

The Callar, An Appreciation.

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The Callar is one of the best poems of 17th Century, composed by George Herbert, a prominent figure among the metaphysical poets of Donne's tradition in English literature. Herbert has rightly been called the saint of metaphysical school of poets. His poetry celebrates a divine grace and is thoroughly dominated by a belief in religion and God's Love in an age of varied controversies. The attitudinal atmosphere of his creative art is that of genuine earnestness and sincere piety and rather intellectual than impassioned. His poems display a perfect blending of his creative genius and his gentle personality. The given poem reveals Herbert's inner conflict that goes on between his human longing for worldly pleasures and his devotional love for God. This conflict, however, finally ends with his complete surrender to the will of God. Herbert's language is simple, expression is forceful, poetic style is delicate, images and symbols are befitting words and phrases are nicely coined and are easily comprehensible. Let us see the poem in a brief.

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The poem begins with forceful lines depicting Herbert's strong rebellious feelings against the lord. As a matter of fact, such feelings are the ultimate results of his thorough priestly vocation that entails upon him to renounce all worldly interest and pleasures. He has sacrificed all ambition and pleasures of life and, that is why,

he feels restless. He bursts in the following lines:

" I struck the board, and cried No more,
I will abroad

What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free, free as the road,

Loose as the wind, as large as store

Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn

To let me bleed, and not restore

What I have lost with Cordial fruit?

As an outraged rebel, the poet declares that he will no more undergo and tolerate the life of self-denial. He wants complete freedom and is willingly anxious to set aside all sorts of restraint imposed on his day to day life. He no longer desires to lead a life of servitude to the church or to God. He wants to be as free as road, as wandering as wind as independent as anything. Why should he not enjoy the worldly pleasure? Why he should only be pierced and bleed. **M.A. HAQUE**

Herbert, in a lamenting but complaining tone, refers to his days before coming into the fold of priest hood and says that the wine of his life has been dried up by his austere sighs. His pleasures and joys, his relishing and merriment have been drown by his fearful tears. He goes on questioning whether he has lost all joys of life that cannot be restored to him.

" Is the year only lost to me?

Have I no bays to crown it?

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"No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted
All wasted?"

However, the poet feels that there is still time enough for him to enjoy the pleasures of worldly life that have been renounced. He can make up the lost time. So, he decides not to get himself engaged in consideration of wrong and right or vice and virtue. He must get out of the cage in which he has been dwelling. He must discard the rope of sands and should no longer subject himself rigorously to the laws of conduct.

"Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures, leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage
The rope of sands."

The poet, further, announces that he will no more pay heed to dead men's skull that frightens him with the thought of death. He will tie up his fears in a bundle, instead of keeping himself tied up in this kind of life. One who has patience enough to lead a life of servitude and to serve his own need deserves his burden and can never get freedom. Herbert is not to do this mistake.

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However, Herbert's mood of rebellion is completely resolved in the end when he hears a fatherly voice and submits to it wholeheartedly. He says —

"But as B raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
The thought I heard one calling Child,
And I replied, My Lord."

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It is also worth noting that the poem is narrated in the past tense, giving impression that the whole action has taken place earlier. The last two lines, which are reminiscent of a priest bowing to the Lord, define the mood and reality most effectively. This is the finest example of resolution of such a tumultuous rebellion in so delicate a manner, expressed in so a few words.

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