

LIKE THE AUGUST RAIN

(My English Translation from Tagore's
original Bengali Srabon er Dharar Moto)

Your music, like the August rain,
let it pour;
Let it pour on my face and on my heart;
Like the August rain, let it pour

With the first light of the dawn
Let it pour on my eyes;
In the dark night, in torrents
Let it pour on my soul;

In the morn and in the night
In sorrow and in joy
Like the August rain, let it pour

The barren tree without a fruit and a flower
Let the rain of your mercy awaken to life

Let the stream of your music soak into
all that is rotten and lifeless in me;

In the morn and in the night,
In hunger and in thirst,
Like the August rain, let it pour...