

A Study of the Treatment of Love in Sarojini Naidu and Toru Dutt

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Abstract:

The paper *A Study of the Treatment of Love in Sarojini Naidu and Toru Dutt* looks into the aspects of Toru Dutt's and Sarojini Naidu's writings. During the British rule when people were in the midst of confusion regarding their Indian identity, people like Naidu and Dutt came forward to revive the spirit of Indianness. They made an earnest effort to express nationalism through Indian folk traditions as well as oral traditions. In this study an attempt is made to see how far these two poets have encouraged Indian identity and in what many ways. Events which had a direct bearing on their poetic prowess and psyche are discussed. While going into the depths of their poetic works and traits certain remarks by notable critics are also brought forward. The study attempts to see how both of them came out as pioneers in poetry in a male dominated, patriarchal society where women mostly remained indoors. They have indeed brought forward a total different scenario of Indian poetry through their attempts.

Keywords: Indian English poetry, Spirit of Indianness, Woman poets, Indian myths and legends, Common Indian rural folk, Native Fervour

Introduction: Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu appeared in the later half of the 19th century and they can be referred to as two exotic plants who brought in new colour and a strange beauty to Indian English. During the British rule when people were in the midst of confusion regarding their Indian identity, people like Sarojini Naidu and Toru Dutt came forward to revive the spirit of Indianness and the English language was their prominent tool. They used poetry as a non-violent instrument of nationalism during the Indian freedom movement. They have raised voices against the social and cultural conventions that often act as a barrier for many. They came out of their homes as they believed that women too, like men need to explore their collective consciousness and share experience in order to transcend the fragmentation and isolation of their lives. They have proved the general Victorian belief that women are meant for the kitchen or the fireplace to be wrong. They both attained mastery over this language even though it was not their mother tongue. These two poets are also important because they brought in an unique way of writing to Indian English, it was not just an imitation of the British writers. They flavored their poems with an Indian touch and taste.

Naidu was an ardent, versatile and dynamic genius poet whose sweet and melodious poems were unsurpassed in the entire range of Indian English Poetry. One can refer to her poetry

as a magnificent and colourful album of Indian life. The themes and background of her poetry were purely Indian and she sang in full-throated ease of the festivals, occupations and life of her people as a true daughter of her motherland. Her poetry was essentially lyrical which had been strongly influenced by British Romanticism. She was also known for her progressive thinking, her acerbic wit, her compassion. Her poetry is marked by restrained imagery, everyday words, colourful adjectives, symbolism, imagery and mysticism. She was considered a major poet with the excellence of wit, humour and charm. Naidu's poetry on mysticism reflects her faith in the language of the Hindu mystic poets and Sufi mystic poets. The themes and background of her poetry were purely Indian and she sang in full-throated ease of the festivals, occupations and life of her people as a true daughter of her motherland.

Dutt tried to explore the philosophical aspect of Indian life. Indian poetry took a new and remarkable turn with Toru Dutt's poems. She developed poetry from imitation to authenticity. Dutt (1856-1877) had a unique intellect and manifested an exceptional mastery and originality. She was the first Indian poet who never attempted to anglicize her "oriental" themes. Her second collection: *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan* (1822) shows her rootedness in the soil of Hindu thought and tradition as well as her attempt to interpret and replete with Indian myths and legends and show her understanding of the spirit underlying them. She created a body of poetry which, in the words of Milton "the posterity will not willingly let die." She was a romantic at heart but unlike Derozio and her other predecessors, she was not a conscious imitator of the English romantics. She was an objective poet who avoids conscious comments and describes events, scenes and persons clearly without over-elaboration. She was a narrative poet of rare charm.

Treatment Of Love In Sarojini Naidu And Toru Dutt

Sarojini Naidu wrote many lyrics on the theme of love. She was a lyricist and her poems dealt with the various moods and emotions that love brings into a man's life. She has discussed about the passionate desire and mystic communion which results from one's true love. Love is the gift of nature and it finds a wonderful place and expression in her poems. It is an agent of platonic bliss. In Dutt's poetry idealism embraces the varied forms of love delineated by her — viz. love between the lovers, love between husband and wife, love between parents and children.

Love, according to Naidu is the very essence of a woman's existence and love has no boundaries and barriers but only beauty and charm, delicate fancy and gossamer imagination, emotional fervor and sensuousness. Sarojini Naidu always looks at love from the woman's point of view and therefore there is remarkable sensitivity and fascination in her love poems. Compared to Toru Dutt, her perception of love is more comprehensive and wider. Love is seen both in its aggressive and sensuous forms. Her poetry on love is not limited. It comprises of a wide range of subjects and themes and addresses to all kinds of readers. It is marked by its truth of observation, variety of experiences, depth of feeling and sympathetic presentation of human nature. There is so much of intensity, potential, vigor and depth of feeling in her poems on love that it brings into the mind of the readers that the love she is describing is autobiographical to a great extent and it conveys her feelings for Dr. Govinda Rajulu Naidu, her husband. Her getting

to married to him, despite all the oppositions proves her deep, ardent and genuine love for him. What distinguishes Sarojini Naidu from other poets like Manmohan Ghose, Rabindranath Tagore, Sri Aurobindo and Harin all of whom wrote love-poetry, is her capacity to capture emotions and present situations with all their ecstasies and pathos.

Sarojini Naidu's Love poetry reflects her intensity, her vigour and her subdued and submissive expression of love. Love in her hands is delicate, exquisite, non-materialistic and spiritual; it is far away from eroticism, the physical demands and purely based on the union of the heart and soul. In "A Rajput Love Song" she expresses her lover's rhapsody:

O Love! were you a basil-wreath to twine
among my tresses,
A jeweled clasp of shining gold to bind around my sleeve,
...
Why should I fear the jealous dawn
that spreads with cruel laughter,
Sad veils of separation between your face and mine? (135)

This shows that for Naidu love is an unnamed and unfathomed force and that it has the power to act as the bridge which crosses over the barriers of distance and worldly separation. In the poem, the beloved yearns for her lover and wishes him to stay with her in any form of disguise that is possible so that they are united without the looming shadows of separation. She wishes that her beloved could take the form of wreath which she would use to twine among her hair or a jewel to be worn in her sleeve or the fan which lies upon her pillow or a lute or silver, anything that she could keep it near her. Amar Singh, her beloved replies that he too will feel her presence in "the hooded hawk upon my hand"; in "a turban-spray"; in "the radiant, swift, unconquered sword"; in "a shield" and even in "an amulet". (113) The poem is remarkable in the way Naidu has presented before us a romantic love picture of the medieval world of Rajput Chivalry and knight-errantry. This poem is in a way a reflection of her own love life. At one point of her life she too was bound to stay away from her lover but she responded positively to the irresistible call and passed all barriers of caste and creed to be united with her lover.

M.K. Naik comments that Naidu in her deep adherence to aestheticism and the Romantic legacy made her concept of love aligned to the earliest definition of love by Plato: "though at the outset Man and Woman were undivided and one they were separated only by the anger of Gods, there is thus an incessant propensity in them to reunite again and again"¹. Thus, the essence of love is as Shelley has defined in his poem "Love's Philosophy" as the mingling of the "being" of lovers². Naidu's poetry with such close affinities with the Romantics is almost devoid of the physical dimension of love. But it is not completely devoid of physical love, but whatever mere amount is present is not erotic or vulgar in any sense. She describes it in a very subtle manner.

In "The Sins of Love" the lover begs her beloved to forgive her, if her eyes ever tried to stay on his face, hands clasp his body, mouth ravish his lips or heart lure his love.

Forgive me the sin of mine eyes,
O Love, if they dared for a space
Invade the dear shrine of your face...
...
Forgive me the sin of my hands . . .
...
To clasp you,..
...
Forgive me the sin of my mouth,
O Love, if it wrought you a wrong,
...
And ravished your lips and your breast
To comfort its anguish of drouth- (173)

Sarojini Naidu has written many spiritual and sacred love-poems, where she presents the picture of extreme love of man towards God. This is seen in her poem "Song of Radha, The Milkmaid". Here she stresses again and again on the devotional aspect of love of Radha who, lost in the thought of her Beloved Krishna cries out "Govinda" unconsciously:

I carried my pots to the Mathura tide . . .
...
My comrades called, "Ho! Let us dance, let us sing
...
But my heart was so full of your music, Beloved,
They mocked me when I cried without knowing:
Govinda! Govinda!
Govinda! Govinda! . . .
How gaily the river was flowing! (145-46)

Through Radha, Naidu depicts any human heart longing to communicate with the supreme being. She repeats the name "Govinda" again and again with the depth of the heart and this signifies the passionate yearning of a devotee seeking complete absorption with God. Radha is completely immersed in her beloved God. Her heart is full of His beauty, full of His music and was totally lost in His worship. Here she is discussing love at a much higher level -- the spiritual and the mystical. She tries to convince that by reciting "Govinda! Govinda!" with true love and *bhakti*, the self can be merged with God. There is no dryness, no struggle, no repression but only the mighty infinite love towards God. Naidu has presented Radha loving God for God's sake, love for love sake and no other ulterior motif behind it. Love here is equated with devotion to God and thus it is devoid of carnal thoughts and it sheds the trappings of fleshly desire and passion. Naidu is so lost in the name of love that all her previous joys, sorrows, anxieties and fears, with the whole gamut of her religious and emotional life, are found to fuse together in this

one concept of Love. For her, like Dante, it is "Love which moves the sun in heaven, and all the stars."³ She has dedicated her whole life to Love; it is the whole of existence. And because it is the whole of existence it is possible to rise from the grosser to the finer forms of it; from love of man to love of God. It is essentially a process of sublimation.

Love is a mystery in an Indian woman's life. Love touches her once and it remains in the inner core of heart. For her, love is not love which alters with the alteration. For an Indian woman, love is in the deepest sense. It is a psychological and spiritual need. When a person immersed in such love, there is peace, richness and fulfillment all around, such love leads to completeness. She can devote anything to enjoy the bliss of such complete love.

In "The Offering", she stresses the fact that a lover is always ready to give everything in the name of her beloved, such is power of love of an Indian woman. The maiden in the poem has neither beauty nor youth nor greatness, which, if she had possessed she would have offered to her beloved. But she says that she has the most reliable and essential and precious gift for him; her heart's undying passion. She does not asks for anything in return for her love, she would be fully satisfied and content only if she can simply kiss the shadow of her lover's passing feet:

Were beauty mine, Beloved, I would bring it
Like a rare blossom to Love's glowing shrine;
Were dear youth mine, Beloved, I would fling it
Like a rich pearl into Love's lustrous wine.
...
But I have naught save my heart's deathless passion
...
Content to wait in proud and lowly fashion,
And kiss the shadow of Love's passing feet. (p.170)

Sarojini Naidu had thus beautified the consciousness and emotional feeling of an Indian woman for whom, the consummation of love meant complete self surrender to her lover. Love is not a materialistic need and thus it does not thrive on beauty or youth, glory or fame. In love, humility is pride, lowliness is the exaltation and selfless service has its own reward. An Indian woman's heart, according to Naidu is selfless, she only knows how to give, but never asks anything in return. "Love knows no bargaining. Love is always the giver and never the taker"⁴. She has successfully dealt with such kind of highest love in her love poems. She knows how an Indian woman is prepared to hazard her all for the sake of her lover. Naidu uses several similes to stress upon the unselfish love- beauty is compared to "rare blossom" youth to a "pearl" and glory and fame to "camphor and curds".

In "Humayun to Zobeida", Naidu presents a different picture of love. She draws a connection between beauty and love. She says that beauty along with the feminine grace is the most precious God's gift to an Indian woman. She is credited with the quality of powerful imagination and takes us, along with her imagination to the beautiful world of Indian beauty and

shows how the Mughal king Humayun was attracted towards the captivating beauty of Zobeida. When he moves about in the garden full of roses and other beautiful natural objects, he sees Zobeida's beauty in rose, her glory in the dawn, her sweetness in the nightingale's song and her whiteness in the swan--

You flaunt your beauty in rose
 Your glory in the dawn
 Your sweetness in the nightingale
 Your whiteness in the swan.⁵

She then connects this intense adoration of beauty to intense love. Love involves the perception of beauty and the longing for the beautiful and life is incomplete without love. Humayun falls completely under the spell of Zobeida's charming beauty:

You haunt my walking like a dream
 My slumber like a moon
 Pervade me like a musky scent
 Possess me like a tune.⁵

Thus, we can see that one's faith of beauty smoothens the path and leads to the flourishing of love everywhere in the world or we can say that love is generated or kindled by the beauty.

Toru Dutt like Sarojini Naidu, is also known as an illustrious women love poet of the world. Though she died untimely at the age of just twenty-one before she could fully blossom and mature as a litterateur, Toru Dutt bequeathed to the posterity memorable literature, no matter quite meager bulk wise. Toru Dutt, though she spent a lot of time in France and England, remained deeply rooted in her own native culture and literature. In fact, despite her constant close contact with the Western life and literature, she had essentially an Indian view of life, and had she lived longer, "she could have interpreted," as Amaranath Jha rightly points out, "to the West the spirit of India"⁶.

Toru Dutt has composed sixteen masterpieces in her collection *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, out of which *Savitri* is the longest and perhaps the best poem entitled *Savitri*. This narrative poem gives an account of the life of the legendary princess Savitri, her ideal love for Satyavan before and after marriage, and her bold encounter with Yama the God of Death. She is the true representation of female chastity and devotion to her lover-husband, and hence the story, to quote the words of Harihar Das, is "the highest standard of conjugal love"⁷ even to-day. Savitri was a young and beautiful princess who stood by her love throughout good and bad times and got married to him despite the fact that his death was imminent. She embodies the quintessence of womanhood! Savitri was the only daughter of Madra's king. Toru Dutt in her poem describes how in those ancient days girls had the freedom to choose their life partner. She says Savitri lived in "those far-off primeval days" of Indian history when women were not "pent/ In closed zenanas"⁸. Savitri wanders around the cornfields and one fine summer morning on her way to the hermitage spots a handsome youth that "the eye/ Was loth to quit the sun-

browed face;”(4). He was graceful, young, "tall and lithe" and "Royal in port", "So frank and noble". (4) The two pure and innocent youthful souls met each other as soon as their eyes fell on each other, and Savitri gazed and gazed at him; she could not for once blink her eyes; it was as if she were under some magical spell. Savitri's and Satyavan's fell madly in love with each other. Once she realized her feelings, she instantly decided that the very young man would be her bridegroom. She went to the hermitage and through her enquiry came to know that the youth was Satyavan, son of Dyoumatsen, the former king of Salva. She learned that the king was old and blind.

Their love at first sight was most convincing and was founded on logic and rationality. She understood that things have changed around her and she has lost her "virgin heart" and but she feels "richer for the loss" (5). She has experienced a sea of change in her life, everything was completely transformed and clothed in the gay glow of maddening love. She observed a heavenly power, a bright light coloring every item of the world:

... A ray,
Shot down from heaven, appeared to tinge
All objects with supernal light,
The thatches had a rainbow fringe,
The cornfields looked more green and bright, (5)

Narad Muni predicts that the youth, Satyavan, chosen by Savitri, would die exactly after a year of their marriage. Savitri, unheeding the pleas to choose another one, utters these beautiful words:

And why should I? When I have given
My heart away, though but in thought,
Can I take back? Forbid it, Heaven!
It were a deadly sin, I wot.
And why should I? I know no crime
In him or his. (8)

This shows her deep, profound love for Satyavan. It was her unconditional love which made her strong enough to stand firm by her decision and she was least bothered by the prophecy of the great sage Narad. She remained undaunted and for once she did not panic thinking about her early widowhood which would touch her soon after their marriage. She has gone so far in her love for him that she found it impossible to retreat from the chosen path. She stood unmoved like a rock having found the deep foundation of genuine love. Savitri made it clear that she would prefer to remain unmarried throughout her life but could not think about marring another person as she has already become someone else's in mind and soul. She honestly and consolingly said to her father:

Unwedded to my dying day
I must, my father dear, remain;
'Tis well, if so thou will'st, but say
Can man balk Fate, or break its chain? (11)

She said that she was not afraid of the future or widowhood or death or any other obstacles and that she only knows her divine and sublime love for him and is ready to face and overcome all barriers.

If Fate so rules, that I should feel
The miseries of a widow's life,
Can man's device the doom repeal?
...
The Right must be our guiding star;
Duty our watchword, come what may;
Judge for me, friends, — as wiser far. (11)

Her love passed the first stage as they got married. Their marriage took place with great pomp and show and the whole of Madra witnessed their enduring love. She proves her love once again as she adjusts in the in-law household without any complaints. It is quite unnatural to see how a princess brought up with all the comforts and luxuries did not feel any discomfort in her husband's house, a hut which was made of mud and grass. She left behind her ease and content atmosphere and enjoyed meager clothes and meals and also did all the household works.

Despite this huge change in her lifestyle and the looming danger over them, she was quite happy with her husband and his family. Seeing her happy and gay, her parents were also content and for the time being forgot their fears regarding the marriage. Her intense, lofty love for her husband and his family made her the very embodiment of a lovable, dutiful wife. Her love, her grace illuminated the whole ambience. Her married life was suffused with love and joy:

Her perfect love story went on thus but finally the "fatal day" arrived. She increased her prayers and she was perplexed:

Which shall be victor, Death or Love! (18)

At last the pre-destined evening arrived and Savitri was full of fear, but she controlled it and prepared herself to face the situation with all her might and pure, unconquerable love. Satyavan expressed his desire to go to the forest and a strange foreboding impelled Savitri to follow him. It is said that when danger comes to our near and dear ones, we feel it and this is what Savitri feels. Her intuition says that something is not going on the right path:

She urged the nature of her vows,
Required her now the rites were done
To follow where her loving spouse
Might e'en a chance of danger run. (20-21)

Thus, Savitri, "the faithful wife" passed the dense forest "hand in hand" with her husband. He was then overpowered by an acute headache and Savitri, knowing the approaching death, supported her husband with her calm nature. She, free from fear, said to him with utmost love:

Lean, love, thy head upon my breast,
... 'here,
So shall thou better breathe and rest (23)

However, soon her love breathed his last. She held her dying husband for long hours and they remained there looking like "statues, magic bound". This posture -- her husband lying in her lap and she watching him completely stunned and stupefied, revealed the higher, spiritual love of the two.

Seeing both the lovers immersed in each other, the messengers of the God of Death were reluctant to take away the soul of Satyavan. They were terror-stricken and they did not go near Savitri to bring the soul of Satyavan as her presence prevented the approach of any "soul of evil". they thus failed in their task. This again shows her flawless and divine love which forced Yama, the God of Death himself to come down to take away the soul. When Savitri saw him and questioned him, Yama revealed the purpose of his visit. When he left with Satyavan's body, Savitri quietly followed him, hoping against hope to get back her husband. Yama constantly warned her to stay back and return home and carry on the rituals for the departed soul. But Savitri did not pay any heed to his advice or command or request but kept on following him out of sheer love for her husband. She very humbly but persuasively said to Yama:

Where'er my husband dear is led,
...
I too must go, ...
...
'Tis thus my duty I have read!
If I am wrong, oh! with me bear;
... for I can dare
All things but that... (29)

Savitri made marvelous philosophical conversation and said that the world was transient and all delusion, that all life was entangled in the "frail and fair" (30) web of Maya, that everything was perishable. Without making Yama angry she described her love for Satyavan, it is invincible, embedded in virtue, duty and goodness. The lines, cited below, fully bring out her sublime concept of love:

No weariness, O Death, I feel,
And how should I, when by the side
Of Satyavan? In woe and weal
To be a helpmate swears the bride.
This is my place; by solemn oath
Wherever thou conductest him
I too must go, to keep my troth; (33)

Hearing all these Yama was totally spell-bound by Savitri. He was in awe with her wisdom and her impeccable faithfulness to her husband and at last he told her that He would grant her any boon. On this she asked for regaining the eyesight and throne of her father in law to which he easily agreed. After this she started praising Yama, in whom she found a sense of truth and kindness that can dissolve the false lights of any objects. She used her wisdom and philosophy and engaged him in conversation. She described him as "the milk of human kindness" and Yama, impressed by her granted her another wish. Yama was so delighted that he forgot to put any condition and Savitri immediately understood what she should do:

Let my Satyavan live again
And children unto us be born,
Wise, brave, and valiant. (37)

This is how the Savitri's impassioned, deep-rooted love triumphed over death and how she was able to bring back her husband from the door of death. Her efforts are still remembered today and she is considered as an ideal housewife in Hindu culture. Through her selfless love and devotion, her strong will, her deeds and her sense of duty towards her husband she became immortal and people remember her with great respect.

In this poem not only the love between them is important but also the love for their own parents is worth mentioning. While Savitri asks for boon from Yama she does not forget her parents. Thus, Savitri also sets a good example of a caring and dutiful daughter. Not only she but Satyavan too is very caring towards his parents. As soon as he regains consciousness he is worried about his parents:

What anguish must my parents feel
Who wait for me the livelong hours! (41)

He then expresses his desire to go home:

For broken-hearted, they may die!
Oh hasten dear, -- now I am strong,
No more I suffer, let us fly, (41)

The word "fly" suggests his impatience. He is so worried that he does not want to spend any more time and get near them as soon as it is possible for he knows how intense is parents' love:

Oh what a love is theirs — how fond!
Whom now Despair, perhaps, benights. (42)

He also loved his parents more than his life, and hence said:

Upon their safety hangs my life! (42)

He then expresses his love for Thee whom he considers as the absolute Truth. He prays to God to give them peace:

Oh, ever hath I loved Thy truth,
Therefore on Thee I dare to call, (42)

Savitri as usual came to him to wipe away his fears and "took in hers Satyavan's hand". A husband wants the support of his wife at crucial times as such and Savitri does not fail even in this aspect. She is very supportive and understanding and gives him courage:

This weakness, Love, I understand!
Courage! She smiled away his fears (43)

The next poem is "The Royal Ascetic and the Hind" which is again immersed in the tenderness of love and its power. This poem tells us the story of Bharat, the hermit-king of Saligram who had left behind all his royal comforts and pleasures at home and went out to the forest in order to lead a life of a hermit so that he could attain perfect dominion on his soul; detachment from "wealth and love and fame" (66). But one day all his asceticism and spirituality came to an end when love entered his life. He saw a hind drinking water nearby and suddenly on hearing a lion's roar, it got terrified and it leaped and its new born tumbled from her womb into the rushing stream. The mother hind was dead but the new was still struggling for its life. The scene which he just witnessed moved the king and out of tender love he took the newborn creature and decided to take its care in his hut.

He thus brought up that little fawn with his greatest possible care and tenderness until it grew in stature and in strength and in doing so he developed a close relationship with it. He was so obsessed with it that he could not think anything besides the little hind and its nursing. Whenever it went out, the king became restless like a parent worrying if some other animal kills his dear pet.

And so, whene'er it lingered in the wilds,
...
His thoughts went with it; ...
"Who knows, perhaps some lion or some wolf,
...
Already hath devoured it,—timid thing! (68)

These lines show how concerned he is for the little pet who is like a foster child to him. The king is so deeply attached that he cannot bear to stay away from it for a longer period and if this happens he panics at the thought of some harm coming to the hind.

When the time came for Bharat to die, his heart was filled with distress at leaving his little fawn and not with the problem of death and eternity. Even the hind is human-like and could understand that something was wrong with its master. It thus stays by the master and is sad. Love is such a powerful feeling that it does not need a language to show each other but is understood by humans and animals alike.

According to Toru Dutt, one cannot attain a higher life only through prayers, sacrifices, seclusion and peaceful surroundings, but through true love. A man should have a heart which can feel for the other creations of God and by taking care of those and by giving love one can attain that height, that spiritualism. She writes:

But in the heat and bustle of the world
'Mid sorrow, sickness, suffering and sin,
Must he still labour with a loving soul
Who strives to enter through the narrow gate. (70)

Thus, she has given love an upper hand over painstaking asceticism through the poem. According to her, a man can justify his life only by living it to its fullest and by experiencing both the good and bad side.

The poem "Sindhu", is based on the glaring instances of parental and pious love. Sindhu was the only child of blind, aged sage-parents. He was an ideal son who has dedicated his whole life to serve them in the best possible manner. "Attentive, duteous, loving, kind,/ Thoughtful, sedate and calm" (89), he attended to all the peevishness of old age with patience and sweetness as he

loved to be their slave (90)

Inevitably, the parents, too, loved him immeasurably:

Dear to their hearts he was, — so dear,
That none his place might fill (90)

The love that binds the three of them was so strong that poverty was a trivial matter in front of it. They were very poor with little to eat but "Their leaf-hut filled with joy" (90) and they never complained and supported each other.

If peace on earth was ever found
'Twas in that solitude (90)

One evening when King Dasarath was out for hunting, Sindhu went to a nearby river for bringing fresh water for his parents and unfortunately the king killed him with his dart mistaking him to be an animal drinking water. Such was his love and concern for his parents that as soon as the arrow struck him the first thought to strike him was his parents who were thirsty. He cried out:

Oh God!" it said-- "I die, -- I die,
Who'll carry home the pail? (95)

This shows that he was not worried about his own pain or the fact that he was dying but he was worried thinking who would help his parents in his absence.

The dying hermit-son told the king that he should accept his fate as an appropriate punishment for the sin he once committed by killing a male dove and thus making the female dove a widow. The two birds lived "happy in their loves" and "Never were they two separate" before his wicked act in playfulness. In the acute agony of separation, the "love-lorn" female dove

...gave a plaintive wail
And looked me in the face! (99)

implying plainly that she would not be able to live a "widowed life" and hence

...The forfeit thou must pay (99)

He told the king his only dismay is that his parents have no one else to look after them and that they are blind. This fact was like a sore on his mind. He told that his parents underwent a rigorous fast and thus they needed water soon. After that, out of fathomless love and concern for his parents, he requested the king to take him and the pitcher of water to his parents who were dying with thirst.

He pointed, - ceased, - then sudden died! (100)

On the other side his parents were worried for him. They too were concerned for Sindhu never takes such a long time to return. His mother prayed that no harm should come to him as

"Of our blind eyes he is the star,/ Without him, what were we?" (102) She is more concerned for him than her thirst

I die of thirst,-- it matters not
If Sindhu be but safe, (101)

She is the mother and a mother's heart can feel it if danger approaches her child. She could feel a dreadful ache in her heart and feels that Sindhu has gone away from them. She was feeling helpless and terror-stricken.

The king took up the corpse and the pitcher slowly went towards the hut. With great sorrow and heavy heart, he narrated the unfortunate event that led to the sad death of their son. The scene of the parents' meeting their dead son was not only pathetic but also saturated with love and complete dependence. It was a big setback for the old and helpless parents. miserable and desolate as they were, requested him to guide them to their bed of moss, for life had become meaningless for them.

The parents their dead child embraced,
And kissed his forehead pale.
Our hearts are broken. Come, dear wife,
On earth no more we dwell;
Now welcome death, and farewell Life,
And thou, O king, farewell!... (104)

Thus we can conclude by saying that both Dutt and Naidu have presented a beautiful picture of love. It can be acclaimed that both are out and out Indian in their attitude to love. Naidu is indeed a love lyricist who has written verses in love, touching the hearts of many. She has described love through various moods and emotions. Her love poems evoke a passionate desire in one's heart and she could bring out the intensity of true love through the beautiful images and her lyrical quality. The collection *Ancient ballads and Legends of Hindustan* is Toru Dutt's magnum opus on which her reputation as an outstanding woman of letters rests and in this collection she has incorporated her original poems in English. In the above mentioned poems the concept of love, steeped in idealism finds full expression. After reading Naidu's poems, we can say that these poems reflect the tender and passionate woman in her. She has given love both beauty and charm, delicate fancy and gossamer imagination, emotional fervour and sensuousness.

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