

A Song

By Govinda Das

Ghoshā: O' Soul Govinda Gopala
You've set, O my Kind-Heart, the game of Maya

Pada : A house was made with care and hope for the living
That house was blown away while it was storming
O Mind, make the house and fasten the door
Leaving your home the others' you cry for
Rafters are set in rows for the ridge two beams fixed
Twenty posts in all are firmly pitched
It is dark for walls raised on all four sides
Nine doors are fastened on all nine sides
At nine points are nine sentries on guard
Within is sitting Hari, the all-cheering God
There is a woman that house to manage
One who stays away from her is a great sage
And there is a river that flows so fast
Across two birds Time and Timeless stay perched
That pair of purple birds with the bluish-black wings
Have never ever come across as hatchlings
The swan has flown away leaving behind its feathers
On the sands of the Jamuna that body also weathers
Says this the slave Govinda again and again
But the feet of the Guru no ways remain

Translated by **Nirendra Nath Thakuria**

Govinda Das, an Assamese poet of the 18th century.

Nirendra Nath Thakuria, retired Associate Professor of English, is a translator.