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TRICHY - 20

TOPIC

INDIAN WEAVERS

BY

SAROJINI NAIDU (1879 - 1949)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

- Sarojini Naidu was born (1879 – 1949) in Hyderabad.
- She was a poetess of International Reputation. She was called as the “Nightingale of India”.
- She became involved in the freedom movement.
- Sarojini Naidu was the first Indian Woman to become the president of the Indian National Congress. Later, She became the Governor of Uttar Pradesh in free India.
- She wrote about indian life in all its variety. She becomes very sentimental when she starts writing about India.

CONTINUED...

- Her works include

‘The Golden Threshold’

‘The Bird of Time’

‘The Broken Wings’

‘A Treasury of Poems’.

Sarojini Naidu tried to Liberate the women of India through her poems and her speeches. She fought for the rights of women.

ABOUT THE POEM

- The Poem “Indian Weavers” traces the three stages in the life of human being.
- The First stage is that of a new – born Child.
- In the Second Stage the human being becomes an adult about to marry.
- In the Final Stage the poet capture the death of the human being.
- The poet uses the symbol of weaving to visually create the Joys and Sorrows of human life.

INDIAN WEAVERS

STANZA - 1

WEAVERS, weaving at break of day,
Why do you weave a garment so gay? ...
Blue as the wing of a halcyon wild,
We weave the robes of a new-born child.

Weavers, it is early Morning now. Why are you weaving such a beautiful and brightly coloured cloth? It is as blue as the wings of the Kingfisher bird. The Weavers reply that they are weaving the cloth for a new born-baby.

STANZA - 2

Weavers, weaving at fall of night,
Why do you weave a garment so bright? ...
Like the plumes of a peacock, purple and green,
We weave the marriage-veils of a queen.

Weavers, it is night now. Why are you weaving such a bright garment? Its colour is a mixture of purple and green. Like the feather of a peacock. The Weavers reply that are weaving the marriage-veils of a queen.

STANZA - 3

Weavers, weaving solemn and still,
What do you weave in the moonlight chill? ...
White as a feather and white as a cloud,
We weave a dead man's funeral shroud.

Weavers, you are weaving the cloth very quietly and seriously. What are you weaving in this cold moon light? The cloth is white as a feather and a cloud. The weavers say that they are weaving a cloth to cover the body of a dead man.

Thank You

