

Tagore Removes Fear and Demolishes Wall for Peace, Prosperity and Harmony

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Abstract

Rabindranath Tagore is a perennial fountain of immaculate imagination which is the soul of poetry. His poetry has element of truth and reckoning force to affect men, mind, social surroundings, etiquette of the citizen of the country and humanistic approach towards life—live and let live. Unequivocally, we would say his poetry is high order of excellence. Had Watson, Wilson, Eliot, Saintsbury, Tillotson, Allott, Arnold, F. R. Levis, Richard alive they would have glorified versification, imagination, diction, melody, substance, style, regularity, uniformity, balance, and precision of Rabindranath Tagore. Romanticism of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron, witticism of Donne, Crashaw, Vaughan classicism of Dante, and Homer, criticism of Arnold, satire of Dryden beautiful and smooth verse flow of Chaucer all are quite apparent in the Nobel Laureate Rabindranath Tagore. Who says significance of poetry is no more and future of poetry is buried. As long as pain and pleasure, sorrow, suffering and merry-making, cruelty and enmity, humanity and fraternity, honesty and humility, demon and Solomon, hypocrite and pious, battle and consequences are alive in the universe, mines of verses are treasure-trove for the vibrancy and survival of human beings. It has brightness of the sun, twinkling of stars, fragrance of flowers, height of mountains, depth of the seas, and palpitation of the human hearts definitely melodious voice of nightingale, innocence of lamb, and strength of tiger, who can forget it as a finer spirit of all knowledge.

Keywords- Melody, Harmony, Pain, Pity, Song, Religion

Rabindranath Tagore was born 156 years ago on Tuesday, 7th May 1861 who is still moulding millions mind through his 1000 immortal poems, 3000 inspirational and thrilling songs, soul searching novels, mesmerizing as well as moving drama, heart rending and thought provoking stories, exciting paintings, and memorable national anthems of the two countries—India and Bangladesh. He grew up a time of important changes in his country resulting from the increasing English presence that accompanied the expanding British Empire. What Tagore had aspired, in my view, he would have judged his creation as an eternal that is why he will be seeing through his spiritual eyes, “I do not want to die in this beautiful world, but live in the hearts of men, and find a niche in the sun-sprinkled, flowered forest... I want to build on this earth my eternal home”. His presence can easily be felt in

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schools, colleges, universities, institutions and on national festivals i.e. 26th January (Republic Day) and 15th August (Independence Day) at the time of hoisting national flag, his immortal song is sung, heads of the country, President and Prime Minister, heads of states, Governor and Chief Minister, and other dignitaries bow their heads, patiently and emotionally listen to it. There is rapt attention. What a grand creation it is!

*Jana-gana-mana-adhinayaka, jaya he
Bharata-bhagya-vidhata
Punjab-Sindh-Gujarata-Maratha-
Dravida-Utkala-Banga
Vindhya-Himachala-Yamuna-Ganga
Uchchala-Jaladhi-Taranga
Tava shubha name jage
Tava shubha ashish maange
Gahe tava jaya-gatha
Jana-gana-mangala-dayaka jaya he
Bharata-bhagy-vidhata
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he
Jaya jaya jaya, jaya he*

The English translation as follows:

*Thou art the rulers of the minds of all people,
Dispenser of India's destiny.
Thy name rouses the hearts of Punjab, Sind, Gujarat
And Maratha,
Of the Dravida and Orissa and Bengal;
It echoes in the hills of the Vindhyas and Himachalayas,
Mingles in the music of Yamuna and Ganga and is
Chanted by
The waves of the Indian Sea.
They pray for thy blessings and sing thy praise.
The saving of all people waits in thy hand,
Thou dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, victory, victory to thee.*

His versatility emanating right from the beginning and it culminated and consummated in the year 1913 when he was awarded Nobel Prize in literature for the collection of poems *Gitanjali* (Song Offering). History preserves his name as the first Indian and the first Asian to receive this coveted accolade.

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Even before getting Nobel Prize he had become a topic of discussion, gained enormous popularity in the West, and met William Butler Yeats and others, and translated his works into English. After a couple of years in 1915 he was knighted. A true son of the soil, perfect paradigm of Indian culture, a great social reformer, and down to earth humanitarian whose mind and heart, pen, ink, and paper, time and energy used for the people of the country with the combination of vision, mission, and modern thought and action.

Rabindranath Tagore was the ninth son of Debendranath. His mother Sarada Devi passed away when he was 13 years old. His first poem Abhilaasha (Desire) was published in Tattobodhini (1874) and with his name in Amritabazar Patrika in 1875. Hardly a poet of imminence would have got a book of poems published (1878) at the age of 17, but this credit goes to Tagore. The title of this book is Kabi Kahini (Tale of a poet).

One of the memorable events, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee was so much impressed on his Sandhya Sangeet (Evening Songs) that he conferred his garland on Tagore in a function. And he wrote a famous poem –Nirjharer Swapnabhanga (The Fountain Awakened from its Dream). Second collection of poems Kon-o-Kamal (Sharp and Flats) came in 1884, third Sonar Tari (The Golden Boat) in 1894, and the fourth one Smaran (In Memoriam) in 1902.

It is fact W. B. Yeats wrote the introduction for Gitanjali (Song Offering) which contains 103 translated poems. Rothenstein did a pencil sketch for the cover page. By the sheer magnificence and excellence it created a sensation in the period of Yeats, Ezra Pound, May Sinclair, and Evnest Rhys.

His thought in poems reflect his patriotism and humanism at the same time his action, reaction and aggression is also utterly obvious that the qualitative love he has for his country and fellow citizens. He strongly protested Lord Curzon's decision to divide Bengal on the basis of religion, attended protest meetings. In 1919, he wrote a historic letter to Lord Chelmsford repudiating his knighthood in protest of the massacre at Jalianwalabag. He was also found at Sabarmati Ashram and side by side with Gandhi.

Tagore's poetry combines the poet's, the musician's and the painter's creativeness with a deepened awareness of time in the depiction of the human condition imbued with clarity of thought, humanistic integrity and poetic intensity. To consolidate and authenticate, another Nobel Laureate W. B. Yeats' expression must be cited here. He says that "*Prose translations from Rabindranath Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years.*" Yet again Yeats said, "*I read Rabindranath every day, to read one line of his is to forget all the troubles of the world.*"

A poet with human instinct cannot keep himself aloof from social, religious, and political milieu of his time. Knowingly and unknowingly spontaneously colour and tinge of the period reflects in words, verses, thoughts and actions. So is the case with Nobel Laureate, Tagore. Indians were slave. Britons were ruling over them. Freedom struggle of 1857 was severely crushed. Soil was drenched with blood and visible on earth. Unburied death bodies were stinking. Sighs of mothers for their beloved sons, wails of wives for their husband,

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uncontrolled tears on cheeks of sisters for their brothers, freedom fighters bodies were dangling on trees, vultures were tearing bodies, all these horrific scenes were alive in the pages of history because of only three years from the birth of Tagore all inhuman activities on Indian soil had happened by the Whites.

In the collection of *Gitanjali*, poem XXXV begins with ‘*Where the mind is without fear*’. A lot of discussion by the great poets, critics, professors, and scholars has already taken place. Much has been written. Nevertheless there is scope of discussion and views on this poem. Great mind with new and novel ideas will come forward.

There are eight elements of striking features in this poem and among them seven starts with ‘Where’ which can feasibly made out that Tagore is talking of a place i.e. of his own country, of his own land. His visionary apprehension longs for his mother land that the mind of the people of his country be without fear, not the fear of the foreign rulers only then possibility of the head to keep held high. Knowledge is free means to availability of adequate facilities to every citizen to be enlightened. Besides, everybody can gain it sans fuss. No caste, language, region or any kind of domestic walls should be raised as barriers. Words come out from the depth of truth. Truth should be dominant in all affairs and deals with. Incessant and tireless strive to move ahead with glory be the sole aim. Be vibrant, verve and zesty be the motto since lackadaisical or dunce leads nowhere. Apply mind meticulously with ever-widening thought and action. In view of Tagore that is the actual heaven of freedom. Finally, Tagore prays to God: “*my father let my country awake*”

An amalgam of pessimism and optimism play hides and seek. The poet visualizes freedom but on the condition ‘awake’. Words like ‘high’, ‘truth’, ‘perfection’, ‘clear stream of reason’, and ‘ever-widening thought and action’ guarantee freedom at the same time he expresses doubts in attaining freedom. ‘Fear’, ‘broken up into fragments’ and ‘dreary desert sand of dead habit’ will sink all hopes of freedom.

There is a fabulous luminosity, sustained by a historical vision. Poetic force creates an imagined world, where life and reality condense to form a discerning picture of the Indian during British rule. It seems that the poet would have analysed sum and substance of the failure of 1857 struggle. Thus he delineates strategies of the victory if aspire and wish to win. And this thought was not of an age and for that period of struggle alone. Even today for future is utmost needed otherwise our country will not be on the path of peace, prosperity and glory.

The very first poem of *Gitanjali* is a humble offering to God. The poet’s unflinching faith in God reflects in each and every line. Creation of life is perpetual and it is His pleasure. According to Hindu belief soul leaves the body and it is His work of art and skill that fill fresh life in the body. This is the cycle of life and He is the Master. The immortal touch of my hearts with His hands provides unbound joy which is indescribable. How grateful he is to God for the gifts He blesses him. The quantum of His blessings is too much to keep in his small hands. He has been giving and still gives and room left to have.

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His belief is expressed in the poem II whatever he has written and composes is the Command of God. When He commands to sing the poet he feels elated and pride. At that time the poet looks at His face and tears roll on his cheeks. What is harsh and dissonant in his life turns into sweet harmony. He draws a beautiful image of his joy, “*and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.*” Enthusiasm, skill, strength, stamina, and energy are symbols and that is the part and parcel of success and devotion. Tagore opines that God is pleased with his singing. He wishes to appear before Him as a single alone. He gives credit to his singing and only because of his singing he could reach to feet of God otherwise he would not have attained this remarkable feat. He is so much absorbed, drunk, and enthralled in singing that he forgets himself and call Him friend who is his Lord.

In the third poem Tagore praises singing of His master. He invariably listens silently with great amazement. All praise for the music is low. It illumines the world. The life breath of your music runs from sky to sky. The holy music keeps on moving and overcomes all obstacles. It is my earnest will to join your song but all efforts go in vain because I am a toddler of this art. I try but failed utterly. I am absolutely captivated by your music, my master!

Yeats is right in writing in the introduction: “*We write long books where no page perhaps has any quality to make writing a pleasure, being confident in some general design, just as we fight and make money and fill our heads with politics –all dull things in doing—while Mr. Tagore, like the Indian civilization itself, has been content to discover the soul and surrender, himself to its spontaneity.*” All the above three poems are completely submission to Him. He visualizes though these poems as he stands noting before God. God blesses and he gets from Him.

Poem IV contains four pillars on which poem rests. These pillars are life, thoughts, heart, and actions. The poet is of the view that life is the gift of God. He would like to have his body pure simply because there is obvious touch on the limbs of his body. He will try to keep untruth away from him. It is truth that has kindled light of reason in his mind. Tagore knows that truth is as high as where our thought can't fly, as sweet as honey; as lofty as the seventh sky. Truth is the highest refuge all. It joins millions of hearts together. He will try to remove all evils from the heart because He dwells in it. It will be his endeavour to reveal God in his actions knowingly that it is His power that blesses strength to act.

Universality is the essence of poetry and this particular poem inherits this feature. We would say it is not of an age, not of a country but it suits for the entire world. If we form this central idea of the poem to a part of our lives, can we believe there will be heaven on earth? A man lives on earth and God's abode is the heart.

Not a question or discussion to point out Tagore's belief in God or not. But definitely it must be focused that an educationist, a guru, and the highest awardees (Nobel Prize) says in poem XI, “*Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in*

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this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!” Besides, poem XIV also needs attention, “*but cruelly thou hidest thyself from before me.*”

Belief of millions of devotees is at stake. He puts them in quandary. What is the use of millions of devotees standing in a queue at temple to have a *darshan* of murtis considering gods, Tagore demolishes their unflinching faith just with a couple of lines. Those are not gods. Further, he advises, open your eyes and see your god is not there. He is not before you. Tagore seals rejection of their belief with another convincing line, “*but cruelly you (God) hide yourself from before me.*” Such belief of Tagore would have created perhaps; members of his immediate family had founded a reformed branch of Hinduism that combined Western Christian and rationalist theories with traditional Indian religious doctrines.

How much passion and emotion he has for God. Reverence and submission reflects from his lines is ample to understand. Tagore makes world known that he has born to sing His songs. “*In this hall of thine*” signifies that the world is just like a hall where God resides. And in this hall his seat is a corner. He has no work here except singing songs in praise of God. Despite a model of excellence, before God he calls himself ‘useless life’. He “*can break out in tunes*”.

Tagore wishes to sing before God at midnight when the hour strikes for the silent worship at the dark temple. He supplicates Him to command to stand before you and sing. While during morning time when his golden harp in tunes, honour me.

Poem V expresses desire of Tagore that he wants to sit by the side of God since it is the most important and aspired than the works he has to do. These works will be accomplished afterwards. Away from the sight of your face, poet feels, means restlessness and the work in hands become “*endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.*” The nearer to God means the work becomes automatically easier. The effect of being away might be determined from the dimension of meaning of the words “*endless*” and *shoreless*”. Whatever someone does is entirely blessings and beneficence of God in the form of bounty being near.

Dedication, devotion, and due regards seem immense in the eyes of beloved when the poet sings songs. Women are known for adornments. On the contrary the beloved has cancelled adornments and decoration which is everything to them but it is nothing before her. Ornaments will spoil their union, emotion, and compassion. Their jingling disturbs whispers. Here, a woman gives preference and importance to the beloved to her ornaments, dress, and adoration. She does for the sake of beloved and she puts off. There is a supplication, “*O master poet, I have sat down at your feet. Make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for you to fill with music*”.

Tone and texture of lofty, idealism, vivid imagination and spiritual perception magnifies morality. The poet addresses ‘*O fool*’ and ‘*O beggar*’ carry yourself on your own shoulders and beg at your own door. Leave your burden on your hands that can bear all. The desire which you have not less than shame and a source of darkness as it put out the light

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from the lamp. Never take things from the hands which are not clean. Accept things which are offered in reverence and love. Begging, by far, deserves condemnation and need discouragement.

Tagore ridicules those who believe in God dwells in the temple, mansion or at dark corner of a room. He rebukes and with scorn chanting, singing and telling of beads. Whom do you worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with door shut is utterly nonsense. Open your eyes and see your God is not before you.

Don't you know God is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and the path maker is breaking stones? God is with them where sun and shower is. God is with them whose dress is covered with dust. Leave your fool's paradise and remove century old perception and come down on the dusty soil where tiller and stone breaker are working. God has created them. He is bound to be with them. Stop meditation and leave your flowers and incense. There is no harm if your clothes become tattered, stained and dusty. Be with them. Stand by them in the hours of their hardship. This poem is rich in idea, filled with the spirit of humanism and startles from chanting, telling beads, worship, and meditation. To begin with or indulge in prayers it is pertinent to know where we would seek God and where is His abode.

Poem XIII gives an idea of depression, illusion, gloomy state of affairs, and pensive mood. 'Not' has been used seven times in this poem, unsung, unstringing and nor have also been used which attract attention of the readers.

The opening line unfolds that the poet came to sing but remained unsung to this day and even his instrument is not in order. Appropriate time has not come. Words are yet to properly set. His heart is agonized by his wish.

The poet has not seen face of God nor he has listened to the voice. He could hear only gentle footsteps from the road before his house. The whole day has rolled on in spreading his seat on the floor. Now darkness ascended, lamp has not been lit and in such conditions the poet can't ask his master to come his house. The poet was very much hopeful of meeting with him but unfortunately meeting is not consummated as yet.

The poet does not take of this world; he talks of the hereafter too. Whatever the creatures do in this world, they have to stand before God, but as a mute spectator. Do here, get there.

Tagore's view, he has been invited to this world of festival. He has watched and heard all the activities and nature's beauty and bounties. He seems well satisfied over his performance done here. Has the time come to go eternal world and see God's face and offer Him my silent salutation? A point that he propounds is to be sincerely pondered over. We have time to work, either please or annoy, get His bounties or face dire consequences according to the work done here.

Poem XVII symbolizes love. This is the world where we do 'love'. We must analyse our deeds – these are virtues or sins. Do it contain element of love or ask ourselves, "*Why I*

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have been guilty of such omissions?" Words like 'guilty', 'omissions', 'laws', 'codes', 'bind', and 'evade' startle us that we were not abide by these terms that have been laid in this world to get love. Even during span of lives people blame and call heedless. Now the time to earn love is 'over and work done for the busy' then why do you '*wait for love*'.

It's a picturesque description of the atmosphere that surrounds at the time when "Clouds heap upon clouds". Darkness prevails; it rains heavily –a nasty to face. At this crucial juncture poet finds himself outside at the door alone. Howsoever, it doesn't matter he is with thee crowds at noontide. But at dark lonely day, he hopes of His company only. If He does not show His face and set aside completely, his heart sinks, wonders how he will reel through "*these long, rainy hours*". How beautifully line is constructed to produce music even at hours of sufferings and depression, the poet gazes at the sky, the readers stare at lines, and the listeners lay their ears and both readers and listeners are enthralled and captivated with the poet. Exquisite alliteration "*wanders wailing with the restless wind*" heightens imagery and magnify fear in the heart without God.

The day passed, birds did not sing, the wind made tired, then draw the veil of darkness as the earth covers lotus petals at dark. Without completion of traveling sack of provisions becomes empty, garment is torn and dust laden, strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty and renew life 'like a flower under the cover of your kindly night'. The poet wants not to sleep in the night without struggle resting his trust upon Him. He will awake with vigour and fresh as He draws veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening.

Once, the poet was sleeping at night. His God came, sat beside him but he could not awake. He curses night, feels how unfortunate he is. It was still night when He came. His dreams become resonant with its melodies because he was having his harp in his hands. The poet is annoyed with himself because of the lost of night. In such indignation the poet poses a question. Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep?"

Poem XXVII begins with question "*where is the light?*" 'Oh' shows disgust and frightening as well. Kindle it with the burning of desire, zest and verve. The poet compares his fate to a flicker of a flame. By far, death is better in such predicament.

It is an irony of fate, Lord is wakeful and misery overcomes him. Call it the love-tryst. It is beyond his knowledge and what does it want to teach or infuse in him with the clouds in the sky and the incessant rains. Once again at last he addresses "Light" '*oh where is the light?*' and ask to kindle his burning fire of desire. His voice reaches the seventh sky where his Master resides. As soon as He hears his voice it thunders and the wind rushes through screaming through the void". The night is black as a black stone. He prays let not the hours pass by in the dark until kindle lamp of love with 'thy life'.

Why I am busy building wall all around, as it goes up day by day I lose the sight of y true being whom I attach my name. I am proud of and elated in this great wall. I make it strong with cement and sand and leave no hole. The ore I take care I lose sight of my true

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being. In our society people create walls of hatred, prejudice, class, caste, creed, colour, religion, region, and language etc. Tagore wrote this poem XXIX almost hundred years ago but its significance and relevance still exists, open eyes and most inspiring in nature. These walls of evils created distance from those who are near and dear to us. Let us demolish and never allow raising such wall. His eternal and universal lofty and humanistic voice will be crushing such walls in the entire world till doomsday.

One more may be in composing this poem in the context of national movement, Nationalists who flaunted ‘parochialism as nationalism’ were erecting caste restrictions in human cultures that would force nations to be walled up into impassable compartments and make India segregated in our Independence. He advocated the creation of a culture common to all people. He was a Universalist in the true sense rather a nationalist. He wanted just such a balance between the universal and the particular that they hoped to achieve in nationalism.

Poem XXXI jolts the mind of the hypocrite, arrogant, and who believes in wealth and power and consider him super power. It is dramatic in form, dialogue echoes and the character is of bone, blood, flesh and soul. The prisoner is asked by the poet “*Who was it that bound you?*” The perception of wealth and power alluded. I had strong reason and hoped to outdo everybody with it so I accumulated money. I was sleeping on the bed. When I woke up I found myself as a prisoner in my own treasure-house. Once again the poet asked the prisoner. “*Who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?*” The prisoner told that he forged that chain meticulously. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive. I will be unperturbed and enjoy freedom. So day in day out I worked very hard with all strength at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. It is great amazement to me that when the work was accomplished and the links were completed, and unbreakable I found that it held me in its grip.

This poem draws two memorable lessons. First, wealth and power is not trust-worthy. Secondly, never think of ills for others.

The poet shows that the people say, “I want thee, only thee” even in state of unconsciousness rings the same cry whereas their heart and mind have something else. Their actions are not synonym to their utterances. Our desires distract us throughout days and lives are absolutely false and empty. Storm seeks peace while it strikes against peace with all its might and rebellion strikes against love nevertheless still its cry is—*‘I want thee, only thee’*. Poem XXXVIII is just like mirror to watch deeds with your words. Hope disappears as love and peace meet another end.

There are some guidelines to the poet’s Master to follow in the states of sorrow and suffering. All the five lines have been started with the word ‘When’ which signifies especial time. When heart is hard, parched up, come with a shower of mercy; grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song; tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting out from beyond, come with silence, peace and rest; beggarly heart sits crouched, break open the door and come with the ceremony of a king. In the concluding lines of poem XXXIX the poet says

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“When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust O thou holy one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder”. Like other poems of Gitanjali this one also takes us to God for all remedies of maladies.

Tagore is completely commune with God. His heart is full of joy as His God has come down to him. The quantum of reverence he posses for his master may understand from the way he addresses to Him: “O thou lord of all heavens” and “King of kings” and ask where will be your love if I were not? The sentence he uses if I were not is imagery and is not the fact. Blessings and bounties you have extended to me and consider me your partner of the wealth creates endless delight in my heart it will remain place of your abode. You have made captive to me for your beauty. The concluding sentence, poem LVI, seals his love and reverence, ‘*there art thou seen in the perfect union of two*’.

Light signifies God, enlightenment, victory and virtue. All mirth and merry making is found with the poet as it appears the attainment of light. The way he uses ‘my light’, ‘my darling’ four times, ‘my life’, and ‘my love’ speaks volume of his inner feeling. Getting light is to poet ‘world-filling’, ‘eye-kissing’, ‘heart sweetening’ and centre and chord of life. It opens the sky, wind runs wildly and laughter passes over the earth. Sky and earth has become one. His ecstasy is not limited to sky and earth but it spreads its wings to the sea where butterflies spread their sails on the sea light. Now moves to garden where lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light. Light shatters into gold on every cloud and scatters gems in profusion. His glee moves everywhere and delight fathomless. The heaven’s river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is all around.

Tagore counts benefit and beneficence he has got from singing of songs in his poem CI. It led him from door to door; with them he felt about him, searched, touched and viewed the world. It taught him all the lessons he learnt; it showed secret paths, it brought to sight many a star on the horizon of his heart.. He could experience mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain. The most gratifying of his singing songs is that it took him to the palace gate in the evening of his journey where God resides.

Tagore was not influenced by the modernist literary figures he knew at the time in England, such as Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, D. H. Lawrence, and T. E. Hulme. Modernists had abandoned a linear narrative with a beginning, middle, and end. They began to apply techniques juxtaposing apparently unrelated images and ideas, time shifts, and cyclic structures. Tagore’s views and ideas were more or less inspired by conventional Indian philosophies.

He talks of God, Lord, King, Master, worship, offering, sorrow, suffering, deliverance, friend, truth, light, lamp, life, peace, wealth, power, strength, unity, honesty, heart, dream, pleasure, melody, sweet, harmony, fire, flame, joy, desire, dream, sea, sky, earth, star, sun, moon, smile, laughter, cloud, hill, dale, stream, heaven, river, meadows, grass, bird, butterfly, snail, flower, lotus, jasmine, leaf, love, peace, kiss, darling, sing and song.

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Once, Tagore described of his Bengal family as the product of a confluence of three cultures, Hindu, Mohammedan and British. His grandfather, Dwarkanath, was well versed in Arabic and Persian; Tagore grew up in a family atmosphere in which a deep knowledge of Sanskrit and ancient Hindu text was combined with an understanding of Islamic traditions as well as Persian literature.

I have gone through the entire 103 poems of *Gitanjali* but reference is not an iota traceable of Muslim rulers, history, culture, tradition, civilization, history, belief, god, Prophet, Imam, Caliphate, and the Qur'an. It is much to our dismay.

It is not justifiable to accuse Tagore of not truly nationalist, his heart and soul absolutely rooted in India. As some say he was a Universalist, a world poet. Despite this fact reading Tagore is entirely different. For the Hindus, it is easy to comprehend the contents, characters, metaphors, similes, imageries that are exclusively extracted from the Hindu context. A Muslim will definitely search his own identity, will look at him as a human and India, but it is at the same time disheartening to mention that the fact Tagore's realm does not have anything significant for Muslims to relate to. It is also undenyng that Muslims and their history are interwoven with India and its heritage.

Tagore's popularity among all types of Indians was proof that a great artist was able to produce a work of supreme culture that also was as much the growth of the coon soil as the grass and the rushes.

There are resemblances and dissimilarities between the two Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore and William Butler Yeats in their works and ideology. Both of them are called as one of the greatest poets in the world but the greatest in their own country. Tagore won Nobel Prize for literature in 1913 and the Irish poet declared winner ten years later 1923. It is highly commendable that their creative writing inspired the nationalist movements of their respective country. Both poets studied extensively in the works of numerous different nations, and amalgamated exquisitely features of heterogeneous cultures in their own creative writing.

Yeats' poetry played important role for the national awakening while Tagore's poetry was crucial for a new Renaissance. It cannot be denied that scathing attacks were made on them of being pro-British elitists rather than true nationalists. Tagore was attacked for writing works that were overly influenced by Western models, and not springing from national heart. Tagore's image tarnished even more when published *The Home and the World* in 1905, which sharply criticized nationalists in the Swadeshi movement, and *Nationalism* in 1918, in which he argued that the organized selfishness of Nationalism is the path of suicide.

However, Tagore's mother land adopted one of his songs as national anthem *Jana-gana-mana-adhinayaka, jaya he* *Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he Jaya jaya jaya, jaya he* while Yeats was appointed one of independent Ireland's first senator.

It is very simple and clear to know Tagore's definition of God "*the One in all diversities of creation*". This is how he aspired that an independent India could be defined.

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Instead of compelling all citizens to unify a single national ideal, Tagore wished that the people could be unified into one but be allowed to maintain their differences. As Tagore claimed in 1908 the world-wide problem today is not how to unite by wiping out all differences, but how to unite with all differences intact. He thought that this had been achieved at certain great times in India's past.

Despite the fact Tagore openly objected to injustices of British rule during World War I and into the 1920s and 1930s. Tagore was so disgusted with the British government after the killing of 379 innocent people in the Amritsar Massacre of 1919 that he returned the knighthood he had received four years earlier. Tagore was the first person to call Gandhi 'Mahatma' or 'great soul'.

Tagore believed that life revolves around the great wheel of the world because everything in the universe is enclosed in a cycle of death and rebirth and that the unending procession of the world has gone on, though ups and downs, from the beginning of creation till today.

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