

BIRD

IN A CAGE



The Delaney Family Library
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BIRD IN A CAGE



Alarka devī dasī

English text

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Illustrations

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*There lives an old lady in London,
Who has a songbird in a cage.
She says she loves it very much,
Her dear little bird in a cage.*



*The bird is happily chirping,
It seems contented and bright.
The song it sings is enchanting,
To hear it is such a delight.*



*And the lady is pleased with her bird,
But just because it is active,
She never thinks she is singing along
With a poor imprisoned captive.*



*Nor does she understand its needs,
The care of the cage comes first.
She polishes madly all day long,
While the bird feels hunger and thirst.*



*The cage nearly blinds her with glitter and shine
But as for the poor bird inside,
She never notices how it has changed
For the cage is her glory and pride.*



*A week goes by without water or food
Till the voice, once singing so clear,
Gets weaker and weaker day by day.
Oh, the bird is fading I fear.*



*He gasps and cheeps so faintly
And twitches his little wings.
He dreams of swinging high up in the air.
To the last bit of life he still clings.*



*The dear little lady keeps polishing
Till she's sweaty and red with endeavour,
But you and I both know of course
She's insane, and not at all clever.*



*She thinks if she curses and tears at her hair
That the bird will soon be restored,
But oh what a pity, it's far too late.
She's lost the bird she adored.*



*For the soul of the bird has already left,
The body the lady will mourn,
Not knowing the soul of the bird has entered
A new body to be reborn.*



*Yes, the soul is alive in everyone's heart,
And the body needs it as a guide,
Just as a car needs a driver
Before it can go for a ride.*



*So if you think that you only need
To take care of your body, you're wrong.
Keep thinking and you will realize
That it won't be enough for long.*



*For the soul must not be neglected,
And here's his favorite dish -
The names and pastimes of Krishna
Will satisfy every soul's wish.*



*Let's feed our souls and everyone else's
The best Sunday feast ever tasted -
The Hare Krishna maha-mantra,
The sounds that are never wasted.*

HARE HARE KRSNA KRSNA
HARE HARE KRSNA KRSNA
KRSNA KRSNA
HARE HARE
HARE RAMA
HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA
HARE HARE



*If you meet someone like the old lady,
You can share your knowledge so sweet.
Tell them about the body and soul
To make both your lives complete.*

