

Our Village

By **Anandachandra Agarwala**

Exquisitely beautiful our village is
Full of beautiful trees,
The branches abound in fruits and flowers,
So many we find falling down,
Beautiful are our paddy fields
Over laden with paddy
Beautiful is the brimming river ghat
The merchants go trading.
On the roofs ash gourd, bottle gourd, ridge gourd and sponge gourd
Aromatic rice in the granaries
Cows in cowsheds, fishes in ponds
Betel nut and leaves in the garden croft.
On the branches of trees the pretty birds
Pour out mellifluous melodies,
Leafy vegetables in kitchen gardens, flowers in the garden,
Gratifies the heart when behold.
In every household funfair and merry making
In every household smiling faces.
In every household ample love and affection
In every household we behold happiness.
Fond of *bhaona*, religious functions and songs,
Enchanting tunes on flute,
One person performs the task of ten persons—
Such is the uncomplicated heart of the rural folk.

Translated by **Uttam Duorah**

Anandachandra Agarwala (b.1874-d.1940) was a poet, historian and translator of Assam

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