

Bharatiya Bhasha Diwas (Bharatiya Bhasha Utsav) 11th December

TRANSLATION PROJECT

DESIGNED BY:DR.CHANDRASHEKHAR B.SHARMA
POWERED BY:LITERARY CLUB
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
REWABEN MANOHARBHAI PATEL MAHILA KALA
MAHAVIDYALAYA,BHANDARA

FIVE POEMS IN ENGLISH TO BE TRANSLATED IN INDIAN LANGUAGES

1.If—RUDYARD KIPLING

2.Don't Quit-- EDGAR ALBERT GUEST

3.Still I Rise--MAYA ANGELOU

4.Invictus--WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

5.Dreams--LANGSTON HUGHES

INDIAN LANGUAGES:Bengali, Hindi, Maithili, Nepalese, Sanskrit, Tamil, Urdu, Assamese, Dogri, Kannada, Gujarati, Bodo, Manipur (also known as Meitei), Oriya, Marathi, Santali, Telugu, Punjabi, Sindhi, Malayalam, Konkani, Kashmiri, Arabic, Persian, Tibetan, kumau ni, chattisgarhi, Garhwali, Purgi, Mizo, Nagpuri, Bhojpuri, Maghai/Maghadi, and any other POPULAR LANGUAGES /DIALECTS SPOKEN IN INDIA

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES:

1.**All are eligible** to participate in the Translation project.

2. There is **NO ENTRY FEE** .

3. All translations must be submitted on clicking the **Google Form Link** . No other mode of submission will be considered valid.

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSfP742bDH0m5LG40i6H_X9EN8GFn8M1bHp6HCdE4u4IrAsz1A/viewform?usp=sf_link

4. You can translate the poem/poems in multiple languages and submit the files .For example:You can translate the poem **IF /DON'T QUIT/STILL I RISE/INVICTUS/DREAMS** in Hindi,Marathi,Urdu,etc.You are free to translate the above mentioned poems in multiple languages.

5. The translation should be original. Material copied from internet/other sources will not be considered under the project. The participant must be the same person who has written the content and plagiarism would not be accepted.

6. LITERARY CLUB does not bear any responsibility for copyright violations or infringements of intellectual property carried out by the participants.

7. UNDERTAKING:I am the sole translator/ and owner of the copyright of the content submitted and the same is not previously published in any print and digital media.

I give permission to Dr.chandrashekhar B.Sharma Convenor & Head ,LITERARY CLUB,DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH,SMT.REWABEN MANOHARBHAI PATEL MAHILA KALA MAHAVIDYALAYA,BHANDARA[MAHARASHTRA] to post my translation /translations on his personal blog on translation PUNARBHAV-REBIRTH

<https://tony-chandrashekhar.blogspot.com/>

8.LAST DATE OF SUBMISSION:**No deadline...submit throughout the year!**

9. All participants will get e- certificates .

8.BEFORE SUBMITTING THE TRANSLATIONS YOU SHOULD HAVE THE FOLLOWING FILES FOR UPLOADS:-

i.PDF file Passport size colour photo

2.PDF file of your translation/translations

3.PDF files of Roman /Devnagri version of the translations.

3.Recitation VIDEO and AUDIO files.

For Queries contact Dr.Chandrashekhar B.Sharma 9923356711(only messages)

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If—
RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

.....

Don't Quit
Edgar Albert Guest

When Things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and debts are high,
And you want to Smile but have to sigh.
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out,
Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the struggler has given up,
When he might captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown,

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

Still I Rise

MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?

Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise

I rise
I rise.

Invictus

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

Dreams

LANGSTON HUGHES

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go

Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.