



Boat on the Indian Ocean

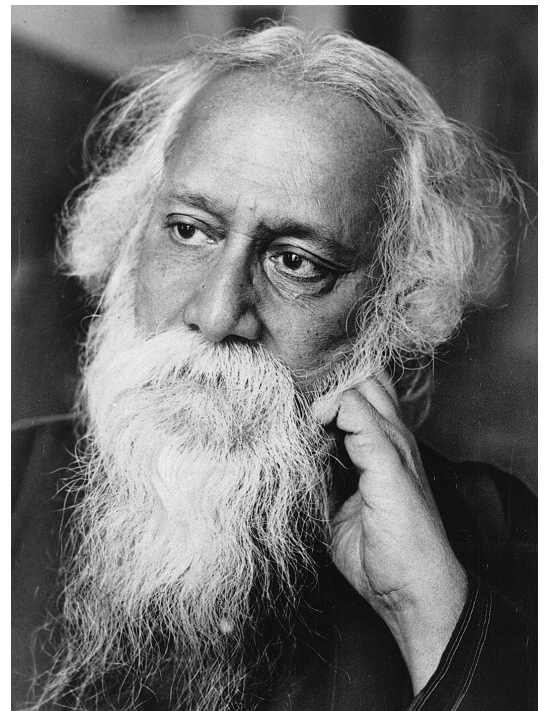
From joy's loveliest ocean
there's a flood springing.
Embark all, and set to -
to the oar your strength bringing.
No matter its burden,
our boat sorrow-laden
(if death comes, so let it)
moves through the waves winging.

From joy's loveliest ocean
There's a flood springing.

Who cries from behind us
of doubt or of danger?
Who harps on their fear now,
where fear is no stranger?
What curse, or star's showing
has frowned on our going?
Hoist a sail to the wind now
and we'll move on singing.
From joy's loveliest ocean
There's a flood springing.

Rabindranath Tagore 1861 - 1941

Translated from the Bengali by Joe Winter



This poem was suggested by Mary Truell: "On May 6th, we were spending a lovely day in Wellsacre garden and woodland remembering George, who died on May 6th four years ago and would have loved the sort of day we were spending for him in remembrance. He would have loved the positive hope of this poem by Tagore, who was born on May 6th 1861.

Born in Calcutta, Tagore was the first non-European to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. Awarded a Knighthood by George V, he renounced it after the 1919 Jallianwala Bagh massacre. His work on rural reconstruction in India inspired Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst to found the Dartington Hall Trust.