

CALL OF EVERGREEN-THE FOREST.

by

B.Barua Choudhury.

Lost in the oblivion is the memory  
Of the days, when I was born in the lap of my country.  
I know not the history of my birth,  
Find ye out, for my countrymen, for all I'm worth.

Bleas'd with all the fortunes of nature  
I grew; the trees, the fruits, the deer and tiger  
Are offsprings; and I reared them with love  
Only for my countrymen, whom I place all above.

For long two hundred years I wept and cried  
I shed my tears and in vain I vied.  
An unkind paramour ruled and robbed you and me withal;  
Nothing could I give you, my countrymen, could'nt  
hear you call.

Those days of defame of the past are gone;  
Now I feel the showers of the rising sun in the horizon,  
I see your steps marching towards the height of progress.  
And year the bells toll for the days of digress.

In these days of romantic hour sit in the bower  
And I'll give you the sweetest flower,  
For the altar to be made for the nation,  
To love and cherish with heavenly vision.

Dearest my countrymen, the forester, the researcher,  
Gently utilise my resources to make you happier,  
Find out the news ones still unknown,  
Many I possess, and it is for you alone.