

**English translation:**

Teacher: Open to page 20. Did you open to the page? Look, see what's in there. Why don't you say it?

Chorus: "*Shongkolpo*"<sup>1</sup> by Kazi Nazrul Islam.<sup>2</sup>

Teacher: Yes. What's the name of the poem?

Student 1: "*Shongkolpo*." Poet Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Chorus: Poem is titled "*Shongkolpo*" by Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Teacher: Yes, poet Kazi Nazrul Islam. Right? Okay, I will read now. You guys listen.

"I won't stay in a closed room  
I want to see the world,  
How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles  
How they rush from country to foreign lands  
How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands  
What hope makes them accept death and torture  
How does the brave diver goes to the sea in search of pearls,  
How does the bold one fly towards his companions  
Who braves to go on the rocket to explore the unknown surfaces of the moon,  
I will listen to the signal that comes from Mars.  
I will descend by dividing the ground and I will rise through the sky  
I will see the world, the universe by gripping it with my hands."

Did you listen everyone? Today we will just read this much, all right?

Chorus: Yes.

Teacher: Okay. Then what will you do as I read?

Chorus: Read with you.

Teacher: Yes, read. All right?

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<sup>1</sup> It's a Bengali word, meaning resolution and here it is the title of the poem.

<sup>2</sup> Kazi Nazrul Islam is the national poet of Bangladesh. His works are well known in Bengali literature and he is also known as the rebel poet.

Chorus: Yes.

Teacher: “*Shongkolpo.*”

Chorus: “*Shongkolpo.*”

Teacher: Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Chorus: Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Teacher: “I won’t stay in a closed room.”

Chorus: “I won’t stay in a closed room.”

Teacher: “I want to see the world.”

Chorus: “I want to see the world.”

Teacher: “How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles.”

Chorus: “How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles.”

Teacher: “How they rush from country to foreign lands.”

Chorus: “How they rush from country to foreign lands.”

Teacher: “How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands.”

Chorus: “How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands.”

Teacher: “What hope makes them accept death and torture.”

Chorus: “What hope makes them accept death and torture.”

Teacher: Won’t you be able to do it now?

Chorus: Yes.

Teacher: Okay. Let’s read again. “*Shongkolpo.*”

Chorus: “*Shongkolpo.*”

Teacher: Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Chorus: Kazi Nazrul Islam.

Teacher: "I won't stay in a closed room."

Chorus: "I won't stay in a closed room."

Teacher: "I want to see the world."

Chorus: "I want to see the world."

Teacher: "How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles."

Chorus: "How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles."

Teacher: "How they rush from country to foreign lands."

Chorus: "How they rush from country to foreign lands."

Teacher: "How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands."

Chorus: "How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands."

Teacher: "What hope makes them accept death and torture."

Chorus: "What hope makes them accept death and torture."

Teacher: We will read up to this today, okay? Read this much."

Chorus: "*Shongkolpo*." Kazi Nazrul Islam.

"I won't stay in a closed room  
I want to see the world,  
How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles  
How they rush from country to foreign lands  
How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands  
What hope makes them accept death and torture  
How does the brave diver goes to the sea in search of pearls.  
How does the bold one fly towards his companions  
Who braves to go on the rocket to explore the unknown surfaces of the moon,

I will listen to the signal that comes from the Mars.  
I will descend by dividing the ground and I will rise through the sky  
I will see the world, the universe by gripping it with my hands."

"*Shongkolpo*" Kazi Nazrul Islam.

"I won't stay in a closed room

I want to see the world,  
How the twisters of the new era are making the people go in circles  
How they rush from country to foreign lands  
How and for what temptation are the heroes dying in thousands  
What hope makes them accept death and torture  
How does the brave diver goes to the sea in search of pearls  
How does the bold one fly towards his companions  
Who braves to go on the rocket to explore the unknown surfaces of the moon,

I will listen to the signal that comes from the Mars.  
I will descend by dividing the ground and I will rise through the sky  
I will see the world, the universe by gripping it with my hands.”

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