

Winter Rain in Punjab

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The biting winter rain of Punjab falls
A wondrous blessing for me and windfall
That locks me for long in my hermit like room
And I don't feel at all the limbo doom.
For others a cloudy weather of cool and chill
Shocked, benumbed life comes to a standstill,
The miasmic mist casting a gloomy pall
The sky and earth are darkly engulfed all.
Unlike the summer rains welcomed so much
Heat weary, thirsty are sentiments as such,
When a sudden downpour in torrents come
Resounds parched earth "O Queen Rain most welcome!"
In an instant innate life throbs again
Frogs croak, dance children, peacocks on the plain,
Young maidens eager run for the gay swing
Driving ploughs in the fields the peasants sing.
But the chilling winter rains shut me in my room
Has a way that keeps me gay and abloom,
Wrapt in thought of Nanak, my Master own
Whose charcoal love keeps warm my very bone!
On my roof winter rains fall drop by drop
And brings too a golden memory wine-top,
When Nanki in such dreary wintry nights
Prayed for her brother's return for her dear sight.
And the inspired music a rain fall I hear
I ween hither comes Nanak stepping close and near,
His foot falls in a season so wet, dull and drab
O patters sweet the winter rains of Punjab!

