

## The Dance of the Flowers

The flowers in the garden in front of the hall  
Were invited by the Rose to a big Garden Ball.  
The Pansy and the Tulip with many a pretty flock,  
The Dahlia and the Sweetpea and the Hollyhock.  
The modest little Violet was present there too,  
Nearly all the flowers were there, except of course a few  
There came the lovely Lillies newly washed with dew  
And the fresh white Daisies whose frocks looked so new.  
The Bluebells and Buttercups came dancing on their toes,  
And they all flocked together to a place that no one knew  
The brooks were their music while high above the sky  
The round, silver moon gave light to all night.  
The Grasshoppers played on their fiddling sticks  
And the Bats showed many of their little tricks.  
Dancing lightly and gracefully to and fro  
All the pretty flowers stood in a row.

They danced and danced in the clear moonlight,  
But alas! They soon had to take their flight,  
For they saw the red Sun peep over the hills,  
So they tucked up their skirts and frocks and fills,  
Got to their carriages, and away they fled  
Each little flower to its own garden bed.

Cuckoo's Song



## Quit India!

Wait, O brother Indians, wait,  
 Soon we shall 'ope The prison gate.  
 Soon Indias captives shall be free,  
 The captives back across the sea!

Be not hasty, bide your time,  
 To forget non-violence is a crime.  
 Gandhi did not mean it so,  
 That's not the way to meet the foe  
 Courage and hope is all we need,  
 Trust in that God who sees every deed.  
 All that He does is for the best,  
 Courage brother, bear the test.

That day is surely close at hand  
 When true lovers of this sacred land  
 Shall see the sun of peace and love  
 Shining from the heights above

The College Bhisti - Inspired after a hot bath

Be it man or eve or day  
Oft I've heard our bathers say  
"Bhisti, pani lao!"  
"Atcha baba" bhisti cries,  
And "Bhisti, Jaldi a-oo!"  
Up and down, now here, now there  
The Bhistis wanted everywhere,  
Limping bravely on his way  
Answering calls of "Bhisti, hey  
Bhisti, pani lao!"  
Oft I've stood and watched him pour  
From boilers his hot water store  
And fill his buckets one by one.  
Though 'course he knows there aint no fun  
In running errands all the day  
The same old way.  
Yet he works for each and all  
Replying as dirty babas call for pani.

(I've never heard him mumble  
Not a distant growl or grumble  
At every "pau la-oo!"  
How persevering he must be  
To work so hard for you and me  
Spreading cheeriness and ~~red~~ health  
Just for eight rupees of wealth!  
We could not do without him, no,  
What would we do if he should go?  
What if "O Bhisti pau la-oo!" you cried  
And none replied?

Cuckoo's Song



While meditating on the terrace.

○ Mind,

You are like a thousand galloping steeds  
Rushing madly, wildly, spurred by desire  
Unbridled, unharnessed, across the sweet meads  
Of pleasure and fancy, with heart all afire.

○ body,

Like a spider web's gossamer thread  
That seen in the sunshine looks silvery bright,  
Though really you're more like the fly that is dead  
Emeshed in its coils with the coming of night.

○ Soul,

Like a stagnant pool that's choked by old weeds  
And cannot reflect the blue heavens above,  
That yearns gentle showers to clear it of reeds  
So it cleanses its waters and ripples with love





On meeting the first rays of the Sun on the terrace each do  
Come, slake thy thirst, the draught drink deep

The Tryst  
O thirsty one,

Thou awakened fresh from sleep  
Make haste thy steps His tryst to keep  
Before the sun.

Come open thine eyes can't there not see  
Him everywhere?

Intangible, yet flower and tree  
Earth, air, birds, skies, all speak to thee  
In accents rare.

Come hear His voice, 'tis Him that sings  
O sweet elation!

To be commingled with all things  
In harmony divine that rings  
Through all creation.

Come slake thy thirst, the draught drink deep

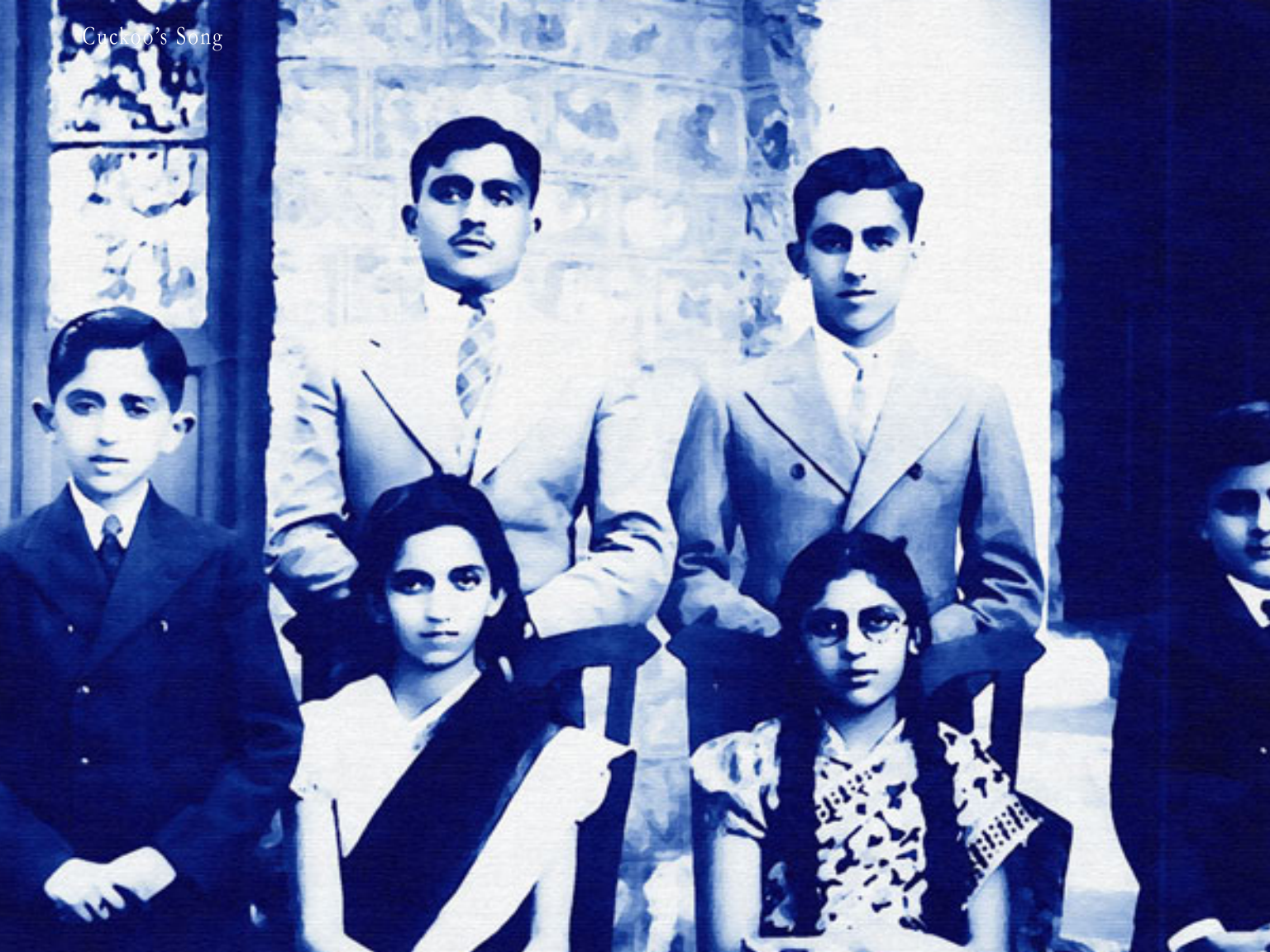
O thirsty one!  
Thou, awakened fresh from sleep  
Make haste thy steps His tryst to keep  
Before the sun

You ask for love, I give it thee,  
 With Thought sincere and feelings true  
 You ask of me to give thee all,  
 I plead anew, it cannot be —  
 How can I give such love to you?

You speak of reason,  
 What can I say  
 But that it plays no part  
 Again hear me I pray,  
 No cause it's true, how to explain  
 I answer "nay?"  
 Love has no reason, loves insane.

You'll understand, I'm sure you will,  
 To know me as a friend  
 I trust you'd love me still.  
 With love that loveth all  
 We must our being fill —  
 A love that doth not dim nor rust!

Cricko's Song



## Lines to Som. In Memoriam

We bow to thee, O valient Son of Hind  
 Whom of Thy youth and life's blood freely gave,  
 Who flinched not from the sacrifice supreme,  
 Thy Country's name and other lives to save

Like a flaming meteor you came and went,  
 Brightening a brief moment our lifes sky.  
 Beloved of all the gods to earth was sent  
 To teach us how to live and how to die.

Perfect in outer form and inward grace  
 Thy dear picture in our minds is set.  
 Sweet memories of thee, thy loving ways  
 Live with us ever, we can ne'er forget

Alas, we are bereft and Thou art gone,  
 But still we feel Thy presence as before.  
 A star, a light, to guide us on the path  
 Of Love and Duty, O guide us evermore!