

## BOOK THE THIRD

**I**n which calm home of happy life and love  
Lived our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,  
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,  
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,  
And land awearied on the shores of day,  
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.  
Thus oftentimes when he lay with gentle head  
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasodhara,  
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,  
He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!  
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,  
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;  
For at such times the pity in his look  
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.  
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,  
And bid the *veenas* sound; but once they set  
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind  
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—  
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—  
And those who lay around heard only that;  
But Prince Siddhārtha heard the Devas play,  
And to his ears they sang such words as these:—

*We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;  
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.*

*Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,  
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;  
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,  
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?*

*What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?  
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;  
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things  
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.  
O Māyā's son! because we roam the earth  
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,  
So many woes we see in many lands,  
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.*

*Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,  
This life they cling to is but empty show;  
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,  
Or hold a running river with the hand.*

*But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!  
The sad world waiteth in its misery,  
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;  
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!*

*We are the voices of the wandering wind:  
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;  
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake  
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.*

*So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,  
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;  
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,  
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.*

Thereafter it befel he sate at eve  
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand  
Of sweet Yasodhara, and some maid told—  
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—  
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,  
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands  
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled  
And where the sun at night sank into seas.  
Then spake he, sighing, "Chitra brings me back  
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale.  
Give her, Yasōdhara, thy pearl for thanks.  
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?  
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll  
Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,  
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—  
Whom we might succour if we knew of them?  
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day  
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,  
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,  
The children of the morning; oftentimes,  
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,  
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,  
To pass with him into that crimson west  
And see the people of the evening.  
There must be many we should love—how else?  
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,  
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away: oh, girl!  
O Chitra! you that know of fairyland!  
Where tether they that swift steed of the tale?  
My palace for one day upon his back,  
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth;

Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—  
 The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—  
 How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,  
 Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,  
 And strain my gaze with searching what is round!  
 Why have I never seen and never sought?  
 Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city first, fair Prince!  
 The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,  
 And then the fields; and afterwards fresh fields,  
 With *nullahs*, *maidāns*, jungle, *koss* on *koss*;  
 And next King Bimbasāra's realm, and then  
 The vast flat world, with crores on crores of folk."  
 "Good," said Siddhārtha, "let the word be sent  
 That Channa yoke my Chariot—at noon  
 To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the King: "Our Lord, thy son,  
 Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,  
 That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea!" spake the careful King, "tis time he see;  
 But let the criers go about and bid  
 My city deck itself, so there be met  
 No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,  
 None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,  
 No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."  
 Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down  
 The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets  
 From spirting skeins, the housewives scattered fresh  
 Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,  
 And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.

The paintings on the walls were heightened up  
 With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,  
 The idols gilded; in the four-went ways  
 Suryadeva and the great gods shone  
 'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed  
 A capital of some enchanted land.  
 Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,  
 Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,  
 The King commands that there be seen to-day  
 No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,  
 None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,  
 No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.  
 Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out  
 'Till nightfall. Thus Suddhōdana commands."  
 So all was comely and the houses trim  
 Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince  
 Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,  
 Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps and huge humps  
 Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.  
 Goodly it was to mark the people's joy  
 Greeting their Prince; and glad Siddhārtha waxed  
 At sight of all those liege and friendly folk  
 Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.  
 "Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!  
 And light and kind these men that are not kings,  
 And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;  
 What have I done for these to make them thus?  
 Why, if I love them, should those children know?  
 I pray take up yon pretty Sākya boy  
 Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.  
 How good it is to reign in realms like this!

How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased  
 Because I come abroad! How many things  
 I need not if such little households hold  
 Enough to make our city full of smiles!  
 Drive, Channa! through the gates, and let me see  
 More of this gracious world I have not known."

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd  
 Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran  
 Before the oxen, throwing wreaths; some stroked  
 Their silken flanks; some brought them rice and cakes,  
 All crying, "*Jai! jai!* for our noble Prince!"  
 Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks  
 And filled with fair sights—for the King's word was  
 That such should be—when midway in the road,  
 Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,  
 Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,  
 An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,  
 Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.  
 Bent was his back with load of many days,  
 His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,  
 His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws  
 Wagging with palsy and the fright to see  
 So many and such joy. One skinny hand  
 Clutched a worn staff to prop his quivering limbs,  
 And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs  
 Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath. ✧  
 "Alms!" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die  
 To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough  
 Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood  
 Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"

Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet ✓  
 Aside, and thrust him from the road again,  
 Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"  
 But that Siddhārtha cried, "Let be! let be!  
 Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,  
 Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,  
 So miserable, so horrible, so sad?  
 Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he  
 Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die?'  
 Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?  
 What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"  
 Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince!  
 This is no other than an aged man.  
 Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,  
 His eye bright, and his body goodly: now  
 The thievish years have sucked his sap away,  
 Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;  
 His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;  
 What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark  
 Which flickers for the finish: such is age;  
 Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the Prince—  
 "But shall this come to others, or to all,  
 Or is it rare that one should be as he?"  
 "Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,  
 Will all these grow if they shall live so long."  
 "But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long  
 Shall I be thus; and if Yasōdhara  
 Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,  
 Jālīni, little Hasta, Gautami,  
 And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"

The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:  
 "Turn back, and drive me to my house again!  
 I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned  
 Wistful Siddhārtha, sad of mien and mood;  
 Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits  
 Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up  
 While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:  
 Nor spake—save one sad thing—when woefully  
 Yasōdhara sank to his feet and wept,  
 Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"  
 "Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul  
 Aches, thinking it must end for it will end,  
 And we shall both grow old, Yasōdhara!  
 Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.  
 Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips  
 So close that night and day our breaths grew one  
 Time would thrust in between to filch away  
 My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals  
 The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey  
 And are not seen to fade. This have I found,  
 And all my heart is darkened with its dread,  
 And all my heart is fixed to think how Love  
 Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,  
 Who makes men old." So through that night he sat  
 Sleepless, uncomforted.  
 And all that night  
 The King Suddhōdana dreamed troublous dreams.  
 The first fear of his vision was a flag  
 Broad, glorious glistening with a golden sun,  
 The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,

Rending its folds devine, and dashing it  
 Into the dust; whereat a concourse came  
 Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up  
 And bore it eastward from the city gates.  
 The second fear was ten huge elephants,  
 With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,  
 Trampling the southern road in mighty march;  
 And he who sat upon the foremost beast  
 Was the King's son—the others followed him.  
 The third fear of the vision was a car,  
 Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,  
 Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;  
 And in the car the Prince Siddhārtha sat.  
 The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,  
 With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,  
 And strange things written on the binding tire,  
 Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.  
 The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down  
 Midway between the city and the hills,  
 On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,  
 So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,  
 Rolling around the sky and far away.  
 The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose  
 High o'er the city till its stately head  
 Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince  
 Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,  
 Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained  
 Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,  
 Striving to seize those treasures as they fell  
 Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was  
 A noise of wailing, and behold six men

Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms  
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,  
But none of all his wisest dream-readers  
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,  
Saying, 'There cometh evil to my house,  
And none of ye have wit to help me know  
What the great gods portend sending me this.'  
So in the city men went sorrowful  
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear  
Which none could read; but to the gate there came  
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,  
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,  
'Bring me before the King, for I can read  
The vision of his sleep'; who, when he heard  
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,  
Bowed reverent and said: "O Maharāj!  
I hail this favoured House, whence shall arise  
A wider-reaching splendour than the sun's!  
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,  
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag-  
Broad, glorious, gilt with Indra's badge-cast down  
And carried out, did signify the end  
Of old faiths and beginning of the new;  
For there is change with gods not less than men,  
And as the days pass *kalpas* pass at length.  
The ten great elephants that shook the earth  
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,  
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state  
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.  
The four flame-breathing horses of the car

Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring  
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light;  
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold  
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law  
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.  
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,  
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify  
The thunder of the preaching of the Word  
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven  
The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh  
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence  
The untold treasures are of that good Law  
To gods and men dear and desirable.  
Such is the interpretation of the tower;  
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,  
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son  
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,  
Convince of foolishness. O King! rejoice,  
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more  
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be  
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!  
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."  
So spake the holy man, and lowly made  
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;  
Then turned and passed; but when the King bade send  
A rich gift after him, the messengers  
Brought word, "We came to where he entered in  
At Chandra's temple, but within was none  
Save a grey owl which fluttered from the shrine."  
The gods come sometimes thus.

But the sad King

Marvelled, and gave command that new delights  
 Be compassed to enthral Siddhārtha's heart  
 Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house,  
 Also he set at all the brazen doors  
 A doubled guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate?  
 For once again the spirit of the Prince  
 Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,  
 This life of man, so pleasant, if its waves  
 Ran not to waste and woeful finishing  
 In Time's dry sands. "I pray you let me view  
 Our city as it is," such was his prayer  
 To King Suddhodana. "Your Majesty  
 In tender heed hath warned the folk before  
 To put away ill things and common sights,  
 And make their faces glad to gladden me,  
 And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned  
 This is not daily life, and if I stand  
 Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,  
 Fain would I know the people and the streets,  
 Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,  
 And lives which those men live who are not kings.  
 Give me good leave, dear Lord, to pass unknown  
 Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come  
 The more contented to their peace again,  
 Or wiser, father, if not well content.  
 Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will  
 To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."  
 And the King said, among his Ministers:  
 "Belike this second flight may mend the first.  
 Note how the falcon starts at every sight

New from his hood, but what a quite eye  
 Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,  
 And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,  
 The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,  
 Which opened to the signet of the King;  
 Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back  
 It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,  
 And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.  
 Forth fared they by the common way afoot,  
 Mingling with all the Sākya citizens,  
 Seeking the glad and sad things of the town:  
 The painted streets alive with hum of noon,  
 The traders cross-legged mid their spice and grain,  
 The buyers with their money in the cloth,  
 The war of words to cheapen this or that,  
 The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,  
 The strong slow oxen and their rusting loads,  
 The singing bearers with the palanquins,  
 The broad-necked *hamals* sweating in the sun,  
 The housewives bearing water from the well  
 With balanced *chatties*, and athwart their hips  
 The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,  
 The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow  
 Twangling, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs  
 Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer  
 With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,  
 The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear  
 Reddening together in his coals, the school  
 Where round their *Guru*, in a grave half-moon,

The Sākya children sang the *mantra* through,  
 And learned the greater and the lesser gods;  
 The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun  
 Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green;  
 The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,  
 The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,  
 The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,  
 The humble toiling Sudra; here a throng  
 Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer  
 Wind round his wrist the living jewellery  
 Of asp and *nāg*, or charm the hooded death  
 To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd;  
 There a long line of drums and horns, which went,  
 With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,  
 To bring the young bride home; and here a wife  
 Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god  
 To pray her husband's safe return from trade,  
 Or beg a boy next birth; hard by the booths  
 Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass  
 For lamps and *lotas*; thence, by temple walls  
 And gateways, to the river and the bridge  
 Under the city walls.

These had they passed  
 When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice,  
 "Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help!  
 Or I shall die before I reach my house!"  
 A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,  
 Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust  
 Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked;  
 The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth  
 Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,

The wild eyes swam with inward agony.  
 Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose  
 Halfway, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs  
 And scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain!  
 Good people, help!" whereon Siddhārtha ran,  
 Lifted the woeful man with tender hands,  
 With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,  
 And, while his soft touch comforted the wretch,  
 Asked: "Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm  
 Hath fallen? wherefore canst thou not arise?  
 Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,  
 And gasps to speak, and sighs so pitiful?"  
 Then spake the charioteer: "Great Prince! this man  
 Is smitten with some pest; his elements  
 Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,  
 Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils  
 A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,  
 Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;  
 His sinews slacken like a bow-string slipped;  
 The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,  
 And all the grace and joy of manhood fled;  
 This is a sick man with the fit upon him.  
 See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,  
 And rolls his bloodshot orbs and grinds his teeth,  
 And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke.  
 Lo! now he would be dead, but shall not die  
 Until the plague hath its work in him,  
 Killing the nerves which die before the life;  
 Then, when his strings have cracked with agony  
 And all his bones are empty of the sense  
 To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.



Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!  
 The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."  
 But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,  
 "And are there others, are there many thus?  
 Or might it be to me as now with him?"  
 ✓ "Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this comes  
 In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,  
 Sickness and tetter, palsies, leprosy,  
 Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains  
 Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."  
 "Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince inquired.  
 And Channa said: "Like the sly snake they come  
 That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,  
 Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,  
 Hiding beside the jungle path; or like  
 The lightning, striking these and sparing those,  
 As chance may send."

"Then all men live in fear?"  
 "So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep  
 Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'  
 "None say it."  
 "And the end of many aches,  
 Which come unseen, and will come when they come,  
 Is this, a broken body and sad mind,  
 And so old age?"  
 "Yea, if men last as long."

"But if they cannot bear their agonies,  
 Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;  
 Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,  
 Too weak except for groans, and so still live,

And growing old, grow older, then what end?"

"They die, Prince."  
 "Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes death,  
 In whatsoever way, whatever hour.  
 Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,  
 But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!"

Then did Siddhārtha raise his eyes, and see  
 Fast pacing towards the river brink a band  
 Of wailing people, foremost one who swung  
 An earthen bowl with lighted coals, behind  
 The kinsmen shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,  
 Crying aloud, "O Rama, Rama, hear!  
 Call upon Rama, brothers"; next the bier,  
 Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,  
 Whereon lay, stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,  
 Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,  
 Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,  
 Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,  
 And crying, "Rama, Rama!" carried on  
 To where a pile was reared beside the stream:  
 Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—  
 Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!  
 He shall not wake for cold albeit he lies  
 Naked to all the airs—for soon they set  
 The red flame to the corners four, which crept,  
 And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh  
 And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,  
 And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;  
 Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank

Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone  
White midst the grey—the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes  
To all who live?"

"This is the end that comes  
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—  
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows  
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—  
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well,  
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle-wind,  
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,  
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,  
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,  
And life was over and the man is dead.  
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains  
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,  
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh  
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice  
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,  
The hearing of his ears is clogged; the sight  
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved  
Wail desolate, for even that must go,  
The body, which was lamp unto the life,  
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.  
Here is the common destiny of flesh:  
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,  
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live  
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again  
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile—  
Such is man's round."

But lo! Siddhārtha turned  
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,  
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;  
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,  
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight  
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,  
Lost, past, but searchable, but seen, but known.  
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance  
Glowed with the burning passion of a love  
Unspeaking, the ardour of a hope  
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world,  
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,  
Caught in this common net of death and woe,  
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel  
The vastness of the agony of earth,  
The vainness of its joys, the mockery  
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;  
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,  
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,  
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke  
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round  
Of false delights and woes that are not false.  
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed  
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream  
For ever flowing in a changeless peace;  
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood  
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn  
Only to pour its crystal quicklier  
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent  
Which blinded me! I am as all these men  
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard

Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid !  
For them and me and all there must be help!  
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves  
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry  
They cannot save! I would not let one cry  
Whom I could save! How can it be that *Brahma*  
Would make a world and keep it miserable,  
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,  
He is not good, and if not powerful,  
He is not God?—Channa! lead home again!  
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!”

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set  
A triple guard; and bade no man should pass  
By day or night, issuing or entering in,  
Until the days were numbered of that dream.