday

"But once! there was some heathen feast?,..
Good gracious, didn't know what to do!
An hour didn't mind it in the least?
Felt so queer, took a peg or two?...
What, slept the whole day like a beast!

"No wonder, friend, they envy you,
The happiest man in all the town;
Indeed, since all the world's askew."—
"Good morning," says then Mister Brown,
And off he goes-and whistling too!

CARPE DIEM

ENOUGH, my heart,
 No more will I obey thee;
 We two shall part,
 Lest I in cold blood slay thee.

What mean these dreams?
 The end is sure disaster;
 The best, meseems,
 Is reason, for a master.

I'll take the plough
 But no thought for the morrow;
 So part we now—
 Away with dreams and sorrow!

Says poor dear heart:
 "Obey or disobey me,
 I cannot part;
 So come in cold blood slay me."

A CHAT WITH THE CROW

COMF, comrade, come we'll have a chat
 What scandal?. — care a fig for that!...
 They hate you so?—they hate me too;
 And 'tis the best thing we can do:
 Be chums—are you not of my mind?
 A fellow feeling makes us kind

Men hate you, why?—you steal by day?
 Before their very noses, eh?

A hundred ways too, all their lives,
 You vex them and their cooks and wives?
 My friend, why steal you not by night,
 And vex as *they* vex—out of sight?

They also curse your cawing (you know),
 Which I for worlds would not forego
 I jest?—no, take my word, 'tis true—
 And here is something nice for you.
 Next time we meet please look not glum
 But greet and treat me like a chum.

THE CORONATION

CHILD, child, be not afraid, 'tis I,
 Father, come back—why should you cry?...
 There's something shines upon my brow?
 'Tis stars before your eyes—not now?
 Cry not, such things have I to tell,
 The wondrous things that me befell.
 But first we'll on our knees and pray,
 Thank God that gives this happy day....

I know not how it came about,
 But in the garden fast asleep
 I lay—you know what place, my boy—
 Or maybe I was dreaming deep,
 When with these words, "I wish thee joy!"
 A fairy kissed me, and I woke.
 And all around me there were birds,
 In number quite enough to choke,
 And every colour, shape and size;

Like birds they sung, like men they spoke;
 Above me flocks of butterflies
 Hung like a cloudlet in the skies.

And then the martin—who, you know,
 Each day to wash God's feet must go—
 Advancing with a pompous gait,
 "Excuse me if I made ye wait,"
 He said, "but stop this noise and din,
 And let the ceremony begin.

Forward, thou dhyal,
 Best loved thou art,
 Like a queen royal
 Sit on his heart.

"Come, little bird,
 Called by him Sweet-
 All the world heard—
 Sit at his feet.

"Bird of the South,
 Shy little Miss,
 Right on the mouth
 Give him a kiss.

"Flycatcher gay,
 Lucky thou art,
 Great is the day,
 Play thy great part;
 This pretty crown,
 Rainbow dyed,
 Feather and down,
 Place on his head

"Crowned is our King-
 Handsomely done!—
 Till the skies ring
 Sing everyone
Crowning the King"

And they sung on and sung such a strain
 Ne'er its like will be heard again.
 And the children about came to hear
 (They were in the garden quite near);
 Some riding on donkeys—dear hearts!—
 And others in little go-carts,
 All with ayahs or chokra boys
 Came crying, "What a noise! what a noise!"¹

Delighted was I beyond words,
 Though a trifle ashamed, for the birds
 They pecked at my beard so white.
 One thing alone marred my delight,
 Indeed was not easy to bear:
 Not a crow was allowed in the least
 To approach me or join in the feast;
 So here they have come for their share.—
 "A treat, please Your Majesty now."
 Just hear what they say, my son:
 A treat to be sure—or a row!
 A treat to the crows—what great fun!

THE OLD IRANI

SLY rogue, the old Irani!
 Has made a lakh, they say—
 A lakh in land and money—

By mixing milk with *pani**
 What if she bolt away—
 The young Madame Irani—
 With all the fellow's money?
 Beware now, Abdul Gani,
 Beware of *Kala Pani*
 And meddle not with money!

She thinks I be some rajah—
 Some rajah in disguise—
 And sure to taste like honey;
 Wouldn't mind a little *majah*;
 I read it in her eyes.
 But wait a bit, my rani,
 I'll give you yet your honey,
 And teach the old Irani
 To mix my milk with *pani*
 And feed himself with honey!

*Water.

the Penal Settlement in the Andamans
 is known among Indians as *Kala Pani*

Enjoyment.

POEMS OF My MOTHERLAND

My MOTHERLAND

BECAUSE of knaves and fools
 I fled my motherland,
 My poor dear motherland;
 Now with an aching heart
 I wander, far, apart.
 But what is this I see?
 Green hills on either hand,
 Green hills of motherland—
 They rise and frown on me!

Into this church I'll go
 And on my knees I'll pray,
 To Mary Mother pray,;
 Such faith have I in prayer
 No hills shall rise up there.
 But what is that I see?
 My mother! clear as day
 I see her kneel and pray—
 Oh, it will madden me'

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS

EACH morn, each morn
 I wake half dreamy, I wake and say,
 Arise, O heart, and bless the day!
 When, lo, I hear a girl's voice calling,
 "Coming, Clara—coming, dear?"
 And her scurrying feet, her tiny feet,
 Like dewdrops falling, pit-pat falling,
 Early morning, pearly morning,
 Make music soft, that liquid sweet

It falls upon mine ear;
 And I cannot rise, I cannot pray,
 For the feast of flowers is drawing near
 And my heart is far away.

At last, at last
 I rise all sad, I rise and say,
 Now take thy cross and go thy way!
 But then I hear the church-bells ringing,
 Ding dong merry, ding dong clear!
 And as silver clear, as silver sweet,
 All in a chorus children singing,
 "Queen of heaven, pray for us!"
 While flowers are flung about Her feet,
 About Her feet so dear;
 And I cannot work but halting-wise,
 For the feast of flowers is drawing near
 And the old old yearnings rise.

THE DEAR HILLSIDE

MANSIONS, mansions all around—
 Not one cottage anywhere!
 O to see the dear old spot
 With my neat and cosy cot
 On the dear hillside!

Noises, noises night and day—
 'Nough to drive one to despair!
 O to hear the cattle lowing
 And his pipe the herd-boy blowing
 On the dear hillside!

Strangers, strangers every side—
 From the casements how they stare!
 O to feel the fresh green grass
 Quiet beside mine own sweet lass
 On the dear hillside!

THE WHITE BIRD

Dedicated to my dear kinsmen Hipolito Joao Furtado and Jose Manuel Santana Furtado, who were kind enough to give me back my ancestral home.

WHAT a god-forsaken place!
 Yet vvas it a pleasant valley,
 With the house where I was born
 And the gentle hill behind it,
 Thut but now I had looked upon.
 And two owl-like birds from thither,
 Which had perched upon the tree
 I was under, me beholding,
 With one voice had cried, " Tis he!
 Wandering homeless seven years past—
 Now the white bird conies at last/*
 Ooranpoki birds were they, I know,
 My good old grandaunt spoke about
 In the fairy tales she told us
 Little children long ago.

Strangely now my heart is throbbing;
 Sure enough the bird is coming—

Coming, coming, coming;
 I hear the flutter of its wings
 Above the bell my father rings,
 The bell of Candelaria!
 And there I see the blessed Lady,

On the altar see Her stand,
 Not wroth as last I s-iw Her—
 In my flight across the land,
 When She had chid me, saying,
 "Why comest thou to Me?
 If Heaven hath punished thee,
 As heaven is to others

Thy country was to thiee!"—
 But full of love and pity.
 And the Christ-Child in Her arms -<
 "Follow me, follow me!"—
 He's smiling—look! and calling:
 "Follow me, follow me!"

 O sweet and clear
 Upon mine ear
 The Child's sweet words are falling—
 "Follow me, follow me!"—
 Waking hopes of bliss untold.

But, lo, what bird is this above me?—
 "Follow me, follow me!"—
 A silver bird with human voice?
 Where's the blessed Child and Mother?—
 "Follow me, follow me!"—
 Or hath the Child become a bird?
 Then how am I so strangely stirred,
 And the bird's voice like a balm
 It soothes my troubled heart?
 Yea, I'll follow thee, my little bird,
 Follow thee as once I followed,
 Across a lonesome wild
 For full seven years, a child;
 When at every step mine eyes
 Had had peeps at paradise.

Gladly will I follow thee;
 But hasten not so, I implore,
 Yea hasten not, good bird,
 For bare my feet are, bare and sore.
 Look, ev'n the wayside flowers

They pity me, poor things;
 This balm misfortune brings;
 Not so in the happier years
 When I was wont to say,
 "Good morning, little ones!"

And my eyes would fill with tears!—
 What cared ye for an old man's greeting?
 And now we meet—how sad a meeting!...
 Enough!...Forgive!...Ye care, ye care!

"My son, my son!"—

Sure I heard a voice!

Or is it the winds that moan

In yonder glen?—•

My son, my son! —

There again!—and like mine own;
 The voice I feared yet live to bless—

"My son, my son!"—

Thy voice, stern prophetess!

Ah, hadst thou not prophesied,

The deed I had not done;

Tw'as thy words, more than my pride,

Impelled me and I fell:

Forgive, forgive thy son!

Lo, the mark upon my brow

A wanderer makes of me,

So stern was Fate's decree,

And stern as Fate wert thou.

Yet, mother, it is well:

Had not thy sternness made me strong,
 Could I my fate have borne so long?

Bird, what hill is this before us?
 Great the hopes that rise in me.
 See how glad, though night's descending,
 See how glad I follow thee.—

Hark the bell,
 The bell of Candelaria!
 Well I know it, well;
 Would know it from a thousand others,
 The dear dear bell of Candelaria!—

"Virgem Purissima,

Senhora Mae de Dens,

Rogae a Jesus por nos!"—

And the hymn, the blessed hymn,
 Children sing with joyful hearts
 Before Our Lady's shrine,
 How it swells upon the breeze,
 Then, floating down the hillside, comes
 And fills my heart with joy divine!

But what strange hill is this?
 And how came I upon its side?
 Can it be the fateful hill
 Where Christ our Lord was crucified?

Something, up the slope,
 Something like a cross I see,
 A white bird poised above
 Not a cross but crucifix,

It hangs upon a wall
 (The bird too is but a dove),
 And one on bended knee
 Before it.... 'tis a hall....

A room my mother's room

There she is! my stern, pious mother

(Stern, yet how dear!),

A censer in her hand—

What sweet perfume!—

How came I here?...

Doth she not see me? yet I feel

She knoweth I am near

(Beside her let me go and kneel),

Or seeth and doth not care?—

O thoughtless one!

Did she e'er turn aside from prayer?

And, now she prayeth for her son,

The house might fall about her ears,

Ne'er will she turn, O ne'er!...

But what is this she's doing?...hath done?—

Oh mine eyes they are blind with tears....

With ashes from the censer she

Hath crossed the mark upon my brow—

Hath crossed it out for ever!...

What sweet sensations thrill me now!

What visions beautiful I see!...

That's my sire, my gentle sire,

Ringing the bell,

The dear dear bell of Candelaria!...

And those others they must be

Forbears of mine,

Eager all to welcome me

Children, angels, seraphim

Sing the blessed blessed hymn—

Oh the melody divine!...

TO THE MANDOVI

TAKE it not ill, I entreat thee,
 That with no raptures I greet thee,
 Dear River Mandovi:
 Careworn and weary I meet thee,
 Dear River Mandovi.

Many great churches adorn thee,
 Many bright sons have been born thee—
 God prosper all, Mother!—
 Who among these looked so upon thee
 As I do, O mother?

Some for thy rich leaping treasure,
 Others for motives of pleasure
 May love thee, Mandovi;
 Who loves thee, as I beyond measure,
 For thy own self, Mandovi?

Ne'er a year passed but I sought thee,
 Ne'er a night came but it brought thee
 In dreams to me, Mother;
 Reverent now I have wrought thee
 A love-wreath, O Mother!

Poor though the gift, like the giver,
 All my heart goes with it, River,
 Dear River Mandovi;
 Goes to thee now and for ever,
 O Mother Mandovi!

My NATIVE LAND

HILLS and valleys everywhere!
On each hill a cross or shrine,
In each valley cots and farms.
Other lands may be as fair,
Yet what land, what land but mine,
Is so blest with homely charms?
Land of palm and mango-tree,
Dear as life art thou to me.

My VILLAGE

FOUR little hills with bulbuls gay
Warbling on cashew-trees all day;
A gentle stream, a paddy-field
Twice a year and like a garden tilled;
And little huts, in groves of palm,
With peasant folk content and calm:
And once these things were all to me,
But never, never more can be.

SWEET HOME

A **LITTLE** hill with cashew-trees,
And on its slope a little cot,
With sweet and tender memories
Buzzing like bees about the spot:
My feet may wander where they will,
My heart ne'er leaves the little hill.

THE CHOIR-MASTER

NE'ER came Death into our village
 But he brought me grace
 If I joined the sad procession
 To the resting-place.

Then I heard the dear choir-master
 (Old was he and kind),
 He would chant the *Miserere*
 Brought me peace of mind.

Brought such peace, at every burial,
⁴"May he live," said I,
⁴"Live to chant the *Miserere*
 O'er me when I die!"

Now that comfort 'tis denied me—
 Wherefore, God knows best:
 This sad day the good old master
 He was laid to rest.

THE VILLAGE COWBOY

HE haunts me still—the little boy—
 With cries of pain or songs of joy;
 At break of day he took our cows,
 And while he went from house to house
 He sung, the merry boy.

"Child," mother every morn would say,
 "There's Pedro singing—rise and pray."
 And never rose I from the bed

But prayed that Pedro might be dead;
I did, indeed, so pray.

At last one morn it came to pass
A snake lay hiding in the grass
And bit him so, for all they tried,
In agonies the boy he died:
They moaned, "Alas! alas!"

Long years have past: the same old way
The village wags and ever may;
But now in each familiar lane
The poor boy's cries I hear again-
Such penalty I pay!

THE MANGO

THE child would none but the best mango,
Was juicy both and sweet;
The beggar bought the fruit and smiled
To see his dear son eat:
I wished I were that happy child
Eating the mango sweet.

The father watched him eat the mango,
His face aglow with love;
Then wiped the mouth of his dear boy
And thanked the gods above:
Sweeter, I thought, the father's joy
Drinking that cup of love.

RUZAI

I WOULD my sleep had endless been,
So had my joy been endless too;
I saw him spread the altar cloth,
As here on earth he used to do.

The village tailor was Ruzai,
Who made no more than common clothes;
Such things as tail-coats dreaded he,
And ladies' frocks with furbelows.

What though he worked from dawn to dusk
The village folk they thought him slow.
"And were I quicker," he would say,
"Could I to heaven the quicker go?

"No, quick or slow, 'tis all the same;
Our days on earth they are but four;
Yet they who serve the Church may hope-
Pray make me sacristan, senhor."

I then was just a little lad,
But soon as I became a man
Ruzai attained his heart's desire,
For he became our sacristan.

Oft did I watch him serve at Mass
Or put the sacred vestments by;
Long in the vestry lingered he
And never left without a sigh.

I would my sleep had endless been
Or good Ruzai had been my guide,

These torments then would not be mine;
In peace I might have lived and died.

THE COBRA

NEVBR before, in all these years,
Had he appeared by day,
Though known to hide among the stones
That near the jack-tree lay.

But oft had he at night been seen—
A terror to all around!—
The deadly cobra, for whose bite
A cure may not be found.

So folk, though come with sticks and stones,
Affrighted back have hung:
With hood spread out the snake has stopped
And shoots his forky tongue.

Here from the crowd a fearless lad
Darts forth—beware, beware!
But one deft stroke and all is o'er—
A writhing form lies there.

Now safe the good old sacristan
To church at night may go;
Nor need again walk past the tree
With wary steps and slow.

And come, good folk, give thanks to God
Has rid ye of this bane;

And *he* may murmur to himself—
The fool will ne'er explain.

A GOOD FRIDAY

WHEN his corse was lowered no bells were
 Gone for ever!— [ringing—
 Only people, in the church, were singing
 Stabat Mater;
 But through every window winds came sighing
 Gone for ever!
 Where upon the floor a child was lying—
 Faint, poor child, with pain and crying,
 Faint as ever!

Two score years and still the words are ringing—
 Gone for ever! —
 Still the people, in the church, are singing
 Stabat Mater;
 And they will until mine hour of dying—
 Gone for ever!—
 'Tis an iron fate I keep defying—
 Would that I in the grave were lying,
 Quiet for ever!

VISHNULAL

"I'M sorry, Vishnulal, though jewels
 On show you have galore,
 The jewel I prize you never show."—
 "What jewel mean you, senhor?"—
 "Your daughter, Vishnulal."—

"One moment, please, I'll call her out:
 'Is Savitri not there?' "

When soon a child of ten appeared,
 And she was more than fair,
 The child of Vishnulal.

No goldsmith round about but sure
 A scoundrel born was he,
 And cheated friend and foe alike;
 Yet soon I came to be
 A friend of Vishnulal.

And oft to him said I: "Think not
 I flatter or deride,
 But truly, sett, she's fair enough
 To be a rajah's bride,
 Your daughter, Vishnulal."

A lonely man was I, and fears
 Lest Fate should make us part
 Would steal upon me—oh the child
 Brought sunshine to my heart,
 The child of Vishnulal.

And now it so befell there came
 A scourge upon the land,
 And cries of mourning, night and day,
 Were heard on every hand.—
 I feared for Vishnulal.

Nor long did Fate delay—one morn,
 Though deaths had then been few,
 Above the women's wail there rose
 What pierced my poor heart through,

This cry of Vishnulal:

"Gone, gone—the rajah's bride—senhor!"
 So true had come my fears
 A lonely man am I, and still
 That cry it jmites mine ears,
 The cry of Vishnulal.

BIRDS AND NEIGHBOURS

WHEW I was young and went all day
 Bird-nesting, oft would neighbours say,
 "These birds will be his ruin."

'Tis not with age my hair is gray,
 And well might birds now turn and say,
 "'Tis all his neighbours' doinV

THE PROPHET!

A MAN there was—had travelled wide—
 Would come and sit all day
 In our *balcao* and tell with pride
 Of countries far away.

And, if he caught me (oft he did)
 Coming from stream or hill,
 He'd shake his head, would shake his head
 And say, "Do what you will,

"My friend, but this your child, I fear,
 If once he leave his home,

His home and all he will forget
And only love to roam,"

Right well remember I his words
And how my sire he'd sigh:
The prophet! were he living now,
He'd find his words a lie.

I've travelled far, I've travelled wide,
The Ghats and Ganges seen,
But ne'er my native hills and streams
Less dear to me have been.

THE LAST OF THEM

ONLY a poor old peasant dead,
The last of all the rustic band;
And yet the news has made me sad:
Is it because he tilled our land?
I seldom was so sad before.

Is it because he gave me joy
When drinking grog before our door
And said, "Go fetch some pickle, boy."?
Now grog and pickle are no more.
I seldom was so sad before.

Is it because he wished me well
And gave me welcome to my land?—
And gave it first?—I cannot tell:
I'll shake no more a peasant's hand.
I seldom was SQ sad before.

THE GHOST OF SALIGAO HILL

The following ballad is founded upon an incident that happened in Goa over sixty years ago. The ghost haunting the hill is said to be that of a woman of the adjoining village of Saligao who having gone astray during her husband's absence in Bombay and hearing that he was about to return home, had drowned herself in a well.

DONG! dong! dong! clear the angelus
 Is ringing down below,
 "Ave Maria!" he exclaims,
 "How slow the horses go!"

It is a cleric, young and hale,
 So late returning home.
 The cabman cracks his whip and makes
 The horses fret and foam.

But fast the beasts they dare not go,
 So narrow and so steep
 The road is, while the dell anear
 Is dark and dangerous deep,

"What dismal howls are these that rise,
 Good driver, in our rear?"—
 "'Tis but a hungry dog that howls;
 Your Reverence need not fear."—

"But, there, good driver, tell me, pray,
 What figure may that be,
 That still-white figure standing lone
 Beneath the peepul-tree?"—

"A still-white figure?—ah, 'tis but
 A woman I see there,
 A woman waiting for some one
 Or saying her vesper prayer."

A woman, aye, it was, both young
 And lovely to behold;
 Dressed in an *oil* of stainless white
 And decked with gems and gold.

Upon this hill no man may drive
 But he must needs allow
 The panting beasts a breathing-space:
 So did the cabman now.

She came arid sate beside the priest
 Without the least ado;
 Crack went the whip! and down the hill
 Away the horses flew.

So fair and young was she the priest
 Felt tempted—who would not?
 But, in his sin, the wretched man
 To cross himself forgot.

And woe to such!—what makes him now
 Paler and paler grow?
 Protect him, Heaven!—he knows not why
 The woman's staring so,

The while each moment she appears
 Less lovely and less young;
 Oh!—can he trust his eyes?—he thinks
 He sees a forky tongue—

A hideous speckled coil—O Christ!
 He staggers in his seat:
 With hood erect there glares defiant
 A cobra at his feet.

And whoso sees this cobra fiend
 Not long alive may be;
 His Reverence thus, his journey done,
 A corse all cold was he!

THE ITALIAN ARCHITECT

So tell the good old Austin friars
 Who helped the church to raise—
 The stateliest church in all the land,
 In Goa's golden days.

Such crowds from town and country as
 The townsfolk ever saw
 Around the church they waited now
 In wonder and in awe.

For, there, that sunny April morn
 A thrilling sight would see,
 Foredoomed to end in triumph high
 Or grisly tragedy.

And many a rich fidalgo too
 Was riding to the scene,
 With donas and donzelas fair
 In gay-drest palankeen.

And, last, the noble Viceroy, lo,
 With all his courtiers gay
 And to the sound of fife and drum,
 Arrived in proud array.

Then bold the architect advanced,
 But soon to make a halt
 Near where a loaded cannon lay,
 Beneath the wondrous vault:

The vault that twice before his skill
 And labour did defy;
 But now his firm resolve it was
 To conquer or to die.

So there he stood to test the work:
 His little orphan boy
 With winsome face and light-blue eyes,
 Sole pledge of wedded joy,

Was clinging to his neck—poor child!—
 Unconscious all of harm,
 The while his sire, a lighted lunt
 In hand, awaited calm.

Some seconds then a silence fell,
 And hushed was every breath
 The cannon boomed—but shouts of joy
 Proclaimed them saved from death.

Thereon a loud Te Deum rose
 In one harmonious swell—
 The voices of the multitude
 Commingling with the bell.

And there was joy among the friars
 Who helped the church to raise,
 And that brave son of Italy
 Had due reward and praise.

And long did that great vault attest—
 Intact mid TUTUS fcoaiy—
 The genius of the architect
 And Goa's short-lived glory.

DOM GUZMAO

OLD Dom Guzman, in faded frock
 Yet with a haughty brow,
 Who sings beside the palace gate,
 A rich fidalgo but of late,
 A poor man is he now.

The Vicereine, Dona Izabel,
 A kind kind lady is she;
 A lady so kind to all, but most
 To folk of her own countree.

"Who sings now there, who plays now there,
 So early in the day?
 He sings so sweet, he plays so sweet,
 My prayers I scarce can say."—

"Tis I, good senhora, Dom Guzman
 Your Excellency's slave;
 Long may Your Excellency live
 To help the unhappy brave!"—

"O Dom Guzman (how flushed a face!),
 I wonder what you do!
 You've spent, I fear, the three pardaos
 I gave last week to you.

"Yet three more will I give you now
 If you will sing again
 The best three songs of our countree,
 On glory, love and pain."

And Dom Guzman he sings the best
 Three songs of his countree;
 And takes his pay and goes his way—
 A poor fidalgo he!

THE PILGRIMS

On the morning of December 3, 1901, the feast-day of St. Francis Xavier, a launch, conveying passengers very much in excess of the permissible number, foundered in the Mandovi River through sheer overweight. Of the 200 persons on board, mostly pilgrims to the city of Old Goa where the miraculous remains of the Saint are preserved and -where the feast is held, over eighty were drowned. When this sad accident occurred, the Viceroy of Portuguese India, who was having his morning drive by the river-side, remarked that the victims must be low people, and troubled himself no further.

"AWAKE, dear mother, 'tis the cock^f's first crow--
 Awake, arise, for we have far to go.
 Mother, I heard a voice say, 'Come, my child.'
 I woke and saw Saint Francis—sweet he smiled."

"Awake, dear bride, a sad sad day, I fear,
 Has dawned for us—awake, my love, and hear.
 I dreamed we lay upon a cold cold bed;
 Locked in each other's arms we lay there—dead! "

Serene and bright arose the solemn day—
 The feast-day of the Saint—while far away,

And up the river, with a ceaseless clang.
The time-worn bells on time-worn belfries rang.

That mother and her child with hearts full glad,
That bridegroom and his bride with hearts half sad,
Of many many pilgrims were but four
The overladen, fateful vessel bore.

Now where are they?—A wild cry rends the air!
A cry from men to God—ye need not stare,
Nor thou, great Viceroy, needest halt thy car:
Why fear reproach?—mere dregs these pilgrims are.

But where are they, these dregs?—Go ask the waves
That break and wanton heedless o'er their graves:
What answer they?—They answer one by one,
"Go ask thy King, O child—what have we done!"

ByGONE DAys

ALL day I ramble on the hills
Or loiter pensive by the rills,
As in the days gone by:
The birds about they sing as light,
The wild flowers too they blow as bright,
As in the days gone by*—
Why rise tears to mine eye!

REFLECTIVE POEMS

A LESSON

IT was a pleasant morn
 And birds were piping gaily,
 So pleasant was my walk—
 I love to take it daily.

And on my walk I met
 A woman—looked so wily—
 Had oranges for sale,
 And her I questioned dryly:

"How much for one?—no lies."--
 "Look, saib, to speak untruly
 Four pice one, truly three;
 And, mind, I plucked them newly".—

"Three pice for one! two pice
 Are ample," so I told her.—
 "And nothing for myself,
 Big saib? Are you not older,

"And richer? why not then
 Be kinder, saib, and wiser?"
 The woman asked, and home
 Came I—but not a miser/

And thus on every walk,
 While birds keep piping gaily,
 In some such pleasant talk
 I learn a lesson daily.

BIDEE-MAKERS

POOR bidée-makers! every day
I see then), quiet they toil away.

A little leaf,
A little stuff—
O not so much,
Enough, enough—
A little twist,
A little thread,
A little *bidee**—
A little bread!

All seated in a ring or row,
Upon the floor or in the loft,
They work, and chat in tones but low.
Now what is it they say?—O soft!
"There goes the poor old man!"—the dears!
A fountain in a vale of tears!
I feel for them, they feel for me—
How good, O world, could ye not be!

Poor bidée-makers! on return
I see them still, though lights then burn.

Two score *bidees*
Mean three pice won;
Now in one day
How many done?
Just twenty score,
Or thirty pice—
Is that enough

*Indian cigarette

To feed the mice?*

At last one woman, rising, cries,
 "My *noura*\ anxious he might be."
 Another rises then and sighs,
 ' My children too they'll wait for me."
 And there they go, the pair of them—
 And would you kiss their garments' hem?
 A little love and ne'er a wife
 Or mother will she tire of life.

THE MILKMAN'S HUT

WHERE this unsightly pile now stands
 There stood, not long ago,
 A hut—I wonder what I meant
 To tell you, friend, or show.

A pigmy's hut, you would have thought,
 It had so small a door;
 But, what with plantain-trees behind,
 A tulsi-plant before,

And, either side the tulsi-plant,
 A guava-tree and palm,
 The milkman's hut—for such it ~~was~~—
 Had quite a homely charm.

*Among Indians a term of endearment applied to little children.

†Husband*

And many an evening did I come—
 Despising every care—
 To feast mine eyes upon this place
 And breathe its pleasant air.

But come away, these simple things
 Few heed or understand;
 'Tis city sights you've come to see—
 And city sights are grand!

MERCy

WHAT a lovely day!
 Fresh a breeze is blowing
 Across the earth,
 And, from my heart,
 Full the fountain flowing,
 Of joy and mirth.

What now, over there,
 Are the children doing,
 Around the tree?
 Looks like kittens playing,
 Playing around and mewing:
 We'll go and see.

All around its trunk
 Sugar they are throwing
 For ants to eat—
 Poor little ants!—
 Only mercy showing—
 They find it sweet.

And the little ones
 What may they be saying?
 Naught can I hear
 But, in your heart,
 Gay the fountain playing—
 Come near, come near.

My FRIENDS

MY friends are more than I can tell;
 I give here only three.
 The first he blows the bugle well,
 A bugle-master he.

I meet him each and every day
 Where they the bugles blow;
 He brings his child and makes him say,
 "Big saib, how far you go?"

The child, now comely to my mind,
 Was otherwise before;
 And somehow day by day, I find,
 I like the urchin more.

Another friend, and very dear,
 With a tray large and round
 He sits and sweetmeats sells anear
 Saint Mary's Church-compound.

With *laddoos* for my child, one day,
 He after me did run;
 I took the *laddoos*—naught did pay,
 Remembering Mary's Son.

The third of-friends (you'll scarce believe)
 Though lame I love him best;
 Nay, should he fail to come one eve,
 My heart will have no rest.

UNREST

NO rest have I—all night
 My spirit he goes a-wandering;
 Into a speck of dust he turns
 And whirls away, a tiny thing;
 For something seeks, for something yearns,
 And flies and flies and flies
 From star to-star,
 Away, afar;
 At times exultant cries,
 "I feel it on this cheek of mine,
 I feel it glow—the touch divine!"
 And home returns and makes a rhyme,
 Or sits in silence all the time.

No rest have I—one night
 He sought in haste a prison cell
 Where, raging like a wild beast, lay
 A felon doomed to death and hell,
 And at his feet begun to say:
 "Who beg for mercy, friend,
 Will mercy find;
 God's just and kind,
 His mercy hath no end;
 Repent, repent and be forgiven;
 He'll close down hell and open heaven/'
 But oh the terror I was in

While he stood near that man of sin!

No rest have I—last week
 He tended flocks at Bethlehem
 And thence brought home some singing birds.
 Now what, O what have I with them,
 These singing birds and flocks or herds?
 These birds no good will bring,
 For in my breast
 They've made a nest
 And night and day they sing.
 And how am I to earn my bread?
 How long shall I be manna-fed?
 No rest they give me night or day:
 Good Angel, take the birds away.

A REMINDER

ONE morn beneath a roadside tree,
 Where I had sat me down,
 I saw a fellow—seemed to me
 Much like a country clown—

A thick and coarse *chapatti** make
 Upon a smouldering fire.
 No cooking pot or pan had he,
 Nor did perhaps require.

And, mark, to that *chapatti* none
 Of gheet did he apply;

*Unleavened bread.

†Clarified

butter.

And much I marvelled one could eat
A thing so coarse and dry.

Mine angel here recalled how once
The troubadour divine
Poor Brother Masseo had rebuked
For views as wrong as mine.

And all at once I longed to taste
That bread so coarse and dry,
And begged the man a piece and ate—
Like manna from on high.

THE CHILD OF LIGHT

ONE by one and slow the stars of night
They mount and shine athwart the sky
And fade away;
Quiet in the dark the child of light
He works and waits, till night go by,
To greet glad day.

THE TOILER

AH old man cleft a mountain,
Now stopped a while in pain:
At once there sprung a fountain;
He drank and toiled again.

Though dark the night that found him,
The old man would not rest;
But many a star was round him,

As if at God's behest.

Here someone flashed a dagger
And stabbed him in the back;
The man was seen to stagger
And fall—alack! alack!

An angel, soon descending,
His wound with balm did close,
And waited, o'er him bending,
Until the poor man rose

The angel hath departed;
The vision doth remain,
To cheer when heavy-hearted,
To bless when free from pain.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD

THERE again the child is crying,
Crawling on all fours and crying;
He crawls or rolls all o'er the place
And fouls his body and his face,
Yet the child I go unheeding,
Though my heart the while be bleeding
And though his face and cry
Will haunt me every hour
Until the hour I die.

Look not so, dear child, upon me—
Heavy, alas, God's hand is on me;
And, should your parents find no grace,
I'll see no more your angel face;

And, the angels should they chide me,
 In Her mantle I shall hide me
 (She knows, She knows my heart.)
 Until the Judgment end
 And all the hosts depart.

How LONG?

I SIT on a stone
 By the roadside alone
 Pondering sadly;
 In the grove cocoos a dove
 And a lark soars above
 Singing all madly.

And from over the hills
 The slaves of the mills,
 Toiling there daily
 And though all night they weep on,
 Now past me they sweep on
 Chattering gaily.

Oft a dragon at back,
 On its grim iron track,
 Crawls with foul breath;
 And the incessant roar
 Of the breakers on shore
 Warns me—of death.

And I sit on this stone
 By the roadside alone
 Lulling with song
 The cries of my heart,

And at gloaming depart
Musing, "How long?"

RESIGNATION

A LARK delirious sings above me,
"Love me, love me, love me, love me!"
Song and love is all its pleasure—
Sing on, blest bird, sing on.
Fate me deals another measure;
My songs are laughed to scorn,
My love's repaid with hate—
But you, dear bird, sing on,
And leave me to my fate.

The kine contented, homeward going,
"Coming, coming!" they are lowing.
All day long their thoughts were turning
To the young ones in the shed.
All in vain my heart is yearning;
My young ones they have fled,
My home is desolate—
But speed ye to your shed,
And leave me to my fate.

ENvy

1 BUILT myself a little shed,
And lived upon a crust of bread,
And drank of water for sweet wine,
Thinking, "Tomorrow I'll be dead!"
And yet a life serene was mine,

Though none might envy; hearing which
 A neighbour came, a neighbour rich.
 "Pray enter, sir," said I, "and share
 With me today my frugal fare."
 He entered gladly, shared my crust
 And water saying, "Yea we are but dust!..
 That night my shed was set on fire,
 By whom, not once did I inquire,
 But thought, "Tomorrow I'll be dead!"
 And vowed to do without a shed.

IN THE GHATS

IT is a hillman, with his wife
 And dusky children three,
 Upon his way to yonder plains—
 To find some work, says he.

Tonight he rests upon this'hill,
 His asses all around;
 His household goods and household gods
 In little bundles bound.

The famished beasts they seem to know
 There's famine in the land,
 For none dare eat the food there lies
 But from their master's hand.

And all is quiet about the place,
 And quietly I depart:
 "A glimpse of heaven in mercy given
 To quiet a troubled heart!"

WILD BERRIES

I SAW this morn a little boy
 Picking wild berries on the road:
 A loin-cloth it was all he had,
 And, while he picked with artless joy,
 A rhyme he hummed in rustic mode:
 I felt so glad, I felt so glad.

A wanton bully, passing by,
 He saw the peasant boy so gay,
 And, turned no doubt with envy mad—
 None other reason see could I—
 With threats he drove the boy away:
 I felt so sad, I felt so sad.

AN OLD LESSON

A GOODLY sight it was—
 The field of waving corn—
 And ripe enough to reap
 Upon the morrow morn.
 He'd paid their dues to those
 Who helped the field to sow,
 And given due praise to Him
 Who made the corn to grow;
 Had vowed (not all in vain)
 To keep away from sin.
 His cares now o'er, the corn
 Would soon be garnered in:
 A good man he that owned
 The field, as all could tell;
 Not like that heartless wretch—

His field had fared as well!
 He could not understand
 He could not help but grieve,
 And sad he homeward went.

Behold, the selfsame eve
 A swarm of locusts came—
 In haste they came, in haste:
 They spared the bad man's field
 And laid the good man's waste.

KISMAT

ASK me not whence I came, lord saib,
 Or what my name;
 I, I know nothing: how should I?—
 I live in shame.

But this sardar here, smoking bhang,
 Knows whence I came
 And what my name: I know just this—
 I live in shame

He stole my heart and brought me here;
 He calls it fame,
 To sing and dance: I can't but feel
 I live in shame.

Yet blame him not, I beg lord saib,
 He's not to blame;
 He's not, indeed: my kismat 'tis
 To live in shame.

YOU AND I, BROTHER

We hate so each other,
 Both you and I, brother—
 Do we ever ask why
 We hate so each other?
 Tomorrow we die
 And turn into dust
 To swell the earth's crust,
 Where together we lie
 For ever and aye,
 Both you and I, brother,
 Who hate now each other
 One pitiful day!

My PRESENT HOME

MY present home is where the folk,
 If poor in other ways,
 Are rich in what I prize; so here
 I mean to end my days.

Tis true no song-birds that I love,
 Nor hills nor streams are here;
 But all day round me children play,
 And children⁵ are more dear.

So peaceful I shall pass away,
 Though far from kith and kin;
 But that were better than to die
 Mid scenes of strife and sin.

FATHER HEGGLIN, S. J.

HERE comes good Father Hegglin,
Umbrella under arm:
No, please, I may not meet him,
My pride it takes alarm.

Tis all that urchin's doing—
Sudden he came and said,
"Mother says you're my father;
Please, father, give us bread."

I laughed!—the Lord forgive me!
I stood the church within,
And they without—couldn't see me,
But *he* might see my sin.

"Yes, everybody's father,"
The priest he said and smiled,
His face benignly radiant;
"Come take bread, take it, child."

I'll hide behind this pillar;
He never looks around:
His thoughts are up in heaven,
His eyes upon the ground.

I'll hide myself and watch him;
It always does me good
Yes, I must try (God help me!)
To live as good men should.

THE SCOURGING

EYES filled with tears
 The child reads on:
 "They had Him scourged
 Until He bled____
 They placed a crown—
 A crown of thorn—
 Upon His head."
 The sire kneels down
 And blesses God
 That child was born

An old man prays
 Before a shrine;
 Resigned he says,
 "Thy will be done,
Thy Will, not mine."
 A lash in hand,
 Behold the son!
 He'll scourge his sire—
 "O curse your God!"...
 Retire, retire!

CHRIST WITH THE CROSS

I SEE the whole scene—just as 'twas—
 And there is mother to aid the child
 If memory fail him or be dim:
 The Man of Sorrows with the cross,
 The sorrowing painter at a loss
 To please his wild and pitiless child,
 Who yet shall live to bear his cross

And there be none to pity him.

The sight another might appall
 But not that wild and fearless child,
 Who now by signs makes known his whim:
 The painter sighs and changes all—
 The fainting Christ He's made to fall.
 He smiles—that wild and fearless child—
 Whose hour shall come to faint and fall
 And no good Simon succour him.

More blood! more blood the brow must show,
 Demands the wild and heartless child,
 And watches, restless all and grim:
 The paint and brush again, and, lo!
 Profuse the blood is seen to flow.
 He laughs»—that wild and heartless child—
 From whose own heart yet blood shall flow
 While his own children laugh at him!

SAINT ANTHONYS CHAPEL

A COCONUT bowl in hand
 Pll go all o'er the land,
 A-begging go, for love
 Of good Saint Anthony:
 His chapel on the hill
 It makes one sad to see;
 O never will I rest
 Until put right again.
 What loss, my friend, what loss?
 (Begone, thou imp of hell!)
 No, let me bear my cross.

Away now, for one year,
 From town to town to roam,
 Goodbye, O children dear!
 Goodbye, my happy home!

But what am I to say
 To folk to whom I go?
 Ne'er thought of it before;
 O yes, I know, I know—
 Just this" at every door:
 "Good folk, an alms from ye
 For poor Saint Anthony."
 Away then, fool, away!
 To those who fly from sin,
 O good Saint Anthony,
 How soon heaven does begin!

LAKSHMI

Goan Fiddler—O meri rani, amku deo tora pani.*

Lakshmi—I speaking English, saib.

Goan Fiddler—Very well, my English-speaking daughter, give me then a little water.

Lakshmi—Why little? drink plenty much. All peoples liking water of this well.

Goan Fiddler—Many, thanks. Never expected to find in this out-of-the-way village a Hindu girl speaking English. And nice English too you speak, my daughter.

Lakshmi—I going to English school in Poona. "Smart thing that goldsmith's daughter," teacher always saying. I no girl, saib, I marry.

* O my rani, give me a little water..

Goan Fiddler—I know it, and have a child too—quite a beauty like its mother. You must let me see it.

Lakshmi—No, no, I have no got child, saib, You make me quite shame. Where you going, saib?

Goan Fiddler—There's no knowing where I may be going, so large is the sum required to put the chapel in repair. But God is great. For a handful of this rice people give me a handful of money. Rajah Balaram gave one hundred rupees. The rani is going to have a child, after all. God is great, say I.

Lakshmi—And what they doing with the rice?

Goan Fiddler—Wonders, my daughter; mostly curing sick people.

Lakshmi—Curing babies' dysentery, saib?

Goan Fiddler—O yes, any sickness of anyone.

Lakshmi—Please give me some, give me some, good saib. I giving you one rupee. Baby getting dysentery.

Goan Fiddler—But you have no baby, my poor daughter.

Lakshmi—I begging pardon thousand times. I afraid you making *jadhoo*,* and speak lie—begging pardon, good saib.

Goan Fiddler—Be not afraid, my good daughter. Take this rice, and, should your child be cured, give me what you like when I return this way next month, God bless you, my daughter!...

Solas—Enough to tempt a saint!

So simple too and kind:
 "I no girl, saib, I marry."—
 Indeed I must not tarry
 Or look behind.

SAINT ANTHONYS RICE

RUPEES one thousand!—why,
 I'm quite a millionaire;
 One thousand in one month!
 Now soon in good repair
 The chapel it shall be.
 It is that mission priest—
 A learned man is he—
 Has brought me this success;
 He preached so at the feast
 Of great Saint Anthony.
 Good luck it chanced to fall
 The day my work begun—
 Well done, say I, well done!

A learned man is he,
 And with his searching eyes
 Begins to look at me
 And says: "A servant you
 Of good Saint Anthony?
 You live with mummies then
 And visions beautiful,
 The envy of all men?"—
 "The hermit saint, mean you?
 And scourge myself and pray
 And starve too all the time?
 I'm only fit, they say,

For spinning yarns in rhyme.
 And how could I behold
 The visions and not sin?
 Harmless enough I look,
 Without, but look within—
 Good father, pray for me!"
 Say I, and slip away
 To escape his searching eyes,
 For shrewd is he as wise.

Doubtless 'tis due to him
 My fame has gone abroad,
 And town and village now
 Think more and more on God;
 And folk from every part
 They run to welcome me.
 But what is it I give?
 A handful of this rice.
 What think you I receive?
 Why, handfuls of bright coin—
 Rupees, annas or pice.
 What wonders manifold
 The Saint is working too,
 If half of what is told
 Be true!—but here's a proof;
 See what a widow writes: *
 "The Saint has heard my vows,
 My son has left off drink,
 In peace again my house.
 God speed you and your work!"
 Think, doubting Thomas, think;
 These facts your doubts belie—
 Praise be to God on high!

THE RECLUSE

'As down the hill at last I went,
 Not ev'n a growl the tiger gave,
 Quiet in the sun the cobra lay;
 Both feared the Master in the slave
 And harmed me not upon my way.

"Men too shall doubtless fear me now,
 For, like the Master's forty days,
 My forty years of close retreat
 Has not been vain—to Qod all praise!—
 And I but mean to wash their feet."

Thus thinking safe the plains I reached;
 But, when the homes of men I neared,
 A mob came shouting loud and shrill,
 As if a wild beast had appeared,
 And back they drove me to the hill.

Now all night long the tiger growls,
 As by my cavern mouth he lies,
 And oft with cries of fear I wake;
 But, lo, the more by night the cries
 The more by day the songs I make.

My WORLD

MY world through life had not been wide,
 But then the views were broad,
 And I had found it passing fair—
 Praise be to God!

And now, what though my world seem like
 A room scarce twelve feet square,
 One window shows it e'er so wide
 And not less fair.

But widest, fairest sure to be
 What time my place of rest
 Is six feet deep, for then my world
 Shall be God's breast.

DHARNA RIVER
 (Near Nasik, India)

TAKE me, friend, to Dharna River,
 Where it flows by quiet Nanegaon,
 And leave me there to die,
 With not a mourner by,
 But tranquil scenes around me

Friend, we've reached the dear dear river;
 There the cattle home are coming;
 They'll cross the gentle tide,
 With that small boy for guide,
 While doves be cooing around me.

Leave me now to watch and listen:
 Hark the tinklings, soft and soothing!
 One hour mid scenes so blest
 And I shall be at rest,
 While Nature watch around me.

THE CORSE

ALL life he had dreamt them—

"Idle dreams!" they said;
 But the dreams had wounded
 And his heart had bled.

Thus a sage, to soothe him,
 Ofttimes said had he:
 "What God wills, good neighbour,
 Best for us will be."—

"Long live thou to guide us!"
 He had answered calm;
 Yet his wounds had festered—
 Such wounds have no balm.

Twice the corse I covered,
 Twice its eyes did close,
 Each time prayed for mercy—
 God no mercy shows.

Try again I may not—
 Makes the blood run cold;
 Wounds so gaping, ghastly,
 Who can safe behold?

Me the dead man looks at
 With my father's eyes;
 I'll go call the vicar—
 None more worldly-wise!...

"Dominus vobiscum!
 Come, and have no fear;
 Be he man or demon,
 We shall vpntitrp near

"What it means I know not,
 Here I dare not stay;
 Looks so like my brother
 When a corse he lay.

"Tell the valiant Bishop,
 Fights us vassals well—
 Like to see his Lordship
 Fight the lord of hell !"...

"Benedicat vobis!
 While ye tarry out
 I shall see the body—
 Foolish fears, no doubt....

"Ne'er, in dreams the strangest,
 Thought the like to see;
 Sure some power unearthly
 Makes him look like me.

"Three days lies unburied?
 None will put his hand?
 How he died ye know not?
 Hard to understand.

"But the Pope hell probe it
 And a saint send down;
 From God's wrath deliver
 This iniquous town/'...

Bishop, vicar, neighbours-
 Gone is everyone,
 And my weary vigil
 Never shall be done!

POEMS IN PORTUGUESE

O BALCAO

EMBORA despresado
 For despresar o mundo,
 Sou sempre consolado
 Pelo meu amor profundo
 Ao balcao.

As saudades que tenho
 Tantas e to sagradas,
 Tivesse eu o engenho
 Dava em cores doiradas
 O balcao.

O mundo e o ceu inteiro
 Com suas maravilhas, tudo
 Na infancia vi eu primeiro,
 Encantado e mudo,
 Do balcao.

A gente que passava,
 "Bom dia, baba!" dizia;
 O murouni cantava:
 Tudo eu via e ouvia
 Do balcao.

Ao solposto os vizinhos—
 Se no saber muí fracos,
 Bondosos como padrinhos—
 Vinham para dar cavacos
 No balcao,

Ai, com bocas fechadas
 Jazem eles, embora

Bern as suas gargalhadas
 Eu ouco inda agora
 No **balcão**.

De viagens eu voltava,
 E, para dar-me as boas vindas,
 Minha mae me esperava
 Com lagrimas infindas
 No balcao.

Minha noiva sua nora
 Pareceu-lhe uma estrela,
 E correndo veio fora
 Feliz para recebe-la
 No balcao.

Tambem a despedida
 Ao meu pae falecido,
 E nunca esquecida,
 Foi do canto querido—
 O balcão,

Contra mim em vo os malvados
 Dirigem suas maldades;
 Ficam sempre frustrados,
 Graças as mil saudades
 Do balcao.

Assim, urn vagabundo
 For todos despresado,
 Percorro eu pelo mundo
 Pensando consolado
 No balcão

O RENDEIRO

NUNCA viste o rendeiro,
Sem calca nem casaco,
Ao subir o coqueiro
Agil como urn macaco?
Que canta madrigaes
(Feliz cantor!)
E faz dos palmeiraes
Jardins de amor?

Pudesse eu subir,
Nos palmeiraes vivia,
Cantando todo dia
Do meu amor.

PARAISO PERDIDO

A' LUZ dum brando luar
Com gestos inocentes,
Risonhas e contentes,
Meninas a brincar!
E eu com dores pungentes
A vere contemplar
As virgens inocentes—
Bern longe de serpentes—
Felizes a brincar!
Ai, com peito ferido
A vere lamentar
Meu paraíso perdido!

ABOLEM

NEMMUMA flôr no meu jardim
 E' tao querida para mim
 Como a flor abolem:
 Seja mais Undo o teu jasmim,
 Ou mais cheiroso o mogarim—
 Que a tratam com desdem—
 Nenhuma flor no meu jardim
 E' tSo querida para mim
 Como a minha abolem—
 E a unica no meu jardim
 Da minha patria vem.

TRISTEI

AMEI a minha familia
 Assim como devia amar—
 Fui despresado;
 Ajudei a minha aldeia
 Tanto quanto podia ajudar—
 Fui espancado;
 Louvei a querida patria
 Talvez mais que devia louvar—
 Fui desterrado.
 Insofrivel agonia!
 Tivesse eu mais amado
 O Amor Crucificado,
 De certo nao seria
 Tao desventurado!

BY *THE SAME AUTHOR*

A GOAN FIDDLER

With a Preface by the late Sir Edmund Gosse

PRICE RUPEES FIFTEEN

"His value as a poet, however, does not depend on the fact that he^f is the first to interpret a little-known country, but on the freshness, the ecstatic naivety of his feeling for life.... We often feel that he achieves spontaneously the attitude which Wordsworth had consciously to cultivate* while many of his verses express, not the ballad tradition but the very spirit at once lyrical and dramatic, familiar and evocative, of the old ballad-maker,"—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"There is a simplicity and honesty about these poems which touches the heart....It is a unique book which should not be missed by lovers of poetry."—*Bookman*.

THE DESTERRADO

PRICE RUPEES FIFTEEN

"Something of the quality of Blake shines through these poems; a radiant and childlike innocence and a direct and simple statement, with an underlying note of experienceThe poet has caught the spirit of the old ballads and made his own live....The poet's thought is clear, his imagination rich and his philosophy sound, and he has achieved some real poetry in these simple verses."—*Tablet*.

"There are touching little verses which we read with a delight that rises almost to rapture."—*Times of India*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SONGS IN EXILE

With a Portrait of the Author

PRICE RUPEES SIX

"Quite a number of the Songs in *Exile* have an exhilarating freshness....The collection presents a delicious blend of the irrepressible *joie de vivre* of an ardent nature and the dignified reserve of a strict Catholic discipline,"—*Modern Review*.

"An altogether delightful volume, from beginning to end."—*National Herald*.

"Verses of striking beauty and charm"—*Bombay Chronicle*.

GOLDEN GOA!

With a Portrait of the Author

PRICE RUPEES TWO

"The story tells of the tragic fate of Tulsibai...a convincing and thoroughly human creation....An admirable story."—*Hindu*.

"*Golden Goal* is an interesting story. The book should attract notice of readers of historical fiction."—*Hindustan Review*,

"The book presents a realistic and therefore a most horrid picture of the

