

The Orphan Girl

Henry Louis Verman Desozio

An analysis

(Source: literaryyog.com)

Keypoints:

- Desozio is considered as the first Indian poet in English.
- Humanitarian call in his poetry gave Indian poetry a new direction.
- "The Orphan Girl" is also a reflection of such ideas (humanity).

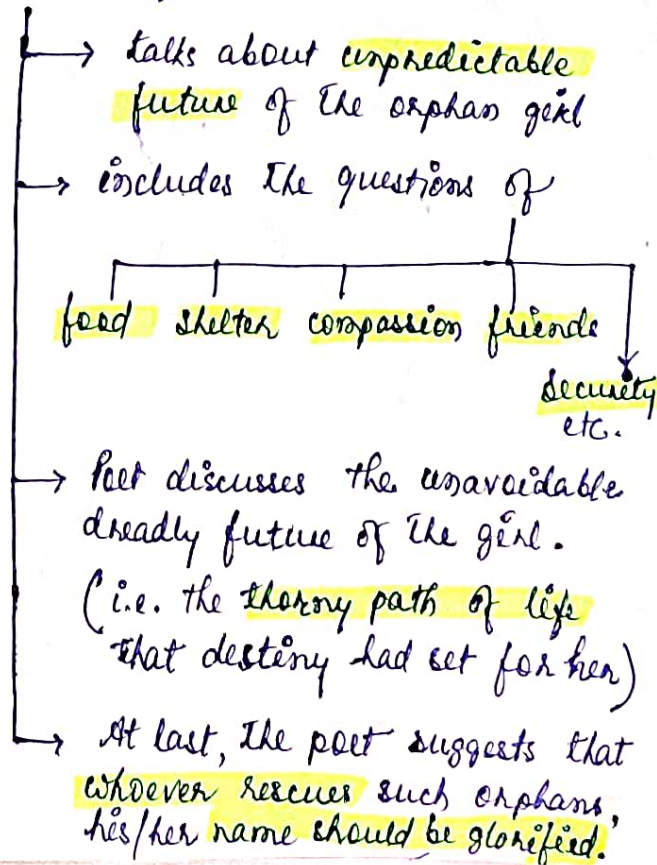
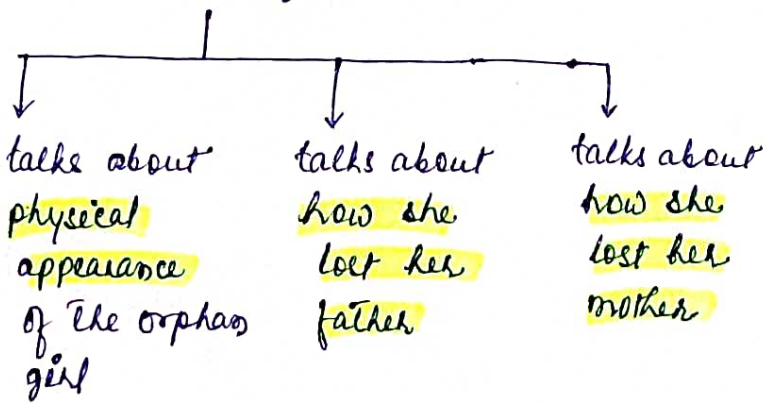
The Poem (in brief)

(of 2 stanzas)

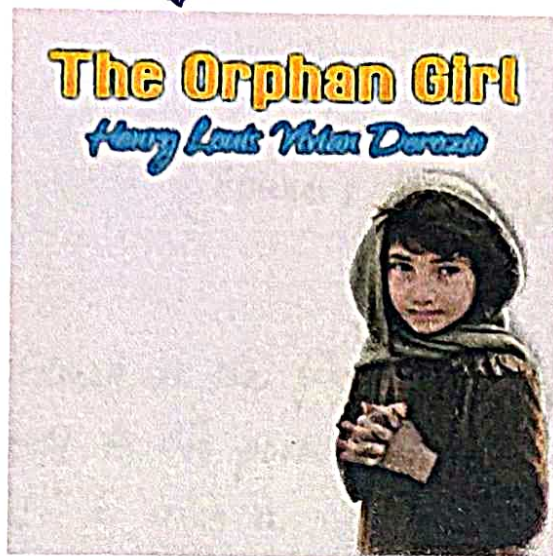
1st Stanza
(12 lines)

2nd Stanza
(14 lines)

BULEN CHUTIA
Assistant Professor
Dept. of English
Sapatgram College



Text



BULEN CHUTIA
 Assistant Professor
 Dept. of English
 Sapatgram College

We can notice four similes here

This is a **simile**

(comparison between two different things by showing similarities)

* These four lines about her appearance

These 4 lines tells us why her mother left her.

Such situation may derail her from virtuous path.

Such negligence may lead her toward an unrecognised 'guilt' (although not committed by her)

Therefore whoever rescues such an orphan from sorrow and shame, his/her name should be glorified & honored.

Her hair was black as a raven's wings,
 Her cheek the tulip's hue did wear,
 Her voice was soft as when night winds sing
 Her brow was as a moonbeam fair;
 Her sire had joined the wake of war;
 The battle-shock, the shout, and scar
 He knew, and gained a glorious grave-
 Such is the guerdon of the brave!
 Her anguished mother's suffering heart
 Could not endure a widow's part;
 She sunk beneath her soul's distress,
 And left her infant parentless.-

(Raven): a black bird of crow family

These 4 lines about her father who died in battle, (#. Reward)

friendless, shelterless, homeless, compassionless

She hath no friend on this cold, bleak earth,
 To give her a shelter, a home, and a hearth;
 Through life's dreary desert alone she must wend,
 For alas! the wretched have never a friend!
 And should she stray from virtue's way,
 The world will scorn, and its scorn can slay.
 Ah! Shame hath enough to wring the breast
 With a weight of sorrow and guilt oppres'd;
 But Oh! 'tis coldly cruel to wound
 The bosom whose blood must gush unbound.
 No tear is so bright as the tear that flows
 For erring woman's unpitied woes;

she has to create her own path.

no helping hand
** unfortunate.

the society will not embrace her normally.

It is inhuman to hurt the bosom from where blood is flowing out violently. The tear that a sorrowful woman sheds would be heart-breaking than any other tear.

And blest be forever his honoured name
Who shelters an orphan from sorrow and shame!