

Rabindranath Tagore

**Chain Of Pearls - Poem by Rabindranath Tagore**

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck  
with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet,  
but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee  
and it is for thee to give or to withhold them.  
But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own,  
and when I bring it to thee as my offering  
thou rewardest me with thy grace.

Rabindranath Tagore

**Closed Path - Poem by Rabindranath Tagore**

I thought that my voyage had come to its end  
at the last limit of my power,---that the path before me was closed,  
that provisions were exhausted  
and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that thy will knows no end in me.  
And when old words die out on the tongue,  
new melodies break forth from the heart;  
and where the old tracks are lost,  
new country is revealed with its wonders.

Rabindranath Tagore

**Prisoner Rabindranath Tagore Poem in English**

'Prisoner, tell me, who was it that bound you?'

'It was my master,' said the prisoner.

'I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power,  
and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king.  
When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord,

and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house.'

'Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?'

It was I,' said the prisoner, who forged this chain very carefully.

I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive

leaving me in a freedom undisturbed.

Thus night and day I worked at the chain

with huge fires and cruel hard strokes.

When at last the work was done

and the links were complete and unbreakable,

I found that it held me in its grip.'

Rabindranath Tagore