

MELODY OF THE VINA

Music rippling, blazing—Not knowing where you are,
In the fire of your own tune, resound, resound,

I love songs

There is tempest in tune

Resound, Resound in the fire of music

And compose a tune.

Let victory be yours amidst music

There is no fear.

When drought and floods shall come

The chords shall be quiet.

Forget not ever, forget not,

In the midst of the rhythm do not break the tune

Be composed in orderliness

And come in your new form

Can you be forgotten?—No

You are in the tune

In the depths of your mind

In the smile of your greeting.

Sway your vina in the dreams

Let beauty rise in your tune and rhythm

Beat by beat with your vina

So many sorrows do I forget.

Methinks, I am alive

Are you also alive?

This then life's motto shall be

The tune—Life's instrument will be.