

## INPUT AND OUTPUT FOR POEM FEATURE EXTRACTION

**s1 :**

**INPUT:**

A Love Song from the North

Tell me no more of thy love, papeeha,  
Wouldst thou recall to my heart, papeeha,  
Dreams of delight that are gone,  
When swift to my side came the feet of my lover  
With stars of the dusk and the dawn?  
I see the soft wings of the clouds on the river,  
And jewelled with raindrops the mango-leaves quiver,  
And tender boughs flower on the plain.....  
But what is their beauty to me, papeeha,  
Beauty of blossom and shower, papeeha,  
That brings not my lover again?  
Tell me no more of thy love, papeeha,  
Wouldst thou revive in my heart, papeeha  
Grief for the joy that is gone?  
I hear the bright peacock in glimmering woodlands  
Cry to its mate in the dawn;  
I hear the black koel's slow, tremulous wooing,  
And sweet in the gardens the calling and cooing  
Of passionate bulbul and dove....  
But what is their music to me, papeeha  
Songs of their laughter and love, papeeha,  
To me, forsaken of love?

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms

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Poem type : Narrative  
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**s2:**  
**INPUT:**

Alabaster

LIKE this alabaster box whose art  
Is frail as a cassia-flower, is my heart,  
Carven with delicate dreams and wrought  
With many a subtle and exquisite thought.

Therein I treasure the spice and scent  
Of rich and passionate memories blent  
Like odours of cinnamon, sandal and clove,  
Of song and sorrow and life and love.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : art simile : cassia-flower  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative

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**S3:**

**INPUT:**

An Indian Love Song

He

Lift up the veils that darken the delicate moon  
of thy glory and grace,  
Withhold not, O love, from the night  
of my longing the joy of thy luminous face,  
Give me a spear of the scented keora  
guarding thy pinioned curls,  
Or a silken thread from the fringes  
that trouble the dream of thy glimmering pearls;  
Faint grows my soul with thy tresses' perfume  
and the song of thy anklets' caprice,  
Revive me, I pray, with the magical nectar  
that dwells in the flower of thy kiss.

She

How shall I yield to the voice of thy pleading,  
how shall I grant thy prayer,  
Or give thee a rose-red silken tassel,  
a scented leaf from my hair?  
Or fling in the flame of thy heart's desire the veils that cover my face,  
Profane the law of my father's creed for a foe  
of my father's race?  
Thy kinsmen have broken our sacred altars and slaughtered our sacred kine,  
The feud of old faiths and the blood of old battles sever thy people and mine.

He

What are the sins of my race, Beloved,  
what are my people to thee?  
And what are thy shrines, and kine and kindred,  
what are thy gods to me?  
Love reck not of feuds and bitter follies,  
of stranger, comrade or kin,  
Alike in his ear sound the temple bells  
and the cry of the muezzin.  
For Love shall cancel the ancient wrong  
and conquer the ancient rage,  
Redeem with his tears the memoried sorrow

that sullied a bygone age.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S4:**

**INPUT:**

Autumn Song

Like a joy on the heart of a sorrow,  
The sunset hangs on a cloud;  
A golden storm of glittering sheaves,  
Of fair and frail and fluttering leaves,  
The wild wind blows in a cloud.

Hark to a voice that is calling  
To my heart in the voice of the wind:  
My heart is weary and sad and alone,  
For its dreams like the fluttering leaves have gone,  
And why should I stay behind?

**OUTPUT:**

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### Similes

symbol : dreams simile : leaves

### Compound words :

### Stylistic forms

### Idioms

Poem type : Narrative

**S5:**

**INPUT:**

Corn Grinders

O little mouse, why dost thou cry  
While merry stars laugh in the sky?

Alas! alas! my lord is dead!  
Ah, who will ease my bitter pain?  
He went to seek a millet-grain  
In the rich farmer's granary shed;  
They caught him in a baited snare,  
And slew my lover unaware:  
Alas! alas! my lord is dead.

O little deer, why dost thou moan,  
Hid in thy forest-bower alone?

Alas! alas! my lord is dead!

Ah! who will quiet my lament?

At fall of eventide he went  
To drink beside the river-head;  
A waiting hunter threw his dart,  
And struck my lover through the heart.  
Alas! alas! my lord is dead.

O little bride, why dost thou weep  
With all the happy world asleep?

Alas! alas! my lord is dead!  
Ah, who will stay these hungry tears,  
Or still the want of famished years,  
And crown with love my marriage-bed?  
My soul burns with the quenchless fire  
That lit my lover's funeral pyre:  
Alas! alas! my lord is dead.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S6:****INPUT:**

Coromandel Fishers

Rise, brothers, rise; the wakening skies pray to the morning light,  
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night.  
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore and set our catamarans free,  
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the kings of the sea!

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of the sea gull's call,  
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our comrades all.  
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives?  
He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,  
And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon with the sound of the voices we love;  
But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray and the dance of the wild foam's glee;  
Row, brothers, row to the edge of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : dawn simile : child  
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Compound words :  
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Stylistic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Descriptive  
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**S7:****INPUT:**

Cradle Song

FROM groves of spice,  
O'er fields of rice,  
Athwart the lotus-stream,  
I bring for you,  
Aglint with dew  
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,  
The wild fire-fies  
Dance through the fairy neem;  
From the poppy-bole  
For you I stole  
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,  
In golden light  
The stars around you gleam;  
On you I press  
With soft caress  
A little lovely dream.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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around  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S8:**

**INPUT:**

Damayante To Nala In The Hour Of Exile

SHALT thou be conquered of a human fate  
My liege, my lover, whose imperial head  
Hath never bent in sorrow of defeat?  
Shalt thou be vanquished, whose imperial feet  
Have shattered armies and stamped empires dead?  
Who shall unking thee, husband of a queen?  
Wear thou thy majesty inviolate.  
Earth's glories flee of human eyes unseen,  
Earth's kingdoms fade to a remembered dream,  
But thine henceforth shall be a power supreme,

Dazzling command and rich dominion,  
The winds thy heralds and thy vassals all  
The silver-belted planets and the sun.  
Where'er the radiance of thy coming fall,  
Shall dawn for thee her saffron footcloths spread,  
Sunset her purple canopies and red,  
In serried splendour, and the night unfold  
Her velvet darkness wrought with starry gold  
For kingly raiment, soft as cygnet-down.  
My hair shall braid thy temples like a crown  
Of sapphires, and my kiss upon thy brows  
Like cithar-music lull thee to repose,  
Till the sun yield thee homage of his light.

O king, thy kingdom who from thee can wrest?  
What fate shall dare uncrown thee from this breast,  
O god-born lover, whom my love doth gird  
And armour with impregnable delight  
Of Hope's triumphant keen flame-carven sword?

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : temples simile : crown  
symbol : raiment simile : cygnet-down  
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Compound words :  
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upon  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S9:**

**INPUT:**

Ecstasy

Cover mine eyes, O my Love!  
Mine eyes that are weary of bliss  
As of light that is poignant and strong  
O silence my lips with a kiss,  
My lips that are weary of song!  
Shelter my soul, O my love!  
My soul is bent low with the pain  
And the burden of love, like the grace  
Of a flower that is smitten with rain:  
O shelter my soul from thy face!

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : burden simile : grace  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S10:**

**INPUT:**

Harvest Hymn

Mens Voices:

LORD of the lotus, lord of the harvest,  
Bright and munificent lord of the morn!  
Thine is the bounty that prospered our sowing,  
Thine is the bounty that nurtured our corn.  
We bring thee our songs and our garlands for tribute,  
The gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit;  
O giver of mellowing radiance, we hail thee,  
We praise thee, O Surya, with cymbal and flute.

Lord of the rainbow, lord of the harvest,  
Great and beneficent lord of the main!  
Thine is the mercy that cherished our furrows,

Thine is the mercy that fostered our grain.  
We bring thee our thanks and our garlands for tribute,  
The wealth of our valleys, new-garnered and ripe;  
O sender of rain and the dewfall, we hail thee,  
We praise thee, Varuna, with cymbal and pipe.

Womens Voices:

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the har-vest,  
Sweet and omnipotent mother, O Earth!  
Thine is the plentiful bosom that feeds us,  
Thine is the womb where our riches have birth.  
We bring thee our love and our garlands for tribute,  
With gifts of thy opulent giving we come;  
O source of our manifold gladness, we hail thee,  
We praise thee, O Prithvi, with cymbal and drum.

All Voices:

Lord of the Universe, Lord of our being,  
Father eternal, ineffable Om!  
Thou art the Seed and the Scythe of our harvests,  
Thou art our Hands and our Heart and our Home.  
We bring thee our lives and our labours for tribute,  
Grant us thy succour, thy counsel, thy care.  
O Life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee,  
We praise thee, O Bramha, with cymbal and prayer

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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rainbow  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S11:**  
**INPUT:**

Humayun To Zobeida (From the Urdu)

You flaunt your beauty in the rose, your glory in the dawn,  
Your sweetness in the nightingale, your white- ness in the swan.

You haunt my waking like a dream, my slumber like a moon,  
Pervade me like a musky scent, possess me like a tune.

Yet, when I crave of you, my sweet, one tender moment's grace,  
You cry, "I sit behind the veil, I cannot show my face."

Shall any foolish veil divide my longing from my bliss?  
Shall any fragile curtain hide your beauty from my kiss?

What war is this of Thee and Me? Give o'er the wanton strife,  
You are the heart within my heart, the life within my life.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : waking simile : my  
symbol : slumber simile : moon  
symbol : me simile : musky  
symbol : me simile : tune  
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Compound words :  
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cannot  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S12:**

**INPUT:**

In Praise Of Henna

A KOKILA called from a henna-spray:  
Lira! liree! Lira! liree!  
Hasten, maidens, hasten away  
To gather the leaves of the henna-tree.  
Send your pitchers afloat on the tide,  
Gather the leaves ere the dawn be old,  
Grind them in mortars of amber and gold,  
The fresh green leaves of the henna-tree.

A kokila called from a henna-spray:  
Lira! liree! Lira! liree!  
Hasten maidens, hasten away  
To gather the leaves of the henna-tree.  
The tilka's red for the brow of a bride,  
And betel-nut's red for lips that are sweet;  
But, for lily-like fingers and feet,  
The red, the red of the henna-tree.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms

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Idioms

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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S13:**  
**INPUT:**

In Salutation to the Eternal Peace

Men say the world is full of fear and hate,  
And all life's ripening harvest-fields await  
The restless sickle of relentless fate.

But I, sweet Soul, rejoice that I was born,  
When from the climbing terraces of corn  
I watch the golden orioles of Thy morn.

What care I for the world's desire and pride,  
Who know the silver wings that gleam and glide,  
The homing pigeons of Thine eventide?

What care I for the world's loud weariness,  
Who dream in twilight granaries Thou dost bless  
With delicate sheaves of mellow silences?

Say, shall I heed dull presages of doom,  
Or dread the rumoured loneliness and gloom,  
The mute and mythic terror of the tomb?

For my glad heart is drunk and drenched with Thee,  
O inmost wind of living ecstasy!  
O intimate essence of eternity!

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S14:**

**INPUT:**

In The Bazaars of Hyderabad

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?  
Saffron and lentil and rice.  
What do you grind, O ye maidens?  
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.  
What do you call , O ye pedlars?  
Chessmen and ivory dice.

What do you make,O ye goldsmiths?  
Wristlet and anklet and ring,  
Bells for the feet of blue pigeons



Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,  
Girdles of gold for dancers,  
Scabbards of gold for the king.

What do you cry, O ye fruitmen?  
Citron, pomegranate, and plum.  
What do you play, O musicians?  
Cithar, sarangi and drum.  
what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.  
Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : pigeons simile : dragon-fly's  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S15:**  
**INPUT:**

## In The Forest

HERE, O my heart, let us burn the dear dreams that are dead,  
Here in this wood let us fashion a funeral pyre  
Of fallen white petals and leaves that are mellow and red,  
Here let us burn them in noon's flaming torches of fire.

We are weary, my heart, we are weary, so long we have borne  
The heavy loved burden of dreams that are dead, let us rest,  
Let us scatter their ashes away, for a while let us mourn;  
We will rest, O my heart, till the shadows are gray in the west.

But soon we must rise, O my heart, we must wander again  
Into the war of the world and the strife of the throng;  
Let us rise, O my heart, let us gather the dreams that remain,  
We will conquer the sorrow of life with the sorrow of song.

### **OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S16:**  
**INPUT:**

## Indian Dancer

EYES ravished with rapture, celestially panting, what passionate bosoms aflaming with fire  
Drink deep of the hush of the hyacinth heavens that glimmer around them in fountains of  
light;

O wild and entrancing the strain of keen music that cleaveth the stars a wail of desire,  
And beautiful dancers with houri-like faces bewitch the voluptuous watches of night.

The scents of red roses and sandalwood flutter and die in the maze of their gem-tangled  
hair,

And smiles are entwining like magical serpents the poppies of lips that are opiate-sweet;  
Their glittering garments of purple are burning like tremulous dawns in the quivering air,  
And exquisite, subtle and slow are the tinkle and tread of their rhythmical, slumber-soft feet  
like blue moon.

Now silent, now singing and swaying and swinging, blossoms that bend to the breezes or  
showers,

Now wantonly winding, they flash, now they falter, and, lingering, languish in radiant choir;  
Their jewel-girt arms and warm, wavering, lily-long fingers enchant through melodious  
hours,

Eyes ravished with rapture, celestially panting, what passionate bosoms aflaming with fire!

### **OUTPUT:**

#### ----- Similes -----

symbol : smiles simile : serpents  
symbol : garments simile : dawns  
symbol : feet simile : moon  
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#### ----- Compound words : -----

around  
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#### ----- Stylic forms ----- ----- -----

## Idioms

blue moon

Poem type : Descriptive

**S17:**

**INPUT:**

Indian Love Song

She

LIKE a serpent to the calling voice of flutes,  
Glides my heart into thy fingers, O my Love!  
Where the night-wind, like a lover, leans above  
His jasmine-gardens and sirisha-bowers;  
And on ripe boughs of many-coloured fruits  
Bright parrots cluster like vermillion flowers.

He

Like the perfume in the petals of a rose,  
Hides thy heart within my bosom, O my love!  
Like a garland, like a jewel, like a dove  
That hangs its nest in the asoka-tree.  
Lie still, O love, until the morning sows  
Her tents of gold on fields of ivory.

**OUTPUT:**

## Similes

symbol : night-wind simile : lover  
symbol : cluster simile : vermillion  
symbol : garland simile : jewel  
symbol : jewel simile : dove

Compound words :

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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S18:**  
**INPUT:**

Indian Weavers

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, 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, 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.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : garment simile : wing  
symbol : moonlight simile : feather  
symbol : moonlight simile : cloud  
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Compound words :  
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moonlight  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S19:**

**INPUT:**

Leili

The serpents are asleep among the poppies,  
The fireflies light the soundless panther's way  
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,  
And parrot-plumes outshine the dying day.  
O soft! the lotus-buds upon the stream  
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

A caste-mark on the azure brows of Heaven,  
The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright  
The winds are dancing in the forest-temple,  
And swooning at the holy feet of Night.  
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing  
And make the gods their incense-offering.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : stirring simile : maidens

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Compound words :  
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fireflies  
upon  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Descriptive  
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**S20:**  
**INPUT:**

Life

CHILDREN, ye have not lived, to you it seems  
Life is a lovely stalactite of dreams,  
Or carnival of careless joys that leap  
About your hearts like billows on the deep  
In flames of amber and of amethyst.

Children, ye have not lived, ye but exist  
Till some resistless hour shall rise and move  
Your hearts to wake and hunger after love,  
And thirst with passionate longing for the things  
That burn your brows with blood-red sufferings.

Till ye have battled with great grief and fears,  
And borne the conflict of dream-shattering years,  
Wounded with fierce desire and worn with strife,  
Children, ye have not lived: for this is life.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
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symbol : hearts simile : billows  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S21:**

**INPUT:**

Coromandel Fishers

Rise, brothers, rise; the wakening skies uptime to the morning light,  
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night.  
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore and set our catamarans free,  
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the kings of the sea!

No longer delay, let us hasten away and go the extra mile in the sea gull's sunlit,  
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our comrades all.  
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives?  
He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,  
And soft touched are the sands at the full o' the moon with the sound of the voices we love;  
But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the bluebell and the dance of the wild foam's glee;  
Row, brothers, row to the edge of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea.



**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
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symbol : dawn simile : child  
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-----  
Compound words :  
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uptime  
sunlit  
bluebell  
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Stylistic forms  
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soft touched  
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Idioms  
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go the extra mile  
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Poem type : Descriptive  
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**S22:**

**INPUT:**

To The God of Pain

UNWILLING priestess in thy cruel fane,  
Long hast thou held me, pitiless god of Pain,  
Bound to thy worship by reluctant vows,  
My tired breast girt with suffering, and my brows  
Anointed with perpetual weariness.  
Long have I borne thy service, through the stress  
Of rigorous years, sad days and slumberless nights,  
Performing thine inexorable rites.

For thy black day, balm nor milk nor rice,  
But mine own soul thou'st ta'en for sacrifice:

All the rich honey of my youth's desire,  
And all the sweet oils from my crushed life drawn,  
And all my flower-like dreams and gem-like fire  
Of hopes up leaping like the light of dawn.

I have no more to give, all that was mine  
Is laid, a wrested tribute, at thy shrine;  
Let me depart, for my whole soul is wrung,  
And all my cheerless orisons are sung;  
Let me depart, with faint limbs let me creep  
To some dim shade and sink me down to sleep.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : hopes simile : dawn  
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Compound words :  
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-----  
Stylic forms  
-----

black day  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S23:**

**INPUT:**

## Transcience

Nay, do not grieve tho' life be full of sadness,  
Dawn will not veil her spleandor for your grief,  
Nor spring deny their bright, appointed beauty  
To lotus blossom and ashoka leaf.

Nay, do not pine, tho' life be dark with trouble,  
Time will not pause or tarry on his way;  
To-day that seems so long, so strange, so bitter,  
Will soon be some forgotten yesterday.

Nay, do not weep; new hopes, new dreams, new faces,  
The unspent joy of all the unborn years,  
Will prove your heart a traitor to its sorrow,  
And make your eyes unfaithful to their tears.

### **OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**S24:**

**INPUT:**

My Dead Dream

HAVE YOU found me, at last, O my Dream? Seven eons ago  
You died and I buried you deep under forests of snow.  
Why have you come hither? Who bade you awake from your sleep  
And track me beyond the cerulean foam of the deep?

Would you tear from my lintels these sacred green garlands of leaves?  
Would you scare the white, nested, wild pigeons of joy from my eaves?  
Would you touch and defile with dead fingers the robes of my priest?  
Would you weave your dim moan with the chantings of love at my feast?

Go back to your grave, O my Dream, under forests of snow,  
Where a heart-riven child like you once, seven eons ago.  
Who bade you arise from your darkness? I bid you depart!  
Profane not the shrines I have raised in the clefts of my heart.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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symbol : child simile : you  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**S25:**

**INPUT:**

## Palanquin Bearers

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,  
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;  
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,  
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.  
Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly we bear her along,  
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;  
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,  
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.  
Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,  
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

### **OUTPUT:**

#### ----- Similes -----

symbol : She simile : flower  
symbol : She simile : bird  
symbol : She simile : laugh  
symbol : her simile : pearl  
symbol : She simile : star  
symbol : She simile : beam  
symbol : She simile : tear  
symbol : her simile : pearl  
-----

#### ----- Compound words : ----- -----

#### ----- Stylic forms ----- -----

#### ----- Idioms ----- ----- -----

Poem type : Descriptive

**R1:**

**INPUT:**

A Moments Indulgence

I ask for a moment's indulgence to sit by thy side. The works  
that I have in hand I will finish afterwards.

Away from the sight of thy face my heart knows no rest nor respite,  
and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil.

Today the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and  
the bees are plying their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove.

Now it is time to sit quite, face to face with thee, and to sing  
dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

**OUTPUT:**

Similes

Compound words :

Stylic forms

Idioms

Poem type : Narrative

**R2:**

**INPUT:**

## Authorship

You say that father write a lot of books, but what he write I don't understand.

He was reading to you all the evening, but could you really make out what he meant?

What nice stories, mother, you can tell us! Why can't father write like that, I wonder?

Did he never hear from his own mother stories of giants and fairies and princesses?

Has he forgotten them all?

Often when he gets late for his bath you have to and call him an hundred times.

You wait and keep his dishes warm for him, but he goes on writing and forgets.

Father always plays at making books.

If ever I go to play in father's room, you come and call me, "What a naughty child!"

If I make the slightest noise you say, "Don't you see that father's at his work?"

What's the fun of always writing and writing?

When I take up father's pen or pencil and write upon his book just as he does, -a,b,c,d,e,f,g,h,i,-why do you get cross with me then, mother?

You never say a word when father writes.

When my father wastes such heaps of paper, mother, you don't seem to mind at all.

But if I take only one sheet to take a boat with, you say, "Child, how troublesome you are!"

What do you think of father's spoiling sheets and sheets of paper with black marks all over both sides?

## **OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes

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symbol : father simile : that  
symbol : just simile : he  
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-----  
Compound words :

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upon  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R3:**

**INPUT:**

Baby's Way by Rabindranath Tagore  
If baby only wanted to, he could fly up to heaven this moment.  
It is not for nothing that he does not leave us.  
He loves to rest his head on mother's bosom, and cannot ever  
bear to lose sight of her.  
Baby know all manner of wise words, though few on earth can  
understand their meaning.  
It is not for nothing that he never wants to speak.  
The one thing he wants is to learn mother's words from  
mother's lips. That is why he looks so innocent.  
Baby had a heap of gold and pearls, yet he came like a beggar  
on to this earth.  
It is not for nothing he came in such a disguise.  
This dear little naked mendicant pretends to be utterly  
helpless, so that he may beg for mother's wealth of love.  
Baby was so free from every tie in the land of the tiny  
crescent moon.  
It was not for nothing he gave up his freedom.  
He knows that there is room for endless joy in mother's little  
corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty to be caught  
and pressed in her dear arms.  
Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect  
bliss.  
It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears.  
Though with the smile of his dear face he draws mother's  
yearning heart to him, yet his little cries over tiny troubles  
weave the double bond of pity and love.

**OUTPUT:**  
-----



### Similes

symbol : he simile : beggar

### Compound words :

cannot

### Stylic forms

### Idioms

Poem type : Descriptive

### **R4:**

### **INPUT:**

Baby's World

I wish I could take a quiet corner in the heart of my baby's very own world.

I know it has stars that talk to him, and a sky that stoops down to his face to amuse him with its silly clouds and rainbows. Those who make believe to be dumb, and look as if they never could move, come creeping to his window with their stories and with trays crowded with bright toys.

I wish I could travel by the road that crosses baby's mind, and out beyond all bounds; Where messengers run errands for no cause between the kingdoms of kings of no history; Where Reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, the Truth sets Fact free from its fetters.

### **OUTPUT:**

### Similes

symbol : dumb simile : they

### Compound words :

### Stylic forms

### Idioms

Poem type : Narrative

### **R5:**

### **INPUT:**

Beggarly Heart

When the heart is hard and parched up,  
come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from life,  
come with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from  
beyond, come to me, my lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner,  
break open the door, my king, and come with the ceremony of a king.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one,  
thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder

### **OUTPUT:**

Similes

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Compound words :

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upon  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R6:**

**INPUT:**

Benediction

Bless this little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of  
heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his  
mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust, and to hanker after  
gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of an hundred cross-roads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door,  
and grasped you hand to ask his way.

He will follow you, laughing the talking, and not a doubt in  
his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him.

Lay your hand on his head, and pray that though the waves  
underneath grow threatening, yet the breath from above may come and  
fill his sails and waft him to the heaven of peace.

Forget him not in your hurry, let him come to your heart and  
bless him.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R7:**

**INPUT:**

Brink Of Eternity

In desperate hope I go and search for her  
in all the corners of my room;  
I find her not.

My house is small  
and what once has gone from it can never be regained.

But infinite is thy mansion, my lord,  
and seeking her I have to come to thy door.

I stand under the golden canopy of thine evening sky  
and I lift my eager eyes to thy face  
and turn a blind eye.

I have come to the brink of eternity from which somebody can vanish  
---no hope, no happiness, no vision of a face seen through tears.

Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean,  
plunge it into the deepest fullness of oneself.  
Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch  
in the allness of the universe.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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-----  
Compound words :  
-----

somebody  
oneself  
-----

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Stylic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
-----

turn a blind eye  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R8:**

**INPUT:**

Chain Of Pearls

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck  
with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet,  
but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee

and it is for thee to give or to withhold them.  
But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own,  
and when I bring it to thee as my offering  
thou rewardest me with thy grace.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes

-----  
symbol : thee simile : my  
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-----  
Compound words :

-----  
upon  
-----

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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R9:**

**INPUT:**

Closed Path

I thought that my voyage had come to its end  
at the last limit of my power,---that the path before me was closed,  
that provisions were exhausted  
and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that thy will knows no end in me.  
And when old words die out on the tongue,  
new melodies break forth from the heart;  
and where the old tracks are lost,

new country is revealed with its wonders.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R10:**

**INPUT:**

Clouds and Waves

Mother, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me-  
"We play from the time we wake till the day ends.  
We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon."  
I ask, "But how am I to get up to you ?"  
They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your  
hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds."  
"My mother is waiting for me at home, "I say, "How can I leave  
her and come?"  
Then they smile and float away.  
But I know a nicer game than that, mother.  
I shall be the cloud and you the moon.  
I shall cover you with both my hands, and our house-top will  
be the blue sky.  
The folk who live in the waves call out to me-

"We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know  
not where we pass."  
I ask, "But how am I to join you?"  
They tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with  
your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves."  
I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the everything-  
how can I leave her and go?"  
They smile, dance and pass by.  
But I know a better game than that.  
I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.  
I shall roll on and on and on, and break upon your lap with  
laughter.  
And no one in the world will know where we both are.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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Compound words :  
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upon  
upon  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R11:**

**INPUT:**

Colored Toys



When I bring to you colored toys, my child,  
I understand why there is such a play of colors on clouds, on water,  
and why flowers are painted in tints  
---when I give colored toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance  
I truly now why there is music in leaves,  
and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth  
---when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands  
I know why there is honey in the cup of the flowers  
and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice  
---when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling,  
I surely understand what pleasure streams from the sky in morning light,  
and what delight that is that is which the summer breeze brings to my body  
---when I kiss you to make you smile.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
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-----  
Compound words :  
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-----  
Stylic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R12:**

**INPUT:**

Defamation

Why are those tears in your eyes, my child?  
How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing!  
You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing-  
is that why they call you dirty?  
O, fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because  
it has smudged its face with ink?  
For every little trifle they blame you, my child. They are  
ready to find fault for nothing.  
You tore your clothes while playing-is that why they call you  
untidy?  
O, fie! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles  
through its ragged clouds?  
Take no heed of what they say to you, my child.  
They make a long list of your misdeeds.  
Everybody knows how you love sweet things-is that why they  
call you greedy?  
O, fie! What then would they call us who love you?

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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-----  
Compound words :  
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because  
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Stylistic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative

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**R13:**

**INPUT:**

-Distant Time

I know not from what distant time  
thou art ever coming nearer to meet me.  
Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard  
and thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.

I know not only why today my life is all astir,  
and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.

It is as if the time were come to wind up my work,  
and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
-----

symbol : It simile : my  
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-----  
Compound words :  
-----

today  
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-----  
Stylistic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R14:**

**INPUT:**

Dungeon

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon.  
I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up into  
the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand  
lest a least hole should be left in this name;  
and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being

Endless Time by Rabindranath Tagore  
Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.  
There is none to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers.  
Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.

We have no time to lose,  
and having no time we must scramble for a chance.  
We are too poor to be late.

And thus it is that time goes by  
while I give it to every querulous man who claims it,  
and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut;  
but I find that yet there is time.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes

-----  
symbol : bloom simile : flowers  
symbol : all simile : this  
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-----  
Compound words :  
-----

around

Stylic forms

Idioms

Poem type : Narrative

**R15:**

**INPUT:**

Face To Face

Day after day, O lord of my life,  
shall I stand before thee face to face.  
With folded hands, O lord of all worlds,  
shall I stand before thee face to face.

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence,  
with humble heart shall I stand before thee face to face.

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil  
and with struggle, among hurrying crowds  
shall I stand before thee face to face.

And when my work shall be done in this world,  
O King of kings, alone and speechless  
shall I stand before thee face to face.

**OUTPUT:**

Similes

Compound words :

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-----  
Stylic forms  
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-----

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Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R16:**  
**INPUT:**

Fairyland

If people came to know where my king's palace is, it would vanish into the air.

The walls are of white silver and the roof of shining gold.

The queen lives in a palace with seven courtyards, and she wears a jewel that cost all the wealth of seven kingdoms.

But let me tell you, mother, in a whisper, where my king's palace is.

It is at the corner of our terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

The princess lies sleeping on the far-away shore of the seven impassable seas.

There is none in the world who can find her but myself.

She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops in her ears; her hair sweeps down upon the floor.

She will wake when I touch her with my magic wand and jewels will fall from her lips when she smiles.

But let me whisper in your ear, mother; she is there in the corner of our terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

When it is time for you to go to the river for your bath, step up to that terrace on the roof.

I sit in the corner where the shadow of the walls meet together.

Only puss is allowed to come with me, for she know where the barber in the story lives.

But let me whisper, mother, in your ear where the barber in

the story lives.  
It is at the corner of the terrace where the pot of the tulsi  
plant stands.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
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-----  
Compound words :  
-----  
upon  
together  
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-----  
Stylic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R17:**

**INPUT:**

Farewell

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!  
I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door  
---and I give up all claims to my house.  
I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbors for long,  
but I received more than I could give.  
Now the day has dawned

and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out.  
A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

Flower by Rabindranath Tagore  
Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not! I fear lest it  
droop and drop into the dust.

I may not find a place in thy garland, but honour it with a touch of  
pain from thy hand and pluck it. I fear lest the day end before I am  
aware, and the time of offering go by.

Though its colour be not deep and its smell be faint, use this flower  
in thy service and pluck it while there is time.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
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-----  
Compound words :  
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-----  
Stylistic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R18:**  
**INPUT:**

Fool

O Fool, try to carry thyself upon thy own shoulders!  
O beggar, to come beg at thy own door!



Leave all thy burdens on his hands who can bear all,  
and never look behind in regret.

Thy desire at once puts out the light from the lamp it touches with its breath.  
It is unholy---take not thy gifts through its unclean hands.  
Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
-----  
-----

-----  
Compound words :  
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upon  
-----

-----  
Stylic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Descriptive  
-----

**R19:**

**INPUT:**

Friend

Art thou abroad on this stormy night  
on thy journey of love, my friend?  
The sky groans like one in despair.

I have no sleep tonight.  
Ever and again I open my door and look out on  
the darkness, my friend!

I can see nothing before me.  
I wonder where lies thy path!

By what dim shore of the ink-black river,  
by what far edge of the frowning forest,  
through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading  
thy course to come to me, my friend?

**OUTPUT:**

-----

Similes

-----

symbol : groans simile : despair

-----

-----

Compound words :

-----

-----

-----

Stylic forms

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-----

-----

Idioms

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Poem type : Narrative

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**R20:**

**INPUT:**

Give Me Strength

This is my prayer to thee, my lord---strike,  
strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes  
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-----  
Compound words :  
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-----  
Stylic forms  
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-----

-----  
Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R21:**

**INPUT:**

Friend

Art thou abroad on this stormy night  
on thy journey of love, my friend?  
The sky groans like one in despair.

I have no sleep tonight.  
Ever and again I open my door and look out on  
the darkness, my friend!

I can see nothing before me.

I wonder where lies thy path!

By what dim shore of the ink-black river,  
by what far edge of the frowning forest,  
through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading  
thy course to come to me, my friend?

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes

-----  
symbol : groans simile : despair  
-----

-----  
Compound words :  
-----

-----  
Stylic forms  
-----

-----  
Idioms  
-----

-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R22:**

**INPUT:**

Innermost One

He it is, the innermost one,  
who awakens my being with his deep hidden touches.

He it is who puts his enchantment upon these eyes  
and joyfully plays on the chords of my heart  
in varied cadence of pleasure and pain.

He it is who weaves the web of this maya

in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green,  
and lets peep out through the folds his feet,  
at whose touch I forget myself.

Days come and ages pass,  
and it is ever he who moves my heart in many a name,  
in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and of sorrow.

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
-----  
-----

-----  
Compound words :  
-----

upon  
forget  
-----

-----  
Stylic forms  
-----  
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-----  
Idioms  
-----  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R23:**

**INPUT:**

Journey Home

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my  
voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself,  
and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveler has to knock at every alien door to come to his own,  
and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said 'Here art thou!'

The question and the cry 'Oh, where?' melt into tears of a thousand  
streams and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance 'I am!'

**OUTPUT:**

-----  
Similes  
-----  
-----

-----  
Compound words :  
-----  
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-----  
Stylic forms  
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-----  
Idioms  
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-----  
Poem type : Narrative  
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**R24:**

**INPUT:**

Last Curtain

I know that the day will come  
when my sight of this earth shall be lost,  
and life will take its leave in silence,  
drawing the last curtain over my eyes.

Yet stars will watch at night,  
and morning rise as before,  
and hours heave like sea waves casting up pleasures and pains.

When I think of this end of my moments,  
the barrier of the moments breaks  
and I see by the light of death  
thy world with its careless treasures.  
Rare is its lowliest seat,  
rare is its meanest of lives.

Things that I longed for in vain  
and things that I got  
---let them pass.  
Let me but truly possess  
the things that I ever spurned  
and overlooked.

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes

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symbol : heave simile : sea  
symbol : morning simile : hours  
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Compound words :  
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Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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**R25:**

**INPUT:**

Leave This

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!  
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut?  
Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground  
and where the pathmaker is breaking stones.  
He is with them in sun and in shower,  
and his garment is covered with dust.  
Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance?  
Where is this deliverance to be found?  
Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation;  
he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense!  
What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained?  
Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Let Me Not Forget by Rabindranath Tagore  
If it is not my portion to meet thee in this life  
then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight  
---let me not forget for a moment,  
let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams  
and in my wakeful hours.

As my days pass in the crowded market of this world  
and my hands grow full with the daily profits,  
let me ever feel that I have gained nothing  
---let me not forget for a moment,  
let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams  
and in my wakeful hours.

When I sit by the roadside, tired and panting,  
when I spread my bed low in the dust,  
let me ever feel that the long journey is still before me  
---let me not forget a moment,  
let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams  
and in my wakeful hours.



When my rooms have been decked out and the flutes sound  
and the laughter there is loud,  
let me ever feel that I have not invited thee to my house  
---let me not forget for a moment,  
let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams  
and in my wakeful hours

**OUTPUT:**

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Similes

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symbol : mantle simile : him  
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Compound words :

-----  
himself  
upon  
become  
forget  
forget  
forget  
forget  
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-----  
Stylic forms  
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Idioms  
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Poem type : Narrative  
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