



Fruit-Gathering

Rabindranath Tagore

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'Poems from Puravi' is a collection of seven poems. Six of them are from Puravi (1925) and one from Shesh Lekha. They are translated by Kshititis Roy, former curator of the Tagore Museum and editor of Visva-Bharati Quarterly for many years. 'The Child' (1931) is the only major poem by Tagore written directly in English.

Fruit-Gathering Details

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Author : Rabindranath Tagore

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From Reader Review Fruit-Gathering for online ebook

Greg says

The poetry collection, “Fruit-Gathering”, meditates simply and directly on the interplay between the individual and his or her surroundings. A wonderful example is the following:

“II”

My life when young was like a flower—a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breeze comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare, and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness.

See my other reviews here!

Moßtafa says

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soul says

its always a pleasure reading Tagore.

heidi says

Love! So many meaningful lines, I don't know which to highlight...

But my favorite is the prose about courage and determination to rise above one's misfortunes/challenges in life. "Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved but hope for the patience to win my freedom."

Coincidence F says

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Cait S says

I can appreciate beautiful writing but being fairly anti-religion myself, I have a hard time fully appreciating works that are so heavily set in that subject. It just means nothing to me.

Nicole says

I just came across this book, we had to read it for school. It was boring if you ask me. The writing was creative, his passion was beautiful and his faith was pious. But unfortunately, I was bored too much.

Perry Whitford says

- darkness and light, fire and water, dust and blood.
- flowers and lamps are always blessed things.
- some of the pieces are by turns declamatory and an address, like simple yet powerful prayers.

(review to follow)

Amna says

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Alejandro Orradre says

Libro extraño de un premio Nobel de principios del siglo XX, tanto que todavía no sé si me ha gustado o no.

Una obra corta y de textos cortos que a modo de poesía transformada en prosa dan una visión vitalista de la vida, una observación profunda de la naturaleza y una constante búsqueda del paraíso espiritual a través de la literatura.

Ravi Prakash says

There are some nice poems in this collection, but the thoughts are sometimes vogue and way too metaphysical dipped in the honey for love to the reunion of God, and I think I could not enjoy those fully.

Sophie Zapoli says

This is a compelling book and the prose is simply beautiful even if you must reread it to understand the true meaning. Every poem makes you think with your mind, feel it with your heart, and enlighten with your whole being. This is poetry at its' best even in translation.

Du Nguyen says

??m 8.5/10

M?t t?p th? hay, ?áng ??c

Không ph?i cái gì hay thì mình c?ng c?m nh?n ???c tr?n v?n. V? t?p th? này là m?t tr??ng h?p nh? v?y. C?m nh?n chung r?ng ?ây là 1 tác ph?m hay dù có m?t vài ch? c?ng h?i khó hi?u.

Là m?t t?p th? v?n xuôi n?n có nhi?u câu khá dài, n?u ch?a ??c quen s? th?y l?. T?p th? ???c in song ng? n?n c?ng ti?n cho vi?c ??i chi?u. Ph?n ti?ng Anh là do chính Tagore d?ch t? nguyên b?n c?a ông sang.

P/S: Có ph?i d?ch gi? d?ch nh?m hay ng??i ?ánh m?y nh?m ? câu 2 trang 98, 99?

♥ Ibrahim ♥ says

Let me share with you some excerpts of what I enjoyed out of this great work of inspiration "Fruit Gathering":

Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers but to be fearless in facing them.

Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain but for the heart to conquer it.

Let me not look for allies in life's battlefield but to my own strength.

Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved but hope for the patience to win my freedom.

Grant me that I may not be a coward, feeling your mercy in my success alone; but let me find the grasp of your hand in my failure.

I woke and found his letter with the morning.

I do not know what it says, for I cannot read.

I shall leave the wise man alone with his books, I shall not trouble him, for who knows if he can read what the letter says.

Let me hold it to my forehead and press it to my heart.

When the night grows still and stars come out one by one I will spread it on my lap and stay silent.

The rustling leaves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it, and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky.

I cannot find what I seek, I cannot understand what I would learn; but this unread letter has lightened my burdens and turned my thoughts into songs.

? And last but not least, I love the following poem passionately as it reminds me of my past in Islam:

false religion

By Rabindranath Tagore

Those who in the name of Faith embrace illusion,
kill and are killed.

Even the atheist gets God's blessings-
Does not boast of his religion;

With reverence he lights the lamp of Reason
And pays his homage not to scriptures,
But to the good in man.

The bigot insults his own religion
When he slays a man of another faith.
Conduct he judges not in the light of Reason;
In the temple he raises the blood-stained banner
And worships the devil in the name of God.

All that is shameful and barbarous through the Ages,
Has found a shelter in their temples-
Those they turn into prisons;
O, I hear the trumpet call of Destruction!
Time comes with her great broom
Sweeping all refuse away.

That which should make man free,
They turn into fetters;
That which should unite,
They turn into sword;
That which should bring love
From the fountain of the Eternal,
They turn into prison

And with its waves they flood the world.
They try to cross the river
In a bark riddled with holes;
And yet, in their anguish, whom do they blame?

O Lord, breaking false religion,
Save the blind!
Break! O break
The alter that is drowned in blood.

Let your thunder strike
Into the prison of false religion,

And bring to this unhappy land
The light of Knowledge.

+++

Here is another poem about seeking the Lord for his own sake, choosing the Giver above all gifts he bestows upon us:

XXVIII

Time after time I came to your gate with raised hands, asking for more and yet more.

You gave and gave, now in slow measure, now in sudden excess.

I took some, and some things I let drop; some lay heavy on my hands; some I made into playthings and broke them when tired; till the wrecks and the hoard of your gifts grew immense, hiding you, and the ceaseless expectation wore my heart out.

Take, oh take--has now become my cry.

Shatter all from this beggar's bowl: put out this lamp of the importunate watcher: hold my hands, raise me from the still-gathering heap of your gifts into the bare infinity of your uncrowded presence.

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/tagor...>

raise me from the still-gathering heap of your gifts into the bare infinity of your uncrowded presence.

Zahra Taher says

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