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## THE SEMBLANCE BETWEEN JOHN DONNE AND VIDYAPATI AS DEVOTIONAL POETS

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### ABSTRACT

The Age of Donne comprising the last decade of the 16<sup>th</sup> century and early decades of the 17<sup>th</sup> js, therefore, an age of transition. By this time the Renaissance impulse has exhausted itself, the Elizabethan zest for life is gone, and the Elizabethan exuberance and optimism has been succeeded by a mood of apprehension, disillusionment and defeat.

The older traditions, values and ideals, the older social and moral order are subjected to increasing criticism and faith in them is shaken. Men are bewildered and confused, pessimistic and melancholy. All this is reflected in the satirical and critical temper of the literature of the period. Emotionally, men still clung to the older world view, while intellectually his faith was being undermined by the incontrovertible evidence of the new empirical science This accounts for that 'dissociation of sensibility' which, with the exception of Donne's poetry, T.S. Eliot considers as such a prominent feature of 17<sup>th</sup> century literature.<sup>1</sup>

### Hymne to god, my God , In my Sickness

Since I am Coming to that Holy roome,  
Where, with thy quire of Saints for evermore..  
I shall be made thy Musique; As come  
I time the Instrument here at the dore,  
And what I must doe then, thinke now before

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne.  
Cosmographer& mid I their Marc\ who tie  
Flat on this bed. that by them may be shown  
That this is my South-west discoveries  
Perfretum febris, by these straights to die,

I joy, that in these straits, I set my West.  
For, though their currants yeeld return to none,  
What shall my West hurt me ? As West and East  
In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are file,  
So death cloth touch the Resurrection

Is the Pacifique Sea my home ? Or are  
The Easterne riches ? is Jerusalem ?  
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraliare,  
All streights, and none but streights, are way es them.  
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Chant, or Sem.

We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie,  
Christs Crosse, and Adams tree, stood in one place-  
Looke Lord, and finde both Adams met in me:  
As the first Adams sweat surround is my face,  
May the last Adams blood my soule embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,  
By these his thornes give me his other Crone;  
And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,  
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,  
Therfore that he may raise the Lord throws down.<sup>2</sup>

According to Izaak Walton, this hymn was written by the poet eight days before his death in 1631. However Gardner and R. C. Bald state that this hymn was written in 1623 when the poet was seriously ill. Whatever may be the date of the poem, there is no doubt that the poet has a feeling of imminent death. His thoughts therefore turn to Christ, God and Heaven. This is one of his best religious poems and show his intense love of God and readiness to suffer for winning God's Grace. Donne's prayer in the last stanza that Christ should receive him in heaven, and the reiterator of the text of the sermon "therefore that he may rise, God throws down sums up his hope of immortality after passing through the strait of death.

According to Helen Gardner this Hymn was written in 1623,<sup>3</sup> when Donne was seriously ill. Quite naturally his thoughts turned God, and Heaven and Hell. It is an expression of the broodings of a sick man who fancies himself on the point of death. The poet thinks that he is about to go to that holy place where a group of angels always clant hymns in praise of the greatness and glory of God. There he would himself be a member of the group of musicians and sing with them in ppraise of God. But before he reaches there, and is still in this world, he will tune his poetic faculty to compose a poem in which he will express his thoughts about his future, about his future, about his life in the other world. In a very vivid and sensuous geographical image the poet compares himself to a map and his doctors to cartographers or mapmaker. he lies flat on his bed with a number of doctor examining him and trying to diagnose his disease. The poet does not regret n that he would deccay and die of that high fever On a flat map, before it is pasted on the globe and west

and east lie close together. No doubt west is the place of death and decline, but east is the place associated with Christ the recurrection. it is only after death that the poet' soul will go to heaven, and he would inherit the Kingdom of God, therefore, the thought of death makes the poet happy. He joys at the indirection that his fevour would kill him, and then he would go to heaven.

Lying on his death-bed the poet's thoughts turn to God and Heaven where the choir of angels sings hymns to the glory of God. He wishes to join the musicians and therefore he wants to tune his own poetic faculty to compose a poem which will express his thoughts about his life in the next world.

The poet describes his present situation while lying in bed surrounded by physicians. He thinks that the doctors are cartographers and he is a map. They examine him carefully and make a 'south-west discovery' that he will die of fever. According to him, the south is the region of heat and the west is the direction of the sun-set (of his life). So he expects to die soon of high fever. The poet is not afraid of death. On s flat map, the west and the east lie close to each other. The west symbolizes death and the east symbolizes resurrection. The poet feels that he will go to Heaven after death and therefore he feels joyful that his end should come through fever.

Where could paradise be situated ? Where could he locate it on the map of the world ? Is it somewhere in the pacific Ocean or in the blessed East where Christ was born ? Perhaps paradise is Jerusalem itself. He would go to his future habitat through the strait of Anyan or Magellan or Gibraltar. It is sure that the way to paradise is through some strait (suffering) and it may be situated in any part of

Asia, Africa or Europe the regions allotted to each of the three sons of Adam. Perhaps paradise is situated in Calvary, the place where Christ was crucified. Adam is the first man and Christ the second Adam both present in the poet himself. The sweat due to his fever is like the sweat of Adam produced by the latter's fall. The poet wishes that blood of Christ may redeem his soul and bring about his complete transformation.

In the end, the poet prays to God to accept his soul for he has been purified by the sacrifice of Christ. He has suffered for his sins and his crown of thorns which he is wearing now may be replaced by the crown of God's grace. As a preacher, he has preached God's word to others and he wants that the motto for his soul should be the following text that he may raise, the Lord throws down. He has earned merit through his own suffering and therefore his soul should be accepted in Heaven.

This is a poem of six stanzas of five lines each. It is a serious and sincere poem containing nothing of the levity and fun generally associated with Donne's poems. The image of geographical exploration runs throughout the poem. The poet's soul goes on a voyage of discovery after the death. For this purpose, maps and distant regions are mentioned. The straits (suffering) through which the soul has to pass on its voyage to paradise are localized. The three distant continents link the west

with the East. The East is the place of Christ and he is responsible for the resurrection of man. There is the concept of two Adams, the first Adam suffered the fall from paradise, the second Adam redeemed the original sin and opened the doors of paradise. Christ's suffering and redemption makes the poet confident about the acceptance of his soul by God in Heaven. This poem is quite different from other poems which indicate his fear of death, Judgment Day and Hell. Here the poet is quite hopeful of his reception in paradise. Clay Hunts calls it, "the most distinguished achievement religious poetry". None of his other religious poems can match its symphonic richness of suggestion, and its balancing of intellectual subtlety with sustained emotion, of intricate precision in detail with a controlling sense of form. In the first stanza, Donne states the psychological problem which this argument must solve; he is trying to establish his peace of mind before he dies by coming to accept intellectually the justness of God's ways toward him in heaven. The essence of the argument which the rest of the poem develops is that death, and physical suffering of his illness must be accepted willingly; firstly, because it is only through suffering and death the man can reach heavenly bliss; secondly, because this experience is requisite if God's dealings with man are to be just; and finally, Donne himself is confident of salvation through Christ's Redemption.

#### **Good Friday, 1613, Riding westward**

Let mans Soule be a Spheare,  
and then, in this, The intelligence that moves, devotion is,  
And as the other Spheares, by being growne  
Subject to forraigne motions, Jose their owne,  
And being by others hurried every day,  
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:  
Pleasure or businesse, so, our Solues admit  
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.  
Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West  
This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.  
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,  
And by that setting endlesse day beget;  
But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,  
Sinne had eternally benighted all.

Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see  
That spectacle of too much weight for mee.  
Who sees Gods face, that in selfe life, must dye;  
What a death were it then to see God dye?  
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shriek, I

t made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke.  
Could I behold these hands which span the Poles,  
And tune all spehares at once, peirc'd with those holes ? Could I behold  
that endlesse height which is Zenith to us, and to'our Antipodes,  
Humbled below us ? or that blood which is  
The seat of all our Soules, if not of his,  
Make Burt of dust, or that flesh which was worne  
By God, for his apparel], rag'd, and tome ?

If on these things I durst not looke, durst I  
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,  
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus  
Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us ?  
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,  
They'are present yet unto my memory,

For that looks towards them; and thou lookist towards mee,  
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;  
I turne my Backe to thee, but to receive  
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.  
O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,  
Burne offmy rusts, and my deformity,  
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,  
That thou rnay'st know mee, and turtle my face.<sup>4</sup>

This Divine Poem was written by Donne in 1613, on Good Friday, when he was riding Westward to visit his Mend Sir Edward Herbert at Montgomery. The poem was composed during the journey. Good Friday is the Friday before Easter and it is celebrated in the memory of Christ's crucifixion, Naturally on this day, Donne's thoughts turn to sin, divine Judgment and redemption and regeneration by the self-sacrifice and crucifixion of Christ.<sup>5</sup>

In the very opening lines of the Hymn, Donne compares a man's soul to a sphere, and his devotion to God to the Intelligence which controls and guides it on its path. According to the medieval scholastic belief there were nine spheres each of which was supposed to have its own natural motion which was guided by its own particular 'Intelligence'.<sup>6</sup> Their natural movement was from West to East. However, this natural motion was disturbed by the influence of other spheres. For example, the Primurn Mobile, the highest sphere, hurled them against this and gave them a contrary direction from East to West. In the same way by nature the human soul should be guided .by devotion to God, its intelligence, but other influences, such as the pleasures of the senses or the business of earning worldly wealth, take it in a

contrary direction. In other words, engrossed in worldly activity the human soul turns away from God, it's Maker. Donne has also sinned in this way. Hence arises his fear of divine punishment. The conceit of the soul as a 'sphere' and man's devotion as its 'intelligence' is far-fatehed and difficult to follow, at least for those who are not familiar with medieval cosmography. In it, Technical geography widens into spiritual cosmography. Contrary influences operate on the human personality, and a man cannot do what he would like to do. Thus the poet's soul wanted to go Eastward, but instead he is riding toward west. Had he gone to the East, there he would have been Christ, the son of God, rising like the sun, and scattering away the darkness of sin which has engulfed the world since the crucifixion. There is a pun here on the word 'sun' which means both the heavenly orb and the son of God, bright and dazzling, like the sun itself. Quite naturally, the poet's thoughts turn to the scene of Christ's crucifixion. It was such a painful spectacle that the poet cannot endure to see it even with his mind's eye. The poet is glad that he did not see it, for he would have been unable to bear it. It was the death of God Himself, and the John Donne man who sees the God dying is sure to the himself. The death of

Christ, the 1 son of God, was so horrible that Nature, which is sub-ordinate to God and Christ, herself recoiled in pain and horror, there were cracks in the earth on which Christ's feet were resting as on a stool, and the sun itself closed its eyes and the world was darkened at the moment. The poet would never have been able to endure the horrible sight of Christ's hands tied to the poles and pierced with nails, The poet puns on the word 'Pole' and says that God is Almighty and his hands stretch from the North-Pole to the South-Pole. lie clasps the spheres and imparts to them the sweet music which they make as they revolve in their orbits. The spectacle of the Almighty suffering on the Cross is too painful. The poet could never have endured the sight of the glory and greatness of God, which is the height of greatness for those who live in this world as well as for those who live at the other side of it, humbled to the lowest point which human beings can conceive of. It would have been too much for him to see the blood of Christ, that blood which is the source of all our life and being, mingling with dust and converting it into mud. Neither would he have been able to endure the sight of the flash, in which God incarnated Himself for the sake of man, torn, wounded and bleeding. Since the poet cannot endure this horrible sight, how can he endure the even more horrible sight of suffering of Mary, the mother of Christ, who suffered along with her Son, and so, by her own suffering and sacrifice,

contributed to the redemption of mankind. As the poet travels westward, he cannot physically see the painful spectacle of Christ's last agony, but all the same it is present before his mind's eye. He imagines that Christ is looking towards him, and he is looking towards Christ. He seems to suffer from hallucination, and in his hallucination he sees the vision of Christ hanging on some roadside tree. Unable to endure the horrible vision he turns away from it. But this turning away cannot save him from divine punishment for his sins. God would punish him in order to correct him, But he is also merciful, when He has sufficiently punished him, he would forgive him. He is a sinner, he has sinned, and so he would be worthy of divine mercy only when he has sufficiently suffered corrective punishment for his many faults. Then alone God will recognise him as his own flesh and blood, and then atone he, himself, would be able to look God in the face.

Thus in this Holy Sonnet Donne's consciousness of his own sins and fear of divine punishment find a vivid and dramatic presentation.

Let mans Soule be a Spheare devotion is as a sphere is moved by he intelligence within it, so devotion should move and control a man's soul /Ind as the other Spheares .lose their owne as the heavenly spheres ose their own proper motion or impulse under the influence of external orces acting upon them.

#### **Death Be Not Proud**

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee;  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then ?  
One short sleepe past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more, Death thou shall die. <sup>7</sup>

Death Be Not Proud is another of the Holy Sonnets. It is addressed to Death. Death is generally supposed to be 'mighty and dreadful', but in reality it is neither 'mighty' nor 'dreadful'. Therefore, it should not be proud. Having stated his point of view, Donne proceeds like a clever lawyer to give argument after argument to prove it. Death is not dreadful, for those whom death is supposed to kill are not killed in reality. They do not die, they only sleep a long and peaceful sleep. Rest and sleep resemble death. As great comfort and pleasure results from sleep, so greater comfort and pleasure must result from death. That is why those who are virtuous die young. Death merely frees their souls from the prison of their bodies, and provides rest to their bodies. As Death brings rest and quiet, it cannot be regarded as dreadful in any way. Death is not 'mighty' as well. It is not like a mighty king, but like a wretched slave. It is a slave of fate, chance, wicked and malicious persons, poison, wars and sickness. Death is not the cause, but the instrument. It obeys the call of accidents, kings, wicked murderers, poison, war, old age and sickness. It is not a free agent, but a miserable slave who lives in

such wretched company as sickness and old age. It cannot be regarded as glorious or mighty in any way. As a matter of fact, opium preparations or similar other intoxicants, or drugs supposed to have magical properties, can induce better sleep and with a far gentler and painless operation. There is no reason at all for death to be proud of its powers. Death can make us sleep only for a short while. After our short sleep in the grave, we will awake in the other world and live there eternally. Then death will have no power over us. Thus, in reality, death does not kill us; it is death itself which dies. In this way, the sonnet ends with a paradox which the poet has already proved and established.

Which but thy pictures be which closely resemble death. 'Death' is often referred to as 'sleep'. Best men—most virtuous people; those who are loved by God die young: Souls live their souls are freed from their bodily prisons. Poppy opium or its preparations. Charms drugs with magical properties. Better than thy stroke their operation is gentler and painless. Swell'st feels proud. We wake eternally live for ever in the other world.

#### **This Is My Playes Last Scene**

This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint  
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race  
 idly, yet quickly runne, bath this last pace,  
 My spans last inch, my minutes last point,  
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt  
 My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,  
 But my 'ever-waking part shall see that face,  
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt  
 Then, as my soule, to 'heaven her first seate, takes flight,  
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell,  
 So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,  
 To where they are bred, and would presse me, to hell.  
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil,  
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, and devil!<sup>8</sup>

This sonnet is the third in the sonnet-sequence entitled Holy Sonnets: Divine Meditations. Its central theme is the fear of damnation, and the theme is developed through the use of vivid, sensuous imagery. The octave expresses the poet's fear of damnation, but in the 'sestet' the poet strikes a note of hope. The comparison of life to drama was common in Elizabethan literature. In Shakespeare we frequently come across the image of life as a

play. Donne compares his life first to a drama and then to a race. He is now quite close to death. He is now enacting the last scene of the drama of his life. The race of his life is almost run and he has nearly reached the end of it. Next, Death is personified as a glutton who waits for him at the end of his life's race. This glutton will at once devour him, and his soul would be freed from the body. His body will then sleep for ever, and his soul which is immortal

would return to heaven, the place where it originated. There it would be face to face with God once again. The very thought of his sours returning to God strikes terror into the heart of the poet. He has sinned in life, and he would surely be damned. Then he proceeds to give reasons why he should not be condemned to eternal punishment in Hell. Men's sins originate in his flesh. It is the flesh that sins.

Therefore, let the flesh be punished and sent to Hell. His soul, which would be freed from the body at the moment of death, should not be punished for the sins of the flesh. Let the body go to Hell, but the soul which has been purged its evil and wicked part must be regarded as righteous and pure, and must get the blessing of God accordingly. The poet is hopeful, for God is just and merciful and would not punish him (his soul) for the sins of the body, which he will leave behind for the Devil and Hell. While the other poets have merely used the life-drama analogy for the purpose of illustration, in the present sonnet, it is actually enacted. The reader sees the body interned and hears the poet soliloquizing,- may his sins be buried with the body, since, out of it they were born. The repetition of the word 'last', the regret that the race of his life has ended to 'quickly', the condemnation of Death as a 'glutton', are all indicative of the poet's yearning and longing for life which is coming to an end. Like a clever lawyer, Donne has advanced a number of arguments in support of his point of view. The sonnet is a piece of subtle and original reasoning which enables the poet to end on a note of hope.

This poem was written by Donne when he suffered from a serious illness in 1623. He felt that he might not survive. This nearness and fear of death made him repent for his sins. In a truly metaphysical manner, the poet could not avoid a pun on his own name (Donne). The poem ends on a note of hope of salvation, peace and piety. Donne is repentant and humbly submits himself to God's will. Garrod remarks in this connection: No poem gives more sense of conflict of love, of faith and hope snatched and held desperately. Izaak Walton wrote that the poet had the hymn set to a solemn tune and often had it sung at St. Paul's Church. The poet said : The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my

sickness when I composed it. And O the power of church music! That, harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude ; and I observe that I always return from paying my public duty of prayer and praise to God was an inexpressible tranquility of mind, and a willingness to leave the world.

The poet brings with him the original sin of Adam of which he is a sharer, since Adam was the first of mankind. The sin was committed much before his death. Therefore, the poet seeks God's mercy for the sins he is committing currently and for which he is sad and repentant. Even when God has pardoned the original sin and his current sins, it would not be enough for him. Thought God has 'done' all that is required he will not have 'Donne' on his side, because the poet has many more sins to his account.

The poet remembers his past sins. Donne has had a fast life in London for several years and had illicit sex with many women. He had corrupted many persons and led them into a life of sin. Moreover, he had to his credit sins which he avoided for a year or two, but he subsequently succumbed to them for 20 years or more. Even so, he is repentant for all his sins and also for those who committed sins under his influence. If God forgives him for all these sins, he still has many more sins. Even so, God will not be able to claim Donne on His side.

Perhaps the greatest sin of which the poet is guilty is the sin of fear. Fear implies lack of faith in God's compassion and kindness. He feels that at the last moment of his life, he may perish with fear. This will be a great tragedy and may mean his damnation. The poet therefore prays to God to swear that at the time of his death, His son (Christ) will shine upon him like the sun which now shines on him. If God does this, He will have Donne on his side. Then all his sins will come to an end. The poem ends with a note of hope and renewed faith in God. There is an evolution in the development of thought of the poem. It begins on a note of questioning and doubt ; it records the feelings of sin and fear, and at the end the fear is banished I fear no more, and there is the prospect of redemption and salvation.

The poem is simple and sincere. It records faithfully, the feeling of the poet when he thought

he might not survive a serious illness. Even so, the usual metaphysical images are there. There is a recurring pun on the word done/Donne. At the end, God will have 'done', i.e. He will both have finished and have 'Donne' on his side. There is another pun on sun/son. Donne wants that on his death the son of God may shine on him, as the sun shines now and has been doing so far. The poem marks a turning point in the poet's life. After his illness (1623) he engrossed himself in clerical duties, praying and preaching. He no more engaged himself in any of the sex intrigues which characterized his youthful life. This may be regarded as a religious poem and it has no learned references or remote allusions. It is frank and altogether an utterance coming from the core of the heart of the poet. The conflict within the soul is laid bare, but there is no mystical touch. Donne did not lose himself in the mystic mood because it would cut him off from the world he loved and admired. Helen White writes in this connection : The result is that the marvelous thrust into the ineffable is followed by a quick pull into the world here and now with its lucid sense detail and its ineluctable common sense .

Now let us see the devotion of Vidyapati to God--

माधव हमर रटल दूर देस ।  
 वेओं ना कहए सखि कुशल-सनेस ।।  
 युग-युग जिबथु लाख कौंस ।  
 हमर अभाग, हुनक नहि दोस ।।  
 हमर करमे भेल बिहि बिपरित ।  
 तेजलनि माधव पुरुब पिरीत ।।  
 हृदयक वेदन वाण समान ।  
 आनक दुखः आन नहि जान ।।  
 भनहि विद्यापति कवि अभिराम ।  
 दैब लिखत परिणत फल बाम ।।<sup>9</sup>

Madhav took shelter far from here  
 Nobody conveys message nor welfare.  
 May he long live whether hw is so far  
 He is not guilty, its my bad luck at par.  
 God is agree with my deeds  
 Madhav forgot love with me.  
 Sorrow of separation pains to heart

No one feels other's pain and hurt.  
 Says vidyapati, the poet evergreen  
 God has gifted the bad fruit seen. <sup>10</sup>

Madhav (The God incarnate) is sheetering farway from the poet . The message of his walfare is not conyed to him by one. The poets feels that God is angry with him for his misdeeds and so he has forgotten his love for him. This sorrow separation pains his heart . This is very painful and hearting him like any thing. John Donne in his poem "Litanie" has the same feeling . He prays to be free from anxiety ,temptation,varity, sin and ultimately death.

शिव हो उतरब पार कओने विधि!  
 लोढ़ब कुसुम तोड़ब बेल पात ।  
 पूजब सदाशिव गौरीक साथ ।।  
 बसहा चढ़ल शिव फिरथि मसान ।  
 भंगिया जरठ वेदन नहि जान ।।  
 नहि जप तप किछु योग धेआन ।  
 बिति गेल तिनपन करइत आन ।।  
 भनहि विद्यापति सुनह महेश ।  
 निर्धन जानि के हरहु कलेश ।।<sup>11</sup>

O lord shiva! How shall I sail out  
 Of the ocean of the world?  
 I shall be plucking the leavers  
 And collecting the leavers  
 To worship you with gauri  
 And I shall have no griefs.  
 You roam in the desert  
 On the back of an ox  
 You are deaf to my sorrows  
 Which way I should coax?  
 I never worshipped you  
 With full devotion  
 And spent three fourth of life  
 In worthless creation  
 Vidyapati says, Listen to me Lord  
 Take away my griefs  
 I am poor to have word.<sup>12</sup>

The poet prays God Shiva to grant him his blessings to tide over the ocean of the world. for Shiva he is plucking the flowers to worship with Gauri, though he does not know the proper method of worship. John Donne in his good Friday 1613, Riding Westward expresses similar sentiments for his God for his divine mercy and grace to turn his face back towards God.

लोचन धाए फेधाएल हरि नहि आएल रें ।  
शिव शिव जीबओं ने जाए आस अरुझाएल रे ॥  
मन कर तहाँ उड़ि जाई हरि पाइअ रे ।  
प्रेम-परसमणि-पानि आनि उर लाइअ रे ॥  
सपनहु संगम पाओल रंग बढ़ाओल रे ।  
से मोर बिहि बिघटाओल निन्दओं हेराओल रे ॥  
सुकवि विद्यापति गाओल धनि धर्रज धरु रे ।  
अचिरे मिलत तोर बालम पुरत मनोरथ रें ॥<sup>13</sup>

Hari did not come

I wept for long

It is uneasy to live more

Hope of mine has gone

I want to fly over to him

Where ever he dwells

A touch-stone of the love he is

I may embrace him well.

I met him in the dream

My love arose to the height

But, god is unkind to me

My sleep has had a flight

Sings vidyapati, says to damsel

You must have patience.

Your lover will meet you soon,

And desire fulfilled.

I got real pleasures

On holy Gangsa's bank

With going away from you

In tears I sank.

Knowing me your own

Forgive me mother

I touched your water

With my feet further

What's the use of sacrifices

And devotion

Having one bath in Ganges

I achieved salvation .

Vidyapati requests to meet

Affectionately

Forget me not at last

Behave motherly.<sup>14</sup>

The poet Vidyapati tells us that Hari (Lord Krishna) has not come as yet while she wept for long to have his grace. She wants to fly over to him wherever he lives as He ( Krishna) is a touchstone of love. she had a dream in which her love, but God is not kind to her. The poet consoles her that she must have patience as her desire will be farefilles soon. Like vidyapati John Donne in his poem" The Anniversary" has expressed such feelings and desires. one ageless is the unchanging love,the poet shares with his lover and hopes that they will be together for 60 anniversaries.

#### Works cited

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